INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a renegade American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Three attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope. They entered the jungle. That night was passed resting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on cocoanuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Later Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cave Blake built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

By Evening She Had Her Tree-Cave in a Habitable Condition.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The hot ashes flew up in her face and powdered her hair with their gray dust, yet she persisted, blowing steadily until a shred of bark caught the sparks and flared up in a tiny flame. A little more, and she had a strong fire blazing against the tree trunk.

She rested a short time, relaxing both mentally and physically in the satisfying consciousness that Blake never should know how near she had come to failing in her trust.

Soon she became aware of a keen feeling of thirst and hunger. She rose, piled a fresh supply of sticks on the fire, and hastened back through the cleft toward the spring. Around the baobab she came upon Winthrope, working in the shade of the great tree. The three leopard skins had been stretched upon bamboo frames, and he was resignedly scraping at their inner surfaces with a smooth-edged stone. Miss Leslie did not look too closely at the operation.

"Where is—he?" she asked.

Winthrope motioned down the cleft.

"I hope he hasn't gone far. I'm half famished. Aren't you?"

"Really, Miss Genevieve, it is odd, you know. Not an hour since, the very thought of food—"

"And now you're as hungry as I am. Oh wish he had not gone off just at the wrong time!"

"He went to take a dip in the sea. You know, he got so messed up over the nastiest part of the work, which I positively refused to do—"

"What's that beyond the baobab? There's something alive!"

"Pray, don't be alarmed. It is—er—it's all right, Miss Genevieve, I assure you."

"But what is it? Such queer noises, and I see something alive!"

"Only the vlutures, if you must know. Nothing else, I assure you."

"Oh!"

"It is all out of sight from the spring. You are not to go around the bamboos until the—that is, not to-day."

"Did Mr. Blake say that?"

"Why, yes—to be sure. He also said to tell you that the cutlets were on the top shelf."

"You mean—?"

"His way of ordering you to cook our dinner. Really, Miss Genevieve, I should be pleased to take your place, but I have been told to keep to this. It is hard to take orders from a low fellow—very hard for a gentleman, you know."

Miss Leslie gazed at her shapely hands. Three days since she could not have conceived of their being so rough and scratched and dirty. Yet her disgust at their condition was not entirely unqualified.

"At least I have something to show for them," she murmured.

"I beg pardon," said Winthrope.

"Just look at my hands—like a servant's! And yet I am not nearly so ashamed of them as I would have fancied. It is very amusing, but do you know, I actually feel proud that I have done something—something useful, I mean."

"Useful?—I call it shocking, Miss Genevieve. It is simply vile that people of our breeding should be compelled to do such menial work. They write the end of romances about castways; but I fail to see the romance in scraping skins Indian fashion, as this fellow Blake calls it."

"I suppose, though, we should remember how much Mr. Blake is doing for us, and should try to make the best of the situation."

"It has no best. It is all a beastly muddle," complained Winthrope, and he resumed his nervous scraping at the big leopard skin.

The girl studied his face for a moment, and turned away. She had been trying so hard to forget.

He heard her leave, and called after, without looking up: "Please remember. He said to cook some meat."

She did not answer. Having satisfied her thirst at the spring, she took one of the bamboo rods, with its haggled blackening pieces of flesh, and returned to the fire. After some little experimenting, she contrived a way to support the rod beside the fire so that all the meat would roast without burning.

At first, keen as was her hunger, she turned with disgust from the flabby smeared flesh; but as it began to roast, the odor restored her appetite to full vigor. Her mouth fairly watered. It seemed as though Winthrope and Blake would never come. She heard their voices, and took the bamboo spit from the fire for the meat to cool. Still they failed to appear, and, unable to wait longer, she began to eat. The cub meat proved far more tender than that of the old leopard. She had helped herself to the second piece before the two men appeared.

"Hold on, Miss Jenny; fair play!" sang out Blake. "You've set to without tooting the dinner-horn. I don't blame you, though. That smells mighty good."

Both men caught at the hot meat with eagerness, and Winthrope promptly forgot all else in the animal pleasure of satisfying his hunger. Blake, though no less hungry, only waited to fill his mouth before investigating the condition of the prospective tree ladder. The result of the attempt, to burn the trunk did not seem encouraging to the others, and Miss Leslie looked away, that her face might not betray her, should he have an inkling of her neglect. She was relieved by the cheerfulness of his tone.

"Slow work, this fire business—eh? Guess, though, it'll go faster this afternoon. The green wood is killed and is getting dried out. Anyway, we've got to keep at it till the tree goes over. This spring leopard won't last long at the present rate of consumption, and we'll need the eggs to keep us going till we get the hang of our bows."

"What is that smoke back there?" interrupted Miss Leslie. "Can it be that the fire down the cleft has sprung up again?"

"No; it's your fumigation. You hac plenty of brush on hand, so I heaved it into the hole and touched it off. While it's burning out you can put in time gathering ring grass and leaves for a bed."

"Would you and Mr. Winthrope mind breaking off some bamboos for me?"

"What for?"

Miss Leslie colored and hesitated. "I should like to divide off a corner of the place with a wall or screen."

Winthrope tried to catch Blake's eye; but the American was gazing at Miss Leslie's embarrassed face with a puzzled look. Her meaning dawned upon him, and he hastened to reply.

"All right, Miss Jenny. You can build your wall to suit yourself. But there'll be no hurry over it. Until the rains begin, Win and I'll sleep out in the open. We'll have to take turn about on watch at night, anyway. If we don't keep up a fire some other spotted kitty will be sure to come nosing up the gully."

"There must also be lions in the vicinity," added Winthrope.

Miss Leslie said nothing until after the last pieces of meat had been handed around and Blake sprang up to resume work.

"Mr. Blake," she called, in a low tone; "one moment, please. Would it save much bother if a door was made and you and Mr. Winthrope should sleep inside?"

"We'll see about that later," replied Blake, carelessly.

The girl bit her lip, and the tears started to her eyes. Even Winthrope had started off without expressing his appreciation. Yet he at least should have realized how much it had cost her to make such an offer.

By evening she had her tree-cave—house, she preferred to name it to herself—in a habitable condition. When the purifying fire had burnt itself out, leaving the place free from all odors other than the wholesome smell of wood smoke, she had asked Blake how she could rake out the ashes. His advice was to wet them down where they lay.

This was easier said than done. Fortunately the spring was only a few yards distant, and after many trips, with her palm-leaf hat for bowl, the girl carried enough water to sprinkle all the powdery ashes. Over them she strewed the leaves and grass which she had gathered while the fire was burning. The driest of the grass, arranged in a far corner, promised a more comfortable bed than had been her lot for the last three nights.

During this work she had been careful not to forget the fire at the tree. Yet when, near sundown, she called the third meal of leopard meat, Blake grumbled at the tree for being what he termed such a confounded tough proposition.

"Good thing there's lots of wood here, Win," he added. "We'll keep this fire going till the blamed thing topples over, if it takes a year."

"Oh, but you surely will not stay so far from the baobab to-night!" exclaimed Miss Leslie.

"Hold hard!" soothed Blake. "You've no license to get the jumps yet a while. We'll have another fire by the baobab. So you needn't worry."

A few minutes later they went back to the baobab, and Winthrop began helping Miss Leslie to construct a bamboo screen in the narrow entrance of the tree-cave, while Blake built the second fire.

As Winthrope was unable to tell time by the stars, Blake took the first watch. At sunset, following the engineer's advice, Winthrope lay down with his feet to the small watch-fire, and was asleep before twilight had deepened into night. Fagged out by the mental and bodily stress of the day, he slept so soundly that it seemed to him he hardly lost consciousness when he was roused by a rough hand on his forehead.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"Hout one o'clock," said Blake. "Wake up! I ran overtime, 'cause the morning watch is the toughest. But I can't keep wake any longer."

"I say, this is a beastly bore," remarked Winthrope, sitting up.

"Um-m," grunted Blake, who was already on his back.

Winthrope rubbed his eyes, rose wearily, and drew a blazing stick from the fire. With this upraised as a torch he peered around into the darkness and advanced towards the spring.

When, having satisfied his thirst, he returned somewhat hurriedly to the fire, he was startled by the sight of a pale face gazing at him from between the leaves of the bamboo screen.

"My dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! Is he asleep?"

"Like a top."

"Thank heaven! Good-night."

"Good-night—er—I say, Miss Genevieve—"

But the girl disappeared, and Winthrope, after a glance at Blake's placid face, hurried along the cleft to stack the other fire. When he returned he noticed two bamboo rods which Blake had begun to shape into bow staves. He looked them over, with a sneer at Blake's seemingly unskillful workmanship; but he made no attempt to finish the bows.

CHAPTER XI.

A Despoiled Wardrobe.

SOON after sunrise Miss Leslie was awakened by the snap and dull crash of a falling tree. She made a hasty toilet and ran out around the baobab. The burned tree, eaten half through by the fire, had been pushed over against the cliff by Blake and Winthrope. Both had already climbed up and now stood on the edge of the cliff.

"Hello, Miss Jenny!" shouted Blake. "We've got here at last. Want to come up?"

"Not now, thank you."

"It's easy enough. But you're right. Try your hand again at the cutlets, won't you? While they're frying we'll get some eggs for dessert. How does that strike you?"

"We have no way to cook them."

"Roast 'em in the ashes. So long!"

Miss Leslie cooked breakfast over the watchfire, for the other had been scattered and stamped out by the men when the tree fell. They came back in good time, walking carefully, that they might not break the eggs with which their pockets bulged. Between them, they had brought a round dozen and a half. Blake promptly began stowing all in the hot ashes, while Winthrope related their little adventure with unconcerted enthusiasm.

"You should have come with us, Miss Genevieve," he began. "This time of day it is glorious on the cliff top. Though the rock is bare, there is a fine view."

"Fine view of grub near the end," interpolated Blake.

"As, yes; the birds—you must take a look at them, Miss Genevieve! The sea end of the cliff is alive with them—hundreds and thousands, all huddled together and fighting for room. They are so tight, I assure you! They're plucky, too. It was well we took sticks with us. As it was, one of the rannets—boobies, Blake calls them—caught me a nasty nip when I went to lift her off the nest."

"Best way to kick them off," explained Blake. "But the point is that we've hopped over the starvation stile. Understand? The whole blessed cliff end is an omelette waiting for our pan. Pass the leopardettes, Miss Jenny."

When the last bit of meat had disappeared, Blake raked the eggs from the ashes and began to crack them, solemnly sniffing at each before he laid it on its leaf platter. Some were a trifle high." None, however, were thrown away.

When it was all over, Winthrope contemplated the scattered shells with a satisfied air.

"Do you know," he remarked, "this is the first time I've felt—er—replenished since we found those cocoanuts."

"How about one of 'em now to top off on?" questioned Blake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why Musicians Wear Long Hair.

"Why do musicians wear long hair?" said the barber. "Pshaw, I thought everybody knew that. They wear long hair to protect their ears, of course—their sensitive ears. All depends, with musicians, on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate, liable to take cold, liable to aches, inflammations and what not. So they protect them with long hair, and you have no more right to laugh at the mane of a pianist or violinist than at the protective shields and pads of your favorite halfback."

Law.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.—Richard Hooker.

Increase in Chinese Newspapers.

There are 200 newspapers in China, while ten years ago there was but one recognized as such.

Youngsters Taught to Smoke

Two Centuries Ago English Children Carried Pipes to School.

The practice of juvenile smoking in this country in the seventeenth century was practically universal, says the London Chronicle. Jorevin de Rochefort, a French traveler of that period, in an account published in 1671 gives a description of an evening he spent in Worcester. He was catechised by one of the townsmen as to the habits of the French people. "While we were talking about the town," he writes, "he asked me if it was the custom in France, as in England, that when the children went to school they carried in their satchels with their books a pipe of tobacco which their mother took care to fill early in the morning. If, serving them instead of breakfast, and that at the accustomed hour every one laid aside his book to light his pipe, the master smoking with them and teaching them how to hold their pipes and draw their tobacco, thus accustoming them to it from their youths, believing it absolutely necessary for a man's health."

A Little Learning.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist.

Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam.

Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?

VERY ABRUPT.

Spring Poet—Yes, sir; I can write about anything, sir.

Irate Editor—Well, then, suppose you just right-about face and head for the door.

SKIN ERUPTION CURED.

Was So Sore, Irritating and Painful That Little Sufferer Could Not Sleep —Scratched Constantly.

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"When about two and a half years old my daughter broke out on her hips and the upper parts of her legs with a very irritating and painful eruption. It began in October; the first I noticed was a little red surface and a constant desire on her part to scratch her limbs. She could not sleep and the eruptions got sore, and yellow water came out of them. I had two doctors treat her, but she grew worse under their treatment. Then I bought the Cuticura Remedies and only used them two weeks when she was entirely well. This was in February. She has never had another rough place on her skin, and she is now fourteen years old. Mrs. R. R. Whitaker, Winchester, Tenn., Sept. 22, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

His Preference.

Commander Maxwell of the navy enjoys telling of an unique complaint preferred by a recruit.

On every man-of-war the bar of justice is aft in front of the "stick," or mast. The recruit had gone to the stick to "state" his grievance. "Well, what do you want?" asked the executive officer.

"Please, sir, I want to complain of the breakfast this morning."

"What did you have?"

"Burgoo, crack-hash, hard tack and coffee, sir."

"What did you expect?"

"Please, sir, I always like to start my breakfast with a nice steak and a pair of eggs."—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Reputations.

"The Autocrat," remarked the Recondite Person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said: 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the Practical Person, "but my son—just out from college, you know, and in the habit of thinking lumpbacked thoughts, as it were—said something only this morning that appealed to me: 'Some men,' he said, 'get a reputation and keep it; other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'"

Neatly Put.

Two Quakers were having an argument and one considered the other was speaking falsely. This is how he reproved him:

"Friend Thomas, I will not call thee by any bad name, but if the mayor were to ask me who was the greatest liar in the town I would hasten to thee and say: 'Thomas, I think the mayor greatly desireth to speak with thee.'"

His Benefactions.

"Have you done anything to make the world your debtor?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "I don't believe in encouraging bad habits. My ledger assures me that I have managed to make the world pay as it goes."

Questionable.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?"

"Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."

It's no use talking about the peace of God if your life is a provocation to your neighbors.

CALLING DOWN THE BOASTER

Good Little Story Told by William Dean Howells as a Rebuke to Spread-Eagleism.

"It was William Dean Howells," said a Chicago editor, "who first rebuked us Americans for our spread-eagleism, for our foolish boasting. I see that Mr. Howells has just joined a men's society for the promotion of woman suffrage. Trust him to be in the forefront always.

"I once heard Mr. Howells deliver a fourth of July oration in Maine. The orator preceding him had boasted a good deal. Mr. Howells showed that some of the man's boasts were even impious.

"He said that these spread-eagle boasters deserved the rebuke that the little child administered to the cackling hen that had just laid an egg. The child, angered by the hen's continuous cawk-cawk-cawk, cawk-cawk-cawk-cawk, shook his little finger at her and said:

"'You fink you're smart. But Dod made dat egg. You couldn't help but lay it!'"

WAS HE RIGHT.

Mrs. Rant—Do you think men are more clever than women?

Mr. Rant—Some men are.

Mrs. Rant—Who are they?

Mr. Rant—Single men.

He Bit.

The city man was jogging on toward the summer boarding-house in a rickety old wagon. The driver was glum and far from entertaining, and the city man felt rather lonely.

"Fine field over there," he ventured, after a long silence.

"Fine," grunted the driver.

"Who owns it?"

"Old man Bitt."

"Old man Bitt, eh? Who are those children stacking up hay?"

"Old man Bitt's boys."

"And what is his idea in having them out there in the field such a hot day?"

"Wal, I reckon he thinks every little Bitt helps, stranger. Anything else you want to know? Git up here, hosses."

"A Cheap Skate."

"Joel Chandler Harris," said an Atlantan, "used to write comic newspaper editorials. Sometimes he made fun of other editors in them, too.

"Simon Simpson, a rival editor in Mobile, having been made fun of, wrote angrily in his rage:

"'Joel Harris has been getting off some cheap wit at our expense.'

"Joel, on reading this, grabbed his pen and dashed off, quick as a flash, for next day's issue:

"'It must have been cheap, Simon, to be at your expense.'"

Have No Use for Pins.

All American exporters concerned are warned by Consul General Denby that they'll never get rich by selling pins to the people of Shanghai. "The Chinese have no use for pins," he says, "strings and knots and loops meeting every requirement of male and female, young and old, to keep his or her garments securely and neatly fastened."

Best Clubs for a Youth.

They tell a story in Wall street that Mr. Morgan once replied to a young friend, who had asked him what were the best clubs to belong to in New York. "Young man, the very best clubs to devote your time to are Indian clubs."

It is a mother's duty to keep constantly on hand some reliable remedy for use in case of sudden accident or mishap to the children. Hamlins Wizard Oil can be depended upon for just such emergencies.

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acts directly on the stomach and other digestive organs, toning them up and enabling them to do their work properly. In this way it brings about *permanent health and strength.* On the other hand, ordinary tonics, which give only artificial strength by stimulation and by supplying food material, are only effective as long as they are taken.

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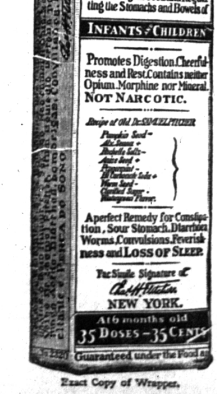

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