

THE WIDE WORLD

JULY
1920

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY

20
CENTS.



SEE
"THE MYSTERIOUS
HEART OF ASIA"

BY BRIG. GENERAL
SIR PERCY SYKES
K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G.

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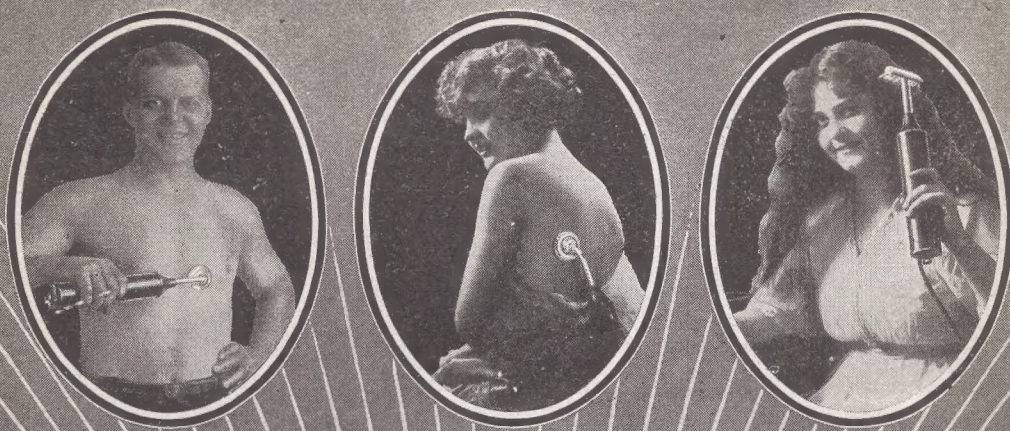
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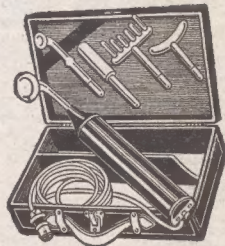
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Earache	Neuritis	

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Please send me, without any cost or obligation, your free book describing your Violet Ray Machine, and details of your free trial offer.

NAME.....

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Vol. XLV.

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The Editor invites Travellers, Explorers, Tourists, Missionaries, and others to send in any curious or remarkable photographs they may have. For these, and for True Stories of Adventure, liberal payment will be made ON ACCEPTANCE according to the value of the material. Every narrative must be STRICTLY TRUE IN EVERY DETAIL, and a WRITTEN STATEMENT TO THIS EFFECT must be furnished. The author must also, if possible, furnish portraits of the leading character or characters (even if it be himself), together with any other available photographs and portraits of places, persons, and things which in any way heighten the realism and actuality of the narrative. All MSS. should be typewritten. Every care will be taken of contributions, but the Editor cannot be held responsible for accidental loss or damage. All communications should be plainly addressed to the Editor, WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE, 3, Southampton Street, London, W.C., England.

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

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Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
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| ☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | ☐ SALESMANSHIP |
| ☐ Electric Lighting and Railways | ☐ ADVERTISING |
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| ☐ Machine Shop Practice | ☐ Cartooning |
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| ☐ Gas Engine Operating | ☐ Private Secretary |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER | ☐ BOOKKEEPER |
| ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Stenographer and Typist |
| ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER | ☐ Cert. Public Accountant |
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| ☐ ARCHITECT | ☐ GOOD ENGLISH |
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| ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt. | ☐ Auto Repairing ☐ Spanish |
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| ☐ Navigation | ☐ Poultry Raising ☐ Italian |

Name..... 7-28-10

Present Occupation.....

Street and No.....

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



Selling Secrets That Bring This Man \$10,000 A Year

From a railroad engine cab as fireman to the head of a large sales force after only four weeks of selling.

\$200 a week his average pay instead of the small pittance of the railroad fireman!

Sounds like magic, doesn't it? eYt it's true. Read Mr. Balsbaugh's remarkable letter on the next page.

What is the secret behind this amazing success? It's simply this: In one step Balsbaugh got out of the low pay rut and into the big pay field of Selling by mastering the secrets of successful salesmanship that are known and used by Star Salesmen. He learned from master salesmen that there are *certain ways* of doing and saying things in selling—and that

once these vital methods are grasped nothing can stop a man but himself. Though he had had not one day's practical experience to back him up, he quickly jumped to large earnings and a place of prestige and independence because he knew the fundamentals of salesmanship—the *real secrets of successful selling*.

Is his an exceptional case? Not at all. Here's Geo. W. Kearns of 618 W. 24th St., Oklahoma City, Okla. He had never sold a dime's worth of goods in his life. Yet after learning the secrets of selling he quickly jumped to earnings of \$296 a week as a salesman.

Countless other such instances could be cited. Many men who had been selling for years

suddenly discovered that the stars in the selling game were not *born* salesmen! That they did not happen onto success by accident. That, somewhere, sometime, along the road in their success, they had been tutored and guided into the right methods of action by someone who knew how. Why don't you profit by their experience?

How to Get Into the Big Pay Class

Any ambitious man can learn these secrets of selling in an amazingly easy way. The

National Salesman's Training Association has trained clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, factory workers, railroad men — men from all walks of life—to be efficient, successful salesmen who earn up to \$10,000 a year and more. Why be satisfied with less?

Learn the secrets of selling that have brought success and financial independence to thousands of men just like yourself. Salesmen and Sales Managers of proven ability will lead you step by step through every phase of the fascinating subject of selling. You will get an inside view of the organized, simplified knowledge and experience of the world's best Salesmen and Sales Managers!

The best part about the N. S. T. A. System is that it can be mastered in your spare time. No going away to school. You don't lose an hour's time from your present work. You can learn to be a Star Salesman in your spare time!

We Help You Land A Good Job

In the Association's files are lists of hundreds of good-paying positions waiting for men to qualify for them. Our Free Employment Service will help select and recommend you for a sales position just as soon as you are qualified and ready to start. There are opportunities in every known line with leading manufacturers

and wholesalers throughout the country. Thousands of members have taken advantage of this free service—landing jobs that have brought them success and satisfaction.

Free Proof That We Can Make You a Star Salesman

If you really want to get ahead, if you want to join the ranks of the top notchers in the selling game, don't delay a day in getting the wonderful book entitled "A Knight of the Grip." The coupon below will bring it to you. In its pages you will find the proof that you, too, can be a Star Salesman!

Its impelling message has fired the ambition of many men who left the crowd behind and made brilliant successes in the field of selling. Read about how they did it. Learn how our Free Employment Service served them and is ready to serve you.

Mr. Balsbaugh's Remarkable Letter

"Before taking your course I was a fireman for the Pennsylvania Railroad and had never sold a penny's worth of goods in my life. My friends laughed at me for trying. But I studied in spare time when in from my trips and soon through your Training and Service secured a position with my present firm, the Moorhead Knitting Co., of Harrisburg, Pa. When on the road only four weeks I led the sales force—thanks to the N. S. T. A. Last year I led the force of thirty salesmen. You have put me in the \$10,000 a year class." P. T. Balsbaugh, 3043 Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

See for yourself the wonderful opportunities in this fascinating profession. Learn how this remarkable system of training written in straightforward, man-to-man language, stripped of all red tape and theory, free from tedious study, will rapidly develop your natural talents and make you a master Salesman.

Lose no time! Get this wonderful, interesting book at once! Don't let anything or anybody interfere with this important step! Right now, this day, this hour, this instant is the time to mail that coupon! It may be the turning point of your career! Address:

National Salesman's Training Assn.
Dept. 27-H
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Am Earning \$92 a Week

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National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. 27-H, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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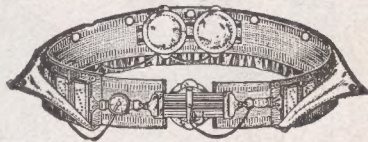
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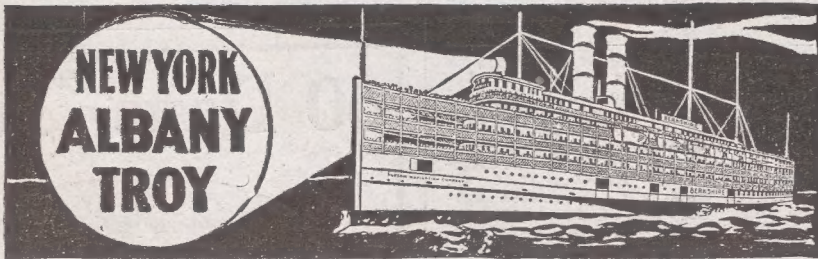
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"IT SEEMED TO BE COURTING CERTAIN DEATH TO ATTEMPT TO HELP THEM."
(SEE PAGE 184.)

The MYSTERIOUS HEART OF ASIA

By
BRIGADIER GENERAL
Sir PERCY SYKES K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G.

(Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society).

Illustrated by E. PRATER.

In these enthralling articles—specially written for "The Wide World Magazine"—Sir Percy Sykes, one of the greatest living authorities on Persia, gives an account of his adventures during a war-time expedition through the "Heart of Asia."

I.—Across the Celestial Mountains.



OR many years it had been my ambition to visit the mysterious "Heart of Asia." I had travelled in Kashmir and in Ladak, to the south, and in Persia and Russian Turkestan, to the west, visiting Merv, Bukhara, and Samarkand—names which are familiar to many people, although few have visited these historical cities or crossed the yellow Oxus. Having already been as far eastward as Tashkent, in 1913, I was very anxious to cross the forbidding-looking Tian Shan or Celestial Mountains and see what lay beyond them.

My chance came in the spring of 1915, as I was ordered to proceed to Chinese Turkestan as Consul-General.

The submarine campaign had just commenced, but my sister, who had travelled with me in Persia, was not to be deterred by it, and on



Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes,
K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G.



Jafar Bai, who was sent to meet the Author's caravan and organize the transport.

March 5th we started on our long journey to Kashgar. Owing to the war we were obliged, as the first stage of our trip, to travel to Petrograd by the circuitous route through Norway, Sweden, and Finland, as the



One of the curious carts used in the neighbourhood of Osh.

Baltic was even more "unhealthy" than the North Sea.

Embarking at Newcastle, we steamed northwards up the coast of Scotland to a point opposite Peterhead and then crossed to Bergen. As I was the bearer of despatches for Stockholm and Petrograd, I was naturally on the alert, and when, about six hours out of Bergen, the Norwegian steamer on which we were travelling suddenly stopped, I rushed up on deck fearing that an enemy submarine had appeared on the scene. My courier's bags were weighted and I was prepared to throw them overboard if necessary, but owing to a snow-storm which was raging at the time I could see nothing, and I was naturally unwilling to draw attention to myself by asking questions. For two hours we tossed about, and then, to my relief, the propeller began to move and we went ahead again, reaching Bergen on the afternoon of the second day without further incident.

We passed through Christiania without breaking our journey, and I handed in one bag of despatches at Stockholm. We then took the train to the frontier between Sweden and Finland, where there was a break of perhaps two miles, which we negotiated in sleighs, some of which were drawn by reindeer, and crossed the ice-bound river which constitutes the actual boundary.

Needless to say, immense precautions were taken by the Russians to prevent spies entering and leaving by this route, but thanks to my official position we were spared the very disagreeable formalities, which included stripping to one's "birthday

suit," followed by a very minute examination of all possible hiding-places.

Upon our arrival at Petrograd it was interesting to see the streams of people visiting the shrines and churches and the thousands of soldiers who were drilling—with their numbers marked on their backs, in some cases. Perhaps the noticeable feature in Russia, however, is the absence of whistling, which accomplishment, as in many parts of Asia, is considered as "devilish speech." In connection with this we were told of an American bishop who, with his chaplain, was visiting a monastery. The latter kept on bursting into snatches of whistling, but the good monks were equal to the occasion, and, walking behind the unconscious offender, made the sign of the cross at each outburst, and thereby undoubtedly averted any evil consequences!

We broke our journey at Moscow, where we laid in stores, and again at Samara, where the train was guarded by troops as we slowly steamed across the great bridge over the frozen Volga. As an instance of Russian backwardness, it may be mentioned that this is the first bridge from the mouth of the river, distant perhaps five hundred miles, so that all railways have to come as far north as Samara in order to cross the Volga.

From Samara we took three days to Tashkent, crossing the rolling downs of the so-called Ural "Mountains," and passing from winter to spring as we proceeded. Owing to the war there were no restaurant-cars attached to the train, and as the time-tables were unaltered we had halts of only a few minutes at the buffets, into which a

frenzied rush was made by the passengers. We usually managed to secure some ham, cheese, and bread, but sometimes we drew blank and had to depend on our invaluable tea-basket, which had been packed with soup-tablets in anticipation of short rations.

We passed within sight of the Sea of Aral, with ships riding at anchor in its port; and by now all traces of snow had gone and we looked across one of the vast empty spaces of Asia. Sometimes we traversed stretches of salt-encrusted ground, and in places sand-dunes covered the land for miles. We saw few signs of life, but were thrilled when we sighted the familiar camel caravan slowly moving across the open steppe.

Flatness was the dominant note throughout, and indeed we passed through no railway tunnel between Petrograd and the terminus of the railway at distant Andijan. At each railway station a picturesque crowd was usually assembled, mainly, I take it, to see the train, as is the custom throughout Russia-in-Asia. Hairless-faced men with high cheek-bones were clad in long padded coats reaching to their heels, or wore sheepskins with the wool inside; their rope shoes were tied with leather thongs, criss-crossed over thick woollen stockings or bandages, the prototype of the now familiar puttees. Their headgear was most conspicuous, the quaintest resembling a coal-scuttle bonnet made of brightly-coloured velvet with broad fur-lined brims and lappets over the ears and neck, tightly tied under the chin.

Before we reached Tashkent a faint green flush was spreading over the plain, ploughing

was in full swing, and the little mauve iris was brought by children for sale at the railway stations. The hoopoe, too, the harbinger of spring in Central Asia, had appeared, and the crested larks soared in thousands in full song.

We found Tashkent buried in fruit-blossom and admired its fine avenues of elms, poplars, and willows. A long narrow street ran from the Russian to the native city, with its mean mud-built houses, its stalls of food and clothing, its mosques and shrines, and its gaily-clad populace. The inhabitants, of both sexes, apparently revelled in colour, all wearing smart velvet or embroidered caps, round which the grey-beards swathed snowy turbans. The men wore striped coats of many colours, the brighter the better, the little girls surpassing them with bold contrasts, such as a short gold-laced magenta velvet jacket worn above a flowered scarlet cotton skirt, or a coat of emerald green with a vivid blue under-garment. A sinister note was struck by gangs of German and Austrian prisoners who were cleaning the streets. The Russians differentiated, allowing the Slav prisoners many privileges, including that of liberty to shop in the city. On the surface all was calm, but officials informed me that they were anxious, as the Great War was being discussed at every tea-shop and hopes of freedom were beginning to be formed, this state of feeling being more noticeable on my return journey at the end of the year. Tashkent, by the way, is now a stronghold of Bolshevism.

At Andijan we reached the end of our long railway journey. On the following



The first view of the little-known Celestial Mountains.

day we drove up the valley of the fertile Sir Daria River to Osh. We passed through village after village teeming with life, and I recollected the old legend that a cat could travel in this valley for a hundred miles without finding a break in the line of roofs! At Osh we put up in the dirty Russian *Nomera* or "Rooms," and were invited to a party by the Russian officers of the garrison, who kindly made us honorary members of their mess. The Czar's edict against alcoholic drinks had evidently not reached Osh, or else the doctor had dispensed medical certificates very liberally, for we were pressed to drink every conceivable form of liquor, and in Russia mixed drinks are the custom. Moreover, not only are Russians genuinely hospitable, but their meals frequently last for three hours or longer, with toast following toast in swift succession.

We halted at Osh to enable us to unpack our heavy luggage, which included camp bedsteads, bedding, valises, cooking vessels, stores, and the many odds and ends which experience dictates. Success in travel can only be had by careful preparation. For example, if the boxes are either too big, too heavy, or of unsuitable shape, much time and money have to be spent in cutting down or making new boxes. Again, unless every box be marked and every article is entered in a note-book, the search for a tin-opener, say, may occupy several hours.

After the preparations made by the traveller comes the question of the servants, and here we were fortunate and unfortunate. We were fortunate in being met by Jafar Bai, the head *chuprassi* of the Consulate-General at Kashgar. He had formerly been

an owner of ponies and had travelled constantly for many years between Osh, Kashgar, Yarkand, and Leh. He emphatically had a good standing on the road, which means so much in the way of securing

good accommodation and supplies at the caravanserais and in many other ways. I noticed, too, that the men we met frequently saluted him by throwing their whips from right to left. But we were unfortunate in our cook, a Tartar of Kazan, whom the Political Agent of Tashkent had secured for us. He arranged that we should pay the man a very high salary and assured us that we had secured a *cordon bleu*, as Achmet had been in the service of a Grand Duke. We found him unable to prepare more than the Russian soup and a roast, and inquiries subsequently elicited the important fact that, although it was perfectly true that Achmet had been in the service of the Grand Duke, he had never cooked for his master, but only for his master's servants! We soon parted with Achmet!

Jafar Bai counted our loads, expressed approval of the size and weight of our boxes, and went off to arrange for our little caravan of perhaps a dozen ponies. Starting on a journey in the East is always a harassing affair, and our drivers fully maintained the reputation of their class by quarrelling over the loads and generally wasting time until Jafar Bai intervened with an air of authority and decision which helped matters considerably. We had not had time to buy ponies for ourselves, and so had our saddles put on a couple of ill-fell animals, and finally started off rather late on our first stage of twenty miles.

The road was at first very good, as we rode through the Osh oasis making our way up a highly-cultivated valley towards the distant snowy peaks of the Tian Shan or Celestial Mountains. We saw many of the characteristic carts, which have immensely high wheels with prominent

hubs. The driver sat on a saddle on the horse's back, supporting his feet on the shafts, thereby depriving the animal of half its strength for pulling the load and proving that this nation of born riders



The Chinese secretary and steward of a local notable.



Bactrian, or two-humped camels carrying wool to Andijan.

—I will not say horsemen—has not grasped the elementary principles of driving. These carts had no sides, but carried their loads in a curious receptacle of trellis-work, as shown in the illustration on page 172.

Thanks to the courtesy of the Russian authorities, we were escorted by a stalwart Ming Bashi or "Commander of a Thousand," who had a broad velvet belt set with bosses and clasps of handsome Bukhara work. He wore the characteristic Kirghiz head-gear, a conical white felt with a turned-up black brim and four black stripes, meeting at the top and finishing off with a tassel. Like the majority of the educated class he talked Persian fluently, and as he had fled to Afghanistan and then to Persia when the Russians seized the country nearly fifty years ago, he had plenty to say for himself, and spoke freely on many subjects. Thanks to his escort and that of the various village Begs, we travelled pleasantly enough at first, halting for lunch in some shady spot and spending the night in the houses of the escorting Begs. One of our hosts kept his treasures in a wonderful red and black chest, heavily gilded, from which he produced a handsome watch, a present from the Russian governor. This chest emitted a loud musical note when opened, presumably to warn the owner if thieves attempted to rifle it.

On our second day's march the road ended. We approached the mountains, and rode to the top of a low pass where hills, slashed with scarlet, crimson, and yellow, rose one behind another, to be dominated by the glorious snow-covered main range. Fleecy clouds covered the usually clear sky,

and tempted me to take the photograph reproduced on page 173.

During one march we passed some Chinese bound for Kashgar, the party consisting of an official, his wife, and attendants. The ladies travelled in four mat-covered palanquins, each drawn by two ponies, one leading and one behind, and I pitied them having to descend such steep tracks in these swaying conveyances. They were attended by a shaven secretary in a brocaded silk jacket, in sharp contrast to a long-haired steward, who had evidently bought his long boots, if not his clothes, in Russia. As is usual, the official was an indifferent horseman, and sat his horse like a sack of potatoes on a bundle of silk quilts, while he muttered to himself and left the guidance of his mount entirely to a Kirghiz. On no account, however, would the official walk—that would have been beneath his dignity—and needless to say his party did not reach Kashgar until a month after we did.

Daily we met caravans, consisting occasionally of great two-humped Bactrian camels, but more frequently of ponies, and sometimes of donkeys. Their loads included raw cotton or rough calico, and in all cases the poor brutes were overloaded, especially in view of the fact that the Russian authorities had done nothing to make this important route less difficult for man and beast. So narrow was the track that but for our escort riding ahead and keeping the animals off my sister, she would have run a great risk of being knocked off her pony by a projecting load. The loss of animals, too, was evidently cruelly heavy, and it struck me as quite unnecessary, if only the track were taken in

hand and improved. Besides caravans we met parties of Kashgaris going to work during the summer at Osh, where relatively high rates of pay could be earned. They seemed a cheery lot, their white teeth flashing in faces tanned almost black by the sun. Each man carried a bundle of his belongings, out of which a cooking-pot generally appeared, and someone was certain to have a mandoline with which to amuse his friends, or perhaps a bagpipe or a drum.

We found the people of the country and our fellow-travellers most friendly. They were naturally interested in seeing an English lady, but they never invaded our privacy, and were always ready to oblige when I wished to photograph them. The caravanserais, as the illustration on the next page shows, were constructed of sun-dried bricks, with flat mud-covered roofs supported on poles. The animals were usually collected into the central court, but there were occasionally evil-smelling stables. From the sanitary point of view these caravanserais left almost everything to be desired.

The crux of our journey was the crossing of the Terek *Dawan*, or pass, twelve thousand feet high, and as it was now late in March, when the snow becomes rotten and more dangerous than at any other period, I felt distinctly anxious. Moreover, in one section the track crosses rocks covered with slippery ice, and few caravans or parties of travellers escape without loss of man or beast. In case of a storm the whole caravan is frequently wiped out, as there is little hope once the track is obliterated. We therefore prayed for a fine day, Jafar Bai vowing that he would offer a sheep as a sacrifice if we reached Kashgar in safety. The day we rode to the foot of the pass there was heavy rain and sleet, and we all turned in early, feeling distinctly down on our luck.

But the fates were kind, and we started off an hour before dawn in bitterly cold, but clear, weather. We were dressed in heavy clothes, but wore the invaluable pith-hat and dark goggles. We soon reached the snow-line, and zigzagged upwards slowly through the soft snow, the fall of the previous day having covered the track. The first excitement was the path across the slippery rocks, which we passed in safety. A caravan which followed us had no such luck, as two ponies fell and were seen to be skating towards the precipice. It seemed to be courting certain death to attempt to help them, but a boulder caught the load of one pony and the other got mixed up with it. With infinite care ropes were then tied on to the ponies, which were finally hauled back on to the very narrow path, little the worse for their experience.

Higher up the snow was deeper, and any

animal which attempted to pass another promptly disappeared in the drifts, and had to be dug out with difficulty. However, foot by foot we mounted, and after several exhausting hours we reached a grand amphitheatre, with peaks silhouetted against the turquoise sky. There was nothing but snow all round, except where the bleached skeletons of animals protruded from the snow—grim milestones that indicated the route.

The final climb of perhaps one thousand feet seemed beyond our powers, and Jafar Bai and the Kirghiz who were helping us began to pray fervently. The first two ponies rolled head over heels, and I barely escaped being buried in the snow from a fall, but doggedly, foot by foot, we made good, and although the snow was beginning to melt we finally reached the crest of the pass, the backbone of the Celestial Mountains. While resting our plucky ponies we enjoyed the superb view. Looking backwards we could merely see the ranges we had already crossed, but ahead we saw peak after peak of the splendid Alai or "Lofty" range, which holds up the "Roof of the World." Above soared a huge vulture, waiting for a pony to fall by the way and be abandoned to its cruel mercies.

We were exultant that our task was accomplished, but we rejoiced too soon. The snow on the western side of the pass had been hard, but it was now noon, and we found the snow on the eastern side to be dangerously rotten. Riding was, of course, out of the question, but, even so, every step we took was both exhausting and dangerous, as time after time we sank through to the boulders in the stream. What saved us was the fact that the track had been beaten down by previous caravans and little or no fresh snow had fallen on the eastern side of the pass. Our baggage animals were left far behind, as it seemed better to push on to the stage and then send out a relief party; and this we did, arriving safely after a trying and exhausting march. My sister, however, in the true traveller's spirit, made light of it all, and as we had some food with us, we were fortunate so far as we were personally concerned. With the baggage animals, however, it was quite another story. Half the loads had had to be hand-carried part of the way up the pass, two men supporting them on the pony, while a third man tugged the gallant little beast along. The descent was terrible, and we were told that at one time practically every animal had fallen down and was running a risk of suffocation. Finally it was seen that it was out of the question to move the caravan until the surface froze, so our bedding only was first sent on, and the ponies were rested until the cold made the track less impassable.

Evenso, four ponies had to be left out all night. Yet so hardy were they and their drivers that both men and beasts finally arrived at the stage unharmed, the weather luckily continuing fine.

We spent the evening in unsuccessfully trying to dry our bedding, into which the snow had penetrated, but finally we went to sleep as best we could in our damp things. In the morning, when the remainder of the caravan straggled in, we spent some busy hours in opening our boxes, into all of which the snow had penetrated, and, as there were no supplies available, we were obliged to make a short march down the valley to a caravanserai. It remains to add that the pass was closed for some days after our crossing, until reopened by sending a number of unloaded ponies to beat down a fresh track.

Our next stage was Irkeshtam, the last outpost of Russia in this direction. It lies at the junction of the Osh-Kashgar and Alai routes, and was garrisoned by a troop of Cossacks. Upon leaving it we forded the Kizil Su or "Red River," which waters the Kashgar oasis. This was only accomplished with some difficulty, as on each bank there were shelves of rotten ice, which gave way beneath our ponies' hoofs in a most unpleasant manner. Across the river we were in Chinese Turkestan, and at the caravanserai we were met by a *Ya-Yieh* or Yamen runner, who was the executive arm of the law, the counterpart of our own Bow Street



Characters at our first halt in Chinese Turkestan. The man on the right is a Yamen messenger—the "Bow Street runner" of China.

runners of a hundred years ago. On a scarlet and yellow plastron his rank was indicated by picturesque Chinese symbols, and he treated the natives of the country with the utmost contempt.

Our onward journey lay through range after range of barren hills, which decreased in height until we reached Miniol, where the irrigated crops were green and the trees in leaf, lizards darting among the stones, and frogs chanting loudly from the watercourses.

We had reached the edge of the great Kashgar plain, and finally accomplished the journey from London in thirty-six days.

(To be continued.)

THE MURDER SHIP

BY...FREDERICK F. SCHRADER · U.S. NAVY

The story of the Russian schooner *Johannis*—one of the most tragic narratives in the annals of the sea.



It is almost thirty years now since the world was shocked by the horrible tragedy of the Russian sailing vessel *Johannis*. Old seafarers will doubtlessly recall the affair, for at the time nearly every journal published accounts of it, and to-day the story of the *Johannis* is told along with the mystery of the *Mare Celeste*.

The first officer of a U.S. Lighthouse Service tender, who was at the time mate of a Russian ship then lying at Copenhagen, told me: "I went on board the *Johannis* shortly after she was towed into Copenhagen, and saw the first officer's mutilated hands and the marks that remained of what had occurred on the ship." Here is the full story of that fateful voyage—one of the most tragic in the annals of the sea.

The *Johannis* lay at her dock in Riga. Great haste was evident as the slings of lumber were swung from the dock and lowered into her hold, for she was sailing next day for England.

She was a three-masted schooner of trim lines, flying the Russian merchant flag. For a year or more she had been engaged in carrying lumber between Russian and British and German ports. Her crew numbered nine, which included the captain, who also stood watch, the mate, and a trusted third man, who acted in the capacity of a second mate when necessary. A cook and five able seamen completed the roster. These men, with the exception of the cook, Ivan Isilovitch, had been the *Johannis's* crew for an



ILLUSTRATED BY
G. SOPER

indefinite time, but the cook had been shipped two voyages previously from Liverpool, it being agreed between him and Captain Koslova that he should leave the vessel at Riga, where the regular "cookey" would return. Nothing was heard of the other man, however, and thus it was that Ivan stayed on board.

Ivan came from one of the Moon Islands. He was very tall, something over six feet, and not more than twenty or twenty-one years old. Lithe, youthful, and agile, he was just as useful about the decks as in the galley. Moreover, he was popular with the men, joining in their carousings and entertaining them with his good humour and originality.

Thus the first voyage went by pleasantly, but on the second the men in the fo'c'sle began to complain that a thief was among them, for watches and the savings of years began to disappear. Then the cabin was affected. Captain Koslova's small collection of antique jewellery, the mate's gold watch, and a large sum of money were, but a few of the articles lost. Then came the unpleasant task of discovering the culprit.

One man suspected another until finally the guilt was fastened upon Ivan. There was nothing to prove that he was the man, except that he was the only new-comer on board, and nothing had ever been lost before. Ivan was accused of the thefts, but emphatically denied his guilt, bitterly reproaching his shipmates for suspecting him on no other ground than that he was a new man on board. When the *Johannis* made fast in her regular berth at Riga, Ivan left the vessel, apparently for good.

Now the *Johannis* was preparing to sail again, and up to this time nothing had been seen or heard of Ivan. But many of the articles lost from the vessel were located at

different pawnshops, and the descriptions of the man who had pledged them tallied closely with that of the cook.

Lights twinkled in the cabin and from the fo'c'sle ports when Captain Koslova stepped ashore the night before sailing and made his way up the quay into the town. He went direct to the small *café* which he and other seafarers frequented. There he met a number of friends, with whom he sat around a *samovar* imbibing tea until well into the night. As the proprietor of the place was shutting his doors against further business for the night, someone pushed his way into the room and demanded to be served with tea. Captain Koslova glanced up. It was Ivan Isilovitch.

"Hi, Andrievk. you would not turn away a member of my crew, would you?" the captain called out, and motioned the surprised Ivan over to his table. The cook slowly crossed the room, accepting the chair and tea offered him. "Now, Ivan," said Koslova, in a kindly tone, "I want you to come back with me on the *Johannis*. Every-

thing is all right! I know you had nothing to do with those thefts, and your old place is vacant. We sail in the morning. Will you come?"

"But, captain——" began Ivan,

Koslova raised his hand.

"No protestations, for I shall hear none," he smiled. "I did you a great wrong, as did every man in the crew, when I suspected you. I want to make it right, understand. I'll raise your pay ten roubles a month if you'll come. Well?"

Ivan fumbled thoughtfully with his cap for some minutes; then he looked up and smiled.

"I'll bring over my bag to-night," he replied, and passed out of the *café* into the night.

Koslova drew a deep breath of satisfaction, and turning to his friends, resumed his interrupted conversation.

Ivan, who had come on board later that same night, had the fires in the galley smoking



"So! Now we have you, you thief!" they cried. "You thought us a drove of blind sheep, ready for another fleeing, eh?"

and crackling as early as eight bells in the morning watch. He prepared, with unwon skill, a breakfast fit for a baron, and, as he did so, hummed snatches from popular refrains heard about the *cafés*.

The members of the crew appeared very shamefaced when he met them, and apologized for their unjust judgment of his honesty. When he spoke to them, they replied with unusual politeness. Ivan had found a repentant crew and a "happy" ship.

Then they got under way, passed out of the river, and into the open sea.

Ivan was busy cleaning the galley next morning when seven bells struck, and did not at first observe the four seamen who crowded in at either door.

"So! Now we have you, you thief!" they cried. "You thought us a drove of blind sheep ready for another fleecing, eh?"

The cook wheeled about at the man's first words, a look of abject fear and horror upon his face.

"No, no!" he cried. "I am not the thief. I am innocent; I swear it!"

But Gorka, a brawny, heavily-bearded Finn, laughed harshly, and with a quick reach of the arm caught the cook and dragged him from the galley. Though he resisted with all his strength, he was like a kitten in the hands of the powerful Gorka.

What ensued can hardly be described as a fight. Ivan struggled manfully, but four men of Gorka's strength were too many for him. They were armed with belaying pins, knotted rope-ends, and such other articles as were most handy, and they pounded him unmercifully until he could not stand upon his feet. After that, they gave the cook over to Pskof, who had been his helper in the galley, and the sometimes third mate. These men resumed the beating and, between them, dragged Ivan off by the collar, threw him on the deck before the cabin, and summoned the captain.

Koslova came quickly out and eyed the prostrate form of the man he had so treacherously deceived with his unbounded "forgiveness." The captain seemed at a loss for some manner of exacting his revenge, and paced the deck restlessly, casting a glance at Ivan each time he passed him. The sailors formed a silent, respectful group on one side, awaiting the master's decision.

Suddenly, Koslova paused and smiled.

"Gorka, get a line," he ordered; and when it was produced: "Bend that on under his shoulders, make the bight fast to that pin yonder, allow ten fathoms, and heave him overboard. Watch him, you"—he singled out one of them by a nod of the head—"and if he drowns, I'll break every bone in your body. When he's had enough, haul

him in." And without another word, Koslova entered the cabin.

For days after this dreadful punishment, Ivan lay like one dead in his bunk in the gloomy fo'c'sle. No word was exchanged with him by the others, and when, three times a day, Pskof—who was now cook—handed him a bowl of mush or boiled onions, it was in absolute silence.

It was some time before Ivan Isilovitch was sufficiently himself again to be out upon the deck and at work in the galley. Then he was a changed man. His features seemed hard and grimly set. He never smiled; he never spoke. And the crew laughed.

On the night of the third day after he had returned to work in the galley Ivan lay awake in his bunk, listening to the intermittent gurgling of the water as it rushed past the schooner's sides and the loud snores of his shipmates in the fo'c'sle. His shipmates! Fine mates they were—and he cursed them silently. If the wind held, the *Johannis* would shortly make Copenhagen, and then he would lodge a complaint against Koslova and his crew of brutes. But no! he could not do that.

His thoughts were interrupted by the musical ting-ting of two bells. Ivan lay quite still for a while; then he rose, dressed in the darkness, and crept silently up on deck.

Quietly he ascended the fo'c'sle head, and carefully, very carefully, worked his way forward. There, in the moonlight, he saw the black outline of the look-out man. He did not know who kept the watch; he only knew that he was a member of the crew of the *Johannis*. His hand groped about until it came upon an axe left in a box, with an accumulation of other tools. This weapon he clutched desperately to his breast. Revenge! It was within reach. With bated breath, the cook stole to the protection of the shadow cast by the capstan.

One quick blow felled the look-out man, and as he rolled over Ivan noted with satisfaction the rough features of Gorka. Fearing his body would make a noise if thrown over the side, the cook left him where he had fallen and stealthily crept aft.

The acting mate was at the wheel, keeping the schooner to her course. Ivan needed only to get behind him. This he did, and another man was sent to join Gorka.

The most terrible work of all was done in the fo'c'sle. There, with his axe, Ivan killed the four men—Pskof and three sailors—as they lay asleep. Their bodies he dragged to the deck and cast over the side, and similarly disposed of those of the other two.

Six accounted for! There now only remained Captain Koslova and the mate.



"For several hours he attacked the mate by this means."

With these two sent to join the others, Ivan could feel his revenge complete. Then, and only then, would he be satisfied.

By a ruse he called Koslova—warm from his bunk—out of the cabin. As he stepped upon the deck, Ivan's axe descended with terrible force, and Captain Koslova joined his crew.

Now for the mate! But every stratagem failed to induce him to come out when he discovered it was Ivan Isilovitch who was summoning him. The cook, mad with rage, threw himself against the door in an endeavour to break it down, but it withstood his strongest efforts. He then ascended to the skylight above and shattered the glass. Even then, however, he was unable to reach the mate, who had the protection of the darkness of the little cabin and the table in the centre. Ivan dared not chance lowering his own body.

He went to the galley and obtained a long, sharp, meat-cutting knife and a lantern. The knife he lashed securely to a spar and, going back to the gaping skylight, placed the lantern so that it lighted up the interior of the cabin. For several hours he attacked the mate by this means. The only resort of the wretched man within was to hide beneath the cabin table. He was caught like a rat in a trap, and knew that he could not escape the inevitable. To retain his balance, it was frequently necessary for him to throw out his hands on the floor, and each time Ivan was sufficiently alert to be ready to meet them with his knife. Finally, the mate's hands were so badly slashed as to be almost useless, and in desperation he threw himself flat on his back, trusting that the *Johannis* would not lurch him free and so roll him within range of Ivan's deadly knife.

The demon at the skylight mistook the mate's action for death or unconsciousness, and finally he retired from his place above and made the small boat ready for launching. Then he fetched several cans of kerosene and, pouring them over the timber in the hold, applied a torch. Next, he lowered the boat, clambered over the side, and pulled away from the ill-starred *Johannis*.

In the moonlight, without a guiding hand

at her wheel, with bright patches of flame flaring up now and again, and her decks stained with blood, the *Johannis* showed up weirdly.

Meanwhile, down in the cabin, the mate recovered sufficiently from his pain to unlatch the door when he heard the boat lowered and concluded that Ivan had abandoned the ship. Fortunately, the flames had not had time to gain any appreciable headway, and were easily extinguished. Then, to his consternation, the mate saw Ivan's boat put about and head for the ship again!

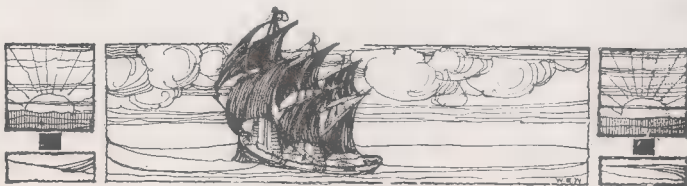
His calculations as to where the murderer would come alongside were correct, and as Ivan clambered over the side, the mate met him with a blow over the head from a bar that dropped him senseless. Then, his lacerated hands racking him with pain, he bound the cook securely, ran up a distress signal, and took his place at the wheel just as dawn crept into the skies. He wondered what had made Ivan put back, and, looking in the boat, found it half filled with water. The cook had either lost the plug or left it behind on the ship, and had come back to find it.

About midday the *Johannis* was sighted by a Danish steamer, which towed her into Copenhagen, where the "Murder Ship's" horrible story was soon upon the lips of everyone.

Isilovitch was lodged in jail, and the mate, who had suffered a nervous relapse when taken on board the steamship, was carried to the hospital.

There was considerable litigation as to who should have the custody of Ivan and try the case, it being contended by Denmark that, as the affair had occurred within her territorial waters, to her belonged the right to handle the affair. Russia strongly objected, however, claiming the *Johannis* and her crew as belonging to her.

Isilovitch was first tried in the Danish courts, where, because of his youth, he was sentenced to twenty years at hard labour. But soon after, to avoid further complications with the Russian Government, he was handed over. In Russia the case was tried again and Ivan was sentenced to life exile in the gold mines at Kara.



THE LIFTED VEIL

THE STORY OF AN AMAZING DECEPTION

By

LIEUT. E. H. JONES

INDIAN ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Illustrated by
**HOWARD
ELCOCK**

One of the most remarkable and at the same time deliciously funny stories you have ever read. It relates how two young British officers, prisoners of war in Turkey, took up Spiritualism—at first just to amuse their fellow-captives—and soon succeeded in convincing the Turkish officials of their “mediumistic powers.” They raised a “spook” that practically ran the camp, and by this novel means built up an elaborate scheme which completely hoodwinked the Turkish commandant and his interpreter. The “spook” finally convinced the Commandant that he could guide him to a hidden treasure, and very nearly procured the escape of the plotters and the kidnapping of the Governor and his staff. This hapless official was actually court-martialled in Constantinople for his part in the treasure-hunt! How the two officers managed this masterpiece of deception, their plotting and planning, and how—through the “spook”—they eventually got away at last—all these things are graphically described in this unique narrative.*

CHAPTER I.

HOW SPOOKING BEGAN IN YOZGAD.



IN an afternoon late in February, 1917, a Turk mounted on a weary horse arrived in Yozgad. He had come a hundred-and-twenty-mile journey through snow-bound mountain passes from railhead at Angora, and he carried a belated mail for us prisoners of war.

I could not feel grateful to him, for my share was only one postcard. It was from a very dear aunt. I did not know this innocent-looking piece of cardboard was going to provide the whole camp with a subject for discussion for a year to come, and eventually prove the Open Sesame that got two of us out of Turkey.

Mail-day at Yozgad meant visits. The proper thing to do, after giving everybody time to read



The Author, Lieutenant E. H. Jones.

their letters several times over, was to go from room to room and pick up such scraps of war news as had escaped the eye of the censor.

I allowed the proper period to elapse and then crossed to the Seaman's room. “Come in,” said Tudway to my inquiring head. “We can give you all the news.”

We discussed the various items of news in the usual way; then Alec Matthews turned to me:—

“Had you any luck, Bones? What's your mail?”

“Only a postcard,” I said. “No news in it, but it suggests a means of passing the evenings.

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

I'm fed up with roulette and cards myself, and I'd like to try it."

"What's the suggestion?" Alec asked.

"Spiritualism," said I.

We began next night, a serious little group of experimenters from various corners of the earth. Each of us in his own little sphere had seen something of the wonders of the world, and was keen to learn more. There was "Doc." O'Farrell, the bacteriologist, who had fought sleeping-sickness in Central Africa. He argued that the fact that we could not see them was no proof that spooks did not exist, and told us of strange things revealed by the microscope. Then there was Little, the geologist from the Soudan, who knew all about the earth and the construction thereof, and had dug up the fossilized remains of weird and enormous animals. There was Price, the submarine man from under the sea, and Tudway (plain Navy) from on top of it. There was Matthews, from India, sapper and scientist. And there was the writer, who knew nothing of scientific value. He had studied psychology at college, and human nature amongst the jungle folk in Burma.

Such was the group which first took up spooking. None of us knew anything about the subject, but my postcard gave clear instructions, and we followed them. Matthews brought in the best table we possessed, and Doc. groomed the top of it so as to make it slippery enough for the spook to slide about on with comfort.

Tudway and Price cut out squares of paper, and Little wrote a letter of the alphabet on each and arranged them in a circle round the edge of the table. I polished the tumbler in which we hoped to capture the spook, and placed it upside down in the centre of the circle. Everything was ready. We had constructed our first "Ouija."

"Now what do we do?" Doc. asked.

"Two of us put a finger lightly on the glass, close our eyes, and make our minds blank."

"Faith!" said the Doc., "we'd better get a couple of Red Tabs from the Majors' House; this looks like a Staff job! And what next?"

"Then the glass should begin to move about and touch the letters. Somebody must note down the ones touched."

Doc. sat down and put his forefinger gingerly on the glass. I took the place opposite him. Price and Matthews, pencil in hand, leant forward ready to take notes. Little and Tudway and Dorling and Boyes stood round to watch developments. Doc. and I closed our eyes and waited, fingers resting lightly on the glass, arms extended. For perhaps fifteen minutes there was a tense silence, and our arms grew unendurably numb. Nothing happened.

Our places at the table were taken by two other investigators, and theirs in turn by two more, but always with a total absence of any result. We warmed the glass over a tallow candle—somebody had said it was a good thing

to do—and repolished the table. Then Doc. and I tried again.

"Ask it some question," Price whispered.

"Who—are—you?" said the Doc., in sepulchral tones, and forthwith I was conscious of a tilting and a straining in the glass, and then, very slowly, it began to move in gradually widening circles. It touched a letter, and the whole company craned their necks to see it.

"B!" they whispered in chorus.

It touched another. "R!" said everybody.

"I believe it is going to write 'Brown,'" said Dorling, and the movement suddenly stopped.

"There ye go, spoiling everything with yer talking," growled the Doc., his Irish accent coming out under the influence of excitement. "Will ye hold your tongues now, and we'll be after tryin' again!"

We tried again—we tried for several nights, but it was no use. The glass did not budge, or, if it did, it travelled in small circles and did not approach the letters. We blamed our tools for our poor mediumship and substituted a large enamelled tray for the table. The tray was an improvement and we began to reach the letters. But we never got sense. The usual séance was something like this:—

Doc.: "Who are you?" Answer: "D-f-p-b-j-q."

Doc.: "Try again. Who are you?" Answer: "D-f-p-m-g-j-q."

Matthews: "It's obviously trying to say something—the same letters, nearly, each time. Try again."

Doc.: "Who are you?" Answer: "T-h-r-s-w-v."

Matthews: "That's put the lid on! Ask something else."

Doc.: "Have you anything to say?" Answer: "W-n-s-r-y-k-x-c-b-j," and so on and so on, page after page of meaningless letters. It grew monotonous, even for prisoners of war, and in time the less enthusiastic investigators dropped out. At the end of a fortnight only Price, Matthews, Doc. O'Farrell, and myself were left. We were intrigued by the fact that the glass should move at all without our consciously pushing it—I shall never forget Alec Matthews's cry of wonder the first time he felt the "life" in the glass—and we persevered.

Then our friend Gatherer came in. He said he didn't care very much for this sort of thing, but he knew how to do it and would show us. He placed his fingers on the glass and addressed the spook. We, as became novices, had always shown a certain respect in our manner of questioning the unknown. Gatherer spoke as if he were addressing a defaulter, or a company on parade, with a ring in his voice which indicated he would stand no nonsense. And forthwith the glass began to talk sense. Its answers were short—usually no more than a "yes" or a "no"—but they were certainly understandable. Once more we were all intensely interested. Gatherer did more than add to the waning fire of

our enthusiasm. He presented us with his own spook-board, which he and another officer had made some months before, and used in secret. It was a piece of sheet-iron, on which the glass moved much more smoothly than on the tray or the table, and he suggested pasting the letters in such a way that they could not be knocked off by the movement of the glass. Later on, Matthews still further improved it by adding a raised "scantling" round the edge, which prevented the glass from leaving the circle.

Gatherer was in great request, for without him we could get nothing, try we never so hard. But he would not come—he "disliked it"—he "had other things to do," he "might come to-morrow," and so on. Ah, Gatherer, you have much to answer for! Had you never shown us that intelligible replies could be obtained, I might have remained an honest little inquirer, happy in the mere moving of the glass!

After another week of failure we grew desperate. "If we get nothing to-night," said Matthews, "we'll chuck it."

We tried hard, and got nothing.

"One more shot, Bones," said the Doc., sitting down opposite me.

I glanced at him, and from him to Price and Matthews. Disappointment was written on every face. Success had seemed so near, and we had laboured so hard. Was this to end, as so many of our efforts at amusement had ended, in utter boredom?

The doctor began pulling up the sleeves of his coat, as though he were leading a forlorn hope.

"Right you are, Doc." I put my fingers on the glass.

"One more shot," and as I said it the devil of mischief that is in every Celt whispered to me that the little man must not go empty away. We closed our eyes.

"For the last time," said the Doc. "Who are you?"

The glass began to move across the board.

"S," Matthews read aloud, "a-l-l-y—Sally!"

"Sally," Price repeated, in a whisper.

"Sally," I echoed again.

The Doc. wriggled forward in his chair, tugging up his coat-sleeves. "Keep at it," he whispered, excitedly. "Keep at it; we've got one at last." And then in a loud voice that had a slight quaver in it—

"Good evening, Sally! Have ye anythin' to tell us?"

Sally had quite a lot to tell us. She made love to Alec Matthews (much to his delight) in the most barefaced way, and then coolly informed him that she preferred sailor-boys. Price beamed, and replied in fitting terms. She talked seriously to the Doc. (who had murmured—out of jealousy, I expect—that Sally seemed a brazen hussy), and warned us to be careful what we said in the presence of a lady. (That "presence of a lady" startled us—most of us hadn't seen a lady for nearly three years.) She accused me of being

unbecomingly dressed. (Pyjamas and a blanket—quite respectable for a prisoner.) Then she complained of "feeling tired," made one or two most unladylike remarks when we pressed her to tell us more, and "went away."

I had fully intended to tell them I had steered the glass, with my eyes shut, from my memory of the position of the letters. But the talk became too good to interrupt. There were theories as to who Sally could be. Was she dead, or alive, or non-existent? Was the glass guided by a spook or by subconscious efforts? Then round again on to the old argument of why the glass moved at all. Was it the unconscious exercise of muscular force by one or both of the mediums or was it some external power? I lay back and listened to the sapper and the submarine man and the scientist from Central Africa. Others dropped in and added their voices and extracts from their experience to the discussion. We talked and we talked and we talked, forgetting the war, the sentries outside, and all the monotony of imprisonment. And always the talk rounded back to Sally and the spook-glass that moved no one knew how. The others slipped away to bed, and we were left alone—Alec, Price, the Doc., and myself. I braced myself to confess the fraud, but Doc. raised his tin mug:—

"Here's to Sally and success, and many more happy evenings," said he.

Facilis descensus Avernii! I lifted my mug with the rest, and drank in silence. Little I guessed how much water was to flow under the bridges before I could make my confession, or under what strange conditions that confession was to be made.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE CAMP TURNED SPIRITUALIST

I MADE up my mind to rag for an evening or two more and to face the music, when it came, in the proper spirit. There was a recognized form of punishment at Yozgad for a "rag." It was a "posh." In my case, with Doc., Matthews, Price, and, of course, the Seaman (who always joined in on principle) as my torturers, I expected it would be a super-posh, and I trembled accordingly. I had no doubt in my own mind that discovery would come very soon.

When evening came round, there were Alec, Doc., and Price waiting round the spook-board with their tongues out, wanting more "Sally." I sat down with the unholy joy of the small boy preparing a snowball in ambush for some huge and superior person.

"Now, Doc.," said I, trying to avert suspicion from myself, "don't you get larking. I'm beginning to suspect you."

"And I'm suspecting *you*," he laughed. "Come on, ye old blackguard!"

We started, and for several minutes got nothing but a series of unintelligible letters. The reason

for this was simple enough. The "medium's" mind was blank. I hadn't the foggiest notion of what to say, and could only push the glass about indiscriminately. Matthews and Price faithfully noted down every letter touched. This kept everybody happy, and as a matter of fact formed a useful precedent for future occasions.

"It's there all right," said Alec. "Keep it up, you fellows. We'll get something soon."

Gatherer came in, and after watching for a minute gave an order to the spook in his parade voice. "Go round and look at your letters."

The indiscriminate zigzagging stopped and the glass went round the circle slowly.

"Gee! Snakes!" said Alec. "That's the stuff, Gatherer; give it some more!"

"No sense in being afraid of the blighter," said Gatherer. "Here! Stop going round now! Tell us who you are!"

"Go to Hades!" came the answer.

Gatherer was not abashed. "Is that where you are?" he asked, and the spook began to swear most horribly.

"All right, old chap," said Gatherer. "That's enough. I'm sorry. I apologize."

"Go away," said the spook, and until Gatherer obeyed the glass would do nothing but repeat, "Go away," "Go away," to every question that was asked.

"Shall I go?" Gatherer asked.

"Faith! You'd better," said the Doc., "or who knows what it will be saying next?"

Gatherer went, and the spook began to write again. It might well do so, for it had begun to establish its "Authority."

Now, for successful spooning, "Authority" is all-important. The utterances of a medium "under control" must be—and are for the believer—the object of an unquestioning reverence.

What the parent is to the child, the medium is to "believers." The gentle art, as Hill (my ultimate partner in the game) and I know it, is merely a matter of shifting the authorship of the answers from yourself to some Unknown Third, whose authority has become as unquestionable to the "sitter" as the father's is to the child. Once that is achieved the problem in each case is precisely the same. It consists in answering questions in a manner satisfactory to the audience.

I did not realize this all at once. I did not set out with any scheme of building up the spook's authority. I laid out for myself no definite line of action against my friends. I determined to do the job nearest to hand as well as I could, and to tackle each problem as it arose. I would "rag around a bit" and then withdraw as soon as circumstances permitted me to do so gracefully. But circumstances never permitted. One thing led to another, and my "commitments" in the spook-world grew steadily.

Soon after Gatherer left the room my career as

a medium almost came to an inglorious end. The trap into which I nearly fell was not consciously set, so far as I am aware, for in those early days, when everything was fresh, the interest of the audience was centred more in the substance of the communications than in the manner in which they were produced.

The situation arose in this way: being a medium was a tiring game. An hour on end of pushing the glass about at arm's-length required considerable muscular effort. Your arm became as heavy as lead; until we got into training Doc. and I had to take frequent rests. This fatigue was natural enough, and everybody knew it, but nobody knew that practically the whole of my body was subjected to a physical strain. At this period of my mediumship I used to close my eyes quite honestly; I was therefore obliged to remember the exact position of each letter, not only in its relation to other letters but also to myself, so as to be able to steer the glass to it. The slightest movement of the spook-board—caused, for example, by my sleeve or the Doc.'s catching on the edge of it, as sometimes happened—was sufficient to upset all my calculations until I had had an opportunity of glancing at it again. I used to try to guard against this by resting my left hand lightly on the edge of the board. I could then feel any movement, and at the same time my left hand formed a guide to my right, for, before closing my eyes, I used to note what letter my little finger was resting on. I had two other guides—my right and my left foot under the table gave me the angles of two other unknown letters. If the reader will try and sit for an hour, moving his right hand freely, but with both feet and the left hand absolutely still, he will understand why indefinite sittings were impossible. Add to this the concentration of mind necessary to remember the letters, to invent suitable answers to questions, and to spell them out.

"I am fagged out," I said, wearily. "Don't you feel the strain, Doc.?"

"Only my arm." He rubbed the numbness out of it. "Come on, Bones, let's get some more; this is interesting."

"I'm dead beat. I feel it all over me. It seems to take a lot out of me."

The three looked at me curiously. They obviously regarded me as a medium who had been under "control" (*en passant*, I wonder if the "exhaustion" of all mediums after a séance is not due to similar causes?).

"Right you are, Bones," said Price, "I'll take your place. You come and note down."

I took his pencil and notebook, and he sat down to the board with the Doc. The glass moved and touched letters, but they made, of course, nothing intelligible. After a space, when I had rested Doc. said his arm was tired and suggested I should take his place. I did so. Price and I were now at the glass. Somebody



"The Doc. wriggled forward in his chair, tugging up his coat-sleeves. 'Keep at it,' he whispered, excitedly."

asked a question. I started to reply in the usual way, but luckily realized in time what I was doing, and instead of giving a coherent answer, allowed the glass to wander among the X's and Y's at its own sweet will. It had flashed across my mind that so long as I obtained answers only when Doc. was my partner, no "sceptic" could tell which of the two of us was controlling the glass. If, on the other hand, I obtained answers in conjunction with others, as well as

when with the Doc., while no other pair in combination could do so, I was clearly indicated as the control, and a very simple process of elimination would doom me to discovery. I therefore came to a hurried decision that only when the Doc. was my partner should the Unknown be allowed to speak, and it was not till long after the spook had proved to the satisfaction of our "inquirers" its own separate existence that I permitted myself to break this resolution.

So Price and I continued to bang out unintelligible answers until everybody was tired of it. Matthews, who amongst other objectionable pieces of knowledge had acquired something of mathematics, then worked out the combinations and permutations of four spookists, two together, and insisted we should test them all. We did. The only result was pages of Q's and M's, X's, Y's, and Z's. Bones and the Doc. were the only pair who got answers.

At our after-séance talk, this led to a new discovery—new, that is, for us. It was obvious that mediums must be *en rapport*! We attacked the subject from all sides, and as usual others joined in our discussion.

Thus we continued for several evenings. The camp looked on with mingled amusement and interest. Our séances began to be a popular form of evening entertainment. Quite a little crowd would gather round the board, and ask questions of the spook.

For the most part at this stage the audience were sceptical—they suspected a trick somewhere, though they could not imagine how it was done. Curiously enough, suspicion centred not on me, but on the perfectly innocent Doctor. The poor man was pestered continually to reveal the secret. He swore vehemently that he had nothing to do with it; but it was pointed out to him that the glass only worked when he was there—a fact he could not deny.

This sceptical attitude of the camp was of the utmost value to me. It amounted to a challenge, and spurred me to fresh efforts. The whole affair being a "rag," with no definite aim in view, it would not have been fair play to the inquirers to have told an out-and-out lie. But I considered it quite legitimate to dodge their questions if I could do so successfully.

I was often grateful in those days for my past experience as a magistrate in Burma. My study of law and lawyers helped me considerably in the gentle art of drawing a red herring across my questioners' train of thought.

I was beginning to think that the business had gone on long enough, and it was time to confess, when Fate stepped in again. Intrigued by our success, several other groups of experimenters had been formed in the camp, notably in the Hospital House. One fine morning we were electrified by the news that there also "results" had been obtained.

The Doc. came up to me as I was walking in the lane. He was all hunched up with glee.

"Faith," he said to me, "the sceptics have got it in the neck. Here's Nightingale and Bishop been an' held a long conversation with the spooks last night."

"I don't see that that will make much difference to the sceptics," said I.

"But I do," said the Doc. "The camp doesn't believe in it now because you're you and I'm me. But who in Turkey or out of it can suspect

fellows like Bishop and Nightingale? That's what I want to know!"

"And why not suspect Bishop and Nightingale?" I asked.

"Ach! ye might as well suspect a babe unborn. Not one of the two of them has the imagination of a louse. They're plain, straightforward Englishmen—not Celtic fringe like you an' me—an' the camp knows it."

"But don't you suspect them yourself?" I asked. "You said the other day that you suspected me, you know."

"So I did, but that's different, as I say. These two are genuine enough."

"No doubt," said I, for I was quite open-minded about the possibilities of "spooking." "Whom were they talking to last night?"

"Oh, just Sally, and Silas P. Warner, and that lot," said the Doc. "Same crowd of spooks as we get ourselves."

I glanced at him to see if he was joking. He wasn't. Oh! Doc., dear, how I longed to laugh!

Either Nightingale or Bishop (I did not know which at the time) was fudging. I knew this for certain because they were using "spooks" of my own creation. It puzzled me at the time to know why they should not have invented spirits of their own. I learned long afterwards that mine were adopted because it was thought that my show was possibly genuine! If so, what could be more natural than that the spirits which haunted the Upper House should also be found next door?

The position was now rather funny. I knew, of course, that *both* "shows" were frauds. The villain of the piece in the Hospital House knew his own show was a fraud, but was not sure about mine. The majority of the camp, on the other hand, were inclined to think there might be something in the Hospital House exhibition, although they had viewed mine with suspicion. But if they accepted the Hospital House, they had to accept ours too, the spooks being the same. And, in the course of time, that was what happened.

Freeland drew for me a fitting poster—a picture of a spook glass and board, and beneath it I placed a notice which said that ours was the original Psychical Research Society of Yozgad, that it had no connection with any other firm, and that we held séances on stated evenings. Our fellow-prisoners were asked to attend. The closest inspection was invited. The poster ended by saying that the mediums each suspected the other and would welcome any inquirer who could decide how the rational movements of the glass were caused.

Shortly after this Doc. and I were asked if we objected to a series of tests. Doc., strong in his own innocence, welcomed the suggestion. As for me, it was exactly what I wanted—the *raison d'être* of my notice. Up to now it had been "a shame to take the money." This put us on a



reasonable basis. If all were discovered, as I expected would be the case, I'd get my "poshing," there would be a good laugh all round, and that would be the end of it. If by any fluke of fortune I survived, the testers would only have themselves to blame afterwards. It was now a fair fight—my wits against the rest—catch-as-catch-can, and all grips allowed. Neither the Doc. nor I made any conditions, nor did we want to know beforehand the nature of the tests to which we were to be subjected.

But I took my precautions. I secretly nicked the edges of the circle on which the letters were written in such a way that I could always recognize, by touch, the position of the board.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THE MEDIUMS WERE TESTED.

THERE was an empty room that formed part of the passage-way between the two portions of the Upper House. It was insanitary, draughty,

and cheerless. It had an uneven brick floor of Arctic coldness. The view from the broken-paned, closely-barred window was restricted to a blank wall and a few ruined houses. Here our spook took up his temporary abode.

The tests were spread over several evenings. I can only give brief samples of what occurred. When Doc. and I sat down to the table we were the centre of a little crowd of spectators and "detectives," for there was nothing secret about the seances.

"Bandage the beggars for a start," somebody suggested. Handkerchiefs were tied round our eyes.

"Who are you?" asked Alec.

The glass began to move about. I was writing rubbish. Some sceptic laughed.

"Wait a bit," said Price. "It always begins like that. Now, who are you?"

"S-i-double-l-y, Silly!" the sceptic read out. "That's rather a poor shot for 'Sally'! The bandage affects the spook, it seems."

"A-s-s," the spook went on. "I-t m-a-k-e-s n-o d-i-f-f-e-r-e-n-c-e."

"We'll see!" said the sceptic. I felt the board being moved under my hand. "Now who are you?"

As the glass circled under my right hand, I felt for and found the secret nicks with my left thumb.

"U-t-h-i-n-k u a-r-e c-l-e-v-e-r."

And so it went on. Mistakes were made, of course, and the glass frequently went to "next-door" letters, but not more so than on ordinary occasions. It became generally accepted by the company that whether the mediums had their eyes bandaged or not, and whether the position of the board was altered or not, it made no difference.

One evening some fiend suggested turning the circle with the letters face downwards, a number being written on the back of each letter. The numbers touched were to be noted down and any message given was to be indicated afterwards. The inversion was made, and it gave me furiously to think.

Opposite me sat the Doc. He had nothing to trouble him, no problem to work out. His one task in life was to let his hand follow the movements of the glass, to wait for it to move, and then neither hinder nor help, but go whither it led. To him it did not matter where the letters were—they might be upside down or inside out for all he cared. The spook would take him there. He breathed easily, in the serenity of a full faith, while the glass moved slowly round and round and I thought and thought and thought.

I tried hard to construct in my mind a looking-glass picture of the board, and failed. To give myself time I worked out the positions of the N and the O, and for a spell answered every question with a "No." Then all of a sudden the solution flashed into my mind. After all, I was the spook. There was, therefore, no reason why I should not, like every other decently-educated spook, be able to see things through a table, or any other small impediment of that sort. Instead of imagining myself to be looking down at the board from above the table, I only had to imagine myself to be looking up at the board from below the table to have everything in its right position once more. In thirty seconds the glass was writing as freely as ever.

"You birds satisfied?" asked the Doc., genially, as he leaned back in his rickety chair after the trial, smoking a cigarette. "How long are we going to keep up this testing business? Seems to me the spook has had you cold every time. For myself, I'd like to get on to something more interesting."

"So would I," said I, and I spoke from the bottom of my heart. "The position seems to me to be this. Either Doc.'s fudging, or he's not, and——"

"I tell you I'm not," said the Doc., emphatically.

"Some of us don't believe you," said I; "that's why they are testing you."

"They're testing *you* as much as me! I know nothin' about it!"

"Well, put it this way: either *we* are fudging or we are not. Will that satisfy you, Doc.?"

"The way I'd put it," said the little man, "would be—either *you* are pullin' our blooming legs off or we've struck a sixty-horse power, armour-plated spook of the very first quality. An' faith, I wouldn't put it past ye, ye vagabond!"

"Right-o!" I laughed. "Assume I'm fudging. What does it mean? You'll admit I've been properly blindfolded?"

"We do," said Matthews and Price together.

"I know I was," grumbled the Doc., rubbing his eyes.

"Therefore it must have been memory work. D'you think you can remember the position of all the letters on the board without looking at them?"

"Sorra a wan!" said the doctor.

"I believe I could," said Matthews.

"Well, shut your eyes and try to push the glass to them," I suggested.

Matthews sat down. He started well, but he had no guide except his own general position and soon went hopelessly astray. "It would need a lot of practice," he said.

"Seen me practising, any of you?" I asked.

"We have not," said the Doc., "an' what's more, we know you haven't got the patience for it. Besides, you couldn't have told us all these things we've had out of the board."

"The thing that knocks the memory theory on the head," said Price, "is the fact of the board being moved about after you were blindfolded. No amount of memory would help you if you couldn't see."

It is particularly easy, in a question like Spiritualism, to allow fallacy to creep in. There is a basis of curious phenomena which certainly exist and are recognized by scientists as indubitable facts. But the investigator must be careful in every instance to assure himself that he is in the presence of the genuine phenomenon, and not of an imitation of it, and, as a matter of fact, this is sometimes impossible to do. Thus there is no doubt that the glass will move without the person whose fingers are resting on it exercising any force consciously. In the early days of honest experiment we had satisfied ourselves on this point; it was within the experience of all of us. Many of us (I myself was one) could move it alone, without conscious effort; and before long we came to expect the movement to take place, and to regard it as the natural consequence of placing our hands in a certain position. When I began to move the glass consciously there was no outward indication

that any change had taken place, and nobody could prove I was pushing it rather than "following" it. Nevertheless, the investigators were no longer in the presence of the genuine phenomenon, though they thought they were.

From the knowledge that the movement of the glass could be caused by an unconscious exercise of force, to the belief that the rational movement of the glass was caused in the same unconscious way, was but a little step. It is a step which many eminent men have taken after years of patient investigation. My friends could hardly have been blamed had they taken it at once. The fact that they saw fit to test the "mediums" and failed to discover the fraud does not prove they were fools. It does show that at least they were moderately careful, and it should be noted that the reasoning by which they led themselves astray was well based on facts. The trouble was it did not take into consideration all the facts that were relevant. They argued: "We ourselves moved the board round. The only means by which we could tell the new position of the letters was by looking. Bones was blindfolded. He could not see. Therefore he could not know the new position of the board."

The relevant fact omitted was that man possesses the sense of touch as well as of vision. It was a failure of observation as well as of logic. They should have watched my left thumb.

There is one further point to remember. While these tests were proceeding, the spook was not idle. He did not take them lying down. The best defence is always attack. It would never do to allow the investigators to assume complete control of the operations, to concentrate on any single point, or to examine their own reasoning in all its nakedness. Therefore, while they were trying to discover the origin of the rational movement of the glass, the spook counter-attacked continually, arranging his replies to their questions in such a way as to divert the interest of the audience to the subject-matter of the answers and away from the manner in which they were obtained. The spook gave, for instance, appreciations of the military situation on various fronts which formed splendid food for discussion.

Meanwhile another factor was contributing greatly to overcome the suspicions of the camp in general and of my own investigators in particular. The Hospital House Spook was going great guns. It produced some first-rate "evidential" matter about various officers—usually relating to some secret of a "lurid" past which was grudgingly admitted by the victim to be true—and was exceedingly well-informed on matters relating to the war.

Then one morning our orderly came in with a dixieful of the whole-wheat mush which we dignified with the name of porridge. He had obviously something to tell us.

"What's up, Hall?" asked Pa Davern.

Hall ran his fingers reflectively through his hair.

"I dunno, sir," he said, "but it looks as if our show's gettin' left. The 'Orsepital 'Ouse spook's been and gone off the water wagon, I reckon."

We learned that the night before there had been a séance in the Hospital House. A new spook had appeared, calling herself "Millicent the Innocent." Asked what she was "innocent" of—a perfectly natural question in view of the name—she grew exceedingly angry and threatened to show her power. Some daring member of the audience challenged her to "carry on," and immediately a window-pane was smashed inwards, from the outside, a washstand holding a basinful of water was upset, and a large wooden chandelier crashed down from its hook on the wall. The room was well lit at the time. It was a good twenty feet above ground-level, the guards had completed their evening round, and all prisoners were locked inside the house. Nobody was within a dozen feet of any of the objects affected.

After breakfast I went down to the Hospital House and interviewed Munday and Edmonds. They were elated and not a little excited by the adventures of the night before. They showed me the record of the séance, and sent me to examine the broken pane.

I saw it could have been broken with a stick from the window of a neighbouring room—a dark little closet at the head of the stairs. I went there. The window was nailed up and covered with cobwebs. Perfect! But in the grime on a little ledge below the window was the fresh imprint of a foot. I took my embassy cap and dusted it over. It was clear my rival had a confederate. Except for that little slip over the footprint his work had been very thorough, and I wondered who it could be. In those days I knew Hill only by sight, or I might have guessed.

The camp buzzed with the discussion of the new phenomenon. Compared with this exhibition of the power of the Unseen over material things, the rational movements of the glass had become a very minor problem. But Alec Matthews was a persistent and uncomfortably thorough person. He came up to me one morning as I sat sunning myself against the south wall. I saw from his eyes there was something in the wind.

"Morning, Bones. I wanted to see you. Little and I and a few more have been talking over those last séances. Would you object very much to one more test?"

"I thought you were all satisfied," I said. "Tests are a nuisance. I don't want to waste any more time over them."

"Doc. said the same," said Alec. "But he has agreed, if you are willing. I'm pretty well satisfied myself already, but if we come through this, it will clinch it."

"What's the test?" I asked.

"We'd rather not tell you," said Alec, "and we haven't told Doc., either."

"Right-o," I replied.

I spent an unhappy day wondering what the test could be that required so much preparation. In the evening a rather larger number than usual gathered round the spook-board, Doc. and I sitting down in our usual places.

"Do you want us blindfolded?" I asked, tendering a handkerchief.

"Not at all," said Alec. "I don't believe sight comes into it, anyway. Even if it did, it would not be of any use to-night."

"It might be more satisfactory, though it is beastly uncomfortable," I suggested.

One of the audience then blindfolded me, but it was carelessly done, and I could still see the ground at my feet and the nearest edge of the spook-board.

"Are you ready?" Alec asked of the spook-board.

"Yes," came the answer.

"This is a test," Matthews explained. "We want to find out what directs the glass to the letters. Previous tests indicate it is not done by the mediums" (I breathed more freely after that, old chap), "but it may be caused by one of the spectators unconsciously exercising a sort of hypnotic influence over the mediums—in short, by telepathy. I have prepared a new circle of letters, in triplicate. The original is here, in this room, and will be produced shortly. The duplicate and triplicate are in Little's room. The triplicate is smaller in size and so constructed as to revolve inside the duplicate. It will be set running by Boyes and Little, who will leave their room before it stops and guard the door. I want to see if the glass can write on the original circle in the code formed by the revolving circle with the duplicate. If it can, it proves that the movement is not controlled, consciously or unconsciously, by any human agency, for nobody knows the code, as there will be nobody in the room when the revolving circle stops."

Doc. and I put our fingers back on the glass.

"Ha! ha! ha!" it wrote at once.

"You're laughing," said Price. "Can you do it?"

"Easy," said the spook.

The new circle of letters prepared by Matthews was substituted for the one I knew so well, and word was sent to Little and Boyes to start the code wheel spinning.

"Can you write on this new arrangement of the letters?" Matthews asked.

The glass began to revolve slowly round and round the board.

"It is examining the letters," said somebody.

"Yes," came the answer from the board. "Ask something."

"Good enough," said Matthews. "Now write in code. Tell us who you are in code."

There was a long pause.

"The glass feels quite dead, as if there's nothing here," said the Doc. at last.

"I expect it has gone next door to examine the code," said somebody, with a laugh that sounded a trifle forced.

"B-m-x," the glass wrote.

"Is that who you are?"

"B-m-x," said the glass again.

"Is that your name? It seems very short."

"B-m-x," again.

"Are you writing code?"

There was a long pause.

"My bandage is slipping," said I. "Tie it up, someone."

"Oh, never mind your bandage," said Alec. "Take it off; it can make no difference."

I took it off, and lit a cigarette with my right hand still on the glass.

"That's good," I said. "You can't taste smoke with your eyes shut."

"You've been thinking about smoking instead of keeping your mind blank!" said the Doc.

"That's why it stopped. It'll go now, under normal conditions."

"Are you writing code?" Alec repeated.

"B-m-x—B-m-x—B-m-x."

"That may be the code for 'yes,'" said Price. "Go and see, Little."

Little went out to examine the code. While he was away the glass kept up a monotonous B-m-x, B-m-x.

Little came back. "Can't make it out," he said; "it's not code for 'yes.' B-m-x is V——"

"Don't tell us what it is," Alec interrupted. "Come on, what's your name?"

Before he got the question out the glass was writing again—a steady string of some thirty to forty unintelligible letters—"F-g-f-k-v-h-m-d-o-h-o-m-x-o-f-t-o-m-u-d-a-n-m-f-g-u-i-n-v-c-f-k-m-t-m-f-n."

"Can you repeat all that?" Price asked.

The glass repeated it a second and a third time without variation.

"Looks as if we are getting something," said Alec. "Now please give us a message."

The glass replied at considerable length, and again repeated the reply three times over. Thus it went on for the best part of an hour, answering questions in code, and repeating each answer three times.

"I think we've got enough to go on with," said Price; "and anyway, whatever this stuff may be, whether it makes sense or not, we're up against one thing, and that is, how the deuce can these long rigmaroles of letters be repeated with such accuracy?"

While Little and Boyes adjourned with the record to see if they could be deciphered, the company discussed the evening's performance.

"Whatever Little's verdict may be," said the Doc., "the sceptics who think I am doing this have had a bit of a jar to-night."

"How so?" I asked, innocently.

The Doc. tapped the spook-board with a grimy forefinger.

"This is a new arrangement of the letters," he said, "which was sprung on me to-night."

"Well, what about it?" I asked.

The Doc. leant across the board and glared at me. "What about it? Why, ye cormorant! Who but you accused me the other night of rememberin' the letters, an' how can I remember them when I've never seen them before? Yet the thing wrote sense! It said, 'Yes, ask something,' in plain Sassenach!"

I looked at the board critically.

"That cock won't fight, Doc.," I said. "So far as I can see, this circle looks like a copy of the old one. I remember that combination N-I-F next each other."

"It's not quite the same," said Alec. "I've changed a few of the letters." He produced the old board and put it alongside the new one. "You see the T and the W have

changed places, and so have the B and the M. And both the T and the M come into the spook's answer to "Ask something?"

"Yes," said the Doc., "and here's another change—the V and the D."

"I didn't change that," said Alec, quickly.

"But ye did," persisted the doctor. "The old one reads from left to right, S-D-V, and the new one S-V-D."

"So it does," said Alec; "that was an accidental change."

"Dash it!" said I. "I never spotted that, either."

I don't know why my remark escaped notice, but it did. Somebody suggested we should go on spooking, and I put my fingers on the glass with a feeling of thankfulness. The glass began to move.

"I know who this is," the Doc. said, without opening his eyes. "It's Silas P. Warner."

"Quite right," said Price, eyeing Doc. with a growing suspicion. "How did you know before I read it out?"

"Why, of all unbelievers," said Doc. the Innocent, looking at Price in astonishment. "Of all the unbelievers! Faith! dy'e think I'm a lump of wood, or what? D'ye think I've sat here night after night and hour after hour, fingering this blessed glass, an' don't know the difference in feel between one spook and another?"

This was new to me—the "difference in feel" was quite unconsciously caused on my part.

We were still discussing the matter when Little came back.

"No good," he said, "the stuff won't make sense. I've been right through it."

"Then we've got to explain how it remembered and managed to repeat

all that rigmarole," said Price.

Suddenly Boyes burst into the room, waving a sheet of paper. "It's all right," he gasped, breathlessly. "The blessed thing has been coding our code! It's been writing one letter to the left all the way through, and makes perfect sense. I listen." He began reading out the decoded sentences. I looked across at Doc. He was grinning at me a most aggressive grin! I leant back in my chair and poured myself out a tot of raki from Alec's bottle.

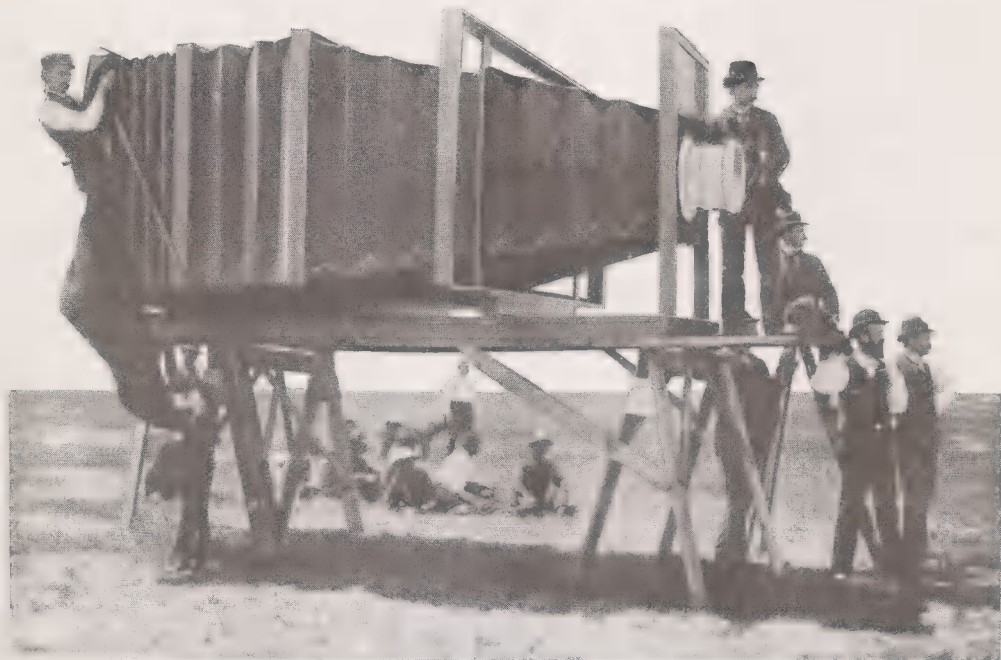
"I feel I deserve this," I said, raising my mug.

"Bones, ye thief of the world!" said Doc. "Pass that bottle! Ye had no more to do with it than the rest of us."

"That he had not," said Alec. "Circulate the poison! Mugs up, you fellows. The thing's proved, so here's to the Spook!"



"'It's all right,' he gasped, breathlessly. 'The blessed thing has been coding our code!'"



Exposing a plate in the great camera.

The LARGEST CAMERA in the WORLD

by Bernard St Lawrence

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES BOYER, PARIS.

A gigantic camera weighing over half a ton is certainly a phenomenon among photographic apparatus. Amateur photographers will be keenly interested in the monster and the huge pictures the Author describes.



ABOUT two years ago there was exhibited in Paris the biggest war-photograph ever seen. It represented the capture of Vimy Ridge by the Canadians, and measured no less than ten feet by twenty feet. Needless to say, this wonderful picture—it is indeed worthy of the name on account of its historical interest and tragic beauty—was not taken on a plate or film of the dimensions named; it was an enlargement from a small negative, exposed by Captain Ivor Castle on the morning of April 9th, 1917, during the most stubborn part of the fight.

Imagine the size of the camera that would have been required to take a direct photograph of the dimensions of this Vimy Ridge record! What an enormous bellows and extension would have been needed! And what a huge lens would have had to be specially manufactured! Do you think that

anyone, in any circumstances, would contemplate making such an apparatus? Ninety-nine per cent. of my readers will, I am sure, reply in the negative. Yet the fact remains that a gigantic camera which would have been capable of taking a companion picture to the enormous enlargement I have mentioned actually exists in the United States.

This, the largest camera in the world, was constructed by Mr. George Lawrence, a Chicago engineer. The photographs of the apparatus which accompany this article speak for themselves. But, striking evidence though they are of the hugeness of this phenomenon among photographic apparatus, they can give only a faint idea of the difficulties of manipulating such a Gargantuan piece of mechanism. Fully a dozen men were required to move it about, set it up on its stand, extend the bellows, and take the pictures, which measured more than two by

three yards. The extension of the bellows is as much as six and a half yards; the total weight of the camera, including the massive iron and wood stand, is over half a ton.

In order to prevent the light entering the interior of the camera during the exposure of the negatives, the bellows, the outside of which is of rubber, were lined with a sort of canvas, covered with a black tissue, very light in weight and closely woven. White wood frames act as interior supports, where the folds come, the exterior supports being four hardwood and metal frames, bearing friction rollers, working on rails, which rest on a broad, solidly-built platform of cherry-wood.

In order to transport this cumbersome apparatus to the workshops of the Chicago and Alton Railway Company, to whose order it had been made, twenty *employés* had to install it on a long open wagon, drawn by a locomotive.

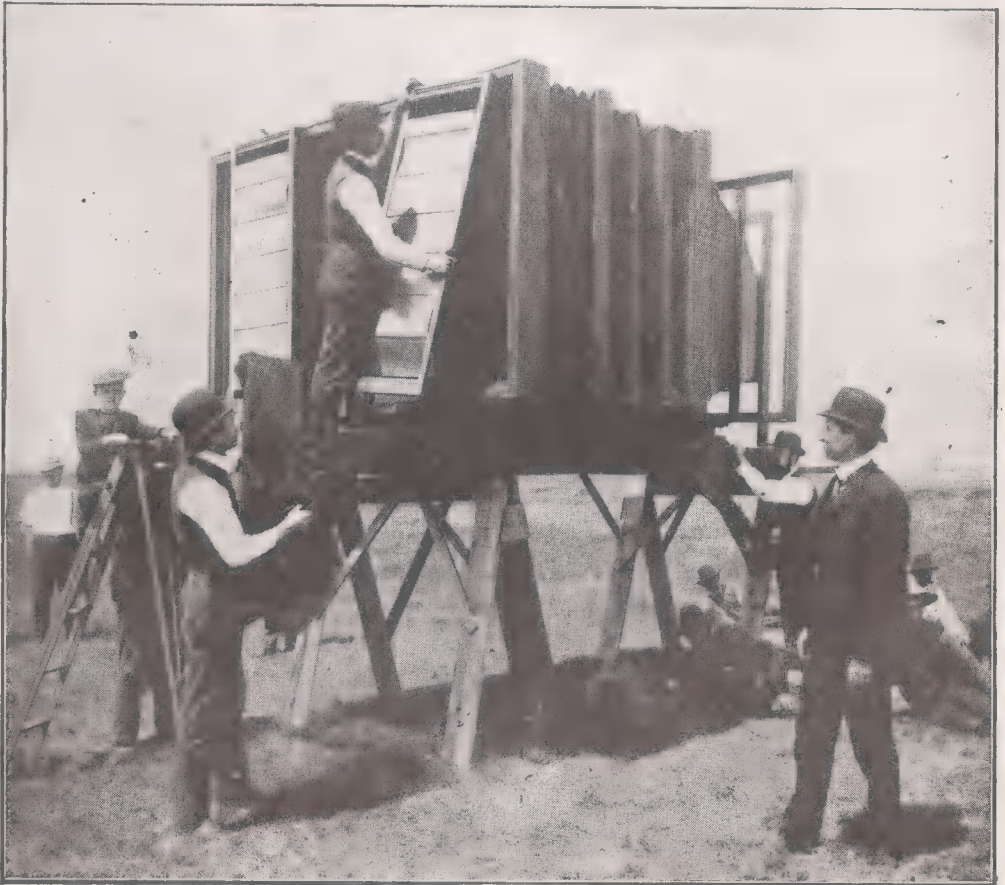
The preparation of the sensitive plates was no light task. Pieces of glass without the slightest blemish had to be obtained,

and on each of these, over a superficies of nearly four square yards, an absolutely uniform layer of gelatine and bromide of silver had to be spread. Then came the no less technically difficult work of drying these negatives, each of which weighed over ninety pounds, in a room free from the slightest speck of dust.

As to the optical part of the camera, Mr. Lawrence worked out a powerful combination of lenses, some for near views and others for distant ones. Consequently, the lens end resembled rather the mouth of a four-hundred-millimetre cannon than an ordinary photographic lens.

Focusing was a problem which the inventor solved very neatly. He decided to dispense with a ground glass, and worked out the various distances for taking pictures by means of a small telescope, which is part and parcel of the apparatus.

Despite all the precautions that were taken, it was found that when the sensitive plate was fixed in its place and the dark slide was opened dust was deposited on the



Erecting the camera was a business in itself.



The world's largest camera travelling on the Chicago and Alton Railway.

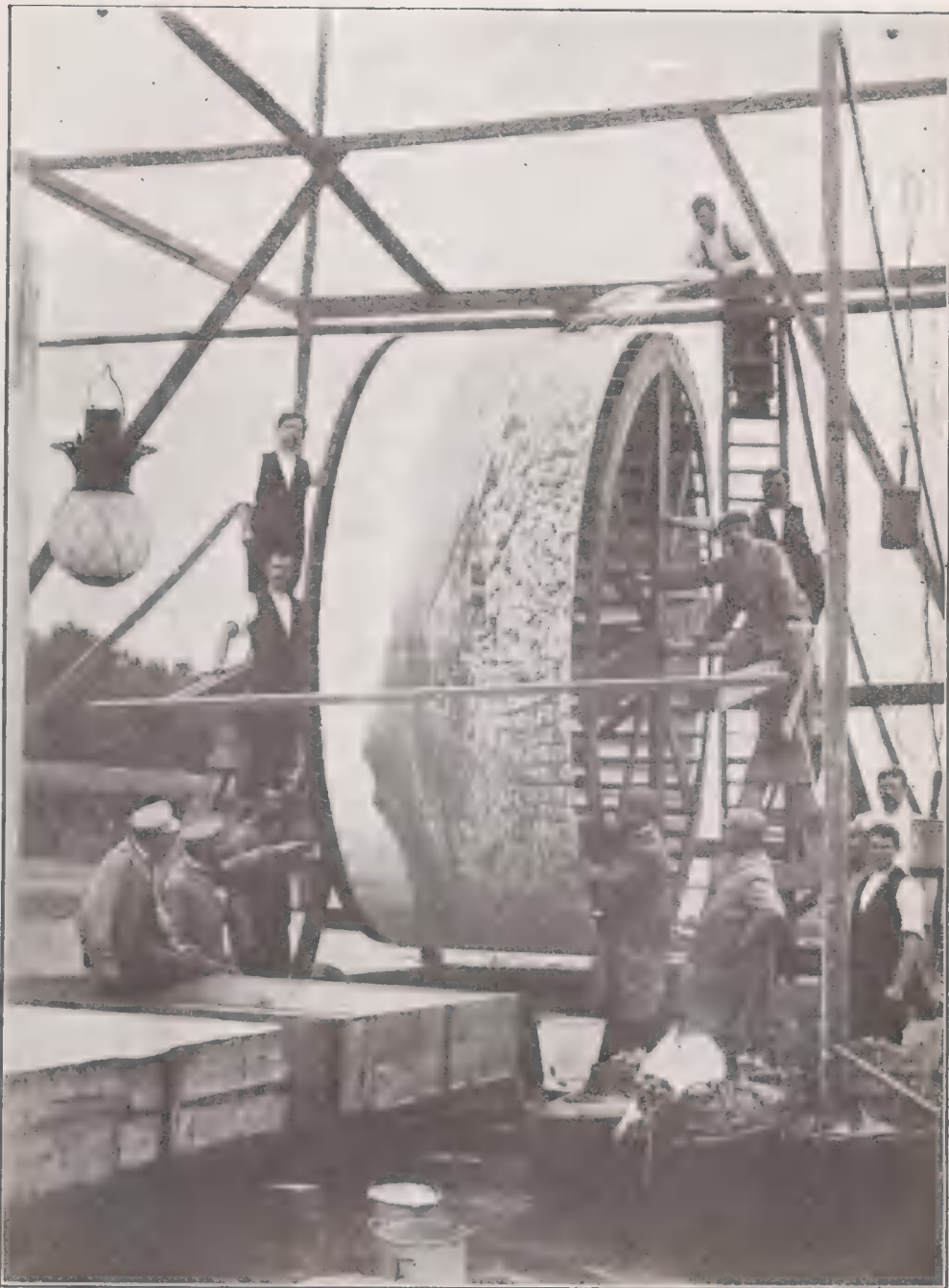
plate; so it was necessary for a workman to get inside the bellows and carefully dust it. This he did in a very dim red light, the lens having been removed and replaced by a window of thick ruby glass.

An exposure of about thirty seconds was

given when taking the wonderful series of negatives which Mr. Lawrence obtained with his camera—views of the workshops of the Chicago and Alton Railway Company and the superb landscapes through which the line runs.



Artists retouching the finished panoramic print.



The preliminary washing of the huge panoramic print after fixing.

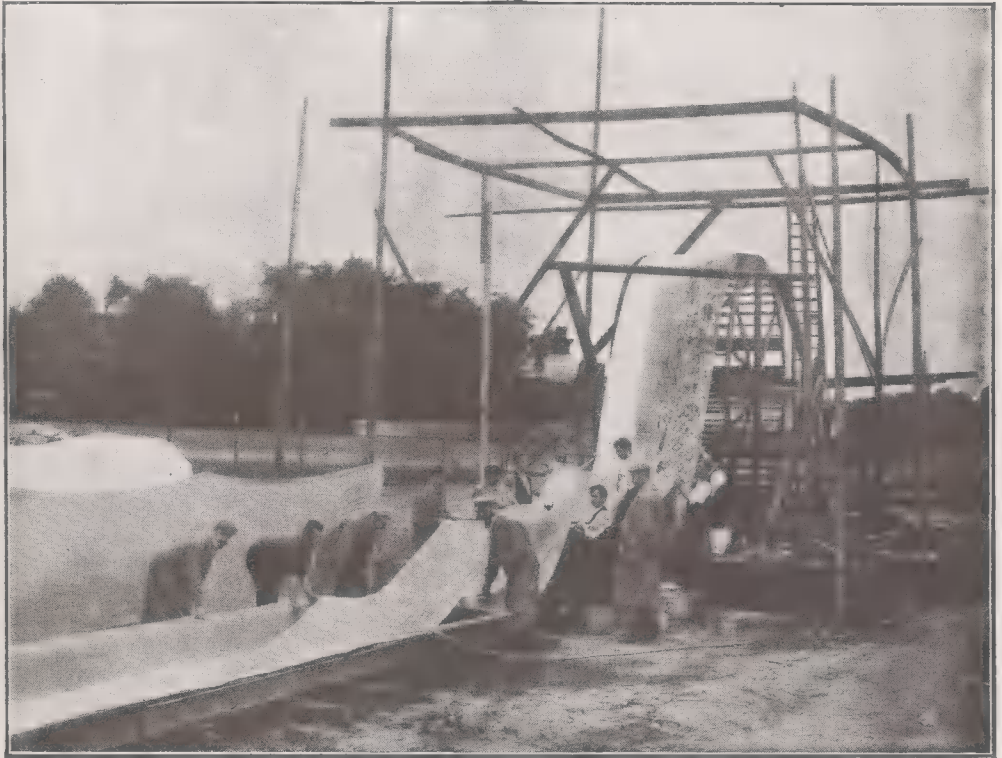
Naturally the development of these, the largest negatives ever made, presented other problems. Enormous dishes had to be specially made to hold the plates and the solution, the preparation of which necessitated many pounds' weight of chemicals.

Among the largest photographs ever seen must be counted those representing a panoramic view of Naples taken from the Castle of San Marino. This photographic view was twelve yards long and a yard and a half in height; it took in the whole of the town of

Naples and its admirable bay as far as Vesuvius and Capri. Of course, so extensive a panorama was not obtained on one negative. Six different views had to be taken by means of a very large camera, and when enlargements of these had been made they were pieced together. Each of these enlargements measured more than two yards by a yard and a half.

The development of prints of such unusual proportions as these required the construction of a large dark room, which took the form of a tent, and special apparatus. The

paper passed uniformly through the developer, but local development had to be resorted to in the case of those parts of the print which were under-exposed. To do this a sponge was dipped in an energetic developer and applied to the parts in question. Similarly, other portions which were over-exposed were treated with a solution of acetic acid to retard development. Development was stopped by spraying the whole of the print with a similar solution. Then the tank containing the "hypo" was brought under the wheel, and fixing took place; and



Unrolling the print from the developing wheel and washing it in running water. The tent in which the developing took place has been removed in order to show the arrangement of the apparatus.

exposed sensitized paper was wound on a wooden wheel, four yards in diameter and twelve and a half yards in circumference. In close proximity were three large tanks for the developing, washing, and finishing of the prints. Each of these rested on five wheels, so that they could be brought one after the other underneath the wheel round which the photographic paper was wound. An oxalate-of-iron developer was used, and the work was performed at night. As the wheel was slowly revolved the whole of the

so on until the print was thoroughly washed and became a permanent record.

The fixing of these gigantic pictures took three-quarters of an hour, whilst the washing in running water lasted eight hours. The result was a very remarkable panoramic picture. I must add, however, that a good deal of work had to be done on it by skilful artists, who filled in the holes due to over-enlargement, and painted in certain portions, notably on the sky, which called for improvement.

'TWINX EARTH AND SKY

THERE is no need to recapitulate the causes of the trouble. Suffice it to say that Smertz and I had quarrelled, fought it out, and made it up again. Incidentally, the laurels—if any there were—had fallen to me.

In the big timber-camps, where, for half a year on end, all sorts and conditions of men are herded together in an intimacy that admits of very little privacy, such "breaks" are necessarily frequent. Differences are settled in the time-honoured way, and after the "scrap" the rule is to let bygones be bygones. Such, apparently, had been the case in the present instance. If anything, after the fight there was a marked eagerness on the part of Smertz to go out of his way to prove the absence of all rancour.

That he was lying low during the three months that had elapsed since the quarrel no one could have expected for a moment. The thing was of startling suddenness—so utterly unlooked for that one can only put it down as yet another example of the kink that, since the war, all the world knows is a feature of Teuton mentality.

Told by *DAVID BLAKE*,
and set down by
D. W. O. FAGAN,
of Mangapai, Whangarei, New Zealand.
ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. HOLLOWAY.



Mr. David Blake.

The story of a German's vengeance, and the terrible ordeal that resulted for a timber-getter in the New Zealand kauri forests.

Whatever the explanation, it gave me as terrifying an experience as, perhaps, has ever befallen any man—came within an ace of blotting me out together, in fact, and sent Smertz himself to twenty years' of hard work, in a safe place, for a paternal Government.

Cherchez la femme! Of course, there was a woman in it, but as the lady is now my wife, there are obvious reasons for saying as little as possible on that point.

Do you know the great divide on Mount Siberia? The

shoulder of the mountain looks for all the world as if a giant had swung his axe and cleft it almost in twain. I had the contract for cutting out and sending down the timber from the upper slopes. Across the gulch, taut as a bow-string, a steel cable stretched for a matter of eight hundred feet. The kauri logs, slung to an underhung trolley running on huge sheaves, were sent over the wire to the other side. The slant in the cable was pretty stiff, and the great logs went swinging across like greased lightning by their own weight. A guide rope, hooked to the trolley and led round a windlass, served to check the

run and ease the timber to the landing-stage below.

Rod McKenzie, Duncan, and Smertz worked in my gang. It was the end of the day in late autumn. The last log—a monster twenty feet long by thirty in girth*—hung ready for launching beneath the trolley. Rod was at the windlass ready to take her over, and I was on the point of giving the signal to let her go, when, fancying I noticed a slackness in one of the slings, I mounted the log, and, standing on it, started to tighten the chain.

This was the moment of Smertz's choice for deferred vengeance. Quick as light he swung his axe, and, with a sharp blow on its point, sprung the hook of the guide-rope from the socket.

On the instant the huge log was on the move and gathering way down the slant of the taut wire. I heard a cry of horrified ejaculation. Someone screamed "Jump, Dave, jump!" But there was no time. Rod McKenzie rushed at Smertz and felled him with a twitch-stave. Duncan raced in the track of the runaway log in a futile attempt at rescue. It was hopeless. As well try to catch a cyclone!

All this happened in a flash. I threw myself face down on the log, and gripped the sling-chains with a grip of death. Bushes, ground, and tree-stumps flew backwards beneath me in a mad blurr of speed, and in a moment the log shot over the edge of the world with me atop of it!

The rest was nightmare and sheer terror. Fast as a high-velocity shell, the great log, with its sixteen tons of solid weight, went rushing, rocking, and roaring down the wire. The racing sheaves, in their iron block-casing, screamed and shrilled. Fire flashed from them. Fire ran along the wire like a living thing. The wire itself glowed, white hot, behind the rushing mass of timber. Showers of sparks and wreathing blobs of flame flew out upon the wind in mad pyrotechnics.

It could only have been seconds. But, to me, lying quaking, breathless, as I clutched the chains, the horror of the passage was hours long. All the story of my past life flashed to my mind's eye. "This ends it," I thought.

Momentarily I waited. Momentarily, in an agony of tension, I listened for the snap of the parting wire. Every instant was fraught with dread—dread of the quick pause, the sickening downward swoop, the

mangling death, pounded to a jelly, on the rocks six hundred feet below.

The timber was of extra weight. Controlled and guided in the usual course its passage would have severely tested the strength of the cable. But now? What of the immense friction set up by the mad whirl of this rocking, bucking, roaring leviathan, adrift and running amuck? Would the wire stand the strain? *Could it?*

Suddenly a jar, the grind and shriek of metal on metal. I screamed and closed my eyes. "Now!" I thought. "Now!"

There was a jerk that wrenched my arms in their sockets, and the mad rush stopped. The strained wire above sprung, bent again, and hummed like a twanged bowstring. The log, hanging beneath, leaped and bobbed to its resilience, up and down, up and down, in a wild dance. I was jolted from my hold, and, for a horrible minute, with one hand clutched in the chains, hung pendant over the abyss. Slowly, painfully, I dragged myself up again and over the round of the log as the thing steadied to quietude, and lay, panting to regain my breath. My nerves were in rags, my limbs shook, and my teeth chattered. What if I were to faint? There seemed no chance of escape, but the instinct of self-preservation was strong. I took off my belt, and, reeving it through a chain link, shifted position, scarce daring to move. Then I rebuckled the strong leather round my waist, and lay secure from falling, half-sitting, half-lying, my back against the slings.

This is what had happened. The pin in the lower block had worked loose. The wire had jumped the groove in the sheave-wheel, becoming jammed between it and the iron casing, and the log had braked itself by its own weight. Why the wire had not cut and parted like pack-thread I could never make out. By all the rules of physics it should have yielded to the strain, but it did not. It must have been of splendid steel, and I blessed the man who had made it.

Over the sloping length of log, some two hundred feet distant, the cliff-edge of the lower side of the valley showed dim in the coming night. Between me and the good earth, across the black chasm, stretched a single length of wire strands, already invisible. On this slender thread and the chance of its holding rested all my hopes of life. There could be no thought of rescue that night, and the chance of it, even with morning, was a poor one at the best. As I have said, the guide rope had gone—Smertz had seen to that. Anchored in mid-air on that swinging baulk, I was as much cut off from safety and my kind as though in another world.

A stiff wind had blown during the

* As a rule these trees (kauri) grow to a height of about a hundred feet, with diameters varying from four to twelve feet. Among the gigantic specimens is one near Mercury Bay, which is eighty feet to the lowest branch. Its diameter is twenty-four feet, and it is estimated to be more than four thousand years old.—"N.Z. Timber and Forest Products," published by the N.Z. Government.



"Fast as a high-velocity shell the great log went roaring down the wire."

afternoon, and with night it hardened into a gale from the south-east. Straight from the Polar icefields it came. It roared, swooping through the defile. Rain and wind-driven hail hissed across the darkness in fierce gusts. Flannel shirt and trousers, which represented all my clothing, were no protection from the fierce cold. I could not move to ease my position, could not even hide my face from the stinging hail, but lay tortured, beaten and buffeted by the shrieking blizzard. Ice formed on the chains and on the wood; my clothing froze hard and stiff. I wondered how long it would be before I, too, froze and died. I even prayed it might be soon, and have done with it, so bitter was the agony and so hopeless appeared my case.

Backwards and forwards, to and fro, swung the great log, like a pendulum, to the thrust of the wind. The taut wire on which it hung sang like a giant harp-string, the sling chains clanked to the sway and leap of the trolley. All these blended in a wild concatenation; a sort of weird music, to which I, a giddy atom, see-sawed in the void of the infinite.

Delirium took me. In spasms of semi-consciousness mad shrieks of laughter from my lips rang down-wind on the wings of the storm. The roar of the gale, the bass hum of the cable-wire and the shrill clank of chains formed themselves into the accompaniment of some fiendish orchestra.

A red glow showed on the cliff-edge below. They had lit a big fire in the angle of the rock. My mates would be there, watching a chance of rescue. Splendid fellows! And the knowledge and the warm glow of their fire warmed an answering glow in my chilled heart. But—how long? Flesh and blood could not endure the strain for ever. Rescue must come soon, or be too late.

The night was dark as the mouth of the pit. A single big star broke, at intervals, through the wrack of flying scud. A moment it shone, winking, to dive again into the piling banks of vapour. I watched it idly as I lay, in a sort of trance. Then delirium jumped on me once more, followed by oblivion.

I woke to the sound of a soft sobbing, in a warm bed, in the engineer's room at the lower station. Kitty was kneeling at the bedside, crying quietly. As I stirred, she turned, and I caught one look of love from her dear eyes before I lapsed again into the dreamland of weakness.

Brave girl! Young Dick Selby had ridden with the news twenty miles, by night, to the township, and nothing would do but Kit must ride back with him through the storm.

She nursed me back to life. A good constitution and love work wonders. It was touch-and-go during three weeks of brain fever, but Kitty pulled me through and, four months afterwards, we were married.

It was Dick, her brother, who came out along the wire, in the morning after the storm and brought me in. He brought with him a sort of bosun's chair of strong rope running on a pulley, but how he managed on that swaying, slippery log, to get me, helpless and unconscious, into the chair, I do not know. He did it, however, and I was hauled to safety over the wire, slung in a rope-net like a truss of hay. It was a wonderful feat, and a brave man who accomplished it. One little slip, and we should both have hurtled to certain death. He never counted the cost and, be sure, I shall never forget it.

Smertz? The boss got him away from the boys, locked him in his office, and stood guard over him till the police came. Otherwise they would have killed him.

A QUAIN IRISH RAILWAY.

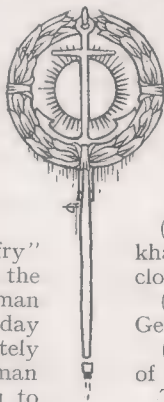


HERE is a photograph of a very quaint mono-railway—the only one of its kind in Ireland. It runs between Listowel and Ballybunion, in co. Kerry. These queer-looking trains run “balanced,” as it were, on a raised central rail, which is supported by trestles three and a half feet high, the trains being kept in position by side-wheels running horizontally against rails fixed to the trestles about a foot from the ground. Ballybunion is a famous health resort, and is said to offer the finest bathing in Ireland. Needless to say, this novel railway, with its “twin” engines, is a great attraction to visitors.

THE GREAT ZEEBRUGGE RAID—*and* AFTER

by
Sergt H. Wright, D.S.M.

ILLUSTRATED BY
E. S. HODGSON



This striking narrative—written by a Royal Marine sergeant who was one of the handful of survivors captured on the Mole—sets forth the full story of the historic landing

and the curious adventures that befell his little party during their captivity. The first instalment described the Raid and the capture of the Author and his party.

II.



E soon learnt that the "Belfry" was nothing more than the headquarters of the German Intelligence Staff. That day we were sent for separately to a room where a German officer of high rank, after asking you to sit down and help yourself to a cigar or cigarette, started his conversation by complimenting you on the brave deeds of the British Navy. He then drifted into service matters, and I found myself being asked the following questions:—

(1) Do you know the name of the Belgian who piloted the *Vindictive* through our minefields?

(2) What was the name of the officer in charge of this operation?

(3) Where did you train for this operation?

(4) Did you volunteer for this? If so, why?

(5) What kind of food are you having on board your ships?

(6) Is it true that your sailors are not fitted with gas-masks or steel helmets?

(7) What was your idea of landing on the Mole?

(8) If you belong to the 4th Battalion of Marines, where are the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd?

(9) What is the idea of you being in khaki? I thought all Marines wore blue clothing.

(10) What is your opinion of Lloyd George?

(11) What do the British people think of the war? Are they tired of it?

To most of these questions I answered, "I cannot tell you," but he persisted in asking me about our 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Battalions, to which I calmly replied: "I did not know there were such battalions."

"Yes," he said, "the 1st and 2nd are in France"—and he mentioned the name of the place they were at. "But," he continued, "it is the 3rd that I particularly want to know about."

I could have answered this question, but for obvious reasons I did not.

"And one thing more I should like to tell you, sergeant," he added. "You have also a 5th Battalion just forming up in England."

In answer to the question regarding Mr. Lloyd George, I replied I thought he was the finest man living, and that the British people were confident he would bring us successfully through the war.

"Yes," replied the officer, "and we hate

him. The war would have been finished long ago if he were out of the way."

There was no opening for passing on the "information" given to us by Captain Carpenter, so I waited for another opportunity. With the final remark: "You don't seem to know anything," I was told I could go; and this was the last time I was interviewed at Bruges.

Welcome Visitors.

Presently three Belgian ladies came to the "Belfry" and asked permission to see us. They belonged to the Belgian Relief Committee, and one could speak quite good English. "The Belgians in Bruges are happy to-day," she told us. "They think your deed very plucky, and have sent us in to know what they can do to repay you. Are you in need of anything?"

On being told that we only had what we stood upright in, she promised to bring us some things the same afternoon. They returned later, bringing each man the following articles: Towels, soap, socks, shirts, caps, handkerchiefs, pants, playing cards, white bread, compressed meat, and cakes. But the greatest surprise of all was when, after serving us out with English cigarettes, they handed each man a roll of notes, twenty marks in each roll, and equal then to £1 in English money. They came again several times, always bringing something with them, but were only allowed one hour to converse with us. Our regimental ornaments, which we gave them in return for their kindness, they had made into brooches and wore them concealed under their cloaks.

No fewer than thirteen Belgians were arrested in connection with the Zeebrugge raid, on charges of spying. Some were proved guilty and shot.

Our daily diet at this place was black bread and coffee for breakfast, soup for dinner, and soup again at six p.m. What we could not eat, our German guards soon ate for us.

During the evenings we were allowed out in the passage for exercise. As we strolled up and down we sang all the latest English songs, and the Germans would gather round to hear us. Some would ask for "Tipperary," and we sang it to them. They did not mind us singing English songs, but one day while we were singing the "Marseillaise" they got quite angry and told us not to sing that again.

A German marine came in one evening to have a chat with us, this being one of the German methods of getting information. He said he had been a valet at an hotel in London and was very well known by the name of "Big Fritz"; the manager, he told us, was still corresponding with him through a friend in Switzerland. I told him I had a *Daily*

Sketch, only a few days old, in my pocket. In exchange for a cigar I gave it him to read.

After we had spent a week in the "Belfry," a German officer came in, looking none too well pleased. He had in his hand a well-known London paper. "What do you mean," he asked, "by unfair fighting on the Mole? Is it true that you clubbed our men, bit them, stabbed them, and even used your fists? A report is also going round that you hooked the eyes out of our wounded."

Being the senior (the Captain by this time had gone to an officers' camp), I tried to explain the case to him. I told him we had been served out with new knives prior to leaving England, and all soldiers' knives had a spike on them, but the spikes were not used to attack the enemy with. Moreover, I said, the Germans would not come out and fight us on the Mole, so we did not have any hand-to-hand fighting.

"English Papers Never Tell Lies."

"You are a liar, sergeant," he said. "Read this English paper, and let me remind you that your English papers never tell lies."

I read the paper, and there in the columns was all the rubbish that an imaginative pressman could think of. He described how we dashed on to the Mole and bayoneted, spiked, clubbed, and bit the enemy. The fighting was so fierce that we even got to using our fists. There was nothing, however, about killing the wounded or hooking their eyes out.

After I had finished reading the article I handed the paper back without comment. "You will hear more about this," he snarled, and left the room.

Next day a strong escort was sent to conduct us to Bruges convict prison, and we were marched through the back streets in the early hours of the morning to avoid the Belgians seeing us.

On reaching the prison the whole thirteen of us were locked in one cell. Our comments on the English paper were not very complimentary just then, and had that pressman been there he would have had a very rough time. The cell we were put in was partitioned off into three small compartments. In one compartment was a heap of dirty mattresses—our beds. In the other was a table; the third compartment was a very small recess, which had four buckets for our use.

With thirteen of us crowded into this cell there was hardly room to move, but we made the best of it and settled down as best we could. There were iron bars over the window, and two doors made of steel and oak six inches in thickness.

The only things given to us for our own use were a bowl, spoon, and towel.

The warder came down the passage about dinner-time, carrying a huge bunch of keys. He unlocked the massive door and shouted something in German which meant we were to go outside and stand in single file. As we went past a tub, a ladle of soup was given us. The other warders stood and laughed at us as we lined up, shouting and sneering as we went back to our cell. Next morning we had coffee for breakfast, but nothing to eat. For dinner there was bean soup, and for tea black bread with a little margarine; and that was our daily ration.

During the afternoons we were taken down to a little enclosure, triangular in shape, with a small garden in the centre. All round was a wall twenty feet in height. They must have thought us very dangerous, for in addition to being locked in this enclosure there was a German warder set to watch over us with a loaded revolver. Had we dreamed of escaping, they did not give us much time to think about it, for we only had half an hour's exercise each day.

Some of our warders could speak English, which they used to a mean advantage, and many sarcastic remarks were made about our beloved country and about Britannia ruling the waves and trying to starve Germany. We choked back our hasty replies, not wishing to have a charge of mutiny brought against us.

We got very thirsty at times, after having had some extra salty soup, and only those who have been locked in an evil-smelling enclosure with a burning thirst know the agony we suffered. We got so thirsty one night that we hammered at the door for over an hour, until a warder came to see what was wrong. On being told, he slammed and locked the door, with the shouted words, "You English swine!" The water-tap was only a short distance up the passage.

Our life became almost unbearable under these conditions, so the men proposed that I should interview the governor of the prison. Next day, when we were taken out for exercise, I passed a warder who I knew could speak English quite well. Halting in front of him, and looking him straight in the face, I said, "I demand to see the governor of the prison, and if I don't see him to-day I will stop him at the first opportunity I get, and report you for not telling him."

I now had the pleasure of seeing the bully turn coward. His face went white. "Can I do anything for you?" he stammered. "No," I replied, "you cannot; I am determined to see the governor." I then rejoined the others.

We had not been back in our cell long before the door was unlocked, my name was called out, and I was escorted to the governor's office. It is not often one sees

a German officer with a kind face, but let me say here that this man had one.

Turning to my escort, he ordered them out of the office, and said to me, "Well, sergeant, what can I do for you?"

"Sir," I replied, "we are honourable prisoners of war, and it is not the usual thing in England to put prisoners of war in common criminal establishments, herded together in a cell. May I ask you if we can be sent from here as soon as possible?" "I am sorry for you," he said. "We know it is not the usual thing, but it is not my fault. Officers in higher authority put you here, but I will send your complaint to the Commandant. Is that all you want, sergeant?"

"No, sir," I replied. "We are disciplined men, and of course we don't want to give any trouble; but why should your warders sneer and laugh at us at every turn, and pass insulting remarks about our country? Is it your wish that we should not be allowed to empty our buckets? Also, can we not have water when we are almost dying with thirst, have a little more exercise in the afternoon, and better food?"

As I continued his face grew stern. "Is this true about the warders?" he demanded.

"Yes," I replied, with some heat. "My comrades will corroborate my statements if you wish."

"I am glad you reported this matter to me," he said. "I will see you are better treated in future. You can have two hours' exercise in the afternoon, a bath once a week, and water when you want it, for a warder shall answer the door when you knock. You can also request to see me whenever you like, but I don't want any frivolous complaints. As regards better food, I cannot alter that, for I don't get much better myself. I will, however, send the Belgian nuns to you, and perhaps they will bring you food."

Things now got much better, the warders treating us with the greatest respect.

As I did not complain again, the governor came to our cell and asked if we were being treated better, and we told him we were. I asked permission to smoke in the cell, which he readily granted. The governor kept his promise, and next day the nuns came in to see us. They were two old ladies, and I shall always remember their faces when they came into our cell and saw the dirty mattresses we used for beds. They could not speak English, but the look on their faces spoke volumes. Turning to the governor, they said quite a lot in German. These dear old souls brought us good food every day. They collected English books, cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco for us, and did everything in their power to make our lives a little happier.



"As we went past a tub, a ladle of soup was

Nightly Air-Raids.

To relieve the monotony of our life, we used to look forward to the coming of the "Bing Boys"—a nickname we gave our airmen, who came over night and day to bomb Bruges docks, only a short distance from the prison. At twelve midnight without fail the fun would always commence. We would first hear the whirring of the propellers; then a succession of green lights would be fired into the air. Very powerful searchlights would next be turned on, and quickly find our planes. We could now see them distinctly, flying so low that it seemed to us we could see the men themselves. The barrage would now start, and pieces of shrapnel would fall all round the prison. Shell would be bursting under, over, and to right and left of the machines, but still our brave airmen came on. Then there would be a deafening roar as the bombs began to fall. During the five weeks we were there we only heard of one of our machines being brought down, and one bomb dropped in the town by mistake. They might have dropped a bomb by accident on the prison, but we did not think of that. The men who took part in those raids have the heartiest thanks of the thirteen Marines locked in that reeking cell.

The prison was a huge place, with accommodation for about two thousand inmates. It had long corridors, with rows of cells on either side three tiers in height. Men were undergoing sentences for murder, spying, and so on, but the majority, we afterwards learnt, were sailors serving fifteen years and life sentences for refusing to go to sea in submarines. Some of them had even been shot in the legs and arms through refusing duty. In the cell on our right was a German soldier serving a sentence of fifteen years for brutally murdering a Belgian farmer and robbing him.

A Ghostly Experience.

I must here relate a curious affair which happened while we were in this cell. As I have already mentioned, the room was divided into three compartments. One was used for sleeping, one for eating our meals, and the other was merely a small recess. There was not room for the thirteen of us in the sleeping compartment, so three men, including myself, occupied the place where we had our meals, having our beds in the corners. Just on my right was a massive steel door, which was always kept locked. We had not slept there many nights before one of the three men said he was going to join his comrades



given us. The other warders stood and laughed at us."

in the sleeping compartment. I pointed out to him there was not room for him to lie down comfortably, and the other men did not particularly want him crushing in with them. However, when night came, he removed his bed and joined the others. Two days later the other man said he was not going to sleep there another night. On being asked why, he hardly knew how to reply, but finally said it seemed more sociable to go with the others. I thought this rather strange at the time, but soon dismissed it from my mind. I was comfortable enough in my corner, and, the weather being warm, I could not see the sense of going with the others, who were now crowded almost to suffocation.

About three nights later I had gone to sleep, when I suddenly woke and sat up in bed. There, in the semi-darkness, I distinctly saw a middle-aged man with his arms folded and his head lowered on his breast, looking very unhappy. I was not particularly startled at seeing a man at the foot of my bed, but it suddenly dawned on me that the doors of the cell were locked, and the warders made such a noise in opening them that we always woke up. Yet now the doors seemed to be shut. Whilst I was thinking this, the stranger walked towards

me, passed my bed, and came to the massive steel door on my right. And now I *did* get a shock, for instead of opening this door he passed *right through it*, still in the same dejected attitude, with arms folded and head lowered on his breast. So real was the apparition that I could note everything about it—the man's height, features, and clothing. I could not get to sleep again that night, and the following morning I told my experiences to my comrades. I fully expected to be laughed at, but was rather surprised when only one or two saw the funny side of the affair. The two men who had shared the compartment with me certainly did not laugh.

Six months later, in Brandenburg Camp, we met an officer who was on the *Brussels* with Captain Fryatt. One night he was telling us how that gallant seaman met his death, and I was rather surprised to learn that he was shot in Bruges convict prison. On questioning this officer I discovered that Captain Fryatt and his first officer actually occupied the same cell that we were put in. Having never seen a picture of the Captain, I asked the officer to describe what he looked like, and by a curious coincidence his description exactly fitted the apparition I had seen that night in the cell. We did not know at

the time that Captain Fryatt was shot at Bruges prison, neither was I thinking of him. I do not suffer from nerves, and my experiences at Zeebrugge had not affected me in any way, so I will leave my readers to judge of the incident for themselves.

After five weeks in the convict prison, a warder came along one day and told us to pack our gear and get ready to leave immediately. We were then marched through all the back streets to the station. When we arrived there we had one hour to wait for the train. Some Belgian soldiers, also under escort, arrived at the station, and were to travel with us. We could see by the broken glass and the holes in the roof of the station that it had been well bombed by our indefatigable airmen. The train arrived at last. The engine, I noticed, was in a very rusty condition, no doubt owing to the shortage of labour.

On arriving at Ghent we had to change and get on to an express. We had to wait a short time there, and saw about a thousand German soldiers entraining for the Western Front. These troops were well kitted up, well clothed, and each man carried an extra pair of boots and a good thick rug. They all looked remarkably fat and well. Whatever may have been the condition of the German people, their soldiers were certainly well fed. But how miserable they looked! There was not a smile anywhere, and as they stared in our direction they seemed to be thinking: "You lucky fellows to be prisoners of war!"

We were given to understand on leaving Bruges that we were going direct to Germany, but our own guards now informed us we were going to a concentration camp at Courtrai.

After getting off the train we had a long march to the concentration camp, and whilst waiting at a level crossing a trainload of Belgian workers passed by. They gave us three hearty cheers, and we would have responded had not our guard checked us in time.

Finally we arrived at our destination, which in pre-war days had been a police-station. The building contained twenty-four small rooms. At the back was a courtyard, fifteen yards long by ten yards wide, with other buildings on either side, and occupied by a few German soldiers. In this courtyard were about thirty French soldiers, forty Belgians, and fifty English, the latter belonging to different regiments. As it was night when we arrived there we were taken across the yard and put in a stable, on the floor of which was some straw. We were given a blanket each, and told we had to stay there for the night. We did not sleep very well, as the stable was infested with rats. Next day we were sent for separately, and had

to give full particulars concerning ourselves, which were entered up in a book. We were then taken through the town to have a bath whilst our clothes were being fumigated, and then marched back again.

The rooms we were now told off to occupy were in a dirty condition. The one I occupied with three others had four mattresses on the floor and a few blankets. All over the walls were written the names and addresses of hundreds of our boys who had been captured in Belgium. The door was made of very strong wood, with a pigeon-hole in the centre. This door was locked every night at 10 p.m. The soup at this place was fairly good and the quarter of a loaf apiece we received each day was enough to live on, despite the fact that we were always hungry.

One thing I noticed in particular at Courtrai was the number of German non-commissioned officers who could speak English. These men intermixed freely with the British and discussed the war and politics. I think most of our fellows knew they were out to get information, and for this reason our lads fought shy of them.

Most of these German non-commissioned officers had been in England before the war, in good business positions.

I often conversed with them, and it was surprising to note the information they gave away, although I was always careful not to give any myself.

Speaking to a German sergeant one day, the conversation drifted to signalling, he having asked me the meaning of the crossed flags I wore on my arm. He asked me quite unexpectedly if I understood anything about the English instrument called the "Fullerphone," and on my replying in the negative, he began, much to my surprise, to tell me all about it. (The Fullerphone was an instrument used in signalling to prevent the enemy tapping our telegraph and telephone messages and had only been in use a short time.)

He informed me that the Germans knew for certain that the English had no faith in this instrument, and that the Germans could tap our messages just the same.

"Your signallers," he continued, "are very careless, for when they are captured all kinds of important documents are found on them and information about things the Germans very much want to know. Also your code messages are very easy to decipher."

"That is impossible," I replied, but he explained that if a key word was two or three days old it would easily get across to the German lines. Plenty of useful information was also obtained by the signallers getting into conversation with one another during their spare time. "I know it is not allowed by your officers," he continued, "but



"In the semi-darkness I distinctly saw a middle-aged man with his arms folded and his head lowered on his breast."

for all that, it does happen. We would tap such messages as this 'Is Private Jones there, of the 2nd Yorks?' This let us

know that the Yorkshire Regiment was in that sector—and so we get to know what troops we are dealing with.

"Your English Tommy," he said, "likes to keep his love letters, and of course when he is captured we get them. These letters tell us very important things, such as the opinion of the British public regarding the war, what the food question is like, and even the state of the weather. If the letter comes from a farm it generally mentions the crops. These matter-of-fact things are just what we want to know."

One day a German officer asked me if I would go for a walk with him the following morning at 7.30. After some hesitation I replied that I would, on the understanding there would be no escort. He replied that there would not be an escort, but I must give my word of honour not to escape. The following morning I was ready, but found two officers awaiting me instead of one. "My friend thought he would have a walk as well," said the first officer, in explanation.

I was taken all round the town and shown all the places of interest, and had a very good time at their expense. Cigars and cigarettes were given me, and as it was a beautiful day I thoroughly enjoyed myself. I was shown round the park and watched a large body of troops on their way to the front.

Belgian ladies slipped cigars and cigarettes into my hand as they passed by, the German officers looking the other way and pretending not to notice.

They did most of the talking and asked me quite a lot of questions about the British Navy, but I took care not to tell them anything. I knew I was being given a good outing for something, and I was wondering what it was when one of the officers pointed out a Red Cross ambulance, remarking that they were the only vehicles allowed to have rubber tyres, all the others having springs round their wheels. He added that Germany got all her rubber supplies from the Cameroons, and as she had now lost that colony they had no rubber.

He said he had recently read an article in the German papers to the effect that an English sergeant captured on the Mole had served in the Cameroons. It would be a good opportunity, he said, to get an Englishman's version of that expedition, as I was the only prisoner they had who had served out there.

(My readers will remember that a German officer asked me soon after my capture on the Mole if I had been on active service anywhere else, and I replied, "In the Cameroons." This fact must have been communicated to Berlin.)

That evening, on getting back, I was sent for, asked into the consulting-room, and there found my two companions of the morning.

On the table before them was a large map of the Cameroons and also an article purporting to have been written by a British sergeant-major who had served in East Africa.

I was now asked if I would write an article dealing with the conduct of the German troops in West Africa; what became of the stocks of rubber in the country at the commencement of the war; what I knew about the white ant pest; whether the plantations, especially rubber, were still under cultivation, and various other things which would be of interest to the German public.

I flatly refused to write anything. "But why should you refuse to write it?" they asked me. "The expedition is finished with, and here is a report written by an English sergeant-major on the East African campaign, so what harm can there be in your writing an article on the Cameroons?"

"Because," I replied, "I might betray my country in so doing. In writing an article I might unknowingly supply a missing link in a chain of evidence."

"Now look here, sergeant," said the officer, "if you will do this for us we will make your life as pleasant as possible all the time you are in Germany, and should you not wish to return to England at the conclusion of hostilities, we will find you a good job in Germany. We will also take care that your Government know nothing about your having written the article."

"But I very much *want* to go back to England," I told him. "Once for all, I will not write this article."

They next tried threats. There were ways and means, the officer reminded me, of making me write it, and I should be pestered at every camp I went to until I *did* write it.

"You can go," he snarled at last, "and we will report this to Berlin, and you will hear more about it."

One day I was given a copy of the London *Times* and asked if I would read a certain article to all the British prisoners in the camp. The article dealt with a munition factory in Germany, and described how British prisoners of war had been forced by cruelty to work there, making munitions against their will. The paper was dated May 29th, 1918, and I read it on June 10th, 1918. The German officer who gave me the paper had been employed at the same factory as an overseer, and informed me that after I had read the paper to the men he would come and give us a lecture, telling us the true facts of the case, and proving that what was stated in the *Times* was untrue. The men duly assembled to hear what he had to say, but as he did not

come I went and told him we were ready, but he replied, "I will come some day when I am not busy."

We had a nice lot of questions ready for him, and would have enjoyed a good argument, but every time I asked him to give the lecture he always made some excuse, so we finally gave it up, believing that what the *Times* said was true.

After being at Courtrai a fortnight ten of us had orders to get our gear packed and be ready at 3 p.m. to march to the station to proceed to a place called Ingelmunster. We took with us a trolley-load of parcels which had arrived from England and belonged to men working at Ingelmunster. These parcels, according to the date on them, had taken four months to do the journey.

On getting to the station we were informed that no train was running that day to Ingelmunster, so we had orders to leave the parcels on the platform and bring the empty trolley back. We pointed out to the guard that the parcels might be stolen, and asked if we could not put them in some building or take them back to camp, but he curtly ordered us to leave them. I expect these parcels were amongst the many thousands sent out from England for British prisoners of war which finally found their way into German homes.

On arriving back at camp the roll was called and twenty of us were ordered to fall in on the right of the others. The party

comprised five Marines, two naval artificers, one stoker, three Australians, and nine British soldiers of various regiments. We were told to be ready to leave at nine o'clock the following morning.

Next morning we were given three-quarters of a loaf of black bread, and after many handshakes marched off to the station. Just before leaving a German sergeant came to me and told me that, owing to the bad treatment we had endured at Bruges, we were going to be sent to the best prisoner-of-war camp in Germany.

A special coach having been put on the troop train, we got in; seven men in each compartment, including a sentry with loaded revolver.

The ride was uneventful, with the exception that we saw Belgian girls felling trees in a large wood and making props for trenches. At St. Denis, a large railway centre, women were doing all kinds of manual work.

We arrived at Ghent at 11 a.m. and were taken to a large underground shed and locked in. On the walls were written thousands of names of men of all nationalities and where they were captured, also a few very uncomplimentary remarks about the Kaiser and his army. This place, no doubt, had been used for a long time as a dumping place for prisoners of war. At twelve noon we were given some soup, and at 4 p.m. we entrained for Dendermonde, arriving there at 5.15 p.m.

(To be continued.)

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The BULLET-HOLE CROSS

Told by ARCHER T. DELLPLAIN

AND SET DOWN BY ROY C. BECKMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARCH. WEBB

While in charge of an estate in Guatemala, Mr. Dellplain incurred the enmity of an Indian, who swore to have his life. This exciting narrative describes what happened afterwards, and we think our readers will agree that Mr. Dellplain is very fortunate to be alive to tell the story.



T the time of this story I was manager of a fifteen-thousand-acre ranch in Guatemala, and acted in the capacity of governor over the three Indian villages—Chamilpa, Juanita, and Jalapaia—which were situated in my territory.

In one of the villages lived a beautiful widow with a boy and two daughters, who was courted by one José Gonzales, a quarrelsome fellow who had the reputation of being a "killer." The widow had lost her husband in a machete-fight on one of the farms, and was doing her own planting and harvesting. Under our system, the natives were allotted land on which they raised small crops, giving me about one-twentieth of their produce and doing a certain amount of work for me in the fields, and herding cattle. When Gonzales came to me for permission to marry the widow I gave it, on condition that he looked after her land as well as his own. To this he agreed, and soon after took up his residence with the woman.

I heard little more of them for a time, but soon rumours of domestic troubles reached me, and the natives told me that Gonzales was allowing his stepson to do all the work on the farm and compelling him to hand over the receipts. The boy's mother, they said, had threatened to complain to me concerning Gonzales' conduct if he did not provide her with food and clothing. Had Gonzales provided the necessities of life for the woman, there would probably have been no trouble, and this story would never have been told, but he was evidently loth to part with the money to buy the cheap clothes the natives wear. The men are dressed in little more than a pair of pyjamas and a hat, while the women attire themselves in something like a nightgown with a belt around it.

One night my sheriff, a native official whom I appointed to keep order on the ranch, came running to the ranch-house.

"Chief, someone's getting killed!" he cried.

Thinking he was referring to one of the

native quarrels, which are very frequent, I ordered him to attend to it himself and let me sleep. He flatly refused, however, saying there were screams coming from José's house and he feared it was a bad quarrel. Carl Lind, a young Texan, who was my field foreman, urged me to investigate, as he said José was a "bad *hombre*." So we hurriedly dressed and went to José's house.

Shrill screams and cries were coming from the interior when we reached the little hut, and kicking in the door, we found José's wife lying on the floor with her forehead and chest badly cut, the daughter beside her with one ear cut off, and the little boy with his wrist bleeding from a deep wound. The screams came from the youngest child, who was hidden under the bed, frightened but unharmed.

The girl told us that José had got drunk on a mixture of *pulque* and *aguardiente*, two strong Mexican liquors, and when her mother pleaded with him for money he vented his rage by attacking the whole family with his knife. No signs of José were to be seen, so we took the woman over to the ranch-house, where native women attended to her injuries.

As soon as possible after the wounded had been seen to we started out to find José, and at the suggestion of Carl we began the search at his parents' home. We subsequently learned that his father and mother had been drinking heavily of what is known as palm-milk wine, a beverage made from the tops of palm-trees, and were urging José to defend the house against all comers. When they saw our bloodhound, which I had sent ahead on José's trail, someone within the hut promptly fired at the animal, but missed him.

José's home stood on a hill, and a bright moon made everything around it very conspicuous, so Carl and I were particularly cautious when we saw that Gonzales meant to resist arrest. The sheriff, who had accompanied us, refused to assist in the attack, so I said to the Texan:—

"Carl, you man-

œuvre up to the front of the house and fire a shot to attract their attention. Meanwhile I'll try and get up to that big bush behind, and be ready to force my way in when they aren't looking."

He agreed, and we crept forward. The houses in Guatemala are constructed of upright bamboo poles supporting a palm-leaf thatched roof, and I felt confident that I could poke my rifle through the poles and force my way into the room before José and his parents recovered from the surprise. Carl duly fired the shot as arranged, and I was just about to rise from the bush and rush the rear of the house when a report rang out and a bullet just grazed me. José had heard me sneaking up, seen the bush move, and fired. Before he could reload his old muzzle-loader, however, I forced my way into the hut, got the drop on all of them, and compelled them to surrender.

While Carl and I went to saddle our ponies the sheriff, aided by our faithful bloodhound, stood guard over the prisoners, whom we had tied to trees by way of precaution. I was thoroughly angered over José's conduct, and in taking him to the next town, eighteen miles away, I made him walk behind our horses with my lariat tied round his neck. At San Juan, the only town near my territory that possessed a jail, we turned José over to the police.

"I'll have my revenge," he cried, as he was led away. "I'm going to get you. I'll kill every *gringo* in your territory!"



The narrator, Mr. Roy C. Beckman, from a photograph taken in Guatemala.

We had asked that, in accordance with the custom of the country, he should be placed in the national army to fight bandits, so I thought little of the threat.

One night, about two months later, someone called from the darkness, asking for "the Chief." Our ranch-house was protected by a barbed-wire fence, and all the windows were barred because of the hundreds of bandits that infest the country. The chief of a friendly tribe of Indians, to whose son I had been godfather, had warned me some time before that the amiable José had escaped from the army and returned to kill me. Accordingly, suspecting that the call from the dark might come from him, I did not reply, but went into the inner office and remained perfectly silent for half an hour.

Just as I was about to go out and look around, the crack of a rifle broke the stillness, and seven shots in succession were fired into the front door. Evidently somebody meant business, so I decided to "lie low" for a little while longer. After a long period of quiet, during which time I strained my ears to catch any sound that might betray the whereabouts of the visitor, but without success, I cautiously left the office and examined the door of the outer room. I found seven bullet-holes in the door panel, arranged in the shape of a cross, five vertically and one on either side of the second hole. Wondering at the strange whim of the unknown marksman, I went back to bed, and was not disturbed again that night.

When I asked the Indian chief the following morning to tell me the meaning of the cross on the door, he shook his head dubiously. It meant, he said, that the marksman intended to return again and "get" me and be the one to nail the cross over my grave. Undoubtedly, he added, José was on my trail. The old fellow was deeply concerned about me, and asked me to carry a curiously shaped pocket-piece which he had obtained from the priests, and which he declared would keep me from all harm. When I refused he took me over to his hut, where his wife gave me a crochet-bag with a cross inside made from a bit of coconut shell. She urged me to carry it with me wherever I went, as a protection against evil.

A few weeks later I was in San Juan one evening, getting the mail for the ranch, when an old Indian stepped up to me and whispered:—

"Great Chief, it would be better if you stayed in town all night." With that he made an obeisance and disappeared.

I remembered José's threat, the bullet-hole cross on the door, and the Indian chief's interpretation of its meaning, and hazily recalled having seen José cleaning his rifle in the porch of one of the houses in

Chamilpa as I passed by, but the warning made little impression on me. After buying some supplies, I started for the door. The proprietor, Alejandro Frittoli, an Italian, called me back and advised me to heed the old Indian's warning and stay in town.

"The trouble with you Americans," he said, "is that you seem to have no fear, and you take foolish chances."

I thanked him for his solicitude, but told him I had urgent business at the ranch and couldn't afford to leave the place overnight. With that I started out.

On my way home it was necessary to ford a river—there are no bridges in that country—so I fired my revolver twice as a signal to the ferryman, who would not come out after dark for anyone but me.

His reluctance was quite understandable, for in Guatemala the Indian bandits think so little of human life that they will kill a native without hesitation if they think he possesses a dollar.

"Chief, I have a warning for you," said the old ferryman as he poled me across the stream in his dugout, with my horse swimming behind. "A great owl perched outside my door last night, which is an omen of danger. I think it would be better for you to go back to San Juan."

"Nonsense!" I laughed, and bade him saddle my horse. Leaping into the saddle, I started at a smart trot up the bank. A little Indian youngster who had been hidden in the bushes at the top of the bank attempted to seize my reins. I stopped and asked him what he wanted.

"You are my godfather, Great Chief," the lad replied, "and I have been sent to warn you that José Gonzales has returned and is waiting on the road for you with a gun. It would be better to return to town."

I thanked him and he disappeared in the brush. The repeated warnings were by this time beginning to make me apprehensive, and although I did not fear José, I knew that in a fight at night in the jungle a white man would have no chance with a native. So, instead of taking the main road, I rode in a wide semicircle along an old jungle trail which joined the main highway a mile or so farther on, hoping thus to elude José and later settle the quarrel in the daytime.

I rode cautiously, my horse making little noise as he stepped on the mossy turf of the trail; and as I came out on the main road again I thought I had given the vengeful Indian the slip. For safety's sake I looked back along the road on which the native had warned me José was waiting for me, and my eye caught the glitter of a saddle accoutrement as it reflected the moon's rays. Riding closer, I made out José sitting on his horse, facing the direction in which I would have



"I drew my machete and rode on him at top speed."

come, with his rifle over his saddle-horn. He had meant to surprise me, but the boot was on the other leg now with a vengeance.

"Might as well have this thing out now," I thought to myself, and, giving a yell, I spurred my horse towards him. He swung around in an instant and fired, the bullet grazing my "chaps" but not injuring me. The thick tropical foliage obscured the moon's light, and, unwilling to risk a shot that might miss and give him time to reload, I drew my machete, a heavy cutlass-like knife used by the natives as a weapon, and rode on him at top speed.

José was left-handed, and the full sweep of my blade caught him on the right shoulder, which was nearest me, rendering the arm useless. I was not quick enough, however, to evade a blow from his machete, drawn when he saw me charging, which sliced me on the left wrist and ripped my coat sleeve

to the shoulder; the blow also severed the sinews in my wrist. I shall carry the scar to my grave.

I had caught José a terrible blow, and a moment later he fell from his horse, the blood pouring from his wound. The natives are very treacherous, and I was wary about approaching him at first, but when I saw that he was totally disabled I picked him up, tied him across his horse, and took him home.

We dressed the wound with the few crude remedies we had, but José never recovered the use of his right arm. When he was well enough to work I put him in charge of the native cowboys' cabins as a mess-boy, and he was still serving in that capacity when I left. He was sullen at first, but when he saw that I bore him no malice he gradually became a good worker and gave no more trouble. He never lived with his wife again; she had had quite enough of him.

A MAY-DAY CUSTOM IN SOMERSETSHIRE.



A SOMERSET correspondent sends us the accompanying photograph, taken at Minehead, and showing children playing at "hobby-horses," a very old local custom dating back hundreds of years. This quaint "dressing-up" takes place during the first three days of May, and each "hobby horse" is accom-

panied by a boy beating a tin can, in lieu of a drum. It is a sort of "Jack-in-the-Green" business, but its real meaning has long since been forgotten. Pennies, of course, are extracted from passers-by, and nowadays this appears to be the sole object of the custom.



The MYSTERY of the MISSING NUN

By
MASON RAY
OF GLEN ARBOR · MICHIGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
W·C·NICOLSON

The amazing story of a twelve-year-old mystery that has caused a sensation throughout America. A young nun, stationed at a peaceful little village in Michigan, walked out of her convent one day and vanished as completely as though the earth had swallowed her up. Hundreds of people searched the countryside, with the aid of bloodhounds, but no trace of her could be discovered. Not for twelve years was the problem of her disappearance elucidated, and then a most startling and dramatic story was unfolded. Newspapers all over the States have published fragmentary accounts of the affair, but this is the first consecutive narrative that has been compiled. Mrs. Ray lives in the neighbourhood, her husband was a member of the jury, and her house was searched during the hunts for the vanished "Sister Janina." "I have carefully sifted the proven facts from an enormous amount of material," she writes, "and my account is painstaking and exact." In this instalment the solution of the mystery is given—as thrilling a story as has ever been narrated.*

II.



ELEVEN years and six months passed by. Then the grave gave up its dead, and the facts of one of the world's most inhuman murders slowly unfolded themselves. A horrified public read the story, day by day, in thousands of newspapers from sea to sea and border to border of the United States. It was an indiscreet nineteen-year-old girl who, all unintentionally, reopened the famous case. She worried about the possibility of a trouble that had befallen her being found out, but her father confessor assured her that her secret was safe. Worse facts, he told her,

had been hidden for many years, such as the murder of Sister Mary Janina, *who had been killed and buried under the Holy Rosary Church!* This confidential statement was made by Father Edward Podlewski, the young priest in charge of the ill-fated Isadore parish. He knew, it appeared, the answer to a problem that had puzzled hundreds of people for many years. His information came from three sources. His predecessor, Father Opurcholski, warned him when he first took charge that the missing nun was buried under the church, and said he feared that, if the truth came out, there would be a great commotion and

* We have received the following statement in support of Mrs. Ray's story:—

"The case of Sister Mary Johns of the Holy Rosary Church at Isadore is a true happening. The article written by Elizabeth Mason Ray, compiled from news reports and the accounts of local residents, is accurate—(Signed) Mary Westcott, Postmaster, Glen Arbor, Mich.; Harry R. Dumbille, Commissioner of Schools, Leelanau Co., Michigan."

scandal. This was the first hint Father Podlewski received that he had preached his sermons and conducted Mass above the grave of the murdered nun. Again, in the fall of 1917, Sister Leoncia, of Detroit, informed him that Mary Janina's name was posted in the obituary list of the "Mother House," and that the sisters were reciting the prescribed prayers for her soul. The third and most emphatic statement about the murder came to him during May, 1918, when Father Lempka, Chaplain of the Felician Order, became convinced that a new church with a basement must be built at Isadore on the site of the old structure. Said the chaplain:—

"Keep this to yourself; do not even tell a priest. Sister Janina was killed and buried under the church. The grave is under a pile of boards."

He requested Father Podlewski to remove the murdered nun's remains before work commenced on a new excavation. Accordingly, late in August—twelve years from the date of Sister Mary's disappearance—Podlewski bound the Isadore sexton, Jacob Flees, to secrecy, and then asked him to help to dig up a skeleton from the church basement. This basement, a man's height at the back and low in front, was used for storing stove-wood and general rubbish. For a time Flees worked alone, by lantern light, trying to find a soft spot with his spade. At last he hit the right place, and his spade brought up a bone. Summoning the priest, he drew out more bones with a potato fork, while Podlewski placed them carefully in a box. The work was not difficult, as the burial trench was only about eighteen inches deep and very short, the skeleton being in a sitting posture, with the knees drawn up and the bowed head almost between them. That night the box of human bones and rotted cloth was placed in safety, and next day Sisters Gastold and Hilaria, inmates of the convent, identified the bits of girdle, cloth, and veil as habiliments of a Felician nun. That night Flees transferred the bones and the fragments of clothing to a two-foot box he had made, and, as directed by the priest, buried them at the foot of the central cross in Holy Rosary cemetery. The box was interred without a cover in order that rotting boards might not leave a tell-tale dent in the earth at some future time. During the day shrubs were planted on the little grave to hide the new-turned soil. Three months afterward the Mother Superior at Detroit telephoned to Father Podlewski at Isadore and asked if he had "found the body and buried it in the cemetery." She wanted the sister to rest in consecrated ground.

Eventually, the nineteen-year-old

parishioner, under pressure, admitted her own unfortunate affair, and incidentally told the sensational facts confided to her regarding the murder and burial of Sister Mary. It was late in February before the story reached ex-Sheriff Brown, now probate judge of Leelanau County. All these years he had been waiting for the suspected truth. At once he and Sheriff Kinnucan obtained from Jacob Flees an affidavit concerning his share in removing Sister Janina's skeleton from the sand-floored basement of the Holy Rosary Church to the cemetery. He pointed out her tiny grave beside the central cross, and the sheriffs immediately took possession of the bones, cloth, cord, and veil as their main evidence of a murder. Later, in March, ex-Sheriff Brown sought more evidence. He had the sand in and near the nun's basement grave carefully sifted, and the operation bore rich results. Besides stones—which were retained to show the character of the soil—he found a nun's scapulary, a silver thimble of curious design, a crucifix, a spool of once-red thread wrapped in a bit of Traverse City newspaper bearing a date near the time of Sister Janina's disappearance, and an iron and silver ring. On the silver lining of the ring was inscribed "Jezus mojej wsozsdko D S M 25-8-01." It was one of the twenty-two rings given to the Detroit class of nuns on August 25th, 1901. County Coroners Fralick and Slepcka examined the nun's skeleton, and found a fracture in the left temporal region of the skull above the meninginal artery, which would have caused much hæmorrhage, and would cause eventual, but not immediate, death. Among the rubbish in the basement was found a heavy wooden potato-masher that might have inflicted the injury.

Suspicion pointed to two individuals—Father Bienowski and the woman who had been his housekeeper for almost twenty years. The priest's alibi, however, was perfect. On the day Sister Mary vanished he had been fishing on Carp Lake; and the day before that on Lime Lake. Evidence massed more conclusively against Mrs. Lypczynski. She was supposedly jealous of Sister Mary, and was said to have more than once physically assaulted her. All the nuns of 1907 were said to fear her vicious temper and were afraid to eat offerings of food she brought to the convent lest it contained poison. Brown and Kinnucan located the priest and housekeeper in Manistee, where Father Bienowski had been in charge of St. Joseph's Church for four years. Previous to this four years Mrs. Lypczynski had lived for a while in a town named Friendship, in Wisconsin, but the priest's sister—who had been looking after him—became ill, and she resumed her former place. Of the

two warrants issued for the arrest of Father Bienowski and the woman, only one was served. On February 25th, 1919, Mrs. Stanislaw Lypczynski was arrested for the murder of Sister Mary Janina on August 23rd, 1907. The prisoner was examined that afternoon, with the aid of an interpreter, and spent the night in Manistee jail. Bail to the amount of four thousand five hundred dollars was furnished by Father Bienowski. On March 25th Mrs. Lypczynski had her hearing at Leland, and was committed to the county jail for trial.

The lawyers for the defence worked desperately for a change of venue, but failed both in the county and State courts. Meanwhile the prosecution gathered some of the most exhaustive evidence ever marshalled for the conviction of a criminal. Fully a hundred witnesses were subpoenaed. An important one was Mrs. Lypczynski's daughter, Mary, who had married the son of Jacob Flees. Unfortunately, the two nuns living at the Isadore convent in 1907 were reported dead. They were with Sister Mary during the last hours of her life, and might have revealed much. The prosecution's chief assistance came from Mrs. J. Pylicka, a Milwaukee woman detective, who was arrested in Leland on a trumped-up charge, and for six days shared Mrs. Lypczynski's cell in the county jail. It was her business to induce Mrs. Lypczynski to confess her guilt, which the prisoner eventually did in an astounding statement. Afterward she denied everything, but, despite strenuous objections by the defence, the Pylicka confession was admitted in evidence and appeared on the court records. It is given here verbatim in Mrs. Pylicka's testimony. Shortly after the confession was obtained the prisoner decided to feign insanity. Said she, to the woman detective:—

"Well, pretty soon



Jacob Flees, the sexton, who assisted in removing the nun's body to the cemetery at dead of night.



Father Bienowski, priest at Isadore at the time of Sister Janina's disappearance.

I won't be here. I'll be in a hospital or insane asylum. They must believe me, because no doctor can see inside me."

Almost immediately she put her plan in execution, and her friends declared Mrs. Lypczynski had been rendered insane by "third degree" methods used by Leland officials. She became so apparently deranged that, from May 17th to July 28th, she was detained in the psychopathic ward of the University of Michigan under the observation of Dr. A. M. Barrett, alienist. Dr. Barrett reported: "Her actions are those of a person who assumed the actions of one insane." So the tube feeding ceased and she was returned to Sheriff Kinnucan, at the summer resort village of Leland. Her nights were spent in the jail where lived Warder Anderson her rosary and placidly awaited her fate.

It was on October 13th that one of the most dramatic trials ever staged began in the little courthouse at Leland, with Judge Mayne presiding, and the room packed by an intensely interested audience. Days had been consumed in securing a jury. Three lawyers for the defence, the prosecuting attorney and his assistant, had exhausted almost the entire jury-list of the county. Finally, twelve farmers, three of whom were Catholics, were accepted, and sworn in for jury service. The first witness called was Father Bienowski.

As he related the familiar story of Sister Janina's disappearance and the

famous fifteen-day search, the prisoner listened anxiously at first, then tranquilly nibbled a bar of chocolate and smiled at some of the priest's remarks. As the strange trial proceeded, several white-collared priests and nineteen brown-robed nuns of the Felician order drifted into the



The Leelanau County Court-house, where the trial took place.



The seated figure is Mrs. Lypczynski, who was convicted of murdering the nun.

years, and was one of the class of twenty-two. Other members of that class were present, wearing their iron and silver rings.

On the stand Mrs. Lypczynski's daughter, Mrs. Mary Flees, took oath that her mother was employed on the afternoon of Sister Janina's disappearance in making her a dress to be worn at the impending dedication. At the March hearing, however, Mary Flees swore that her mother had spent that afternoon working in the garden. Both mother and daughter testified through the aid of an interpreter.

"Who told you to have an interpreter?" suddenly demanded the prosecution.

"Nobody," flashed back Mary, in English.

"I suppose you were proud of that dress?" queried the lawyer.

"You bet I was," said Mary, and again the interpreter was ignored.

The young priest, Podlewski, and the sexton, Jacob Flees, willingly told all they knew of the church-basement grave and its inmate. Father Lempka corroborated Podlewski's evidence that he had informed him Sister Janina had been killed and buried under the Isadore church. His information had come from the Mother Superior of the Detroit convent; she, it appeared, learned the facts from Mother Superior Veronica and Superioress Mary Pius, of Milwaukee. They, in turn, were told of the murder and the hidden grave by Bishop Kozlowski, of Wisconsin, eight days before his death. It was a round-robin message, but there was a missing link—

listening throng before the rail enclosure. The veiled sisters had paid their own fare there from many cities. Among them was Sister Nepomucene, who had been a nun forty-two years, and had known Mary Janina from childhood. She was one of a party of nuns who visited Isadore at the time the sister vanished. Another of the nun witnesses was Sister Antonina, Mother Superior of the Detroit convent, who had known Mary Janina seventeen

nobody knew the source of the Bishop's knowledge. It is known, however, that he sent a priest to investigate the story and look for the grave two years or more before Father Podlewski disinterred the skeleton. As priests and nuns testified, it became evident that church dignitaries had known of the murder for four years. It was in 1915 that Mother Superior Veronica passed on the dread secret to Sister Antonina of Detroit, and in 1916 this class-mate of Mary Janina's looked for her grave in the rubbish-filled basement by the light of a candle.

On Friday, October 17th, there was enacted in court an extraordinary scene. The box containing Sister Janina's bones was produced by the sheriffs and stood on the limited floor-space almost at the feet of three nuns. Sister Mary Pius was the first to break down. She drew from her sleeve the regulation blue handkerchief and pressed it to her streaming eyes, while her associates rocked backwards and forwards

in an agony of grief. In sharp contrast to this, Mrs. Lypczynski watched Coroners Sleipka and Fralick assemble the skeleton within six feet of her with stolid indifference. For all the emotion the prisoner expressed she might have been viewing a cinema reel. Her stolid attitude pleased both the defence and the prosecution. The former argued that no guilty person could remain undisturbed during such an ordeal; the latter proved by this that she had not been driven insane, as she claimed, by the sight of a sheeted skeleton in the Leland jail.



The grave in the cemetery from which Sister Janina's remains were recovered by the authorities.

She had testified that the sheriff, in trying to force a confession from her, had taken her to a room where candles burned at the head and foot of a covered form he told her was Sister Janina.

Mary Flees was now recalled to the stand, but fearfully muddled her testimony. Neighbours and nuns related on oath many conversations with the prisoner, and all were damaging. An old Polish



Mrs. Mary Flees, the daughter of the accused woman.



"The box containing Sister Janina's bones was produced by the sheriffs."

woman testified that she chanced to enter Father Bienowski's office on the day of the big hunt and found the housekeeper there wringing her hands and exclaiming, "Pray, Father, that they don't find her!" Mrs. Flees, the sexton's wife, said Mrs. Lypczynski had remarked to her: "Sister Janina is unworthy the holy ground she walks on," and that "the sister should have disappeared the day before she did." To Sister Innocenta the housekeeper called Mary Janina "a bad nun." To Sister Leoncia she said, "Sister Janina was not a good nun. It was God's blessing she disappeared." To Sister Regina of Manitowoc she declared, "Sister Janina is no nun at all. She is a bad nun."

Other witnesses were scientists, who flatly disagreed about the fractured skull. Dr. Ludwig Hektoen, professor of pathology, stated that the fracture had been made by a spade in disinterring or by the coroners' instruments in preparing the skeleton for assembling. Against this theory Dr. Rollo McCotter insisted that the contusion on the left temporal region of the nun's skull was made before death. Sister Antonia was asked to identify the fragments of clothing and articles found in the basement grave; and as she compared the crucifix with her own, tears dimmed her spectacles.

The prosecution now began to establish a *corpus delicti* by calling the possessors of the steel and iron rings given to the class of 1901. Two of the class, besides Sister Janina, had died, but nuns with their death records were in court. As these witnesses began to testify the prosecution received a stunning surprise, for the defence voluntarily admitted that the bones found under the church were Sister Mary Janina's, and that she was murdered! This, of course, cut the ground from under the prosecution's feet and made much of their work useless, but it likewise shortened the trial. Now they had only to establish the prisoner's guilt. This they did by having the Pylicka confession admitted as evidence. The defence fought to have it ruled out, but Judge Mayne permitted Mrs. Pylicka to tell her story. After relating the facts of her "fake" arrest and incarceration in the prisoner's cell, she said Mrs. Lypczynski asked a favour of her.

"I want you to see Father Bienowski," said the prisoner, "and tell him to get Father Podlewski out of the States. He will pay you well. Tell him that Father Podlewski knows all."

"If you want me to do this," the detective told her, "you must tell me all about it."

"I might as well," decided Mrs. Lypczynski. "I have gone to confession before Father Nowak, in Milwaukee, done penance, and been granted absolution, so why should they trouble me? I killed Sister Mary Janina."

"You did?" echoed the detective.

"Yes. I first stunned her as she went under the church. Then I went into the garden and got a spade. I dug the hole under the church; then I dragged the body there and put it in the hole. As I was trying to cover it the head rose. . . . I took the back of the spade and hit the head three times with all my might. Then the sister lay still."

"Is this true?"

"Yes. I have told you the story the same as I told Father Nowak."

The lost nun had been buried alive! Boards had been piled on the spot to hide the ill-made grave. Later on some of the priest's numerous fowls had been kept in the rubbish-filled basement to account for a suspicious odour. So poor Sister Mary Janina, after leaving her prayer-book open on the widow-sill, had gone direct to the church cellar for the waiting box of flowers, and found instead a waiting enemy and a shallow grave.

Through the aid of the interpreter Mrs. Lypczynski declared herself innocent. She said the confession was forced from her by fraud and inhuman treatment. As she told of the sheriff's alleged severity her stolid calm gave way to tears.

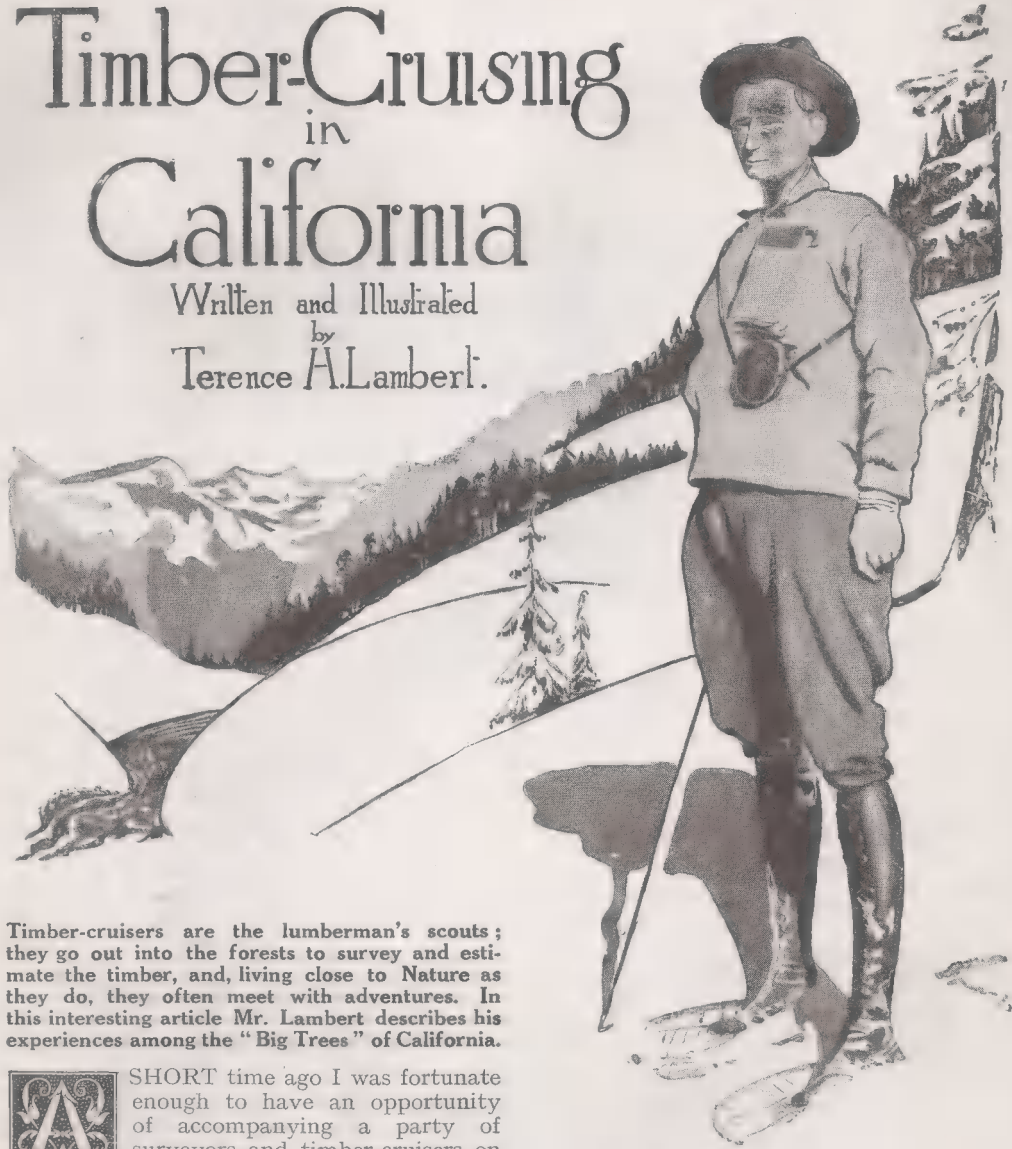
The trial ended on October 24th. Judge Mayne gave his charge to the jury, and the twelve farmers began a session at eight o'clock on Friday evening that lasted until four o'clock on Saturday morning. Six ballots were taken. The first stood nine to three for conviction; the second was ten to two. Then for four hours the ballots stood eleven to one, until the final vote found Mrs. Lypczynski guilty of murder in the first degree. She is now serving a life sentence in the Detroit house of correction.

The mystery of the unfortunate nun's disappearance has been solved, but minor problems remain. What was the meaning of the candlelight and the singing in the cedar swamp? Why did Mary buy civilian clothes? Who wrote the "Protestant Pup" letter? Why was the search directed away from the church? And, finally, why didn't the trail the bloodhound followed so eagerly end at the concealed grave?



Timber-Cruising in California

Written and Illustrated
by
Terence A. Lambert.



Timber-cruisers are the lumberman's scouts; they go out into the forests to survey and estimate the timber, and, living close to Nature as they do, they often meet with adventures. In this interesting article Mr. Lambert describes his experiences among the "Big Trees" of California.



SHORT time ago I was fortunate enough to have an opportunity of accompanying a party of surveyors and timber-cruisers on a trip into the Southern Sierras of California.

This trip was undertaken in mid-winter for the purpose of estimating and mapping out a privately owned tract of some five thousand acres of timber, including a very fine "stand" of the big trees of California.

As can only be expected, very few people in the British Isles are acquainted with matters connected with the tall timbers, so that I think an account of our experiences will give a glimpse into a particular phase of life in the open of which little is known, and at the same time show how the practical timber expert earns his daily bread.

It should, perhaps, be first explained that

the object of "timber-cruising" is to obtain an approximately correct estimate of the quantity of lumber that will be produced when the standing trees are cut down and sawn up. Of the methods used to attain this end more will be said later.

During the time that I was working with a lumber company in California, I became acquainted with Mr. A. W. Elam, a timber expert and logging engineer, carrying on business in San Francisco. I had been assisting Elam for some weeks on a surveying job, and just about the time when we were nearly finished he asked me whether I would care to accompany him on a trip



Ready to leave Bauger for the mountains.

that he had shortly to undertake into the Southern Sierra Nevada Mountains.

I had always had an ambition to see the big trees, and as the particular part of the country into which he intended to go was thickly covered with the species, the offer was a tempting one, and I accepted it without hesitation.

Besides Elam and myself, our little party consisted of Elam's partner, commonly called "H. N.," a lad known as "Jim," who was to work with him, and "Tiny,"

who was to do the cooking. Tiny's name hardly did him justice, as he was of vast proportions, and turned the scale somewhere in the neighbourhood of eighteen stone.

On a certain Wednesday evening, early in December, we entrained on a Santa Fé Pullman at San Francisco, and at four o'clock the next morning arrived at a small town called Cutler. After arousing the inmates of the local hotel and getting some breakfast, we piled ourselves and our instruments and



The Ranger Station where the party stayed for several days.

baggage into a couple of hired motor-cars, and started off on the second part of our journey, which consisted of a rather chilly drive to a lonely spot called Badger, situated among the foothills of the mountains at a distance of some twenty-five miles from Cutler.

As we sped through the early morning mists of the San Joaquin Valley, which the sun was already beginning to pierce with his weak mid-winter rays, the mighty Sierras rose abruptly in front of us like a purple wall, while on either hand the orange trees, laden with their swiftly-ripening fruit, divided up the landscape into a chessboard pattern of dark green. As soon as we left the valley floor we were climbing continuously during the rest of the journey, and the road was often extremely tortuous.

On one of the first hills that we encountered the off rear springs on the leading car suddenly fractured, but a temporary repair was effected by the aid of a chunk of wood cut from one of the posts that lined the road at that point.

Of Badger it is impossible to say much, because there is not much of it to talk about. We were informed that there were some thirty homesteads in the neighbourhood, but we could see nothing but the store and the house of the storekeeper. The interior of the former was picturesquely adorned with the pelts of foxes, 'possums, coyotes, badgers, and many other animals, which hung from the beams.

That night the storekeeper was good enough to find us sleeping accommodation in his house, although the resources of the place were taxed to the utmost.

Having changed our city clothes for garments more suitable to life in the woods, we set off on the following morning for the mountains, taking our baggage and instruments on a wagon drawn by four mules,

which the storekeeper had provided. This wagon was of the unsprung variety, and as the road was a mass of frozen ruts, our progress was bumpy, to say the least of it.

When we had gone about four miles we came to a small ranch situated on the banks of a babbling brook, where we transferred our baggage to a much lighter wagon drawn by two mules.

As we proceeded, the road became very precipitous, and ruts and boulders frequently threatened to put the wagon out of commission altogether.

As I sat perched on the front seat, with the transit case on my knees, the driver regaled me with tales of robberies and murders of which

the parts through which we were passing had been the scene.

It appears that about the year 1892, two men known as Sonntag and Evans caused a reign of terror in the surrounding country by their habit of descending into the valley from their hiding-place in the mountains and committing deeds of robbery and violence. They were finally run to earth by the aid



A splendid specimen of the "Big Trees"—*Sequoia Gigantea*.

of Indian trackers, and in the course of the engagement that ensued Sonntag was slain and Evans wounded and eventually cast into prison.

As we wound up the hillside the sun shone down upon our backs with a warmth that was surprising for the time of year, while the sky was of that vivid Californian blue that has to be seen to be believed. We were now beginning to get up amongst the timber proper, which does not really commence until one reaches an altitude of three thousand five hundred to four thousand feet. Soon after leaving Badger it had been possible to detect great numbers of the big trees of California (*Sequoia gigantea*) growing along the distant ridges, these trees having a crown of a more rounded appearance than the ordinary pines and firs, which makes them easily distinguishable at a distance. I had always had an ambition to see these veterans of the vegetable world at close quarters, and consequently looked forward with no little anticipation to getting my first glimpse of the real thing among its natural surroundings. It was not long before this ambition was gratified, for after we had come to the crest of the ridge, and travelled for about a mile and a half, we crossed an attractive little stream and very soon found ourselves face to face with a member of the great species—only a "small" specimen some ten feet in diameter, it is true, but nevertheless sufficiently interesting to anyone seeing these monsters for the first time. I shortly afterwards became intimately acquainted with hundreds of his brethren,

many of which would have put him, literally, in the shade.

By this time our journey was nearly ended and we came to our destination, which was a Ranger Station of the United States Forest Service. We had been informed of the position of this—close to the parts in which our work lay—and as it happened to be unoccupied at the time, Elam had obtained permission from Uncle Sam to occupy it.

The station itself was a small wooden bungalow, and stood in the middle of a clearing at the bottom of a valley, which was hemmed in on the eastern side by Redwood Mountain. We found this little shanty to have a most efficient ventilating system, as it was only intended for occupation during the warmer months of the year, so that the builders had been at no pains to make it draught-tight. However, in the living-room there was a stone fireplace of most generous proportions, reminiscent of those to be found in old English farmhouses.

Jim and I spent the morning of the following day in cutting and hauling wood, as we had to be prepared for a fall of snow at any time; while Elam and his partner set forth to find a "bench-mark," which was shown on the Government survey as being situated on a mountain three or four miles to the north of the Ranger Station. A bench-mark usually consists of a metal post let into the ground, and marked with the altitude at that particular point, so that it will be easily understood that when it is desired to make a contour map of the



The base of the same tree. It was fifteen feet in diameter.



The camp in Redwood Canyon.

country, such as we were to be engaged in doing, a bench-mark forms a useful starting-point, from which the surveyor can calculate his elevations with accuracy.

It was some time after darkness had set in that Elam and "H. N." put in an appearance. They were both very exhausted, as they had had an extremely hard climb to the top of the ridge, covering in all about twelve miles. On their way back they had encountered numerous deer.

On the following day, which was a Sunday, we bade Tiny farewell soon after 7 a.m., and taking the transit and level rod, with the compasses and aneroid and the other appurtenances to our trade hung about us, we set forth towards the distant ridge. It did not take us long to arrive at the point where the big climb began. As we approached the summit we encountered a thin layer of snow, which gradually increased in depth, and served to remind us that we were not the only living things in those parts by reason of the numerous bear and deer tracks that were imprinted on its surface. We presently saw more than tracks, for a fine doe and her mate, startled by the noise of our approach, dashed away through the trees to the left, after standing stock-still and having a good look at us.

At length we reached the ridge top, and found on consulting the aneroid that we had ascended two thousand five hundred feet since breakfast. Crossing the summit, we descended into a small ravine on the other side, where we found the "witness trees" that marked the position of the bench-mark,

although we were not successful in discovering the mark itself. However, we had located it sufficiently accurately for all practical purposes, and Elam therefore set up the transit where he judged the bench-mark was, had been, or ought to have been.

It should, perhaps, be explained in passing that "witness trees" are used in the woods to mark the position of anything in the nature of section corner posts or bench-marks which may be required to be found at any time. Two or, more often, three surrounding trees which form a rough triangle are "blazed," with the "blaze" facing the point whose position they define, and one at least is usually inscribed with sufficient information to enable such point to be identified on the map. If the post or mark has been destroyed, or if there is deep snow on the ground, its position can be ascertained with sufficient accuracy by judging where imaginary lines drawn through the trees would intersect.

At noon we halted for a while to kindle a fire and make some tea, after which we pressed on with renewed vigour, and when at last the sun went down behind the distant Coast Range, and we could see no longer, we had run nearly two miles of line, and brought it to within a half-mile of the saddle which joined up the ridge upon which we had been working with Redwood Mountain to the south. So we placed our instruments and axes in the burnt-out hollow of a sequoia's butt, and trudged back to the Ranger Station, feeling that we had done a good day's work.

On the following day we continued our task where we had left off, and ran our line down into a valley known as Redwood Canyon. The scene in this canyon is truly remarkable, and leaves a lasting impression. On every side stand the big trees, many of great size. Clear from the canyon's smooth floor, the trunks rise straight as rulers, with never a branch for more than a hundred feet. At the base the extraordinarily thick buttresses of bark give the trunk a very bell-like shape, but above that, for a distance of a hundred and fifty feet or more, there is little sign of taper, which gives the tree a very handsome appearance.

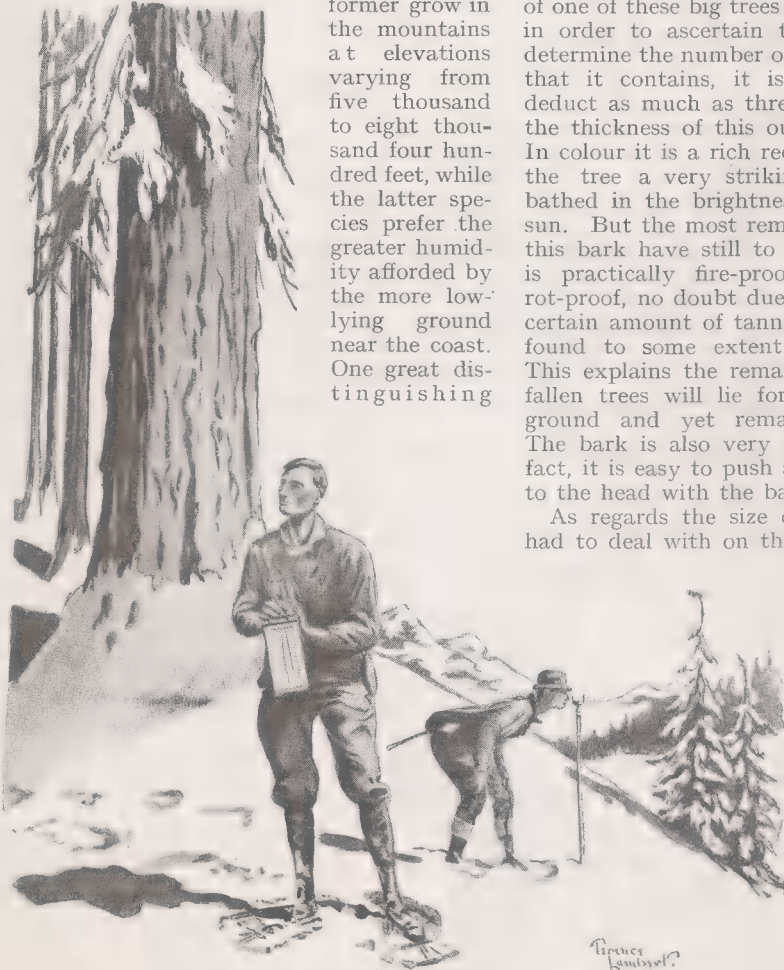
It may be of interest to add that there are in California two distinct species of redwood—the *Sequoia gigantea*, to which this article must always be understood to refer, and which are the "big trees" proper, and the *Sequoia sempervirens* or coast

redwoods. The former grow in the mountains at elevations varying from five thousand to eight thousand four hundred feet, while the latter species prefer the greater humidity afforded by the more low-lying ground near the coast. One great distinguishing

feature between the two species is that the young of the coast redwoods never grow from seed, but invariably spring from the roots of the parent tree; the *Sequoia gigantea*, on the other hand, propagates its species in the usual way by means of seed-bearing cones, which are surprisingly small considering the size of the trees on which they grow. The small brown squirrel, who deposits large stores of these cones under logs and in other crevices, must often be the unwitting instrument that Nature uses to plant the seed of these mighty trees.

The bark of the sequoia is very remarkable, and it is probably owing in no small degree to its peculiar qualities that the tree is able to attain to such a vast age and size. It is very much fluted, being divided up by deep interconnecting vertical grooves, and around the lower part of the trunk forms massive buttresses—to such an extent, in fact, that when measuring the circumference of one of these big trees with a tape measure, in order to ascertain the diameter and so determine the number of cubic feet of lumber that it contains, it is often necessary to deduct as much as three feet on account of the thickness of this outer coating of bark. In colour it is a rich red-brown, which gives the tree a very striking appearance when bathed in the brightness of the Californian sun. But the most remarkable properties of this bark have still to be mentioned, for it is practically fire-proof, insect-proof, and rot-proof, no doubt due to the presence of a certain amount of tannic acid, which is also found to some extent in the wood itself. This explains the remarkable way in which fallen trees will lie for centuries on damp ground and yet remain perfectly sound. The bark is also very fibrous and soft; in fact, it is easy to push a two-inch nail in up to the head with the bare thumb.

As regards the size of the trees that we had to deal with on this particular job, the average diameter was, I should say, about ten feet, but we measured a great number of trees ranging from twelve to eighteen feet in diameter. The finest specimen that we encountered had a butt of eighteen feet six inches; it contained fourteen logs sixteen feet long, and would yield very nearly three hundred thousand board



Timber-cruisers "on the job."

Francis Lambinet

feet of lumber. Perhaps a better idea of the size of such a tree can be obtained if it is realized that an ordinary single-band saw-mill, working at full blast, would take about three days to cut up a single tree of these proportions.

It was not long before we found that the Ranger Station was not as handy for our work as we had imagined. We therefore packed our tents and a sufficiency of food for about two weeks on to the wagon—which had come up from Badger with supplies the day before—and transferred our headquarters to Redwood Canyon. We put in a hard day's work, and by the time it was dark had erected and completely furnished our camp, which consisted of a tent for feeding and cooking, another of similar dimensions for Elam and "H. N.," a lean-to tent for Jim and myself, and a small tent for Tiny. We made our beds, in true backwoods fashion, out of balsam boughs, and the cooking was done over an open wood fire. The site of our camp was a good one: four big trees stood around one side in a half-circle, the ground was nice and level, and a stream known as Redwood Creek babbled along within a few yards of our tents.

Having thus completed the domestic details of our new habitation, on the following day we started timber-cruising in earnest.

We would get out of bed about 5.30 a.m., and while Tiny kindled a fire for cooking, Jim or I would build a blazing pyre in front of the tents, making a glowing oasis in the still prevailing gloom of night and lighting up the massive trunks of the redwoods that stood round about. By the time we had taken a superficial wash, Tiny would sing out, "Go to her, boys," which was the usual way in which he announced the completion of his culinary efforts. It goes without saying that among the mountains in December the nights are "parky," although the bright sunshine during the day makes the air delightfully balmy at noon, so that it can be easily understood that, what with the hard work and the crisp weather, one gets about as hungry as a ravening wolf.

As is usual in timber-cruising, we worked



The Redwood Canyon camp after four and a half feet of snow had fallen.

in pairs, that is to say, I worked with Elam, while Jim accompanied "H. N."

The general object of timber-cruising has already been referred to, but a short description of the methods employed may not be out of place.

The greater part of the American Continent has been surveyed by the Government, and is divided up into squares, varying in size from a "township," which is six miles square, down to the "section," which is one mile square. Sections are again divided into four "quarters," and each quarter into four "forties," of forty acres each. All the lines between these divisions run north and south, and east and west, and it is more or less easy to follow them, as the lines are in most cases blazed on the trees, while the section corners are all defined by posts, inscribed with sufficient information to enable one to identify them on the map.

It is usual to cruise each "forty" separately. The compass-man uses a staff compass. Whenever he wishes to take a sight, he sets up his compass on top of a rod which is stuck into the ground, looks through the sights with which the instrument is provided, and makes a mental note of some distant object through which his line will run. The compass has to be set up just as often as the presence of obstacles in the shape of trees or brush or the lie of the land require. Marching on an object in the woods requires more care than might at first sight be supposed; what appears at a distance to be a single tree will be found at close quarters to be two, or some slight distraction will cause you to forget which of two similar trees you were making for.

Starting from a corner post, the compass-man crosses the "forty" four times, on lines equidistant from each other. All the time he counts his paces, and knowing by

experience the length of his stride, can tell when he has come to the end of each line.

Meanwhile the timber-cruiser follows the compass-man, and jots down in his notebook the approximate number of board feet that each sizable tree is likely to cut up into. Each time he crosses the "forty" he takes into consideration only those trees that grow within a certain distance on either side of the line that the compass-man is running, so that he will eventually have accounted for practically all the trees growing on the "forty."

The actual estimating is either done on sight, by the light of experience, with the aid of a "Biltor Stick," which is a special kind of ruler made for the purpose, or—in the case of the very largest trees—by putting a tape measure round them. He jots down each species separately. In that part of the country in which we were working there were six different kinds.

All this does not sound very difficult or arduous, but it must be borne in mind that the compass-man has to go through thick and thin and keep a correct account of his paces, that the brush may be so dense as to make any advance through it seem at first sight an impossibility, that he may have to descend the precipitous side of a river canyon and get up the other side as best he can, or that dense coppices of small trees may make it necessary to set up the compass every few yards.

In circumstances such as these, pacing often seems rather a farce, but practice enables a man to judge the number of paces instinctively in places where he cannot measure them with actual strides; in fact, an old hand at the game will run a line up hill and down dale for a mile or more and only be a few paces out, if at all.

On one occasion I found that after running half a mile of line I was coming out about thirty paces wide of the mark. For a time I failed to account for this, until it was discovered that whenever I bent over the compass the needle was deflected a couple of degrees by a steel tape-measure in one of the front pockets of my jacket!

I will now return once again to the account of our trip.

As a precautionary measure, we first

completed all the work lying at the higher altitudes, so that, should we be overtaken by snow, which was bound to come soon, the most trying part of the work would be done. The floor of the canyon in which we were encamped was at an elevation of some five thousand four hundred feet, and we spent several hard days cruising those "forties" that lay farthest from camp, some of which were at an altitude of seven thousand four hundred feet, where we already found about eighteen inches of soft snow.

At noon on Friday, December 22nd, the sky clouded over, and a cold wind commenced to blow, and as we were just about to "call it a day," tiny snowflakes began to descend in that leisurely way that snowflakes have. Perceiving which, we were filled with regret that we were not snugly housed in the Ranger Station once again.

During the night Tiny and I got up several times to shake the snow off the roof. In the morning there was about eight inches of it on the ground, and it was still falling with relentless determination. However, we completed the small amount of work that remained to be done, although the working conditions were very disagreeable.

We had arranged for the mule team to come up from Badger and help us to get our things out of the canyon after the completion of our work there, but we now saw that such a thing would be out of the question, and that it was up to us to get ourselves out, if we did not wish to leave

our bones to rot under the redwood trees. So Elam and "H. N." got busy and constructed quite an excellent sledge, of which the runners were shaped out of two small white firs, and the cross pieces and rails from split redwood. The whole thing was braced together with the



Getting out of the canyon proved a strenuous business.

inevitable hay wire. It continued to snow all that night, and at four o'clock the next morning we had to tumble out in a hurry and dig the snow away from the tents, which were in danger of collapsing. However, in the evening the storm ceased, by which time the fall had reached a depth of about four and a half feet.

As we had no snowshoes with us, we found it impossible to break a trail out of the canyon, and therefore set to work to make

some out of strips of wood nailed together in the form of a triangle. Tiny evidently intended to take no chances of being engulfed, and constructed a pair of mighty wooden floats, which it must have required many horse-power to keep in motion. When

forget to pick up our venison on the way back.

This time we stayed at the station for ten days, and completed all the work that we had to do in the vicinity. Whilst we were there, we were able to have proper



The abandoned sawmill, where the party rigged up a camp.

he got going, he reminded one of nothing so much as a paddle steamer in a very choppy sea.

The next day was Christmas Day, which we celebrated with nothing more festive than a rasher of bacon, as our stock of provisions was beginning to run low. However, Elam was out on his new snowshoes during the day, and came back with the glad tidings that he had followed up some deer tracks, and had succeeded in shooting a small buck with the '38 Colt's automatic that he carried with him. He had hung it up in a tree, well out of the reach of prowling coyotes.

We turned out very early the next morning, and started to transfer our belongings to the top of the saddle almost before it was light enough to see. Part of the stuff we packed on our backs, but we hauled the greater part of it on the sledge. Over the painful details of the sledge-hauling it will be best to draw a veil; suffice it to say that the snow was very soft, the sledge very heavy, and the hill very steep, so that it was all we could do to make any progress at all.

After making a "cache" of most of our gear at the top of the saddle, we put our blankets on the sledge and reached the Ranger Station in the evening. We did not

snowshoes sent up to us from Badger, which made it possible for us to navigate with more or less comfort. It usually happened that towards midday the warmth of the sun would make the snow very soft, so that we got in the habit of starting out as early as possible in order to do the bulk of the day's work while the surface of the snow was still crisp. In fact, we were on the scene of operations so early one morning that it was necessary to wait for a time before we could see our instruments properly.

Now that the deep snow was on the ground the woods seemed absolutely deserted, and a great silence brooded over everything. Deer tracks had been plentiful before the snow came, but a heavy storm is the signal for the animals to descend to the foothills, and from that time we rarely came across any tracks. Of birds there were hardly any at all, and apart from a stray woodpecker here and there, we scarcely saw any signs of feathered life.

We had daily anticipated having the pleasure of becoming acquainted with that beast that is variously known as a mountain lion, cougar, or panther, as the region in which our work lay was marked "Mountain Lion" on the Government map, but he must either have been sated with deer meat

or else he was not in the habit of dining off timber-cruisers, for we never met him. Had we done so, I have no doubt that he would not have lived to regret it. However, we had convincing proof that Uncle Sam had located him right on the map, for we saw numerous tracks of a mountain lion within a short distance of our camp.

When we had completed all the cruising that had to be done in the neighbourhood of the Ranger Station, there still remained some work to be executed a few miles to the west. We had been told of the existence of an old saw-mill that would be conveniently situated for us, so we again packed our belongings on the sled and set forth early one morning with the idea of taking up our abode there.

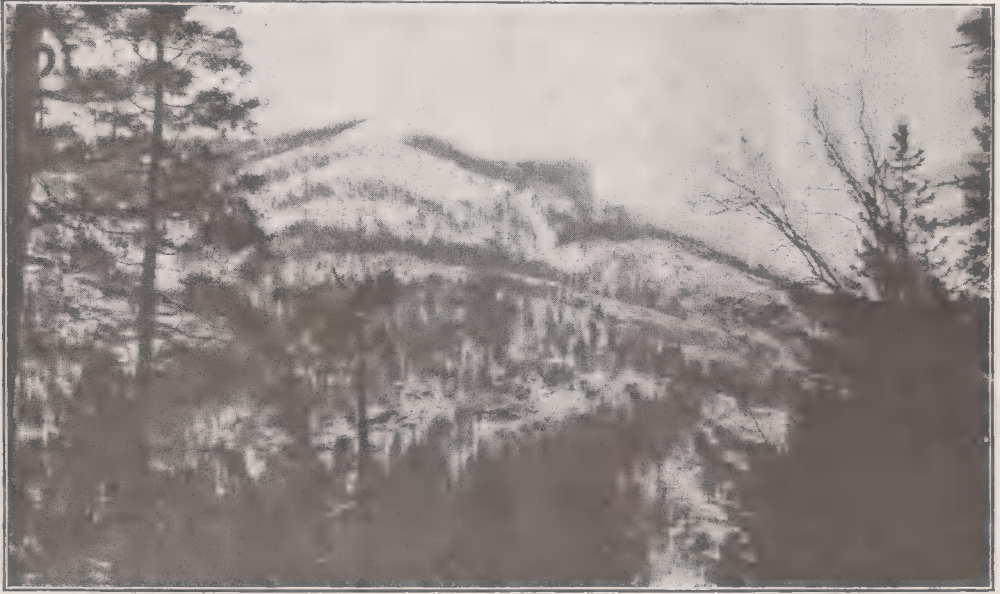
However, when we had arrived at the mill, with sweating brows and panting breath, and were feeling cheered at the thought that our labours were at length

wood, and by evening we had cleared out the snow and *débris* and put a serviceable roof over our heads.

Owing to the lower altitude, the timber in the neighbourhood of the mill was thinner than that on the higher levels. This enabled us to get through the remainder of the work rather quicker than had been anticipated, so that after another eight days we had completed the whole job.

On the morning of January 17th we turned our faces towards civilization, and after a journey of about eleven miles arrived at Badger at noon, finding it quite a treat to be on *terra firma* once again, after working on snowshoes for some twenty-five days.

In the afternoon we piled into the wagon again, looking quite like respectable citizens. The twenty-five mile ride back to Cutler was chilly but uneventful, although it should be put on record that on arriving in the valley we stopped in the midst of an orange grove



A scene in the mountains. The peak is "Big Baldy," over eight thousand feet high.

over, we saw to our horror and amazement that all that remained of the mill house was the walls, half buried in a disordered mass of broken boards and beams. The whole structure had been "pancaked" by the snow.

In a short time the place resounded with the hammering of nails and the sawing of

and, jumping down from the wagon, picked the golden fruit as it hung on the trees.

The next day we breakfasted in San Francisco, and our trip, which had occupied exactly six weeks, was a thing of the past. We were all as fit as the proverbial fiddle, and glad to think that we had done all we had set out to do in spite of the elements.



PIRATE GOLD

The Buried Treasure of Mahone Bay.



The "Treasure Pit" on Oak Island, showing the operations of one of the companies who have attempted to reach the pirate hoard that is supposed to be buried there.

by

WALTER NOBLE BURNS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. CARRUTHERS.

A very interesting article, dealing with a mysterious hoard of pirate treasure that is supposed to be buried on the shores of Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. The gold is believed to have been secreted by the notorious Captain Kidd, and several attempts have been made to retrieve it, without success. The exact spot is known, but so far the natural difficulties of the site have defeated all the treasure-hunters. Would any "Wide World" reader care to try his luck?



HAVE always contended that Kidd did not bury the Mahone Bay treasure. The people about the shores of the bay maintain stoutly that he *did*, but I do not think the pirate, after his return

from the Indies, ever sailed as far north as Nova Scotia.

I believe as firmly as everybody in Oak Island, or as everybody in Nova Scotia for that matter, that the treasure is there. But as to who buried it I have no more idea than the man in the moon. To all who are versed in authentic pirate lore, it remains a mystery.

Unless an old manuscript, stuffed away in some secret corner of Europe or America, is found some day to throw light upon it, or unless the treasure itself is uncovered, I suppose it always must remain a mystery. But this much, I think, is certain: Captain Kidd had nothing to do with it.

If anything were needed to prove that it is pirate gold that lies buried at the foot of the big oak, I should think the ghost that is known to guard it would establish the fact beyond the peradventure of a doubt in any honest man's mind. In fact, there seems a good reason to believe that several ghosts

have kept vigil over the treasure for more than a century. Weird, strangled cries have been heard about the spot; strange lights have been seen moving among the trees on dark nights; and the fishermen and farmers round the bay are ready to swear they have seen a phantom in cocked hat and sea-boots, with a cutlass swinging at his side.

Though at least a hundred thousand dollars has been spent in trying to lift the treasure, not a single doubloon, piece-of-eight, gold bar, or pig of silver bullion has ever been unearthed.

As for Captain Kidd, I am not one who shares in the opinion of certain present-day apologists who have attempted to rob that redoubtable old hero of his glory as a pirate. These writers have dug about in musty old archives to prove that Kidd was, as you might say, a sort of accidental pirate, forced into lawlessness by the crew of the *Adventure Galley*, but in reality a maligned honest seaman, who buried no treasure anywhere, and who met an undeserved fate when he was "turned off" at Execution Dock.

I believe devoutly that Kidd was as proper a pirate as ever looted a ship on the high seas, and, if he did not choose to fly the Jolly Roger from his mast-head, was as fine and capable an old sea-robber as Avery, Tew, Blackbeard, England, Bartholomew Roberts, or any of the rest of them. It is hardly possible, I maintain, that a pirate by accident should have looted half a million dollars, as Kidd is known to have done during his two years' cruise to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and the Malabar coast.

Neither do I take any stock in the modern assertions that he did not bury any treasure. There is every reason to believe, on the other hand, that he buried much plunder. Though Lord Bellomont recovered a considerable booty after he had Kidd safely in irons in Boston jail, it is conceded he got only a small portion of all that Kidd brought back from his voyage, and though the movements of Kidd's sloop after he reached Long Island Sound are fairly well known, there was nothing to prevent him from putting his loot ashore at night and burying it where he chose, or even pistolling those poor devils of his crew who did his pick-and-shovel work in the dark of the moon. If he *didn't* bury a great part of the "vast treasure" known to have been beneath his hatches when he sailed for home, what became of it?

Mahone Bay is a deep-water haven on the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, a few miles south of Halifax. You reach it in a short run to the southward from Halifax, over a branch of the Government-owned railway, or if you run up to Nova Scotia from Boston along the coast, and land at Yarmouth, the same road takes you northward to it in a

pleasant journey with the sea almost always in view.

If you have any idea of digging for the treasure, it will be well for you to put up at Chester, a town on the north shore of the bay, and within easy sailing distance of Oak Island, where the "money hole"—as it is known in these parts—is to be found. Though many others have failed, you may perhaps succeed.

The first inkling that a pirate treasure was buried at the head of a little cove that indents the northern shore of Oak Island was obtained in 1795 by three young fellows named Smith, MacGinnis, and Vaughan, belonging to a hamlet on the mainland, who were out for a holiday cruise in a sailing boat. They landed in the cove, and some distance back from the water came upon a clearing, in the centre of which was a great oak tree, the trunk of which was plainly marked with old axe-scars. One of the stout lower boughs of the tree had been sawn off, and across the top of it was still to be discerned the deep groove made by a block and tackle. At the foot of the oak they found a circular depression about twelve feet in diameter, overgrown with grass and brambles. Prosecuting their search, they discovered on the shore nearby a massive iron ring firmly stapled in a great rock. The spot had evidently once been a landing-place and the ring had been used for mooring a vessel. Not far from the ring they found a bo'sun's whistle of an ancient pattern and a copper coin of 1713.

Confident they had stumbled on one of the burying-places of Captain Kidd's pirate treasure—stories and traditions concerning which were rife all along the coasts of Nova Scotia—they equipped themselves with picks and spades and set to work to unearth the plunder. They had dug only a few feet when they saw they were excavating in a clearly-defined shaft sunk straight into the earth. Ten feet down they struck a platform made of heavy timbers, ten feet farther down another similar bulkhead, and ten feet farther still another.

When they had gone down thirty feet, it was impossible for them to continue without a windlass and buckets and other men to help them. To their surprise the superstitious people of the neighbouring country refused to aid them in their treasure-hunting, because of the ghost of the old pirate that was said to haunt Oak Island. Unearthly screams were heard all night, they were told, and strange lights flitted about the shores of the cove. So, perforce, the three young men gave up their enterprise.

Six years later Dr. Lynds, of Truro, Robert Archibald, and Sheriff Harris organized themselves into a company, and, shipping

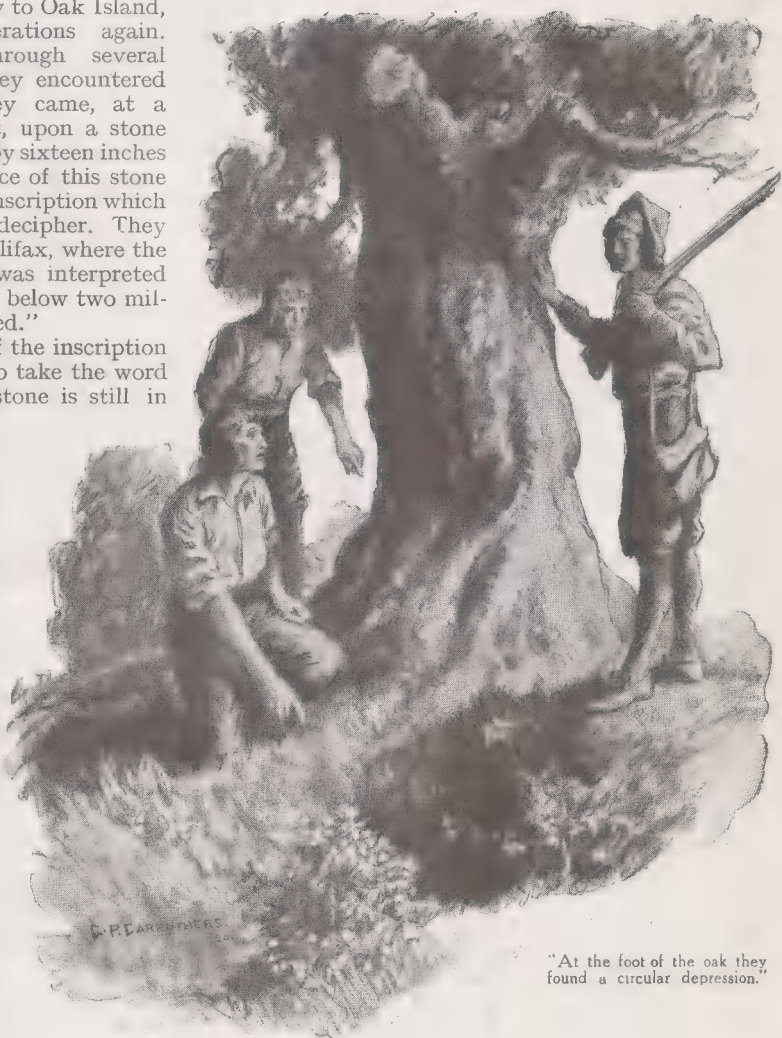
the proper machinery to Oak Island, began digging operations again. Having passed through several bulkheads, which they encountered every ten feet, they came, at a depth of ninety feet, upon a stone slab, three feet long by sixteen inches wide. Across the face of this stone was chiselled a rude inscription which they were unable to decipher. They took the stone to Halifax, where the half-effaced legend was interpreted to read : " Ten feet below two millions pounds lies buried."

For this reading of the inscription it is necessary now to take the word of tradition. The stone is still in Halifax, but for years, by the irony of fate, it has been used in a bookbinding shop for beating leather, and the chiselled words have long ago worn away.

As may be imagined, as soon as the purport of the inscription had been made plain to them, Dr. Lynds and his companions fell to their digging with redoubled energy. They went five feet deeper, but night overtook them, and they had to knock off. Five feet more, and, if the inscription proved true, they would come upon the hoard of pirate wealth ! They were up bright and early next morning, you may be sure, but when they went to the shaft, they found it, to their surprise, filled with sea-water to within twenty-five feet of the top. This was supposed to be the work of the old hobgoblin pirate who guarded the hidden riches. They made some attempt to pump out the water, but without success, and finally abandoned the enterprise.

Another attempt was made in 1849. Again the shaft was flooded when it had reached a depth of eighty-five feet, and it was decided to employ a boring machine, such as is used in prospecting for coal. Of the result of the boring, the manager of the new company wrote :—

" The platform was struck at ninety-eight feet, just as the old diggers found it. After



"At the foot of the oak they found a circular depression."

going through this platform, which was five inches thick, and proved to be of spruce, the auger dropped twelve inches, and went through four inches of oak. Then it went through twenty-two inches of metal pieces, but the auger failed to take any of it except three links resembling an ancient watch chain. It then went through eight inches of oak, which was thought to be the bottom of the first box and the top of the next ; then through twenty-two inches of metal, the same as before, then four inches of oak and six inches of spruce, then into clay seven feet without striking anything.

" In the next boring, in another part of the shaft, the platform was again struck at ninety-eight feet. Passing through this, the auger fell eighteen inches and came in contact with what was supposed to be the side of a cask. On withdrawing the auger,

several splinters of oak such as might come from the side of an oak stave, and a small quantity of brown fibrous substance, resembling the husk of a coco-nut, were brought up."

In 1850 another company was organized, which attempted without success to pump the water from the shaft. A careful investigation revealed that the old architects of this strange crypt had constructed a tunnel connecting with the sea near the ancient ring-bolt, and evidently intended to safeguard the deposit by flooding the shaft whenever the spades of future searchers should reach dangerously near the hidden gold. Before this tunnel had been blocked up the company had spent all its money, and was forced to cease operations.

Yet another company, before it "went broke" in 1896, bored to a depth of a hundred and sixty feet. One hundred and fifty-three feet down the auger struck cement seven inches thick, and another layer of oak just beneath it. Beyond was soft metal, presumably gold or silver. The drill brought up a small fragment of sheepskin parchment, on which was written in ink the syllable "vi" or "wi," and some pieces of carved wood and iron which might have been part of a sea-chest. In all the borings, seven casks full of "loose metal" have been encountered. The last attempt to get at the treasure was made in 1911, but was as unsuccessful as all the others.

There is the story, with its treasure and its mystery. Who buried the treasure is not known, and may never be known. Whether the "soft metal" and the "metal in pieces" in the seven casks is in fact money is not absolutely certain, of course, but the only logical conclusion is that it is. Definitely located in a single hole comparatively near the surface, and yet baffling man's best efforts to claim it, that pirate loot, rich perhaps beyond the dreams of avarice, remains as a golden and romantic lure to all who would venture forth on a quest for buried treasure.

It may be interesting, in this connection, to set down all that is known of Kidd's movements after his return to American waters.

Every nook and inlet on the New England coast north of Boston has its traditions of treasure buried by the pirate. These stories are especially persistent about Penobscot Bay and Georges River in Maine, not a great distance from the southern tip of Nova Scotia. The historical facts, however, would seem to give the lie to these ancient tales. Kidd's movements after his return were told in detail by several members of his crew and passengers, whom he brought home from

Madagascar, not only by deposition, but in the witness-box at his trial at the Old Bailey in London. These stories were all in accord, and there seems no reason to doubt their entire truthfulness.

Kidd burned the *Adventure Galley* at Madagascar, and sailed home in the *Quedah Merchant*, one of the prizes he captured from the Great Mogul. The treasure he took in the Indian Ocean, it has been estimated, was valued at half a million dollars. Ninety-five of his men are said to have deserted in Madagascar, and to have taken four-fifths of his loot with them, leaving Kidd with plunder valued at about a hundred thousand dollars. This part of the story, however, is not well substantiated, and it is possible Kidd sailed home with a much greater treasure.

He abandoned the *Quedah Merchant* in Hispaniola, bought the sloop *San Antonio*, and set sail for New York, where he hoped to make his peace with Lord Bellomont, governor of the colonies of New York and Massachusetts. According to his own narrative, which was corroborated by his crew and passengers, he stopped only once on his northward voyage. That was at Lewes, in Delaware Bay, where he lay ten days, and where Edward Gillam, one of the buccaneers, was put ashore with his sea-chest.

A little later, Kidd entered Long Island Sound from the east, and anchored off Turtle Bay, where he sent for his wife and James Emmons, a lawyer from New York, and these two joined him aboard his sloop in Narragansett Bay. Kidd at once dispatched Emmons to Boston to negotiate with Lord Bellomont, and then cruised to Gardiner's Island. There he sent ashore several chests of treasure and bales of goods which he left in the keeping of Lionel Gardiner, owner of the island. While lying there, three sloops from New York visited him, and took aboard a large part of his cargo. All these goods are said to have been consigned to "Whisking" Clarke, of Setauket, and to have been landed at Stamford, Connecticut.

Then Kidd hovered about Block Island for a while, and, receiving a letter from Bellomont, sailed around Cape Cod to Boston. He remained ashore for a week unmolested, and then Bellomont clapped him into jail. It seems safe to assume that all the goods entrusted by Kidd to Lionel Gardiner, a substantial citizen of excellent reputation, were recovered by Bellomont. The goods taken away by the three sloops are supposed to have been seized in a Stamford warehouse when "Whisking" Clarke was arrested. This plunder, with that found aboard Kidd's own ship in Boston harbour, was valued by Bellomont at about seventy thousand dollars.

There will, of course, always remain a



"They came upon a stone slab. Across the face was chiselled a rude inscription."

question as to whether Bellomont's tireless search succeeded in recovering all the treasure which Kidd put ashore or transferred to other vessels during his stay in Long Island Sound. It will always be doubtful, moreover, whether Kidd did not bury much of his plunder secretly by night. There is, in fact, good reason to believe that he did. Robert Livingstone, one of Kidd's friends and backers, said, in a deposition:—

"And Kidd did acknowledge to me that ye gold aforementioned was hid upon Gardiner's Island which nobody could find but himself."

Kidd further told Livingstone that this gold was of "fifty pound weight," and that in the same chest with it were "three or four hundred pieces-of-eight and some pieces of plate."

While Kidd used the word "hid" rather than "buried," here is sound basis for the traditions so rife in after-years. But there is nothing in the record to indicate that during his cruise in home waters he ever touched on the New England coast north of

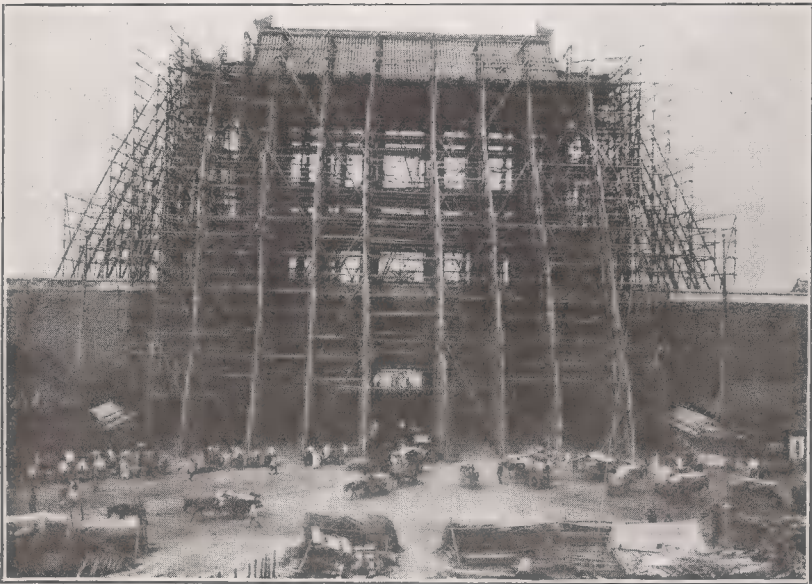
Boston, or sighted even distantly the shores of Nova Scotia. So, on the facts, down falls the theory held by the Mahone Bay people that Kidd buried the mysterious treasure of Oak Island.

Kidd was sent to England from Boston, and he and nine of his crew were tried for piracy on the high seas. Three were acquitted, but Kidd and six others were convicted. The records of the trial have been preserved, including Kidd's own thrillingly interesting story of his voyage. With some of the ablest lawyers in England arrayed against him, and fighting a hopeless battle for his life, Kidd throughout the trial was an impressive, if not a noble, figure, dignified and full of calm courage.

"My lords," said the old sea-rover, when the verdict was announced, "it is a very hard judgment. For my part, I am the most innocent person of them all."

The seven convicted men met their fate at Execution Dock. Their dead bodies, after the manner of the times in dealing with pirates, hung in chains for months on gibbets erected beside the Thames near Tilbury.

A WONDERFUL PIECE OF SCAFFOLDING.



THE above photograph shows the wonderful scaffolding erected in the rebuilding of the great Ch'ien Men Gate, Peking, China, after its destruction by the Allied forces in 1900. The curious thing about this gigantic structure is the entire absence of nails in its construction; no metal of any description was used. The timbers, large and small, were entirely of bamboo, lashed together with bamboo splints which had been soaked in water to make them pliable. The structure

was about one hundred and sixty feet high, and stretched out on both sides of the wall like a gigantic fan. This is the principal gate through the Tartar Wall, leading from the Tartar city to the Chinese city, and more business passes through it than any other gate in the city—hence its name, "Money Gate." In the foreground of the picture can be seen a great number of the celebrated Peking carts and rickshaws.

After Big Game in East Africa

by *F. A. M. WEBSTER*

Illustrated by Ernest Prater

The ambition of all sportsmen is to shoot big game, and hundreds of demobilized officers and others are wondering how this desire can best be realized. In the following narrative the Author gives some valuable hints as to the fitting out of expeditions, cost, and the game available. He speaks from practical experience, as he has hunted all over East Africa. He served in the German East African campaign, and describes the conditions as they exist to-day, while his own adventures make thrilling reading.



If your luck takes you east of Suez, and in the course of your wanderings you come to the palm-fringed, coral-bound, tropical coast-line which runs from Port Amelia to Kismu, in British East Africa, you may land at pretty well any port of call you fancy and begin big-game hunting within a comparatively short time of setting your foot on shore.

If you have a desire to travel in comfort and to do your shooting within fairly easy reach of a civilized town, you will take a boat from England to Mombasa and travel by train up to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa. Once you have arrived here Mr. Dawson, or Newland and Tarlton, will tell you where game is to be found and will fit out a "safari" for you very quickly, and you will be off "into the blue" and shooting big game before you have well realized that you have arrived in the country.

If, on the other hand, you desire to make the acquaintance of

the unknown and unknowable wild, and are not afraid to penetrate the dim, mysterious, well-nigh impenetrable fastness of the bush, where frequently your porters will have to hack every foot of the path with their pangas, or big knives, then you will land at Tanga, where, incidentally, one of the greatest battles of the German East African Campaign was fought, and go by train to Mospi. I believe Dawson, the hunter, has an agency there under the charge of Captain Miller, so there should be no difficulty in fitting out a safari.

In either case, my advice to the would-be hunter going out to East Africa for the first time is to get into touch with Dawson, or Newland and Tarlton, at Nairobi, directly such a journey is contemplated and obtain an estimate for the

trip. Roughly speaking, the cost exclusive of passage out from England and purchase of rifles and ammunition, should work out at about a hundred pounds per head per month, so that a hunting party of half-a-dozen sportsmen would cost, roughly, six hundred pounds



Lieut.-Colonel S. N. Faulkner, with a rhinoceros shot near Meru, on the foothills of Mount Kenya. The front horn measured thirty-one and a half inches and the back one twenty-four inches.

a month; but sportsmen going out singly might have to spend a bit more, and there would be, of course, the purchase of licences in addition to be considered.

So far as the safari itself is concerned: working on the basis of a party of six, it would be necessary to pick up the following personnel in East Africa. One white hunter, two white assistants, a hundred native porters (termed "Wapagazi"), and six native hunters.

As I have said, such a safari would cost about six hundred pounds a month for a party of six, but that price should include the curing and setting up of trophies obtained during the expedition.

While on this point of fitting out an expedition, one cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of taking experienced and fearless hunters into one's employ. Big-game hunting is a tricky business in any case, but the sport becomes doubly dangerous when undertaken in such a country as East Africa. In the first place, the animals one meets are naturally savage, while one frequently comes upon game unexpectedly at a few yards distance. Then the bush itself is so dense that any but the most experienced frontiersman will irretrievably lose himself within a very short time of entering those dim and silent strongholds of Nature. Again, a white man going out from England for the first time can hardly hope to master the Swahili language by studying a textbook on the voyage out, and is, therefore, likely to get into trouble with the natives unless he has with him a fellow white man who knows the people and speaks their tongue. Nor will one's personal native servants hesitate to impose upon a "Bwana" (master) whom they recognize as a "greenhorn."

If, however, one speaks the language and knows the country there is a great deal of pleasure to be got out of fitting up your own caravan. Good personal "boys" can be found in plenty at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanga, or Mobasa, at fifteen to twenty rupees a month, and, now that the

war is over, caravan-porters and native hunters should be both plentiful and cheap at Mospi and Nairobi. It is hardly necessary, I suppose, to remind the "old hand" that he should make sure that the food he buys is suitable to the tribesmen he employs, otherwise he will find

himself up country with a caravan of sick men who will starve rather than eat the kind of "posho" he has provided for them.

The purchase of camp kit and one's own food-stuffs are matters for deep and careful consideration, for upon them depend not only one's personal comfort but, in a very large measure, one's health as well. The matter of the selection of guns I will leave alone—except

to say that, personally, I would never be without a .318 Express rifle.

As regards camp kit: a good sleeping-bag and plenty of blankets are necessary, for the nights are bitterly cold in some parts of Africa. One needs a good light X-pattern bed and a cork

mattress. On no account sleep on the ground; "jigger" fleas, which are plentiful, become positively dangerous if they effect a lodgment in the spine. A small folding-table, a portable chair, a collapsible bath, a double safari tent, and a mosquito net are needed. Clothing should be light, and plenty should be taken so that sweat-soaked garments can be changed at the end of the day's march. Personally I have found short knickers, puttees, and a short-sleeved bush-blouse (half tunic and half shirt) the most comfortable. And, of course, good strong boots.

Many firms supply a "Sufuria," containing within a large bucket all the plates, knives, forks, spoons, kettles, pans, and cooking pots one is likely to require. Food should be the best obtainable

and plenty of it, for one must live well to keep well in a tropical, malarious country.

Finally, everything possible should be packed up into wooden "chop-boxes," so that each, when packed, weighs fifty pounds, for that is a porter's load, which he will carry on his head for



The Author with his personal "boy," cook, and native hunter.



The ideal costume for big-game shooting in East Africa.

twenty or thirty miles a day, or more, if put to it. If there is any scarcity of male labour it will be found that the native women make excellent substitutes, and can go as fast and almost as far as the men.

The master who is a good shot will find that he gets the best service, for the East African native is a great eater and a lover of fat meats, such as the flesh of the eland, antelope, or the hippopotamus; indeed, he will eat until he is positively ill and his stomach painfully distended if he is allowed to do so, in which case he will be unfit to travel next day.

Around Nairobi game is still very plentiful despite the rapid advance of civilization in that locality, a state of things largely due to the fact that game is strictly preserved on that part of the Athi Plains which lies between the Uganda Railway and the Mbagathi Road, and woe betide the luckless individual who infringes the game laws, for Somali keepers will spring up from the very ground at his feet and will dog his footsteps until they have established his identity

To me the delight of big-game hunting in East Africa has always lain in the uncertainty of it, no less than in the primitive conditions under which life is lived.

For the first few days after setting out you have to keep a close eye upon your porters, otherwise at the end of the day's march you will discover that a number have thrown their loads into the bush and have made off home. However, if you keep them well in hand for the first few days and kill sufficient game for them to have a really good gorge there is not likely to be any desertions afterwards.

All sorts of queer things may happen on the line of march. You may notice each man carefully pick up his feet as he passes a certain spot on the path, gesticulating and exclaiming as he does so: "Eh! Sifu!" This will mean that a column of biting ants is crossing your trail, and it behoves you also to pick up your feet carefully, for as a friend of mine once remarked: "Once disturb a column of ants and they will swarm all over you; then the leader



Porters on the march.

and finally haled him before Captain Percival, the Chief Game Warden, to be dealt with and fined.

Six or seven years ago a good head of Impala buck could always be counted upon within five miles of Nairobi, while lion, leopard, rhinoceros, and buffalo were still plentiful on the slopes of the Ngong Hills which overshadow the capital.

During these last four and a half years, however, huge standing camps have been pitched at Mbagathi and manœuvring troops have swarmed all over the countryside, with the result that all the game have gradually become more shy and more difficult to stalk, while the wilder and rarer species have been driven farther afield and are rarely seen.

The only buffalo to be found in the Kikuyu country to-day are the herd preserved by Sir Northrop Macmillan on his estate at Ol Donyo Sapuck. Rhinoceros, too, are but rarely seen; lions, however, still come down to the Athi River, within five miles of Nairobi, fairly frequently; indeed, five of these beasts were shot in that locality by Mr. Tarlton as recently as Christmas, 1918.

will stand on your head and clap his hands, whereat his thousands of followers will all bite you simultaneously."

On one occasion a friend of mine was leading his safari along a path through high grass when, without rhyme, reason, or warning, a big rhinoceros charged straight through the column and finished off a couple of luckless porters. My friend immediately halted his caravan and followed the rhino's track into the bush. After a while he sighted the animal and, firing at once, wounded him. He heard the crashing of a heavy body through broken branches and a few minutes later the wild shouts of alarm from the natives he had left on the path. Going hastily back he found the rhinoceros had worked round in a circle and had again charged through the column, but without doing any material damage this time, although porters' loads lay scattered in every direction. While the hunter was standing there wondering what he had better do, the animal made his third appearance and immediately charged again, but this time he was in the open. On he came like an

express train, with head up and the big horn on his nose covering the vital spot, but at twenty yards he dropped his head—as is the custom of the beast—and at once exposed the vulnerable part of his back. Luckily my friend was an experienced shot and a very cool hand, so he took his time even at that close range and dropped the rhino in his tracks; but so great was the speed at which it was travelling that it finally came to ground literally at the hunter's feet.

Up early in the morning, one makes a fifteen or twenty-mile march before the sun has gained the full strength of his power, and thereafter camps in the shade for the rest of the day. Perhaps the best meal of all is made from the heart or liver of a freshly-killed buck which is cooked before the warmth of life has died out of it. Nor do I know anything more delightful than to sit at the door of one's tent on an evening of brilliant moonlight and watch the porters and hunters squatted upon their haunches around the camp-fire of blazing logs, listening to the quaint native songs which they sing softly.

Once when in such a camp I was awakened very early by my personal boy with the news that a big rhinoceros was in a river-bed in the bush not half a mile away. In a very few minutes I had slipped into my clothes, grasped my rifle, and was off after the game.

The bush was very dense and the going extremely difficult. So thick was the undergrowth that one was moving continually in a dim mysterious twilight—grey-green lichens grew on all the tree-trunks, great festoons of livid, clammy creeper hung down from the branches overhead, and there were roots in plenty to trip the feet of the unwary. Over one such root I tripped and went down heavily just as we were nearing the river. There was a crash ahead, a grunt, and I saw a greyish-dirty hide disappearing through the scrub not twenty yards ahead. There was no time for a shot, but it was a good chance lost through an unavoidable accident.

All that day we tracked and followed, but never caught a sight of our quarry. Once I heard a sound like wood being sawn, and knew that there was a leopard not very far away, but he eluded us. On our return we ran right into a tribe of baboons and my companion threw up his

rifle to fire. Luckily I was just in time to prevent his doing so, for there were fully forty of them, and they would have torn us limb from limb had he wounded or killed one of their number. Long after they had passed we heard them barking as they made their way along the rocky valley. My companion was much incensed at having been prevented from firing, saying he particularly wanted a baboon skin to make into a tobacco pouch. As I pointed out to him, it would be cheaper to buy a pouch when he reached a town, and that any way I had yet to learn that dead men had any particular use for tobacco.

Our day was not destined to prove entirely fruitless, however. Darkness had almost closed in by the time we reached the edge of the bush, and then, against the skyline, we could just make out a magnificent Impala buck feeding. What little wind there was blew directly from the antelope towards us, so we were able to crawl to within easy range before risking a shot. The nearer we approached the creature the more clearly was I able to discern the fine proportions of the horns I coveted. As luck would have it, and by the laws of the chase, it was my turn to fire first. No one who has not shot big game can possibly realize the anxiety with which I dwelt upon my aim, nor the care I took to make every due allowance for the rapidly fading light. At last I was satisfied; held my breath, and pressed the trigger. I heard the thud of the bullet and saw the big buck go crashing down, kicking and struggling.

While I reloaded my rifle, my native boy, a Wakamba, dashed forward and quickly dispatched the animal with his hunting-knife. When we came to take the head I found that it was a trophy to be proud of. Indeed, it is one which I have at home now and often look upon with pleasurable recollections.

Very shortly after this I saw what I shall always consider to be a most remarkable shot. Mr. Le Mare, of the 4th K.A.R., was spending

a week-end at my camp, and towards evening we had gone out to try and get a buck for Sunday's breakfast. Knowing the locality well we had no difficulty in going straight to a spot where buck were usually plentiful. And there, sure enough, we found a small herd of Thompson's gazelles feeding.



Temporary hut erected by the Kikuyu for the accommodation of a shooting party.



"On he came like an express train."

The herd comprised two bucks and five does. They were, however, a long way off, across a valley, and without any chance of getting nearer without disturbing them, so it was decided to risk a long shot. We tossed for first shot and I lay down to fire but missed, and the herd was away in every direction in a moment.

We were, however, determined to have fresh meat for breakfast, and so followed the herd up on to the high ground whither they had gone. I took the right of the plateau and Le Mare the

left. Having walked some distance without finding anything, I stopped and looked over towards my companion. To my surprise I saw him running as hard as he could go. Suddenly he stopped and from a standing position let drive with the ordinary .303 service rifle he was carrying. As soon as he had reloaded, he commenced to run forward again. I dashed forward on a converging path to see what he had bagged. Imagine my surprise when I found he had dropped a "Tommy" at fully

four hundred yards range, running directly away from him.

The extraordinary nature of the shot will be realized when it is remembered that the hunter fired standing and when out of breath, that dusk was falling, and that he fired at a rapidly-moving target travelling directly away from him. The bullet was found to have entered directly under the tail, traversing the whole length of the body, and making its exit through the breast.

Very few sportsmen carry a revolver, in addition to hunting-knife and rifle, when they are out after big game. Personally, I would never be without one, especially after an experience I once had with a wild pig in the bush.

Two of us had started out before daylight for a promiscuous hunt through the bush, prepared to take our chance with any game luck might send across our path. We were pretty sure of buck in any case, as their custom is to feed on the high land at the edge of the forest at night and to return to the open plains soon after dawn. Light was flooding fast across the purple sky as we emerged from a thin belt of scrub on to an open plateau. We at once spotted a herd of buck some distance away on the other side of the clearing. Sinking down to stalk them we crept forward on our hands and knees to some bushes farther on, and so stage by stage we drew nearer until we were well within range. We each selected a bull and calmly prepared to fire. The butts of our rifles were to our shoulders, our cheeks cuddled down to the stocks, and our eyes glancing over the sights; but before either of us could press the trigger a lioness bounded out of the forest and made straight for the herd. There was a chorus of frightened snorts and the next instant buck and lioness had vanished into the thick undergrowth.

Needless to say, we followed as quickly as possible in the hope that we should find the lioness at her "kill," and so be able to add her skin to our trophies; but search as we would neither we nor my native hunter—a very clever fellow named Kapamballa—could find a trace of her tracks upon the rocky ground over which she had passed.

We determined to advance farther in the hope of striking her trail once more. Crossing the stones we entered upon a path so narrow that only one could proceed along it at a time. On either side grew bush so thick that it would be impossible to force one's way through it. Along this path we trudged for perhaps two hundred yards, my friend leading, I following close behind him, and Kapamballa, our native boy, bringing up the rear. Presently I felt my left boot loose about the ankle, and looking down discovered that the lace had broken. Handing my rifle to Kapamballa, I knelt down to mend the lace. Meanwhile my comrade pushed on alone, saying he would wait for me in a clearing just ahead.

He had hardly passed from my sight when I heard his rifle ring out followed by a squeal. Leaping to my feet I prepared to rush forward, when I caught sight of a wild pig with eyes fairly blazing and blood spurting from his flank charging down upon me at full speed. There was no time to turn and take my rifle from Kapamballa; no opportunity for him to fire, for I was in front of him and fairly blocking up the path; nor could I fling myself to one side and thus avoid the charge, the bush being too thick for that. I had a momentary terrified vision of little beady eyes, foaming jaws, great tusks, and upstanding bristles. At the same instant I drew my .450 Colt revolver and let drive. Luckily at such short range the bullet



Making camp at the end of a long day's march.



"I drew my Colt revolver and let drive."

was heavy enough to drop the brute in his tracks about three yards from my feet, but I gave him another for luck, and "just to make sure," as he lay kicking and struggling on the ground.

There was a good head and some fine tusks to be taken back to camp after the little adventure, but I cannot help admitting I have often thought since that I was extremely lucky not to have felt the sharpness of those same tusks in my leg.

By the laws of hunting, which says "first blood hunter's meat," the head was the property of my friend who had fired first and wounded the pig, but he was good enough to give it to me as a memento of an eventful morning.

Talking of queer happenings on early morning shooting expeditions reminds me of an incident that occurred to Lieutenant-Colonel Faulkner

when out after guinea-fowl at Athi Stones, a station on the Uganda Railway, a little way down the line from Nairobi. As lions, leopards, and big buck are often met with in that neighbourhood, Faulkner gave his boy, Martini, his .318 Express rifle to carry, while he himself took a double-barrelled shot-gun, his primary intention being to collect guinea-fowl.

Now in that place the stones are really curious, some of them being as much as a hundred yards across with flat but very uneven surfaces. Crossing one of these stones, bare-footed, Martini lagged some considerable distance behind his master, so that he was well out of reach when Faulkner spotted a nebulous shape sneaking away across the far end of the rock. Remember, it was early morning, when animals seen even at a short distance are hard to identify.

Faulkner, thinking the shape to be that of



A fine buck killed by the Author.

a hyena, let drive with the shot-gun to "accelerate" the brute's progress. Instantly there was a shattering roar, and a huge form, larger than that of any hyena ever seen, bounded high into the air. The next moment Martini came rushing up, shouting: "Be careful, Master! It is a lion!" Whether the dose of small shot the big cat had received in his stern determined him to retire, or whether the wild shouts of the boy frightened him off, I do not know; but I do not think it is every big-game hunter who can say that he has, for fun, "peppered" the King of Beasts.

While on the subject of lions, there is one interesting point upon which most big-game hunters are now agreed. It is that the lion himself very rarely makes his own "kill"; there are many well-authenticated instances of lions feeding off carcasses in the last stages of putrefaction, and I have known them carry off dead ox-meat and buck from my own kitchen.

Generally speaking, the lion will only do the killing himself when it is necessary for him to get away with the meat directly the beast has been slain. He will spring, for example, over the thorn fence into the cattle boma or mule lines, make his "kill," and spring out again with his victim before anyone has time to attack him. The method of hunting which lions infinitely prefer is the following: When game has been located the lioness chooses a concealed spot where she crouches and lies in wait for the animals which her lord and master will drive towards her. Meanwhile the lion goes "up-wind" of the game so that his scent will be carried down to where they are feeding. Needless to add, the moment lion is "winded," the animals are off "down-wind" as fast as

their legs will carry them. When the herd in wild panic sweeps past the spot where the lioness lies concealed she springs instantly out and, alighting upon the back of some hapless beast, makes the "kill" for herself and her partner.

It must be clearly understood that the foregoing is not a definite statement of fact, but is advanced as the opinion of several well-known hunters with whom I have been associated.

Finally, in speaking of big-game hunting in East Africa, it may be said that a keen sportsman can kill pretty nearly any species of game he hankers after in that land. In the Kikuyu country around Nairobi may be found lion, leopard, rhinoceros, giraffe, and eland, although all the former are more or less rare in that neighbourhood nowadays. Impala buck, Grant's gazelle, Reed

buck, and Bush buck are still fairly plentiful, while the plains are simply alive with wilde beeste, hartebeeste, zebra, and Thompson's gazelle. Up on the borders of the Conquered Territory all sorts of game abound. In Lake Victoria there are many hippopotami, and on the slopes of Kilimanjaro the natives told me that the snow-leopard might still be found.

In Uganda still rarer species of antelope are to be found, and here, too, the hunter is right in the elephant country and will have more than a fair chance of wild buffalo, too, which, incidentally, is the most dangerous beast of any that the sportsman may be called upon to tackle.



Martini, with the guinea-fowl shot by Lt.-Col. Faulkner after he "peppered" the lion by mistake.

Queer Fixes

A TWO-DAYS' BATTLE WITH A BABOON.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

ILLUSTRATED BY G. SOPER.

How a big baboon escaped from its cage on board ship, and for two days fought a single-handed battle against the crew.



IN 1906 a naturalist named Windhorn was bringing to England a large male Sphinx baboon, one of the biggest of the species. It was the first of the kind he had ever had, although they are common in menageries, being said to bear confinement well. Like all of the genus, they are tolerably tractable, good-tempered, and playful when young, but as they become older they turn morose, fierce, distrustful and malicious.

Mr. Windhorn took passage on the steamship *Comrie Castle*, from Cape Town for Plymouth, and the baboon, in its cage, was placed in an easily accessible part of the hold, where it was daily visited and fed by Mr. Windhorn and its keeper. All went well until the steamer was about a week out of Cape Town, and then in some way the animal managed to escape from its cage.

Mr. Windhorn was in the smoking-room when the keeper rushed in greatly alarmed.

"Mr. Windhorn, sir," he cried, "the baboon has broken out of its cage and is running about the hold!"

The naturalist promptly hurried with the man to the hold, and found the boatswain and several sailors guarding the companion-way to prevent the brute getting on deck. Mr. Windhorn, looking into the hold, saw the baboon sitting crouched up in a corner on a pile of cargo. It gazed at the intruders with every sign of suspicion and savage hatred, displaying its great canine teeth in an incessant snarl which boded ill for anyone who approached it.

"Let no one go near him," said Mr. Windhorn. "A look or a movement is sufficient to throw these beasts into ungovernable transports of rage. Have you fed him yet?" he asked the keeper.

"No, sir; I was just going to when I discovered he was out of his cage."

"Bring netting and ropes, boatswain, and we'll offer it food and try to snare it," said the naturalist.

The netting and ropes were brought by the sailors, and then the keeper, bearing a wooden tray of raw meat, advanced into the hold, accompanied by Mr. Windhorn, who trailed behind him a length of netting. The boatswain and the other sailors kept back, so as not to alarm the animal, but held themselves ready, with more netting and ropes, to rush forward and help when required. In their wild state baboons live on bulbous roots, fruits, berries, and grain, as well as scorpions, insects, and reptiles; for they are, to a certain extent, carnivorous, and in domestication relish cooked and uncooked meat. As the keeper held out the tray of food the Sphinx, being hungry, came scrambling down from its entrenchment on the top of the cargo and slowly and suspiciously approached the two men.

While the keeper continued to coax the animal forward, Mr. Windhorn warily edged round so as to get to closer quarters with it. When he deemed that he was sufficiently near he sprang smartly forward and tried to cast his net over its head. The net, however, did not envelop the baboon's muzzle, and with a quick jerk of the head the animal threw the net off, but not before Mr. Windhorn had grabbed hold of it by the hair on the back of its neck.

With a furious snarl the creature twisted its head to shake him off, and in so doing dragged him off his feet. He fell across the brute's back, and tried to seize it by the throat, but it evaded his clutch and savagely fastened its teeth in one of his legs.

Nerved by the dreadful agony of the bite, the naturalist grabbed the baboon by the muzzle and by sheer strength forced open its jaws and freed his leg. But the animal, now in a perfect frenzy of rage, promptly seized his right hand in its mouth.

Happily for Mr. Windhorn, the keeper and the sailors had sprung at once to his succour, and the maddened creature, realizing its danger, released the naturalist's hand and scrambled swiftly away. The keeper tried to seize it as it



"It savagely fastened its teeth in one of his legs."

went, but it bit him in the leg; and then, as one of the sailors cast a net in the hope of snaring it, it leaped clear with a bound that carried it fifteen feet away. Up on to the cargo it scrambled, and across it, with a speed that made pursuit impossible.

Mr. Windhorn's hand, it was found, had been very severely mauled by the creature's bite—more seriously, indeed, than his leg—and he had to have his injuries attended to by the ship's surgeon. The keeper, also, was badly bitten and had to have his injury dressed.

More of the crew were sent for, and over a dozen men tried to corner the baboon with ropes

and nets, but its astonishing feats of agility completely baffled them. Whenever the net was thrown it would give a mighty jump of from fourteen to sixteen feet; and across the top of the cargo the seamen could not move fast enough to hem it in anywhere.

The boatswain was the next man to be bitten. He found himself quite close to the baboon after one of its tremendous leaps, and tried to rush it, but it turned on him and bit him in the leg, forcing him to release his grip.

Mr. Windhorn had no desire to have the baboon shot, and after repeated ineffectual attempts had been made by the seamen to secure it and it

had been at liberty in the hold for a dozen hours, it was decided to try to drug the beast. Half a bottle of whisky was accordingly poured into a pannikin and placed in the hold, which was then vacated by the men and the entrance secured.

After a reasonable lapse of time the hold was again entered and the pannikin was found empty, drained to the last drop. The baboon was crouching in a corner—still very wide awake, as it soon proved.

Again the sailors advanced upon it with netting and ropes, but once more they were treated to amazing feats of agility, and could not contrive to secure it. The whisky the baboon had drunk had apparently had no effect whatever upon it, except perhaps to excite its brain to still greater fury and give it additional strength. Uttering deep snarls and cries, it bounded about and scrambled away from its pursuers without any sign whatever of intoxication.

Once more it was left for a time to its own devices, and then the pannikin was refilled with lemonade, to which, at the suggestion of the ship's doctor, opium was added.

"There's enough opium there to kill ten men," said he, when the dose was prepared.

Once more the pannikin was drained to the last drop by the baboon, but, strange to relate, it was as active as ever when the hold was again visited; the drug seemed to have had absolutely no effect.

At their wits' ends now how to deal with the brute, the seamen fastened the hatch once more

and the baboon was left undisturbed throughout that night and the whole of the next day, in the hope that hunger would subdue it.

At the end of the second day the hatch was opened, but an iron grating was put across the companion-way to prevent the egress of the animal. No one relished the idea of the great brute escaping from the hold to the deck and being chased all over the ship.

A tray of food was then placed close up against the grating and some of the seamen concealed themselves behind screens on either side. After some patient waiting by the men in ambush, and coaxing by the keeper, the baboon came out into the companion-way and approached the grating, the keeper retreating up the stairs as it came forward, so as to encourage it and lull its suspicions.

The ruse was successful. Presently the baboon stretched its arm through the grating and seized the meat, but a piece with a large bone in it had been purposely chosen, and the animal found itself unable to draw the food through the grating. Before it had time to drop the meat the men in hiding grabbed its arm, holding the brute helpless, with the grating between it and them.

Ropes were then passed through the grating and over its head, and it was securely tied up and conveyed to its cage. Mr. Windhorn congratulated himself on its safe recovery, but four days later it died—its owner believed from a broken heart.

A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN.

By "WAYFARER."

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY L. WOOD.

The traveller who puts up at dak-bungalows in India sometimes meets very strange people, as this exciting little story shows.



CATTERED up and down the length and breadth of India, in every town and village, are dak-bungalows—little rest-houses where the traveller may bid his tonga-driver draw up and be free of the heat and dust of the long road.

If the secret history of these dak-bungalows could be assembled, it would, I am sure, form the greatest book of adventure and mystery ever written.

In April, 1918, I travelled up by the 3.19 train from Victoria Terminus, Bombay, to Muttra, on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, to transact certain business before going to Delhi. By dint of much ingenuity, my bearer, Hiro Lal, had secured for me an empty compartment, which I managed to retain until we reached Jhansi some time after ten o'clock the next morning. As the train was running very late, we did not get the

customary twenty minutes' stop at the Junction, but practically went straight on. I was away in the restaurant-car having breakfast at the time, and was therefore none too pleased on returning to my carriage to find it littered up from end to end with luggage, and a stout little Irishman stretched at full length upon the seat I had reserved for my own use.

"Halloa!" he said. "Sorry my kit is all over the place, but there wasn't much time, and the bearer will come and put it right at the next stop. What about a drink?"

"No, thanks," I replied, "I've only just had brekker. Anyway, it's over early to start on whisky," I added, as he fished a full bottle from his valise.

"You're wrong," he told me; "it's never too early nor too late to drink in this infernal country."

I said no more for a time, for I realized that

he was the type of white man who commences drinking early and finishes late, and is therefore most unsuited to work in the East.

When we pulled up at Morena about mid-morning I suggested hot tea, as he had already consumed numerous "burra" pegs; his face was congested, and I did not at all like the look of the swollen veins of his short, thick neck, which led me to believe that I should have a case of heat apoplexy to deal with before very long. But he would have none of it.

At Dholpur we changed into the restaurant for tiffin, with which he consumed yet more whisky, and thereafter slept through the afternoon, breathing stertorously. He awoke with shaky hands and bloodshot eyes in time for tea, which Hiro Lal brought to the carriage, and then devoted himself seriously to the business of whisky consumption.

We were due at Muttra at 3.54 p.m., but did not arrive until 8.15 p.m., by which time my companion, X—, was "well away." Now, it is a tenet of service in the East that no white man ever leaves another to face trouble alone, no matter how well he may have merited such treatment, and in this case I could see big trouble coming to X— if he was left alone to the ministrations of natives in a dak-bungalow. I must admit, however, that I cast a longing eye at the station building as we went through into the yard to charter conveyances.

There were neither gharries nor tongas available, so we had to be content with three ekkas, one for each of us and one for the bearers and the luggage. An ekka is nothing short of a contrivance of the devil. If you can imagine a small soap-box perched upon the axle between two high wheels, with a canopy overhead and curtains all round, but no springs, you have a pretty fair idea of the vehicle. The driver sits on a three-inch-wide footboard in front, with a heel resting on each shaft on either side of the pony, which he drives furiously.

On inquiring I learned that the dak-bungalow was fully two miles away, so that, even under ordinary conditions, I should not have looked forward with any degree of pleasure to the drive ahead. As I superintended the loading up of the luggage I observed X— whispering to his boy, who was laughing immoderately, but of this I thought nothing at the time, but I was soon to realize the reason.

No sooner had I taken my seat tailor-fashion upon that infernal box than all three ekkas tore out of the station yard at racing speed, the ponies urged on with whip and wild yells from X— and the drivers. In vain I shouted; my driver only beat his pony the more. The road was decidedly narrow, and the vehicles rocked perilously from side to side, passing and re-passing as first one gained the advantage and then another. It was a race with a vengeance, for X— had promised five rupees to the driver who should reach the dak-bungalow first. I

discovered this when we reached our destination, and it fell to my lot to pay the fares, whilst X— went inside to arrange for a meal, which proved of the usual unpalatable variety.

After supper we took our chairs—and, incidentally, X—'s whisky bottle—with us on to the back veranda, which overlooked a rubbish heap. The stillness of the night was only intensified by the almost unbearable chirruping of the cicadas and the monotonous wailing of an infant from a native hut hard by.

X— drank steadily until he had reached the maudlin stage, when he wept copiously, and told me his family history in great detail. Next he went on to describe eerie and gruesome happenings which had come to his notice. About an hour of this sort of thing set my nerves thoroughly on edge, and then, without any warning, a cobra crept out of the wall and slid away over the edge of the veranda.

Shortly afterwards a dark form was seen prowling around the rubbish heap. Judging from its size X— believed it to be a tiger, and, before I could stop him, whipped out a revolver and let fly all six shots as quickly as he could pull the trigger. In point of fact it proved to be nothing more dangerous than a donkey, but I did not at all like the methodical manner in which my companion reloaded his weapon before slipping it back into his pocket, any more than I liked the way in which he placed it under his pillow, with the muzzle pointed straight at my inoffensive head, when we retired for the night.

Our sleeping-place was the usual large room with a couple of string-strung beds placed side by side. Two long door-windows opened on to the veranda in front of us; the bath-room, to the right, was shut off by a curtain, and behind my bed was the door into the common living room.

Our valises were laid out ready, undressing was only a matter of a few moments, and then I put the light out and fell asleep, to the sound of steady gurgling as whisky passed from X—'s glass down his throat.

After what may have been an hour or less I was suddenly awakened by my name being called. X— was sitting straight up on his bed, with the revolver in his hand, pointed in my direction.

"See," he said, in a quiet voice, "the cobra has come back, and is on the foot of your bed. Keep still while I shoot him."

One hasty glance was sufficient to assure me that the reptile existed only in my companion's distorted imagination, and an instantaneous leap took me clear of the real danger just as the revolver spat flame and a bullet chipped the foot of my bed.

"Got him!" said X—, and immediately rolled over and went to sleep again, with the revolver under his pillow. I waited twenty minutes before stealing to his side on tip-toe; then, being quite sure he was sound asleep, I



"The madman's fingers were choking me slowly but surely."

slipped the weapon into my hand, extracted the cartridges, and slid it back.

Again I slept, but only to be reawakened to find X—— sitting bolt upright, his eyes staring horribly, and the sweat streaming down his face. Scream upon scream came from his open mouth as he pointed with trembling fingers to the corner above the entrance to the bath-room. I jumped out of bed and flung a steadying arm around his quaking shoulders, while I talked to him and soothed him as best I could. After awhile the screams died down to incoherent mutterings.

"What is it?" I asked him. "What is it?"

"Look!" said he; "don't you see the head of John the Baptist?"

It was no use my assuring him that what he was pointing at was the bath-room curtain, for he would not believe it. However, I got to my medicine-chest and mixed him a strong sedative in the hope that I might be allowed to pass the rest of the night undisturbed. But I did not know my man. These two attempts were only preliminary canthers, and he was not to get really seriously to work until just before daylight.

Many potations must have emptied the bottle with which he had started the evening, and I fancy he must have awakened, in need of a drink, to find that supplies had run out. The manner of my own third awakening was much more dramatic.

As far as one can remember such confused sensations, I recall a weight suddenly falling across my body and red-hot fingers closing upon my throat. Then a voice shouted, "Curse you, you black devil! You've stolen the whisky again, and I'll kill you for it!"

In vain I tried to shout for Hiro Lal. Those stark fingers burning into my neck strangled speech. X——'s knees upon my biceps prevented the use of my arms, nor could I use my legs, for his heavy bulk held me down. Nevertheless, I strained, struggled, and wriggled with all my might, but I knew it could not last long; the madman's fingers were choking me slowly but surely. Already the blood drummed in my ears with the noise of a cataract, and his eyes blazed down into mine with the pitiless power of twin tropical suns.

Then, just when I was at my last gasp, luck did me a good turn. Our combined weight and the strain of our struggling snapped the string of the bedstead, and we suddenly crashed through the frame-work on to the floor below.

I shall never forget the revivifying power of the first deep breath I drew down into my lungs, nor the feverish energy with which I kicked myself free of X——'s clinging limbs. We rolled from under the bed, and I tried to regain my feet, but he was on to me again in a moment. This time I was ready for him, and my thumb went home into the socket of his eye, so that he flung himself free yelling with pain. Even so he

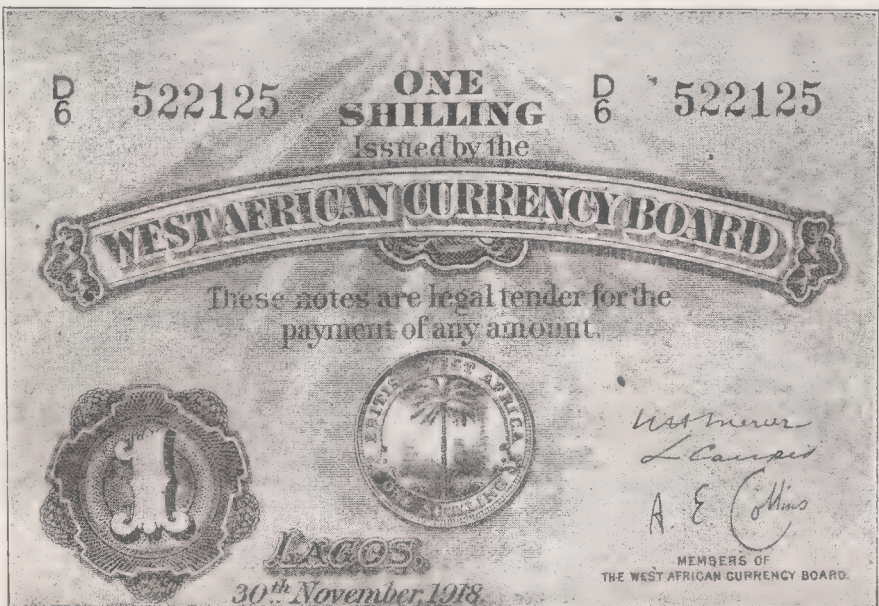
had not had enough, and came for me with a rush, but I was on my feet now, and the boxer's business is not altogether unknown to me. It was, therefore, not difficult to avoid the fury of his blind rush, but I always think with a good deal of satisfaction of the nice clean "smack" of the upper-cut which laid him out.

After that set-to I was taking no further chances, and gave him a hypodermic injection to ensure his quietness.

X—— was still sleeping when I departed next morning. My work finished, I drove down to the station to catch the 1.50 p.m. train on to Delhi. It was very late, but just as it was signalled I saw a cloud of dust tearing towards me down the long white road, from the heart of which burst a furiously-driven ekka. From the ekka jumped X——, with a bandage over his right eye, and simultaneously the train drew into the station. I prepared to enter the carriage, the door of which Hiro Lal held open, but X—— had seen me.

Clasping my hand in both his own, he said, "Good-bye, old fellow; I'm so glad to have met you. Could you lend me thirty 'chips' (two pounds), or I shall be left in this infernal place for ever."

He got his loan, but I have neither seen X—— nor my thirty rupees again. On the whole, however, I think I would rather he did not return the money—at all events, not in person.



We reproduce here a facsimile of what is believed to be the smallest-value note ever issued by a British Colony—the shilling note used on the West Coast of Africa.

During the war, owing to the shortage of silver,

it became necessary to issue these little "chits." Needless to say, they are not popular with the natives, especially the uneducated ones, as they cannot be buried as safely as silver; and the native dearly loves to bury his money.

The Sheriff's Bad Day.

By JOSEPH GRAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. VALDA.

"I have carefully verified this story," writes the Author, "but for obvious reasons names of persons and places concerned have been changed." The narrative hinges on a very odd coincidence in connection with "The Wide World Magazine."



SOME fifteen or sixteen years ago, when I was a youngster in a town in the Midland counties of England, I managed to surprise the town in general, and myself in particular, by taking first prize in an educational contest, and achieved the distinction of having my essay published in the local paper. I have a vivid recollection of standing on the platform of the town hall on the evening of the next lecture and receiving the first prize from the mayor. The prize in question was a bound volume of *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*. My last memory of that memorable evening is one of my father and I poring over the pages of the prize and my mother coming up and taking it away just as we reached the story of the "Folsom Jail-Break"* (an account of the escape of a party of convicts from a Californian prison). Consequently, I went off to bed to dream of mayors and convicts and prizes in a hopeless confusion of events.

Because of the linking together of the Folsom affair and *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*, it is only natural that I should want to pass the following odd coincidence on to old readers of *THE WIDE WORLD* who can remember back as far as the Folsom article.

Some three years ago last winter I chanced to be in a small mining town in the California Sierras, and, by keeping my ears open and my mouth shut, I managed to hear from the lips of the old-timers who had participated in them many a good story of the country which Bret Harte has immortalized.

We were sitting around the stove in the store one evening and the tales had been coming thick and fast, when one old-timer turned to me with a chuckle and said:—

"Gray, did you ever hear how we slipped it over on Dick Robinson at the time of the Folsom Jail-Break?"

Scenting a good story, and attracted by the mention of the jail-break, I shook my head. After a great show of deliberation in lighting his pipe, the old-timer settled back and told the following tale, which I

have since verified from other sources. I have set it down in his own language as far as possible, and have made no alterations, except in the names of the characters, which have been changed for obvious reasons.

At the time of the break we had a deputy sheriff in camp by the name of Dick Robinson. Dick was a man who thought that the office made him a sort of little tin god, and he expected us all to kow-tow to him because of it. In short, he was a thoroughly objectionable fellow. Well, we didn't go much on sheriffs or on self-importance in those days, and we managed to make life pretty miserable for Dick, and finally took all the hot air out of him in a manner which left him the laughing-stock of the camp.

At the time of the break this camp was about ten times as large as it is now, because the surface shoots had not "petered out," so we had a pretty lively town, with plenty of money and gold-dust around. It was a common thing to have a man come into town with a five or six hundred dollar clean-up and leave the camp next morning "broke."

When the first news came through of the jail-break we began to speculate on the road the convicts would be likely to take through the mountains if they succeeded in eluding their pursuers. Some of the crowd were of the opinion that they would try and break through into Nevada, in the rough country a few miles above camp, but the majority did not favour that opinion. Dick felt sure that they would not come near the camp, and therefore felt perfectly safe in boasting what he would do to them if they had the temerity to venture into his part of the country.

When the sheriff had let off most of his steam Bill Harkness caught my eye from the other end of Stewart's bar, where we were standing, and motioned me to come outside. When we got out I found that he had also fetched a few more of our crowd, and we went up the street to the Red Wing, where we laid our plans to take a rise out of Dick in front of the whole camp. It had always

* See our issue for April, 1904.—ED.

been understood that I was the first man to be deputed when Dick wanted any help—and he generally *did* want help if there was any trouble brewing. This fact dovetailed nicely into our plans.

The next afternoon Dick was sitting sunning himself in front of Dago Bill's saloon and store, when Bill came out and told him that the sheriff was calling him up from the county seat on the telephone. Dick went inside, and the following conversation ensued :—

"Halloa, Dick! This is Sheriff Green."

"Halloa, Green! How are you?"

"Fine. How are you feeling yourself, Dick?"

"Never felt better in my life."

"That's good, because I've got a job for you. I just got word from Folsom Jail that those convicts are expected to cross the river somewhere about Mill Creek, and I have instructions to stop them and capture the whole gang if possible. Now, I want you to organize a posse and get up the river to Mill Creek as quick as you can, string your men out along the river wherever there is a possible crossing, and wait for them. They are armed, and you have orders to shoot to kill if you can't get them any other way. I'll round up a posse here and join the gang that's following them up, so we'll have them in a pocket. Get me?"

"Y-yes," answered Dick, and hung up the receiver.

It is needless to say that the call was a "fake" one and that "Sheriff Green" was Bill Harkness, calling from the Red Wing instead of the county seat. It is rather a peculiar thing, however, but the convicts did actually cross the North Fork at Mill Creek a couple of days later.

In accordance with previous arrangements, I was down in my blacksmith shop at the far end of the camp, but in order to humble Dick still further he was skilfully manoeuvred into every store and saloon in camp to look for me, so that everyone knew that something was in the wind, especially as by this time Dick's face was the colour of green cheese, for he was an arrant coward at heart.

About the time Dick got to my shop my telephone rang, and the pseudo "Green" asked for Dick. I turned the receiver over to him, and this is what was said :—

"Halloa, Dick! This is Green again. Have you got that posse together yet?"

"N-no-o."

"Well, you had better be mighty quick about it. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"I'm sick, Mr. Green," blurted out Dick.

"Huh! I thought a few minutes ago that you said you never felt better in your life."

"I did; but I've taken a chill since then."

"Huh! Your feet are so cold, I suppose, that they've sent a chill clear up your spine! Well, if that's the case, turn your star and bracelets over to Jack Remington, and give him my orders. I don't want any chicken-hearted son-of-a-gun working under me!" And with this parting shot the supposed Green hung up the receiver.

I had been listening to this conversation with a grin on my face, but I managed to look serious as Dick turned around. He gave me his star and handcuffs and frankly told me what "Green" had said. Then he added :—

"Jack, old boy, these convicts are a desperate lot, and I think that for the sake of your wife and children, you ought to send someone else in your place."

"I should say not!" I told him. "Do you think I want to give Green and this whole camp a chance to call me a chicken-hearted son-of-a-gun? Not much!"

With that I swung out of the door and up the street to organize my posse. It was not long before we had the camp in an uproar, for the boys who were in the know had taken care to post themselves where they could rouse the town with a few gun-shots.

Inside of half an hour we had the posse formed. We were all well mounted and armed, and every man who could find a gun and a horse was in the crowd. All this time we had been careful to keep Dick in the street; so, when we were ready to move, there I was at the head of the posse, with the star prominently displayed on my shirt-front, and Dick was a mere spectator, shorn of all his glory.

We rode out of town to the accompaniment of a salvo of shots and cheers. But our joke was not yet ended. About fifteen minutes after we had left, the hapless Dick received another "fake" telephone message. This time the pseudo sheriff informed him that the convicts had changed their route, and would probably try and cross the river *at the camp*, by shooting their way through the town.

Poor Dick's face again took on a pasty hue, and, muttering something about "feeling better now," he went out and saddled his horse—we had purposely left it behind—and started out at a hot pace to overtake us, in order to protect his own precious skin.

About a mile out of town we waited for him in ambush, and our crack marksman, with a couple of well-placed shots, clipped off his hat and stirred up the dust at his horse's feet. He scrambled down in haste when we gave him the command to dismount, and his face was a study when he saw who we were and began to get the drift of the hoax.



"We rode out of the town to the accompaniment of a salvo of shots and cheers."

We brought him back to town, and when we got him in we made him "dig up" for drinks for everybody.

Dick still lives over on the other side of

the river, but if you should chance to get him spinning yarns for you, be careful and don't mention "jail-break," for it is still a very sore subject with him.

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Below is a photograph depicting the method used for drying the "meat" of coco-nuts in the Philippine Islands. After the coco-nut is taken from the tree the fibre is separated, the nut cut in two, and the milk poured off. The coco-nuts are then laid out in the hot sun for a few days, and when all the moisture has evaporated, the copra, as it is then called, is put up in bags and shipped to all parts of the world.

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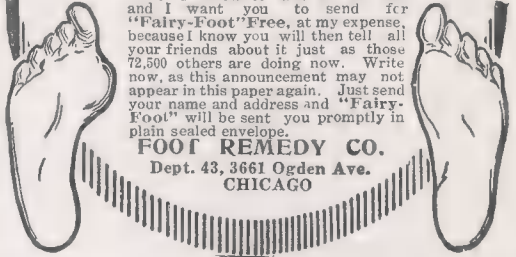
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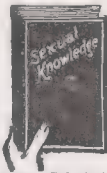
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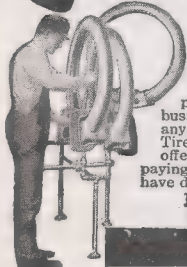
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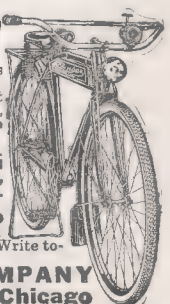
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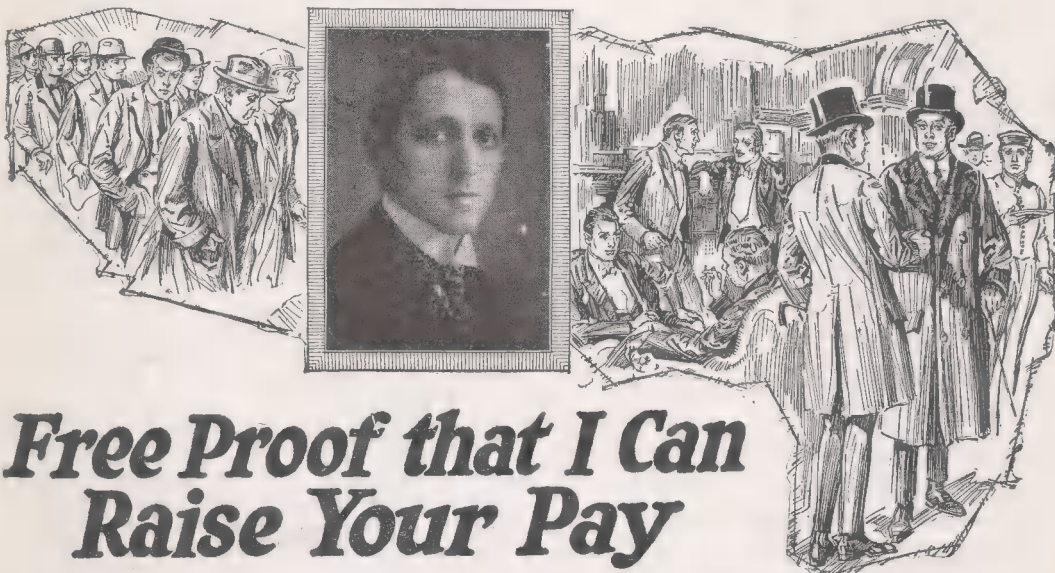


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No matter how much you are earning now, I can show you how to increase it. I have even taken failures and shown them how to make \$100—\$200, and in one case as high as \$2,000 weekly. I am willing to prove this entirely at my risk and expense.

LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead—you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye—had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But to-day all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

It was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret,"—that is why he was rich.

I used the "secret." It surely had a good test. At that time I was flat broke. Worse

than that, for I was several thousand dollars in the hole. I had about given up hope when I put the "secret" to work.

At first I couldn't believe my sudden change in fortune. Money actually flowed in on me. I was thrilled with a new sense of power. Things I couldn't do before became as easy for me to do as opening a door. My business boomed and continued to leap ahead at a rate that startled me. Prosperity became my partner. Since that day I've never known what it is to want for money, friendship, happiness, health or any of the good things of life.

That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

My sudden rise to riches naturally surprised others. One by one people came to me and asked me how I did it. I told them. And it worked for them as well as it did for me.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. In one case I took a rank failure and in a few weeks had him earning as high as \$2,000.00 a week. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with

it, barely eking out a living. To-day this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who a few years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work—in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black.

Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you.

I don't claim I can make you rich overnight. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help go out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, although heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book, "Power of Will."

A Few Examples

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

Among over 400,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Gov. McKeever of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Gov. Ferris of Michigan; E. T. Meredith, Secy. of Agriculture and many others of equal prominence.

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How You Can Prove This at My Expense

I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book "POWER OF WILL."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over four-hundred thousand others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only \$3.50 and you and I'll be square.

If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a three-and-a-half-dollar sale. But you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I.

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The Above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no

matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunates who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON,
St., Bethlehem, Pa.

80 Spring

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

We send our Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Brooks Appliance Co.,
217G State St.,
Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

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Cured in 6 Mos. after 18 Years

Hinton, Ky.
C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:

I never wore the Appliance a minute over six months and was cured sound and well—and I want to say no man ever did any harder work than I did while I was using it—I hauled 40 perch of rock, too big for any man to lift.

I was ruptured 18 years and words cannot tell how thankful I am. Use my name if you like.

Yours sincerely,

RUFUS FIELDS, R. R. No. 1.

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Ia.
Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your Appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW EGGENBERGER

"Seems Impossible"

Holland, Ind.
C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:

I have used one of your Appliances until it was worn out. I have been going without it for nearly a year and have not been troubled the least bit with my rupture, so I am well satisfied I am cured.

It seems nearly impossible, but I have gone through a summer's work on a farm without one and have not been troubled.

I was born ruptured and never wore a truss until I was 21 years of age, and got your Appliance. If I ever need another one I shall send in my order. Yours truly,
BARNES OSKINS, R. F. D. No. 7



Tobacco Is Hurting You

Look at the facts square in the face, Mr. Tobacco User. You may think tobacco is not hurting you.

That is because you haven't as yet, perhaps, felt the effects of the nicotine poison in YOUR system. For you know that nicotine, as absorbed into the system through smoking and chewing tobacco, is a slow working poison. Slow, yes—but sure.

Tobacco is lowering your efficiency. It slows a man down. Makes it harder for you to concentrate your mind on your work. You haven't near the amount of "pep" and energy you would have if you stopped using it. There's many a man twice as old as you in years who's twice as young in energy, simply because he lets tobacco alone.

Some day you will realize to what an alarming extent tobacco has undermined your system.

When your hands begin to tremble—and your appetite begins to fail—and your heart seems to "skip a beat" now and then—and slight exertion makes you short of breath—then you'll KNOW, without anyone telling you, that TOBACCO is getting the upper hand.

Any well-informed doctor will tell you that these are only a few of many symptoms of tobacco poisoning.

And YOU know that the use of tobacco in any form is an expensive, utterly useless habit. You know you ought to quit.

Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

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. Not the slightest shock to the nervous system. 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.

It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. 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 makes you feel better in every way.

Results Guaranteed A single trial will convince you. Our legal-binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. We will refund every cent you pay for the treatment if after taking it according to the easy-to-follow directions, it should fail to banish the tobacco habit completely.

SEND Free Proof Let us send you our free booklet on the deadly effects of tobacco, together with testimonial letters from men all over the country telling how they have been absolutely freed from the tobacco habit by this simple home treatment. You could not ask for stronger proof that Tobacco Redeemer will free you from the habit than the evidence we will gladly send on request. Just mail the coupon—or a postal will do.

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 343

St. Louis, Mo.



Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

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St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that Tobacco Redeemer will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

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