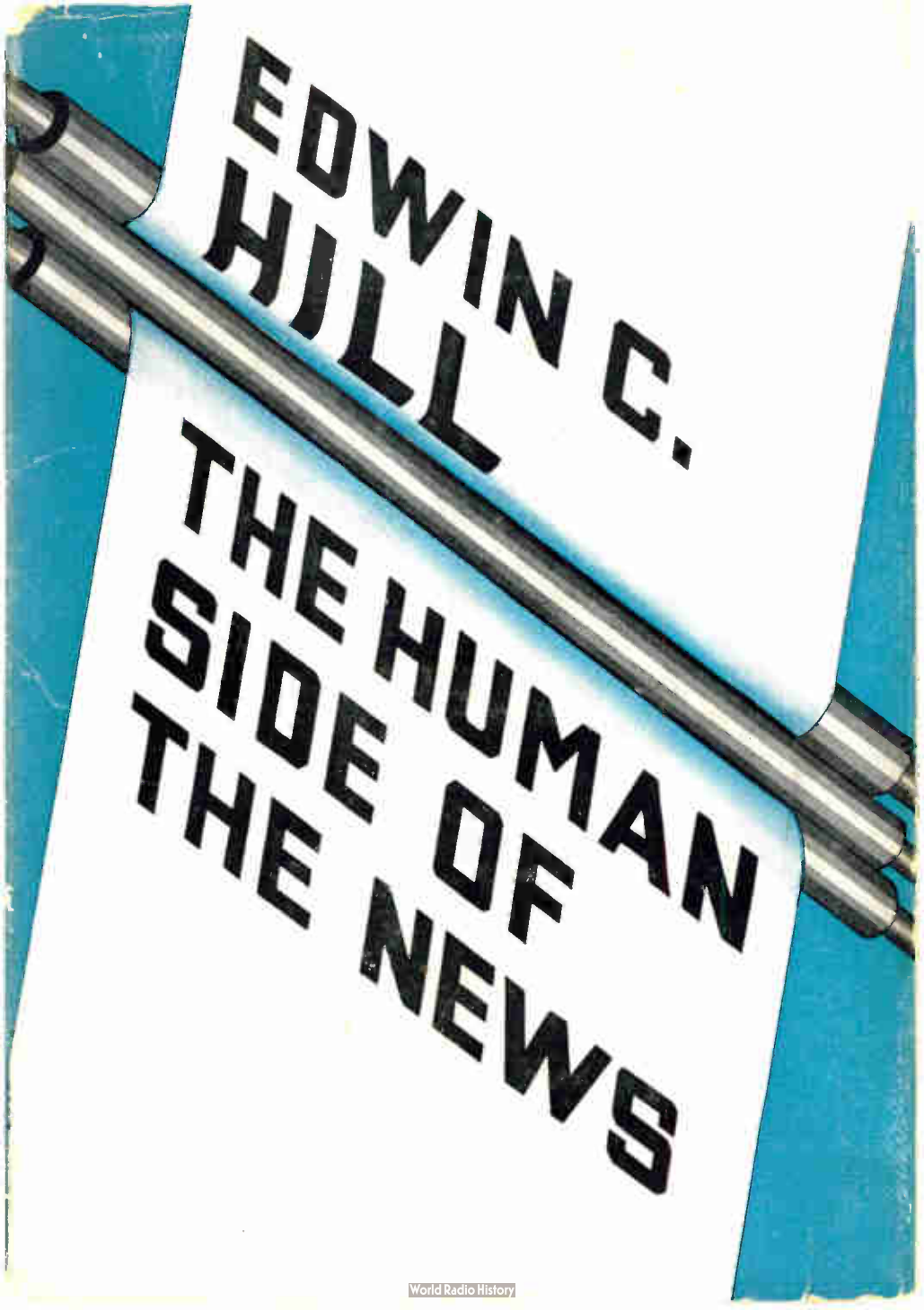

thousands of requests have poured in asking for copies of his talks and he has selected for this book, from his manuscripts, those which he believes to have the widest appeal.

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(Cont'd on next flap)

EDWIN C. HILL

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS

WALTER J. BLACK, INC.
NEW YORK CITY 1934

Manufactured in the United States of America
by the HARRIS WOLFF ESTATE, NEW YORK CITY

The Human Side of the News

Edwin C. Hill

Born in Aurora, Indiana. Educated in public schools and the University of Indiana. Worked as reporter on newspapers in Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, Cincinnati, and eventually realized his dream of joining the staff of the New York Sun, with which publication he was star-reporter for twenty years. Has travelled on his assignments through Europe and Central and South America. For several seasons was with Fox Film Corporation as news reel director and scenario editor and supervisor in Hollywood. Eventually returned to New York and newspaper work, first with the New York Sun, then with King Features Syndicate. Is fond of horseback riding and golf. Called "the best dressed newspaper man in the Metropolis." Entered radio in 1932 and is heard in "The Human Side of the News" five nights a week. Elected by the Radio Editors of America in 1933 and 1934 as the leading news commentator. Has written a novel "The Iron Horse"; a study of the stirring year of 1932, called "The American Scene" and has contributed for years to leading magazines. In personal appearance—tall, dark hair shot with gray, blue eyes, smooth-shaven. Springs from a family which came to this country from England and Ireland in 1690 and were pioneers in Indiana in 1792.

EDWIN C. HILL

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To Mr. E. L. Stavig,

With the very best
wishes of

Edwin C. Hill

TO

FRANK B. SHIELDS

fellow Hoosier, who has linked this writer stronger than ever with the great old State of Indiana.

Contents

The Human Side of the News

The Grip of the God of Gold

WITH GOLD AT ITS HIGHEST price in the memory of living men, thousands are deserting the cities to take up the most frenzied gold hunt in eighty-four years, since the great rush of the Forty-niners to California. Old mines, long abandoned, are being combed and scraped for their glittering gleanings. Adventurers are forging into far places, seeking the hitherto undiscovered golden treasures which old Mother Earth hid away while she was shaking down to fire and earthquake. In musty old libraries in Madrid, in Spain; in Lisbon, in Portugal; in the British Museum—wherever are stored the records of old mines and ancient treasures —men are poring over time-yellowed manuscripts and books dealing with the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, the conquest of Peru by Pizarro, and carrying the traditions, even, of the lost mines of King Solomon and the lost treasures of the Queen of Sheba, buried somewhere in the heart of the Dark Continent.

With every nation in the world off the gold standard, except two or three, gold has never been so desirable to governments or to peoples, for the truth is, we are never off the gold standard, except in the most technical sense. Gold remains today, as it has been for ten thousand years, the one and only virtually changeless standard of values. Mankind has been in the grip of the god of gold throughout the rolling ages, and today he bends the suppliant knee even more lowly than ever he bent it in the days of the Pharaohs, of the Persian kings, or of Solomon the Great.

It was gold that lured the imagination of the Genoese sailor, Columbus, and all the Spanish adventurers and conquistadors that followed in the wake of his little ships. Europe's gold, when Columbus first sailed westward, amounted to much less than some present-day family fortunes, such as the Rockefeller fortune, the Ford, the Mellon, or the great gold hoard of the richest man in the world, the Nizam of Hyderabad in India. A great deal of her gold of that day Europe had plundered from other lands. Crœsus got his gold from mines in Smyrna, and so did Midas. Darius of Persia looted Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt, and swept back into Asia with

long baggage trains groaning under the weight of golden treasure. Alexander returned it again when he plundered Babylon. In the days of the Pharaohs, naked slaves, with candles tied on top of their heads, worked in the hot tunnels of Egyptian gold mines, crawling on their bellies, digging gold filaments from the quartz with tools pointed with boars' fangs.

From the days of imperial Rome to the time of Columbus, the craze for gold forced nations to war and pillage. Cortez and Pizarro robbed in the new world as Alexander and Scipio had robbed in the old. Throughout the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries Spanish treasure ships, great galleons flying the red-and-gold flag of Spain, sailed home from Peru and Panama loaded down with gold in bars, gold in ornaments, gold in dust and nuggets. Piratical gentlemen, Francis Drake, Henry Morgan, and other bold buccaneers whom wily Queen Elizabeth petted in private and damned in public, covered the sea bottom off the Spanish Main with the bones of Spanish treasure ships. Those days passed and then came the modern era of gold, with the great gold rushes to California, to Australia, to Alaska, to South Africa, and right now to the gold fields of Ontario. The rush of the Forty-niners to the rich placers and the mother

lode of the Golden State started the western migration which led to the building of the transcontinental railroads, the advance of the Iron Horse across plains and mountains, so linking the West to the young United States.

Gold is restless and everlastingly seeks a change. It changes its form and place, and yet endures. For even the gold setting of a woman's bracelet or the gold in a man's watch may once have glittered from the walls of Solomon's Temple, or shone on the shaven heads of the priests of Isis in old Egypt, or have been snatched from some burning city of the Spanish Main to the tragic accompaniment of the shrieks of dying men and the screams of captured women. Gold—the master of humanity, now as for ten thousand years.

* * *

An item in the news must thrill the heart of anyone with a spark of adventure and a gleam of romance in his over-civilized soul. Out from the old port of Sunderland, on the east coast of England, sails a little cargo boat under sealed orders. Her deck is heaped with fascinating machinery and apparatus—diving bells and diving suits and salvage gear of all kinds. And all along the coast, which has bred hardy sea-

dogs ever since the red-haired queen sent Francis Drake out to whip home the Spanish Armada, goes the word that the trim little ship is going treasure hunting on the bottom of the sea—to win the five million that went down when the *Lusitania* plunged to her grave off the Old Head of Kinsale.

As the English get ready to send divers down to prowl among the bones of the drowned *Lusitania,* our own Simon Lake, inventor of the submarine, prepares to make a try for the golden treasure in the liner's strongbox. He will go gold hunting with an undersea boat, try to lay it up against the *Lusitania's* shattered hulk, and then have a try for the strongbox and the gold.

Only the other day the Italian salvage ship *Artiglio* slipped into Plymouth Harbor in England with seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold and silver bars torn by heroic effort from the treasure room of the steamship *Egypt,* lying on the ocean floor off the coast of France. A thrilling tale of the sea and of the treasure hunters, that saga of the recovery of the *Egypt's* treasure of five million dollars in gold bars and several tons of silver. The old Atlantic, with the aid of the Storm King, fought savagely to keep the gold hoard, and fourteen men were killed before

daring divers, working deep in the cold darkness by the eerie light of electric torches, dynamited their way to the treasure room and blew it apart.

Divers have found the hulk of the Ward liner *Merida* which lies partly buried in sand and seaweed on the ocean floor off Cape Charles, Virginia, where she went down twenty-two years ago. In the purser's room of the *Merida* are twenty-one tons of silver and gold and a casket containing the crown jewels of the Emperor Maximilian, worth at least a million dollars. Time after time men have backed expeditions to recover the rich prize, but gales and high seas have defeated every effort of courage and skill. Percy Rockefeller, Charles S. Sabin, and others financed an effort in 1916. Eight years later a number of Philadelphia sportsmen, including A. J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., and Franklin Mallory, sent out futile expeditions. And now, with new and wonderful diving machinery, the belief is that the *Merida's* treasure can be won—the tons of gold and silver, the four thousand tons of copper, the two thousand kegs of rum, and the forty crates of parrots, that made up her cargo. The parrots, one fancies, won't be much good—a trifle *passés* after all these years on the bottom of the Atlantic.

But the whole world is treasure hunting these days, and serious men of affairs—bankers, lawyers, merchants—are as romantic about it as if they were sailing with Captain John Silver bound for Treasure Island. In New York a great syndicate has been formed to salvage a cargo of ivory lost off the African coast, and to seek other sea-floor treasure troves. Captain Arthur I. Henriques, of the United States Naval Reserve, retired, tells me that in the past twenty years the American Merchant Marine alone has lost over four thousand six hundred ships, with a cargo value of a hundred and thirty million dollars. There's enough promise of adventure in that to last the syndicate members all their natural lives.

Even with the new machines and the electric gadgets, treasure hunting cannot be robbed of its romance. It would be a dull day for modern youth, and grown-ups, too, if the time ever came when there were no more Spanish galleons or doubloons or pieces of eight, no more pirate chests of gold and jewels, no more maps and charts to treasure islands in far-away seas. And I believe, as surely as I am writing this, that the time will come when adventurers will walk freely about the bottom of the sea, seeking in mysterious depths, among unsuspected monsters of the

deep, the yellow gold—almighty hold—for which, as old Ben Jonson wrote to the Countess of Rutland, "All virtue now is sold, and almost every vice!"

Tennessee Romance

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED States has conceived a vast scheme as the basis of regaining prosperity. The scheme is to take a tremendous area of the Southeast, covering 640,000 square miles in ten states, for a daring experiment on reforestation, flood control, the navigation of rivers, and power development.

With Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River as the starting point, he has launched a plan to save old forests and build new; to make new, rich farmlands from swamps; to create new villages and towns, and thousands of miles of road; to bring into being thousands of commercial enterprises and hundreds of thousands of farms. It is the most ambitious and daring scheme that has been offered to the people by a new President.

Some people hail Franklin D. Roosevelt as a great visionary. Others call him a great gambler. Others believe he is a great statesman. Only the result will

show. It might be the very thing—this gigantic Muscle Shoals project—to break the back of the depression and to start the wheels turning once more. At least it is certain that no leader ever got anywhere who lacked the imagination to conceive a great project and the courage to tackle it.

Muscle Shoals is situated on the Tennessee River, a wandering, romantic stream, more romantic in some ways than the Mississippi, Old Man River himself. It comes into being as the Tennessee near Knoxville, formed by small streams that tumble down from the mountains of the Carolinas and of the state of Tennessee. It flows swiftly through almost unbroken forests on its way to Chattanooga, and on the way it is joined by the Hiwassee, on which is Maggie's Mill.

At that spot, a young man very much in love wrote a song that our grandfathers used to sing, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"—wrote it to the miller's daughter.

The Tennessee then goes gliding along into Moccasin Bend at Chattanooga, hastens past the frowning ramparts of Lookout Mountain, turns toward Georgia but changes its mind, and flows on through the low, rolling hills into Alabama. There it changes

its mind again, turns almost to the right about and rushes back through Tennessee, as if in regret that ever it could have dreamed of leaving such a charming land. At Muscle Shoals it drops away, and that is what Muscle Shoals is, and what gives Muscle Shoals its power—that drop in the bed of the Tennessee River. Finally it sweeps on northward, in its 900-mile course watering wheat, tobacco, and cotton —the river of the gumbo country, the apple-cider and the mint-julep country, the land of hot cakes and corn syrup and hot biscuits—until, weary from its tortuous journey, it joins the Ohio at Paducah, Kentucky.

From Lookout Mountain, where I once stood with President Harding, one gets a wonderful picture of this curving, lazy journey of the romantic Tennessee; of the great bend of the Moccasin, of the shoals and of the sweep of storied country that has known so much joy and gallantry and sorrow.

But of all the places along the Tennessee where chance has led my feet, the river's bank at Shiloh left the unforgettable memory—provided a strange and unforgettable experience. It was years ago, and I had gone down there with Indiana people to dedicate Indiana's battle monuments on the field of one

of the hardest fought battles between the North and South.

The governor of the state was in the party, and Senator Beveridge and various congressmen and state notables. There was a good deal of speech making after we went ashore from the steamboat which had brought us up the Tennessee from Danville, and when the speech making was over I looked for some means to send the story to my paper.

There was no telegraph office for miles around, and the only telephone was in the one general store of the scattering village in the pine scrub. I managed to telephone the story, and when I had finished my work I walked back past old Shiloh Church and in the gathering dusk took the road toward the river.

By the time I had trudged the two miles in the silent, lonely forest, a luminous darkness had fallen over the Tennessee and its banks. Just ahead was the steamboat, with its hospitable lights. As I started down the slope to the river edge a voice called softly from the deeper shadows.

A little startled, I turned and made out a dim, wraithlike figure under the ruin of what had once been a great tree, and when I came near I saw that it was a girl standing there, a very beautiful and

charming girl who bore a great name. She had come down from the North with us and I had walked about the battlefields with her in the afternoon. When I stood beside her she went on to speak in a low voice, almost as if she were under a spell. She said:

"Would you mind standing here with me a little while—under this tree? My grandfather stood here for hours on such a night as this. The Confederates had pushed his army back almost to the river. The other part of his army, which had failed to arrive that day, was somewhere off over there, across the river, away off somewhere. He could not know. But if it didn't come up that night his army would be driven into the river on the morrow. And for hours and hours he stood under this very tree, all alone, smoking his cigar, speaking to no man. And finally, very late in the night, he knew that the army was saved."

And so Nellie Grant and the young newspaper reporter stood there, side by side, under the wreck of the great old tree which had sheltered Ulysses S. Grant on that night of April 6, 1862. I know that pictures formed and sounds arose in the night—sounds that had not echoed in the lonely and tragic countryside in a lifetime. Across the Tennessee I strained my

eyes, searching for something—something. And presently, after what may have been a long time or only a little while, arose the low thunder of an advancing army. I felt the presence across the river of a great host—Buell's army of 25,000 coming in the nick of time to save the day for the silent Grant, smoking his cigar under that very tree.

Then we went hand in hand down the river bank to the steamboat, where there was nothing but light and laughter and living men.

Uncle Sam's Royal Ruler

IF THE FILIPINOS EVENTUALLY accept the independence offered to them by Congress, the United States will lose its last claim to royalty. For the only hereditary monarch under the Stars and Stripes is Hadji Mohammed Jamalul Kiram II, the Sultan of Sulu, whose royal realm comprises some two thousand palm islands and coral atolls in the southernmost Philippines. His entire isle-studded empire is only a few square miles larger than the small state of Delaware. Not so many years ago it was the home of a race of pirates who terrorized the Eastern seas from Surabaya to Shanghai, and the sultan was a power outside as well as within his sultanate. But time and the American flag have changed all this. The present sovereign of Sulu, though he was born thirty years before Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, is the mildest of men. Most of the time he goes about Sulu in a faded khaki *stengah* shifter and a pair of soiled white

tennis slippers. But on those dress-up occasions when he gold-buttons himself into a fresh Palm Beach suit, slips his feet into patent-leather pumps, and removes his best maroon plush fez from its tissue paper, he overloads his pudgy fingers with pearls and rubies, and sticks at least one begemmed tie-pin into his cravat.

His jeweled splendor as well as his pacifism is mirrored by his subjects, loyal Malayans of Javanese and Sumatran descent whose ancestors were converted to Mohammedanism about 1450 A.D. Like the sultan, they are small brown men with straight brown hair and black shoe-button eyes. But, unlike him, they go about like their fathers and grandfathers, picturesquely clad in form-fitting black sateen tights and snug gold-rimmed jackets, with rainbow hued squares of plaid homespun wound turbanwise about their heads, and betel-nut boxes and silver-handled bolos tucked into their girdles. Despite the fact that Uncle Sam has stripped the sultan of all but his spiritual powers, he still manages to surround himself with plenty of glamor. Moslem Moros who people his kingdom continue to vie for his favor. And it is well worth a trip to Jolo, the capital of his sultanate, to see the older generation rub their chubby

countenances in the dust as he comes rattling into town in his flivver truck. On the contrary, American cocoanut and hemp planters in that part of the Philippines take his approach standing up. To most of them the plump little man jouncing up and down on the driver's seat is primarily famous as the inspiration of George Ade's musical comedy, *The Sultan of Sulu*. They greet him with a flourish of their solar toupees and shout, "Hey, Sultan! How about a ride?" His answer is a quick command to the native at the wheel to step on the brakes. For the sultan employs his truck not for what trucks are usually employed for, but to convey his friends and subjects on motor excursions about the island.

Occasionally an American will halt one of these joy rides by inviting the monarch to sit in on a little game of poker at the South Seas Club. Like most Moros, the sultan is an ardent gambler. Once he has settled himself before a card table on the breeze-swept clubhouse on the waterfront in Jolo, he will allow nothing to disturb him.

By all Sulu standards the sultan is an extremely wealthy man. He is on Uncle Sam's pension roll for $6,000 a year; the British North Borneo Trading Company pays him approximately $250 a month as rental

for his hereditary domain in North Borneo, and he receives an additional $3,000 as a member of the Philippine Legislature. This does not include the profits from his lands in Sulu, which are farmed by his retainers, nor the gifts of cash given him annually by his most loyal subjects. The *mestizos politicos* of Manila see to it that a band is on the wharf to welcome the inter-island steamer bringing the sultan to the legislature, and when the gangplank is lowered a committee of them rushes aboard and officially presents him with the keys to the capital. Not since the Battle of Bagsak in 1913, when General (then Colonel) John J. Pershing took him prisoner and forced him to abdicate his temporal powers, has he been the recipient of such flattering attention.

A human paradox is Moroland's sultan. Typically Mohammedan is his attitude toward the women of his kingdom. With the exception of Baby, his first (and last) school-bred wife, who was all set to empty his harem until he divorced her, none of his "at least a thousand" (to quote him) wives has ever questioned his authority. Yet he is completely dominated by his two nieces—Princess Nurijam, the *dayang-dayang* or crown princess of the sultanate, and Princess Tarhata, a former co-ed at the University of Illinois.

For years the American residents of the archipelago have recognized the *dayang-dayang* as the power behind the throne. While the sultan loafed in his country palace at Maimbum, played the carabao races, hunted wild deer, entertained his cronies at cocoanut-toddy parties, or embarked with his royal suite on rent-collecting junkets to Borneo, Princess Nurijam ran the government. The only person who has ever challenged her authority is her cousin, the Princess Tarhata. Shortly after the latter's return from the University of Illinois she lost her uncle's favor by eloping with a married headman and helping him lead an uprising of rebels against the government.

Until the typhoon which swept across the southern Philippines last fall, destroying his palace, the sultan dwelt amid much native pomp in a pretentious thatch and clapboard house, forty minutes by motor from Jolo. Like all native residences, it was built high off the ground so that his carabaos and retainers could rest underneath during the heat of the tropical day, and was surrounded by a balcony. Here the sultan received some of America's first citizens—diplomats, government officials, senators, writers, and tourists *de luxe*—who made the uncomfortable seven-day journey from Manila to Moroland to glimpse for a

few brief moments the only royal ruler under the American flag.

* * *

Chinese pirates, with headquarters in the wickedest city in the world, the Portuguese Macao on the China coast, and led by a pirate queen, are robbing and sinking trading ships bound for Hongkong or Shanghai. British and Japanese gunboats scurry to the scene of the piracies and find nothing except a scuttled ship or a few dying seamen with their throats cut.

The queen of the pirates, lady admiral of a fleet of fourteen swift junks, is Lai Choi San, well known to the harassed authorities, who haven't been able to lay a hand on her silken skirts. With spies everywhere in the trading centers, Lai Choi San gets word by radio of the sailing of a vessel loaded with silk or other rich merchandise. She lies in wait with her junks, swoops down on the victims, and is away and in hiding before gunboats can get on her trail. Unless all tales of the pirate queen are inventions, she is not only a very efficient sea robber, with all modern improvements, but a beautiful woman as well. She is slender and short, with jet black hair and eyes and a smooth, ivory skin. Her jewelry is exclusively old jade—pins, earrings, and bracelets. Her face and dark

eyes are the face and eyes of an intelligent woman, but hard and ruthless. She is about forty and is always exquisitely dressed, even while commanding her private junks—white satin robe with green jade buttons, and white silk slippers with green jade ornaments.

As many tales are told of her in the Far East as were ever told of Robin Hood or Captain Kidd. She is said to have inherited her ships and her business from her father, an old-time pirate who was killed in a sea fight with a rival pirate chief. His daughter, who is said to have been educated in this country as a very young girl, continued and expanded his piracy business. Wherever she goes, on land or sea, a giant man-servant is always at her shoulder. A prisoner, later released by Madame Lai Choi San, saw her in action. Her fleet of pirate junks sighted three small trading ships. From her post of command, in a throne-like chair on the after deck, Madame Lai gave with jeweled hand the calm order to go into action. The small cannon of the pirate junks began to bark as Madame waved her white prisoner below decks. Things were about to take place that she had no wish for him to see. Half an hour later, when he was permitted to go on deck again, the trading ships had dis-

appeared—all except one that was slowly sinking by the head. And Madame Lai, the irate queen, turned from watching her returning small boats loaded with loot from the sunken ships, to ask her prisoner what were the latest plays in the London theater.

A "London Particular"

OF ALL THE OLD CAPITALS OF Europe, London is surely the most fascinating. Its old ways and odd corners capture the imagination. And of all the pictures of London, this writer likes best to think of the old city as it lies blanketed by fog—one of those all-enveloping, all-embracing North Sea fogs which make all cats gray and all humans strange wraiths from the unknown and the unpredictable.

If you have ever been caught out in a real London fog, a regular "London particular," you have had one of the weirdest experiences known to man. You found yourself in a mysterious and fantastic world; a world of ghosts and baffling whispers and murmurs.

A great London editor, James Bone, has described a London fog in that delightful work of his called *The London Perambulator.* It arrives, says Editor Bone, "like something young, delicate and playful. As charming for a little while as a young pig."

You are aware, in Trafalgar Square or Piccadilly

or on the Embankment, of a delicate mist, faint and volatile, drifting like idle cigarette smoke in the currents of air. But presently, as if by magic, it becomes an overwhelming monster, destroying the world you are familiar with and creating a wanton, monstrous, grotesque world of its own. You grope your fearful way along a wall, or, seized with a strange terror of movement, stand transfixed at a corner. The voices that come to you—voices of busmen and taxi drivers and bobbies—take on a rounder heartiness than ever they have in the lost sunshine. Policemen loom up out of nowhere, like incredible giants.

A spirit of misrule is abroad, as if all of the hobgoblins and pixies of Hallowe'en were at their pranks and mischief. Newspaper boys play tricks and cry news that never occurred on land or sea or in the air above. Sober citizens find themselves in public houses, hobnobbing at the bar with queer fish from the great pool of London's East Side. Strange companionships are formed and strange friendships made. Dark deeds are done that never see the light. Judges and prisoners on bail lose their way. People turn up at the wrong theaters. Ambulances speeding to accidents get quite lost. Cats come out into the street and pursue their vendettas as if it were night.

In private houses people light up their rooms for cheerfulness against the all-pervading yellow murk that blurs the city. You glance into windows and see interiors with figures precisely like stage scenes framed in black. You can study the tastes and fashions of a past century in all mantelpieces and modelings, as if you were strolling through the British Museum or a gallery of antiquities. Buses appear out of nowhere, passing weird procession, huddling close for comfort and staggering on into the mystery.

It is all like something from the brush of Gustave Doré, a phantasmagoria of djinns and mumbling lost spirits. The long-dead past has a trick of escaping the tomb and living again before your eyes.

The whole mystery of a London fog was described by James Bone in this delightful incident:

"The oddest sight almost that ever has come before my eyes was one of those strange pictures of the fog. I was marooned, appalled, peering for some landmark to help me on my way, when out of nowhere, in the general mystery, came a glare of torches and a body of men. The torches were carried by liveried footmen and policemen. On came the group, slow-paced, the flare of the torches sending weird gleams through the enveloping murk.

"They passed me close by," said James Bone, "and in the brief illumination of the torches, I saw, in the center of the group, a portly gentleman with a full, neat beard, partially cloaked by an Inverness cape. It was Edward the Seventh, King of England, making his way home with his gentlemen to Buckingham Palace, guided by linkmen and torchbearers, precisely as his Stuart ancestor wended home through the fogs of three hundred years ago."

* * *

One never knows what mysteries or curiosities of life are hidden in some corner of a great city. A retired laundryman living on East Seventh Street in New York City received a yearly pension of $200 from the estate of Charles the Second, who was King of England from 1660 to 1685.

Harry Franck discovered that odd fact when he was in England getting the material for his book *Foot-loose in the British Isles.*

More than two hundred and eighty years ago, when King Charles was defeated by Cromwell at the Battle of Worcester, the young king, hunted and with a price on his head, was hidden away by an ancestor of this retired New York laundryman. That night Charles was able to make his escape in disguise.

When he was called back to the throne by General Monk, in 1660, one of the first things he did as he plunged his eager hands into bushels of gold, was to reward the man who had saved his life the night after the Battle of Worcester. He gave that man a pension of 100 marks a year, forever, to him and to his heirs. That pension today amounts to fifty pounds or about $200 at the present worth of the British pound.

Regularly every year an old firm of London lawyers receives this sum from the trustees of King Charles' personal estate and pays it over to the most direct descendant of the king's benefactor, even though that descendant and his forebears were American born.

A curious thread, is it not, which runs from modern New York back to Old England of the Stuart kings and Cromwell?

Salute Two Charming Spies!

IN ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY of the Continent, and even in placid England, the spy fever burns hotly, and the secret police are combing the frontiers and the hiding places of great cities for the military agents who are trying to unearth the secrets of new defenses and new plans for attack. It is the busiest industry in Europe. It is one of the oldest industries in the world precisely as its evil brother, war, is one of the most ancient. There is no glory in the trade and very little money, yet some of the most brilliant of men and most fascinating of women have eagerly accepted its hardships and its perils. Women are up to their pretty eyes in the thrilling and dangerous business of stealing the secrets of embassies and war departments.

The greatest spy story the war produced was the story of the beautiful young German woman, Anne Marie Lesser, the most successful of all the spies that Germany employed. The story of Anne Marie Lesser

is told in a book of true spy stories called *Espionage*.

In the spring of 1914 Anne Marie Lesser set forth on one of her eternal travels, this time to Belgium. She was sent to get figures about the fortifications of Belgium. How many guns were there at Liége? How was the water in the Belgian canals regulated?

One evening in Brussels some Belgian officers were having a gay party; Anne Marie Lesser, blond, blue-eyed, very lovely and intriguing, was sitting in the same restaurant. A young Belgian lieutenant, René Austin, was passing her table when a glass fell to the floor. Pretty young Anne Marie Lesser uttered a faint cry. She had cut her hand in picking up the broken glass. Lieutenant René Austin, a chivalrous gentleman, hastened to her side, escorted her out of the room, and helped her bind the cut with cotton and adhesive tape. They sat down together in the hotel lobby, laughed over the odd incident that had brought them together and proceeded to become great friends.

One day Anne Marie Lesser, enthusiastic art student, purchased a little car and asked René Austin to tour the country with her to visit the museums. The lieutenant secured leave of eight days and off they went, happy as a pair of love birds. Anne Marie, who claimed to be the daughter of a former French officer,

asked a thousand artless questions and the lieutenant, very much in love, told her all he knew about many things which had little to do with the study of painting. And then one day, as their little car was skirting the Dutch border, a piece of paper whisked from a book Anne Marie was carrying and went dancing before the wind. René Austin sprang from the car to recover it.

"No, no!" cried Anne Marie. "It is of no consequence. Let it go!"

But the lieutenant, out of sheer gallantry, ran after it. The paper was whisked through a hedge, which the lieutenant vaulted swiftly. When he reappeared from behind the hedge there was no paper in his hand. His face was strange. Anne Marie watched him with her hand on her heart.

He said, merely: "The paper fell into a little pool and is lost."

Without another word they returned to the car, got in and drove away. She saw that her lover's face was white and set like stone. She sat tense as a cat, ready to leap or to fight to the death. The lieutenant gave her the chance for neither. He drove at breakneck speed for the nearest village. When he reached

it he jammed on the brakes, leaped from the car, and hurried to a nearby policeman.

Instantly Anne Marie drove her pretty foot against the accelerator and the car went shrieking through the village and out to the edge of the forest, where it crashed against a tree, overturned and caught fire. Thrown clear, Anne Marie ran along a narrow path which led to a canal. She stopped to catch her breath and saw, as she stood there panting like a terrified animal, a big barge moving slowly along in the placid stream of the canal. She stripped off her clothes, tied them in a bundle, attached the bundle to her back, and swam straight for the canal boat. An old man on the rear deck was so amazed at seeing her with so little on that he dropped his pipe in his astonishment.

"Three thousand francs," cried Anne Marie, "if you take me across the frontier in your boat. Here are the bills. Quick! I'm smuggling diamonds and the police are after me."

The next afternoon, August the 4th, the Germans launched their assault against the fortress of Liége, and, due to Anne Marie's information, were able to smash its defenses and capture it. After the Armistice was signed, Anne Marie Lesser went to live in a little house in Zehlendorf, surrounded by a garden.

Morphine and cocaine, which had kept her going through her desperate years of peril, had destroyed her nerves. One day, accompanied by nurses, she departed for Switzerland, where the doors of an asylum closed upon her. She still lives there today, in that asylum for the insane.

* * *

The discovery of a long-hidden trunk in a Paris garret revives the strange story of one of the most beautiful and fascinating women that ever lived—the woman who had no soul. For that dusty trunk contained the secret papers of the dazzling beauty who sent a hundred thousand men to their deaths and who was destroyed by France as one crushes a snake: Mata Hari, the Red Dancer, who charmed men as a serpent charms fluttering birds, the insatiable courtesan who came so near to ruining France! The world has never known her like—this golden Mata Hari.

To this day people believe she was Javanese, one of those fascinating, lustrous-eyed, golden-skinned beauties produced by the hot sun of the Far East. Actually she was Dutch, with a strain of Jewish: Margaret Gertrude Zelle. At eighteen she married a handsome soldier of fortune named Captain Campbell McLeod, and went with him to Java, where she learned the

sinuous, sensuous, mystic dances of the old East. When she danced, her great somber eyes glowed and flamed. She embraced an invisible lover in her shapely, naked arms. Her jeweled legs, glossy, perfect, quivered with the passion of her art. The serpent —the goddess of all evil—in a woman's beautiful form.

She came to Paris and entered the German secret service as "H-21." She made fools and dupes of cabinet ministers and generals. They betrayed to her secrets that meant death for whole regiments. But in the end France trapped and tried her. She sat in a blue dress cut to a low point, a coquettish, three-cornered hat, the smartest of silk stockings, and turned upon the military court the fascination of her smile, the lure of her deep blue eyes. Setting their teeth, members of the court condemned her to death.

In the chill gray dawn they brought her to the old fortress of Vincennes. From a nearby factory a whistle shrilled, calling workers to daily toil. All around three sides of a hollow square were infantry in horizon blue, cavalry with long black plumes curving from brass helmets, artillery with scarlet facings. On the open side of the hollow square stood a tree blasted by lightning, stripped of branches and leaves, stark and sinis-

ter. She came walking with a nun, serene, smiling. The little nun trembled.

"Come, little sister," murmured the woman who had no soul. "*Courage!* Hold to my hand!"

The order rang out: "Present arms!"

Mata Hari passed along the steadfast ranks, acknowledging that truly French courtesy which salutes the condemned—death paying all debts. The minister asked God's final mercy. Gendarmes pressed Mata Hari against the tree. They sought to bind her eyes. She waved them away disdainfully.

The officer commanding the firing squad was young and very good-looking. His voice snapped the command: "Take aim!"

Mata Hari flashed him a gay, provocative smile, with a "Thank you, monsieur!"

One last command: "Fire!" Twelve rifles crashed. Round the three sides of the square, with a soaring blare of trumpets and a ruffle of drums, swept the soldiers of France. In clicking step they glanced sidewise at a face in whose wide-open blue eyes, and upon whose lovely, curving lips hovered still a mysterious and enigmatic smile.

Far From the Workaday World

BACK TO THIS WORKADAY world and the clicking typewriter from one of the most wonderful of all American playgrounds, the State of Maine. Remote, tranquil, rock-bound, forested Maine, where one wins peace for the soul as well as rest for the body; where one goes banging into a woodland paradise over buck-board roads so incredibly bad that the startled mind, turning from the battered body, looks back over stretches of gaunt rock and broken corduroy and exclaims in a kind of passion: "No team of horses ever foaled or wagon ever built could pass this way!"

But they do, and they come in time to the camp—the simple, primitive camp of log cabins, weathered by the years, friendly and comfortable, looking out over one of the loveliest lakes of azure crystal ever fashioned by the hands of the Almighty among serene and changeless mountains. And then the blessed dark, with its healing silences, broken only by the

weird call of a bear mother up the mountain, or by the sharp, impudent bark of a red fox, or by the scuffling of Brother Porcupine out in the brush. And after that deep, dreamless sleep, and an awakening to the first faint flush of rose dawn behind the distant eastern ridge; followed by the spreading glory of the triumphant sun, all red and gold; and then the full, bright morning, with the wind fluttering from the west and the trout and land-locked salmon nosing to the surface and taking their own Bertillon measurements in the size of the circles that spread over and ripple the glassy water.

A plunge into the cold depths of the lake, and a few quick strokes, and back to the cabin for a brisk rubdown and into woods clothes—and at the breakfast table with an appetite that challenges all the hens in Maine. Then, in flannel shirt and khaki and moccasins, with pack over back, down the long trail to Spencer Stream and the canoe . . . around birch-covered bends which are never the same in their lovely, mysterious immobility, where the slender silver birches curtsey and bow like graceful ladies before the caperings of the west wind. Deep pools, where the wise trout lie through the hot August days, far down in cold depths fed by eternal springs. And the grace-

ful play and flicking lure of silken flies cast ever so lightly out over the pools and under the leaning alders —silken flies whose very names are alluring: Parmacheene Belle, and Montreal, and Silver Doctor, and Royal Coachman. And the thrill that almost stops the heart when a big trout shoots upward from the dark pool, strikes with savage intensity, curving clear over the delicate leader, and is hooked to his doom.

There comes the tranquil evening, paddling upstream with never a swirl or swish of the surface water, as silent as a ghost in a ghostly canoe. . . . And the deer that are surprised at the level bars along the stream bends as they come down to drink in the evening, leaving their little spotted fawns hidden in the alders, while the big bucks watch from the nearby ridge. The graceful, shy does, with their great ears twitching away the flies, brown eyes staring intently at the silently moving canoe, poised on springs of terror, ready at a flash or a splash to go leaping away in curving loops back into the alders and the forest, flying their white flags behind them. . . . And the great heron that lifts like a seaplane as she soars from the top branch of an old lightning-blasted pine and sweeps upward and away with a vast spread of wings. . . . And the shelldrake ducks, mother and father and a

dozen half-grown youngsters, stretched clear across the stream in a level line, suddenly startled by a glimpse of the oncoming canoe and scuttering from water to wing with a sudden terrific energy that sends the foam behind them in a wide, tormented wake. . . . And almost at the last, as dark falls, old Mother Black Bear, rooting and grunting among the wild red raspberry bushes with her two funny, delicious cubs, little blobs of black, little clowns of the woodland. Her sudden "Woof!" of alarm and warning as she wheels away through the brush, her cubs rolling and tumbling after her, thrilling with the terror and adventure of a new experience.

Finally the canoe landing, and taking down the fly rods, and taking up the pack, and the long, hard hike back over the mountain trail, over and down the mountain to the glow of lantern light in log-cabin windows, and the pleasant murmur of voices, and the aroma of good food cooking for a hungry man.

Maine in the month of August!

* * *

It was just fifty years ago that a fine character of the Northwest made his way through the forests of Alberta, Canada, and came upon one of the most beautiful pictures ever painted by the Almighty—Lake

Louise. The Indians had hinted to my good friend, Tom Wilson, alive and vigorous today at the age of seventy-three, that there lay, buried deep in the mountains, the lake where the Great Spirit spoke to the Red Man in the thunder of the avalanche and in the rolling crescendo of His heavenly artillery: the place where God made His thunder and painted His masterpieces. So Tom Wilson, with the soul of a poet and the eye of a painter, struggled behind his Indian guides for many miles, through untraveled mountain canyons, thick with windfall timber, over boulder-strewn brooks and ancient Indian trails, until he burst through the brush and stood speechless at the magnificent beauty of the spectacle that lay before him.

"As God is my judge," said Tom Wilson, telling the story of his discovery of Lake Louise, "I never, in all my exploration of these five chains of mountains through western Canada, saw such a matchless scene. The surface of the lake was as still as a mirror. On the right and left, forests that had never known the ax marched down to the blue-green water, a mile and a half away. The background was white, opal, and brown, where a great glacier merged with the shining water. The sun, at high noon, poured its clear

light into the pool which reflected the lovely landscape. I tell you, sir, no man has ever been able to describe that picture, painted for the Indians by the Great Spirit. I felt puny in body, but there was glory in my soul. I was then twenty-three and believed in God. I am now seventy-three and know there is a God!"

Tom Wilson named his discovery Emerald Lake, but the Canadian government changed the name to Lake Louise, as a compliment to a daughter of Queen Victoria. And as Tom Wilson sits today in his home in Banff, smoking his pipe and peering through his amber-tinted spectacles, and looks back over a fine, clean life, he can take satisfaction in having been the messenger of Providence in giving to the world an ineffably beautiful, enduring picture.

The Strange Story of Opal Whiteley

IN THE SACROSANCT FILES of the State Department in Washington lies buried a romantic secret I would give a good deal to penetrate. It must be there, for Charles Evans Hughes, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, signed his name to a certain document which had to do with it when he was Secretary of State. Perhaps the truth is known in the British Embassy, for Viscount Grey of Fallodon, who was the ambassador in Secretary Hughes's day, also put his name to this document. But it is a secret which has grown dusty in our files for years, and is apt to stay there. Only a curious incident of just the other day revived it.

An American lady, who was traveling through the great Rajputana agency in India, came to the native state of Udaipur. She paused in her journey, for she was entranced with the shining city, violet crowned, set like a jewel in the hills. Its snow-white palaces rose sheer from lakes which vied in color with the

Indian firmament. Up and down its crooked streets went stately women, in swinging skirts of orange—sworded Rajputs, wild-eyed Bhils, with bow on back and a sheaf of loose arrows in one hand; lepers begging in whining voices; caparisoned stallions and sacred bulls. Resplendent and haughty, a Rajput noble rode by, with horse and foot, to report at the palace of the Maharana, his loud-voiced herald at his charger's nose, and every member of his retinue a feast for an artist's eye. All of the violent color scheme of medieval India was there.

While the American lady sat entranced in her carriage, half a troop of cavalry, lean, brown men on beautiful coal-black horses, all gay and glowing with colorful trappings and silver ornaments, came toward her at a fast trot. And back of the fast-trotting horses and their splendid riders, came a shining carriage. And in the carriage, very upright, under a silk parasol, was a lady that the American woman knew as surely as she would have known her own sister in the streets of Udaipur. It was Opal Whiteley, an American girl with a curious history, who had disappeared ten years previously, and from whom and of whom not one whisper had ever come.

Discreetly, the American woman made inquiries,

and learned that the lady in the carriage, escorted by the house cavalry of His Royal Highness, the Maharana of Udaipur, the highest ranking prince in all Rajputana, was a dweller in the palace, a foreign princess highly esteemed and respected by the Maharana and the court. The American lady hinted that she would like to pay her respects. They stared at her in horror. Ladies of the court of Udaipur did not receive callers.

The American lady smiled dryly. But her mind flashed back some years, to the time when Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* sprang a literary sensation by printing the diary of a child of nine—the diary of Opal Whiteley. He printed it, chapter by chapter, and then brought it out in book form, to the delight, even, of the skeptical. For it was a perfectly phenomenal piece of writing for a child of nine—in the genius of imagination which named her animal pets for the gods of Olympus, who attached the staggering name of Sophocles Diogenes to her pet lamb, and who called the vegetables in her garden by the names of the gods. It was the literary sensation of the day, this diary of Opal Whiteley, and the girl herself was an unsoluble mystery—then, as she is now.

Little by little the American lady, trying to piece

together parts of a puzzle, heard little things. Dr. Rushford Williams, foreign minister for His Highness the Maharajah of Patiala, also a native state of Rajputana, contributed a small part. He knew Opal Whiteley as the Princess de Ligne, who had lived for years at the court of Udaipur, and who had contributed brilliant articles on Indian life to the London *Graphic*. From still another source, which cannot be revealed, came the story that Opal Whiteley was the child of the Comte d'Artois, of the old royal house of France, by a Hindu princess, none other than the granddaughter of the old Maharana of Udaipur.

This much is known: that just before Opal Whiteley disappeared from America, the Maharana was asking the British government to help him locate a granddaughter who had, apparently, been carried off from India and taken to the United States. And on top of all this is the fact that when Opal Whiteley, in March 1923, left this country very secretly, she traveled, not with an ordinary passport, but with a confidential document signed by the Secretary of State of the United States and by the ambassador of the King of England and the Emperor of India.

The American lady who told me this strange story has only to close her eyes, to see again that splendid

picture of the dark-eyed princess, in her gleaming carriage, sitting very straight in her seat, under her crimson parasol, as the household cavalry of a king galloped ahead, cleaving a road through the bowing people. And there she must be today, this woman of a glamorous past—a child prodigy in literature—daughter of a royal French line, and kin, as well, to the ancient nobility of Hindustan. For Editor Sedgwick, in a letter to this writer, supplied the latest intelligence of mysterious Opal—fragmentary, but convincing to Mr. Sedgwick—all a part of the curious pattern of her life:

"She sent me from London a long account of her trip to India, where she had gone to follow the footsteps of her supposed father, Prince Henri d'Orléans. To substantiate her story, she sent me many photographs, but wishing to place the matter beyond peradventure, I wrote to several maharajahs, and from the secretaries of at least two of the courts I got formal assurances of the correctness of her story. Opal Whiteley never told me under whose auspices she went, but I think beyond question the old Orléans dowager, now dead, countenanced her. At any rate, she was everywhere accepted as an authentic princess, and I received several letters from Englishmen of position

saying that they had seen her at important levees, and that she had been shown signal favor in accompanying one maharajah, at least, on a tiger hunt, with all the trappings appropriate to a visit of royalty."

A King-God Passes

FROM THE ROOF OF THE world, from the summits of the high Himalayas, the Dalai Lama passes to Nirvana at the age of fifty-seven. Three nations, Great Britain, Russia, and China, immediately take alarm, for the Dalai Lama, the most remarkable ruler of the times, half king, half god to his followers, millions of Buddhists, was, to all Tibet, the high justice, the middle, and the low, ruling a country which has been a buffer state among India, China, and Russian territory. He favored the British. Now that he is gone the foreign offices of three powers are tense and nervous about what his successor will do. For the Russian Bear has coveted Tibet for many long years, looking for that pathway into India, which has been Russia's dream for a hundred years.

An extraordinary personality, the Dalai Lama, ruling from the Forbidden City of Lhasa the monasteries and ascetics of that land of rocks and deserts, mountain passes and avalanches, cold and ice, with their

500,000 priests. He was the thirteenth vice regent of Buddha, and the living symbol of a system of philosophic speculation which was in full flower many centuries before the birth of Christ. Although the ancient Buddhist culture is decadent, the race of holy men, scorning all material things, all things of the flesh, dealing only with things of the spirit, is not entirely extinct. In those high Himalayas they make their perpetual pilgrimage from sanctuary to sanctuary, carrying with them their sublime visions and their spiritual solitude. In those mountains hermits bury themselves alive in tiny cells hewn out of the rock, cells so narrow that their occupants cannot move about. They are kept alive only by the charity of the people from the villages down below: little mountain men and women who climb the rocks from time to time and deposit small quantities of food in wooden bowls.

It is a mysterious and fascinating world, this Tibet, this land called the Roof of the World. All spiritual and material values are turned upside down. There one lives in an atmosphere unreal and magic, against a fantastic background of the strangest mountains the human eye ever beheld. There one is surrounded by silence impenetrable and solitude almost appalling.

Over such mystics and such a land the Dalai Lama ruled for forty years as the reincarnated spirit of the Lord Buddha.

The Western world first had news of him twenty-five years ago when Colonel Sir George Younghusband broke through the Himalayan passes with a British column and occupied the Forbidden City. He possessed a treasure of jewels said to be worth half a billion dollars. His table was served with golden plates and golden cups. His bed was all white satin. When he left his monastery palace he traveled in a $20,000 Rolls-Royce. And when the motor car came to roads that not even a goat could travel, the car was lifted on the shoulders of his followers and carried forward. His passion was flowers and his pet was a savage Bengal tiger which purred against his pin-pointed mustaches and his saffron cheek, begging for caresses.

So he passes, this unique figure of the earth, this guardian of ancient forces, this Mongolian king-god who played with forces and mysteries that the Western eye and mind never penetrated.

* * *

Curious news from Japan. A new shrine for suicides is being sought. In the Japanese conception,

suicide is regarded as a noble gesture, sanctioned by the national code of honor. Young Japanese, weary of this world, have invariably sought romantic methods of leaving it. They wanted to die, but they wanted to die in beauty, with a beautiful gesture.

For a long time Kegon Cataract, an almost vertical waterfall 260 feet high, was the shrine of the unhappy and self-doomed. Into that vortex hundreds cast themselves and their bodies disappeared forever. When the authorities decided that the cataract had claimed enough victims, they closed all accesses with barbed wire.

Shortly afterward candidates for suicide discovered the little volcanic island of Oshima, in the Pacific, just off Yokohama. Poets began to sing the praises of Oshima's beautiful maidens, its gorgeous red camellias, and its fire-breathing Mount Mihara, eternally crowned with fire and smoke. In ever-greater numbers people flocked to the island, to plunge into the crater abyss and be cremated in incandescent lava. The jump of about seventeen hundred feet implied a painless death, with the flesh, dissolved in flames, rising to heaven with the immortal soul. The poetic vision exercised in irresistible at-

traction on the sentimental maidens of Japan. Mount Mihara began to devour them.

The first butterfly to wing her way to the red glare of the volcano's crater was Miss Kiyoko, a lovely society girl of Tokio. With a friend she climbed to the edge of the crater, wrote a charming farewell to life, and took the fatal plunge.

Almost daily terrible scenes took place at the crater. A woman leaped with her baby in her arms. A man of eighty had himself carried to the brink in order that he could end his earthly career with his last strength. Young girls concluded death pacts with young students, and the couples hurled themselves together into the flaming furnace. Tourists flocking to Oshima Island, climbing the slopes covered with azalea groves and then with lava and ashes, would see a young man or a young girl run to the brink, wave a hand, and leap from sight. The mountain would roar ominously and a column of smoke would leap from the depths. A soul had passed.

The craze assumed such proportions that the government again had to intervene and deny access to the volcano. No less than 200 persons had sought and found death, since the beginning of the year, in the raging heart of Mount Mihara. And now the suicid-

ally disposed and the poets of the cult are seeking a new shrine which must combine beauty with terror. First a waterfall, then a volcano. One wonders what form it will take next, this shrine for the release of troubled souls.

Prophets of Doom

THE MAN WHO PREDICTS that the world will come to an end this year lives at Freeport, Long Island. His name is Robert Reidt, and they call him the Prophet of Doom. Just a year ago he startled the nervous, and such as carry uneasy consciences beneath their wishbones, with the round assertion that October 10, 1932, would resound to the notes of Gabriel's trumpet. But when the old world went on about its business the Prophet of Doom was not the least discountenanced or discouraged. He went over his calculations, based, he says, upon the Book of Revelations, and now renews his baleful prediction that this year will see the end of everything.

"Before the year is out," says Robert Reidt, "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up." Science is quite ready to affirm the possibility of such a catastrophe, but is cautious about settling any date

nearer than a few hundred million or billion years from now. For a thousand years there have been these prophets of doomsday and some of them have terrified whole nations.

In the year 1000 all Christendom looked for the end on January the first. The rumor spread that Christ would appear on Mount Zion. An immense throng flocked there, having first sold all their earthly possessions.

Stoeffler, a German astronomer, predicted in 1533 that the world would be destroyed by a deluge. Believers emulated Noah. A wealthy Parisian built himself a raft, which he stored with provisions to last six months. Finally the appointed day arrived. At seven in the morning Stoeffler began preaching his last sermon. He advanced twenty-two arguments to prove that his theory was true. The clock struck. "Lo! It comes, it comes!" shouted the prophet. But it came not. The people held their breath with awe. Stoeffler, peering from the church door, spied a cloud and shouted again: "Behold, it cometh from the clouds!" Again he was wrong. Fear turned to anger. The people dragged the prophet from his pulpit and soused him in a neighboring duck pond.

But the greatest of all these sensations occurred in

1844, when William Miller, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts preached with fiery fervor that the world would come to an end between the thirteenth and twenty-second of October. The poet John G. Whittier heard Miller preach and described the scene in his diary. "The white circle of tens," wrote Whittier, a good reporter, "the dim, wood arches, the upturned earnest faces, the loud voices of the speakers, burdened with the awful symbolic language of the Bible; the smoke from the fires, rising like incense from forest altars. And suspended from the front of the rude pulpit a canvas sheet bearing the wonders of the Apocalyptic vision: the beasts, the dragon, the scarlet woman, the mystic symbols, all translated into staring Yankee realities, and exhibited like the beasts of a traveling menagerie." In March of that year, 1844, Father Miller closed the diary of his public labors, believing he would never have to open it again. But March went out in its usual lamb-like way, and April came and passed and saw not the heaven in anguish. When May arrived the poor old man was heard confessing his error, but not his disbelief. October would yet witness the fulfillment of his prophecy. In the interval between the thirteenth and the twenty-second of October all worldly business was

put aside by the Millerites, or Second Adventists. Thousands bought white muslin for ascension robes. Tradesmen shut up shop and gave away their goods. Multitudes knelt in prayer half the day and half the night, while they turned to the peaceful blue sky or the tranquil stars their apprehensive gaze. Finally the sun rose on October twenty-third. Nothing happened all day, and at nightfall the sad prophet could only say: "I have fixed my mind on another time, and here I mean to stand until God gives me more light."

Except for Prophet Reidt, of Freeport, Long Island, the most recent of the prophets of doom was Lee T. Spangler, a grocer, of York, Pennsylvania. At the age of twelve it was revealed to him in a vision that the world would perish in fire and smoke in October, 1908. When he became a grown man he revealed his message to his neighbors. Leaving his wife behind him, he went to Nyack, New York, with his chief priestess and a crowd of believers. Solemn preparatory services were held. The priestess revealed that Prophet Spangler had found, in the second verse of the sixth chapter of Revelations, a distinct reference to Theodore Roosevelt, who had ridden a white horse up San Juan Hill, had conquered and had been

crowned. Therefore, it was perfectly plain that the end of the world would arrive before nightfall. But twilight came, and then dark. The night grew colder and colder. The damped and chilled believers melted away. And so did the prophet. A few days later he was discovered living quietly at home with his wife, dispensing butter and eggs as of yore.

Modern Slavery and Historic Mutiny

THE STARS HANG LOW IN the luminous African night. A thousand men, women, and children sleep soundly in a native Galla town in the British territory of Kenya, in northeastern Africa. Off in the bush a lion looses a rumbling roar which jars the air. A jackal laughs in hysterical terror. The peaceful Gallas, familiar with such echoes of the night, sleep on, undisturbed.

Suddenly the echoes become a demoniac chorus. Over the village sweeps a wave of wild tribesmen from across the border in Abyssinia. The Galla men, rushing from their grass huts, half stupid from sleep, are mowed down by rifle fire and slaughtered with spears. The young men and the young women are seized and bound. The old are killed in blood-frenzy. and in the light of the burning town the raiders from Ethiopia retreat swiftly through the bush and are over the borders of their own country, carrying into life-long slavery the miserable Gallas.

These raids have been all too frequent in the past year, and the British lion growls angrily at the lion of Judah, none other than His Majesty the Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. The medieval potentate, who claims to be descended straight from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, is told that he must keep his slave raiders on his own side of the Kenya border or there may be unpleasant consequences.

There are black crimes festering in the heart of the Dark Continent, and the blackest of all is human slavery, the bondage of men and women which Bula Matari, Henry M. Stanley, fought so hard to suppress fifty years ago. Even the penalty of death does not daunt the heartless slave raiders who make their forays, massacre whole communities, and drive away columns of manacled, staggering human cattle. It is one of the most terrible problems the British have to deal with in their spheres of control and influence, and quite recently the United States has had to speak plainly to its own dark stepchild, Liberia, on the west side of the great continent.

It is interesting to note that the airplane, which is changing human existence in so many ways, may yet prove the instrument by which slavery in Africa will finally be wiped out. For the British are institut-

ing airplane patrols of the regions that suffer from slave raids. Speedily as the raiders strike and retreat, they cannot outmarch the planes that spot them from the skies and pursue them with machine guns.

* * *

Continued unrest in India recalls the interesting fact that it is just three quarters of a century since the sepoy mutiny took place, one of the most frightful experiences ever suffered by the white race in an alien land. The mutiny was a rebellion of the native troops, the sepoys, against British authority in India. It was provoked by an incredible piece of stupidity.

A new rifle was served out to the native troops. The cartridges had to be greased to make them slide easily into the bore of the gun. The grease was cow's fat, something thoroughly detestable to both Mohammedan and Hindu soldiers. It was necessary for them to tear off with their teeth the tops of the cartridges. They got upon their lips the hated, loathsome cow's fat. It was, by their standards, an impurity which deprived them of caste in this world and robbed them of their hope of heaven in the next.

Rebellion flamed through the great province of Bengal. Thousands of English men, women, and

children were butchered before the mutiny was crushed, finally, in 1858.

The mutiny produced the massacre at Cawnpore, the siege of Delhi, and the relief of Lucknow. One's blood is stirred even today when one reads of the indomitable valor of those British men and women fighting to the death against hordes of bloodthirsty natives.

The tale of the British in India is a long chronicle and a thrilling one, beginning when the little John Company clerk, Robert Clive, suddenly found himself and became one of the ablest military leaders who ever led the redcoats. For two centuries Great Britain has sent to India her best and her bravest.

Perhaps less that justice has been done to her remarkable work for a horde of three hundred million people, backward, steeped in superstition, enslaved by caste, and divided into hundreds of hostile tribes and races.

Admitting that India has a right to freedom—to self-government—one wonders what would happen if the strong hand of Great Britain should suddenly be removed. It is more than likely that a bloody religious war would follow—Mohammedans against the hated Hindus.

But it is scarcely more likely that the British will voluntarily retire from their great Asiatic empire than that descendants of the settlers in our own West will abandon the lands they wrested from the Indians by force and chicanery. The British title to India is almost as respectable as the American title to America.

* * *

And here is the tale of another mutiny—bloodless and successful—whose echoes endure through a century and a half to this very day.

Word comes from the far-away South Seas, from the land of the mutineers—from the two islands of Norfolk and Pitcairn—that no depression has visited their part of the world. They can't comprehend what is the matter with the rest of humanity.

Few more interesting dots of land exist anywhere in the Seven Seas than those isles of plenty, the home of one thousand descendants of the English sailors who followed Fletcher Christian in the historic mutiny on the British ship *Bounty* in 1789 (the year the United States became a nation) and their Polynesian wives. Seven hundred of the progeny of the *Bounty* mutineers live on beautiful Norfolk and three hundred make their home on Pitcairn.

Norfolk is lovelier and richer even than famed

Tahiti. Everything grows there—all the fruits of the temperate and sub-tropical climes, and all the vegetables. The land is so rich and the sea so generous with its fish that nobody more than lifts a hand in labor. Enough is grown and taken from the sea to enable the people to live bountifully. All other energies go to sport, for these descendants of the grim British seamen who rebelled against the brutality of the master of the ship *Bounty* and set him adrift are mad about sport. They have two golf courses, cricket fields, and tennis courts by the score.

There are no taxes whatever, few restrictions of any kind, and for the rest the residents are the fortunate beneficiaries of a most amiable climate, the most delightful of sea isles, natural beauty unsurpassed, complete freedom from the economic ups and downs of this machine-ruled world, and membership in a tranquil and generally harmonious family.

The names of the old mutineers survive in the families of Norfolk and Pitcairn. There are many Christians, McCoys, Quintals, and Adamses. Now and then a tourist visits them and blinks in amazement at the comfortable simplicity of their lives and the incredible cheapness of living. For four dollars and a half a week, a visitor to Norfolk gets the best the island

has to offer, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and good food.

The story of the people, beginning with the strangest mutiny in the annals of the sea, goes back a long way. The sloop-of-war *Bounty* was making her way from Tahiti in April, 1789. Her captain was a savage-tempered officer named William Bligh, a man of uncontrollable passions. Day after day he tyrannized over officers and men. The worst type of the old-time British naval officer who treated his seamen like slaves, his ship was a hell of cruelty from sun to sun. Men's backs were cut to ribbons at the whim of the brutal captain.

But the limit of human endurance was finally reached. One man, master mate and acting lieutenant, Fletcher Christian, a fine young officer with a religious upbringing, preferred death to the brutality and cruelty under which the ship's company was daily cursed. Quietly Fletcher Christian went among the men, organizing mutiny—the first and perhaps the only time that a British naval officer ever did the like. The seamen loved him; knew him for a man of heart and sense.

Like a flash of lightning, when all was ready, Fletcher Christian gave a signal on the 29th of April, 1789. The raging, cursing Bligh and nineteen of his

officers and men who refused to join the mutiny were seized and bound. In the red rage of the men's anger they would have been pistoled if Fletcher Christian had not stepped forward to save their lives. They were set adrift in a small boat with provisions, and eventually reached land.

From that day, for twenty-five years, the mutineers were lost to the world. It was supposed that they had perished. And then one day a Yankee whaler chanced upon Pitcairn Island to find a little colony—some forty children of the *Bounty* mutineers and the Polynesian mothers of the children. But of the *Bounty* mutineers only one was left alive.

Forty years later the British government moved the growing colony to Norfolk Island, and still later part of the colony moved back to the original Pitcairn. So there they are today, these waifs of destiny, half English, half Polynesian; happy in a world of gloom; human relics of one of the most dramatic tales the old ocean ever wrote upon its tumbling waves.

Affairs of Honor

THE BLOOD SPURTS FROM a hideous gash in the boy's face. His head is back, the neck resting on the top of the chair. His hands, in an agonizing grip, clench the sides of the seat. A doctor works on the wound. Slowly, so slowly, stitch after stitch, he sews.

The boy is conscious. He has received neither anesthetic nor sedative and will get none. He must not scream. He must not weep. Such weakness is against the code. The ghastly job is done. The doctor calmly cleans his knives.

"Oh," he says, with a shrug, in answer to a question, "that is not so bad. We do have worse cases."

The others in the small hall have been mildly interested. It is a commonplace happening in their young lives, certainly nothing to stop their chattering and jesting. Some secretly envy the wounded Adolph. He will have such a beautiful scar when the stitches are out and the bandages off. And what a

swagger he can affect, now that he carries the mark which the government of Herr Hitler has declared to be the badge of honor for the young manhood of the country.

Yes, the German Junkers have lifted the ban on dueling. At Heidelberg, Bonn, and Cologne the streets soon will be filled with young men glorying in the horrible mutilation of faces, by suffering which they believe they have steeled their bodies and spirits. These rulers of Germany, who would go back to Wotan and the other gods of Attila and Alaric, thus revive another old Teutonic custom, long abandoned and condemned by peoples who consider themselves enlightened at least to the point that they no longer consider that might is right.

The trial by combat originated in the Germanic tribes, and, finding its way into the other parts of Europe, reached unbridled proportions in the Middle Ages. Scott gives us the picture of it in England when he has Wilfred of Ivanhoe enter the lists against the Templar as the champion of Rebecca of York. Nor do Dumas in *The Three Musketeers* and Rostand in *Cyrano de Bergerac* exaggerate conditions in France. The gallants of Paris in the early years of the Seventeenth Century scarcely did any-

thing else but fight. Dueling was the sole topic of conversation the whole livelong day until the all-powerful Richelieu cried a halt to it. He was moved, he said, by moral reasons. Indeed, the Church in the Council of Trent did brand dueling an invention of the devil, designed to rob men of both body and soul. However, some think that the cardinal was moved more by the fact that his own brother, the eldest and head of his house, had been stabbed to the heart by an enemy of the cardinal's.

Whatever the reason, King Louis the Thirteenth in 1626 decreed the death penalty for dueling and soon found an opportunity to prove that when he said death he meant just that. The swashbuckling Count de Boutteville, with a record of twenty-one affairs of honor, felt compelled to stage a twenty-second, and to choose midday in the Place Royal as the scene of combat. The count reckoned on the power and influence of his house, and he reckoned in vain. That was his last duel. He and his second were seized and were beheaded on June 21, 1627.

Wholesale sword play in public was not fashionable after that, but dueling continued privately and on a restricted scale in France up until the beginning of the World War. Many and tragic have been the

encounters at dawn in the Bois de Boulogne in these later years, with politicians and journalists particularly addicted to this method of settling their quarrels. Pistols in the morning were not uncommon in England during the Eighteenth and part of the Nineteenth Centuries. Sheridan, Pitt, Castlereagh, and Wellington all fought duels, while a rare and unique legal case bearing on the subject engrossed England in 1817.

One Thornton was accused of the murder of Mary Ashford. He demanded a trial by combat rather than by a jury of his peers, and he challenged his accuser, the brother of the girl. The court solemnly ruled that he was within his rights, that such was the law of England. When the challenge was declined Thornton had to be freed under the law, which was then immediately repealed. Queen Victoria put an end to the foolishness of dueling by declining to receive at court anyone who had participated in a duel, and by cashiering officers in the army and navy who engaged in one.

The United States, early in its history, received a salutary lesson. Two men faced each other at thirty paces on a green field overlooking the lordly Hudson on the morning of July 12, 1804. Both had been

gallant, able soldiers, high-ranking officers of the Continental Army. One had been a stand-by of Washington's in the creation of the government and his Secretary of the Treasury. The other had lost the presidency to Thomas Jefferson. Aaron Burr's bullet carried true and Alexander Hamilton fell mortally wounded on the very spot where his twenty-year-old boy had been killed a short time before.

Even in Imperial Germany dueling became scandalous. The German Republic put an official ban on *Mensurem,* as student dueling is known, by legislating it to be felonious assault, and the law was enforced even as late as 1930, when eight students went to jail for violating it. However, at that very time, twelve fighting corps were meeting secretly in Berlin. Now the lid is off. German militarism seems to be in the making again. The Hitlerites glorify dueling as an essential to the development of a manly, martial spirit. They forget that such a good judge as Napoleon Bonaparte once said: "A good duelist is a bad soldier." The same Little Corporal, when challenged by the King of Sweden, replied that he would send a fencing master to give the king a good match. And the Prussian Guards must remember, even as you and I remember, how in Bel-

leau Wood in June, 1918, there were thousands of young men who had never handled a Schlæger, and yet for all that lacked nothing in manly, martial spirit.

Ghosts Are Abroad

THAT'S A STRANGE STORY, A weird story, that comes to us from Brittany, in France. Breton fishermen of the Baie des Trépasse—the Bay of the Dead—have heard, night after night, as they made their way from their fishing boats along lonely dark lanes to their thatched cottages of stone, the oncoming pound of the iron-shod feet of a galloping horse. Pausing in the darkness, by the wayside hedges, holding their breath, they have heard the clatter of hooves of a hard-ridden horse come nearer and nearer, heard the horse gallop past them in a rush of sound, heard the high, terrified scream of a woman, heard the rapidly diminishing pounding of hooves lost in the silences of the night. But they have caught never a glimpse of horse or rider, not one. And they have gone with this eerie tale to the good fathers of the church who have counseled them to beware of the artifices of the Evil One, but to burn a candle, if they will, for the salva-

tion of the soul of the Princess Dahut of the lost City of Ys—the city which lies on the bottom of the Bay of the Dead. It is a curious fact that a living horse and a living rider fled in desperate haste along that Breton road on a night in the long ago, fifteen hundred years ago. And a wicked woman screamed as she was hurled to death by her own father. And the tale of it (which the good fathers well know) is this:

The City of Ys was a magnificent city filled with luxury and vice. It was built of marble and Breton stone, upon a wide plain, below the level of the sea. Great walls and dykes of stone surrounded it to keep out the restless sea. Gradlon, its king, was a good man and a Christian man, but he had a daughter who was as bad as she was beautiful, the Princess Dahut. She dwelt in a lofty tower of Ys, and in her tower she held revels with a succession of lovers. When tired of one she had him thrown into a well, and turned to another. The last of her lovers, a handsome, foolish fellow, persuaded her to steal from her sleeping father, King Gradlon, the silver key which locked the great sluice gates in the walls which held out the sea. In idle folly they opened the gates and the sea rushed in. A voice in

the night roused Gradlon from sleep and bade him fly for his life. On the back of his war horse, holding in his arms the wicked daughter that he loved, he rode through drowning streets to the open country. But the sea followed them fast and rose to the horse's shoulders, and a voice commanded Gradlon to cast away the demon he held in his arms. Obeying the voice, he hurled his daughter, the Princess Dahut, into the rising tide and spurred on as her death scream rose above the waters. And at that moment the waters paused and receded and Gradlon rode on to safety and to found the Breton city which is now called Quimper. And if you should go to Audierne in Brittany today, to that grim and rocky coast by the Bay of the Dead, you will always see two black crows together. The Breton peasants, crossing themselves, will tell you that the two black crows are the souls of the princess and her lover. At Troquer you would see, on the shore, great hewn blocks of stone which were once part of the palaces of Ys, and beneath the water, at low tide, the foundations of the walls and of the palaces of this lost and drowned city. And you might hear—who knows?—the trampling of Gradlon's horse in the night and glimpse the pale, lost souls hovering on the shore of the Bay

of the Dead, drowned souls awaiting their passage across the bay.

* * *

"I seemed to move among a world of ghosts
And feel myself the shadow of a dream."

To London, more than any other city, these lines of Tennyson seem to apply. Queens and courtesans, kings and murderers—these are the ghosts of London, and Londoners will tell you that you can't explain them away by science and rational reasoning. It's a fascinating subject, to which Elliott O'Donnell has devoted a book published by E. P. Dutton. And there's a thrill in every one of his tales of London's old ghosts.

Probably the best known of all is the woman of Blackfriar's Bridge. The spot has been pointed out to me time and time again. A mail carrier crossing the bridge very early one autumn morning noticed two people on it. One was a policeman, some little distance off. The other, only a few yards away from him, was a tall woman, apparently in mourning, dressed all in black. Suddenly the woman commenced climbing the wall of the bridge. Feeling sure that she was about to commit suicide, the mail

carrier ran toward her. But he was too late. She leaped and disappeared. Off came his coat, and he was about to jump into the river to try to save her, when the policeman stepped up and stopped him.

"Put on your coat again," he said. "It is of no use your jumping in. What you saw was no living person; it was a ghost. If you had been here at this hour yesterday morning you would have seen the same thing and in all probability it will happen tomorrow."

The postman thought the policeman was joking. At the same hour the following morning he appeared again on the bridge. A tall woman, all in black (she was the very same woman, he could swear) ran to the side of the bridge as he approached and, climbing on to the parapet, jumped into the dark river.

Hyde Park is the locale of many fantastic stories, centering mostly around the Serpentine, favorite spot of Sunday promenades. There Harriet Westbrook Shelley, the unhappy wife of the poet Shelley, ended her life by drowning over one hundred years ago. Years later, as the story goes, two ladies, taking a walk in the park, paused on the banks of the Serpentine and stood looking about them. It was a none-

too-pleasant autumn afternoon. The wind was blowing from the east, and there were few people about.

Suddenly one of the ladies, looking at the water just in front of them, exclaimed, "I wonder what is causing those ripples?"

"A fish, of course," the other lady replied.

She had barely finished speaking when a hand appeared above the surface of the water. It was a white, slim hand, obviously a woman's, and the long fingers were clutching the air convulsively, like the fingers of a drowning person. On the middle finger was a plain gold ring, flashing in the waning daylight.

But if tragedy is the most prolific source of ghosts, surely no place should be more haunted than the Tower of London. And without being given to hallucinations, it would be easy for anyone to visualize the experience which fell to a certain captain of the Guards. He was making his midnight rounds with a sentry when they came to the chapel and saw, to their amazement, that it was brilliantly lighted. Knowing well that no service was scheduled at such a late hour, the captain fetched a ladder. He placed it against the chapel wall and, mounting, peered through a window.

The whole interior of the chapel was illuminated with a strange, unearthly, bluish-white light, emanating seemingly from nowhere. Coming down the center aisle was a procession of stately men and women, clad in the court costume of the time of Henry VIII. The men, for the most part, were extremely handsome, and the women strikingly beautiful. But at their head walked a lady more beautiful than any. Jewels sparkled in her hair and on her snow-white neck and arms, and the captain, who had but lately seen and admired a portrait of Anne Boleyn, instantly recognized in the leader of the procession that unhappy lady. The party advanced in absolute silence, with heads held erect and eyes that looked neither to the right nor left, but always straight ahead. Presently the light became concentrated on the leader of the procession and the captain marveled at the beauty of her slim white fingers, which flashed with jeweled rings.

The procession made a detour of the chapel by way of the side aisles, and then suddenly vanished, the light disappearing with it and leaving the interior of the chapel in utter darkness. It was then, and not until then, when he could no longer see the figures and marvel at their magnificence and beauty,

that it came to the captain that the actors in the spectacle were not living human beings at all, but phantoms of the past and of a tragic story.

Unsung Heroes

MANY YEARS AGO, IN THE bright month of June, an old steamboat named the *General Slocum* threshed her way up the East River, jammed with 1,400 women and children—the annual excursion and outing of St. Mark's Lutheran Church. Fire started in the forward part of the boat, leaped out of control and swept the old craft from end to end. Hundreds of thousands watched the dreadful spectacle from both banks of the river, helpless to aid. And after a while the boat, a charred hulk of death, stranded on North Brother Island, in Hell Gate.

I was sent to cover the Alexander Avenue police station, in the Bronx, to which hundreds of bodies were carried as they were taken from the river. I do not want to recall the tragedy and the ghastliness of the story, or to think of the row on row of bodies that covered the floor, or of the pyramid of dead children in one corner. I want to tell you about the

little heroine of the mystery—the child God had in his keeping that day.

A baby girl of four, she sat in an armchair on one side of the room, her big blue eyes wide with interest, her round little face quite serene and untroubled. She had come out of the burned boat somehow—nobody knew how then or ever—and her yellow hair and bright red dress were as neat as a new doll's, with not a drop of water or a smudge of soot to sully their prim perfection.

Her eyes traveled all about the room, taking in the whole dreadful scene, the silent sheeted figures at her very feet—her chubby, neat-slippered feet which were a long way from reaching the floor. And she gazed curiously at the screaming women and the moaning men, obviously puzzled as to the meaning of it all—this little child who had never been introduced to the Dark Angel. She wasn't frightened by the dead or shaken by her own experience. Hour after hour she sat primly upright, a quaint little maiden, until a man burst into the room, white-faced, frenzied. She saw him at once and scrambled from her chair.

"Oh, Papa!" she cried, "where is Mamma and Brother and Sister and Baby?"

The father, Charles Kregler, of 257 Avenue D, caught up his child in a perfect agony of love and held her close for minutes before he could utter a word. His wife and four children had been on the boat, and all were gone except this child, Lizzie.

When he left the room he was almost crushing her in his arms, and the last glimpse we reporters had of them was a wealth of golden hair and a red, red dress and a happy baby smile. I wonder where she is now!

Tell me, how did that child come alive out of a holocaust and a peril of deep waters? How did she get there, as neat and unspotted as when she was so lovingly dressed by the mother she was never to see again?

Was it, as Milton says, "that power which men call chance"? Or shall we say with the poet Cowper, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform"?

* * *

I never cease to marvel at the courage and fortitude of the human heart. And many a hero goes unsung to his grave. One such I knew, and I would like to tell you about him. His name was Pietro

Tulio and he was a young Italian, a tunnel driller—or sandhog, as they call them.

He was working in a tunnel that was being cut by the Lackawanna Railroad through a hill in Jersey City. A mass of solid rock, ninety feet high, gave way and piled up with a roar that shook houses for blocks around.

Fifteen rock drillers and sandhogs were working in the tunnel when the rock mass toppled forward exactly like a child's house of lettered blocks. The only warning they had was an instant's grinding and rending of the huge mass of stone.

Thirteen had time to drop their tools and escape, fighting and clawing through a rabbit burrow of a hole into another shaft. But two, Pietro Tulio and Anton Kwiakowski, stopped to get their coats and were overwhelmed. Anton was crushed instantly under a thousand tons of rock, and Pietro's right leg was pinned down by a block of stone as big as a house. When we newspaper men crawled into the tunnel thirty men were burrowing like moles to reach poor Pietro, and we followed their desperately slow progress. After three hours they reached him.

He was perfectly conscious in his suffering and smiled in the lantern light. He wanted whiskey, but

they were afraid to give it to him because of his weakened heart. They gave him a little milk and crackers.

"How do you feel, Pietro?" the doctor asked.

"Moocha bad," said the brave chap. "But I maka date weeth my Giuseppina. I must keepa da date."

As fast as they chipped the rock away from his crushed right leg they stuffed cotton waste into the holes to ease the lay of his body, but try as they would they couldn't loosen the grip of the great rock. Pietro was losing strength with every breath. They got a small hydraulic drill into the hole and Pietro had sand enough to adjust the drill with his own hands.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, twelve hours after the collapse of the rock wall, he asked for a priest. They found Father John Kiebooms, a professor of philosophy in St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota. The only way to reach the floor of the shaft was to stand on a narrow platform and be swung far out into the air and dropped ninety feet by the crane hoist. The Jersey City commissioner of police and Father Kiebooms made the trip together.

"If you've got the nerve, Commissioner," said Father Kiebooms, "I guess I have."

He administered the sacrament and then Pietro, now very weak, looked up with another smile. "I theenk I get out," he whispered: "what you theenk?"

But they couldn't move the stone, and they were forced to cut off his right leg at the hip. When they put him in an ambulance he looked up with a smile and said to the doctor: "I maka da best with one leg, eh?" But that night, still smiling, stout-hearted Pietro, in Christ Hospital, passed to the reward that awaits the brave.

The Ace of Man-hunters

THE WORLD'S GREATEST man-hunter has given up the hunt. Forty years of his life he gave to it. For forty years he combed the underworld of London. He brought to justice hundreds of the world's most notorious criminals. He looked upon the naked, cringing souls of murderers as the judge pronounced sentence of doom. The curses they called down upon him passed over his head. The thought of their fate never disturbed his sleep at night. For they were the enemies of society. He was a hound of the law. He sets forth the record of his career in his book: *Man-hunters of Scotland Yard*. The author is Arthur Fowler Neil, for two-score years one of the chief detectives of the great police center of London.

The book bristles with thrills. Through its pages troop an endless crowd of murderers and burglars, thieves, confidence men and impostors, forgers and fences. Neil is a detective of the old school. He has

little use for modern methods of crime detection. America, France, and Germany, he says, make specialists of their men. They stick chemistry, surgery, toxicology and pathology into them, but they don't teach them what the British school does—a knowledge of human nature. The real detective, Neil says, knows that all the experts' knowledge is his for the asking. But his job is to get the criminal. And nothing will help him more in that job than a thorough knowledge of his fellow beings. Six cardinal points he recognizes as the basis for good detective work: investigation, care of clews and details, inquiries and interrogations, evidence and the art of description and search, and, last but by no means least, observation and shadowing.

There is something in what Superintendent Neil has to say about the old-fashioned methods he favors. They certainly bring results. The two major factors responsible for keeping down crime in England are the good work of Scotland Yard and the swift work of the courts. It is no unusual event for a murderer in England to be tried, convicted, and hanged within four weeks of the commission of his crime.

To the average American visiting London, Scotland Yard might easily pass unnoticed. It is a dingy,

gaunt red building standing well back from the Thames Embankment, with uniformed policemen on duty outside its gates. Grim, unattractive, dingy, it remains, nevertheless, one of the world's greatest institutions devoted to the detection of crime.

There is one case to which Superintendent Neil makes no reference in his book, although it attracted more world-wide attention than all of the others put together. A singular murder case which this reporter "covered" when its drama was conveyed to this side of the Atlantic. It was the Crippen murder case. Dr. Hawley H. Crippen was an American doctor who had received his degree in Cleveland and had practiced in New York, Detroit, and San Diego, California. He went to London as the representative of a famous firm of patent medicines. His wife, a native of Brooklyn who had once been known on the stage as Belle Elmore, disappeared suddenly, and Dr. Crippen gave out that she had died in a small town in continental Europe.

The suspicions of Scotland Yard were aroused by a letter from America written by a friend of the former actress—Mme. Ginette, a vaudeville performer who had an equestrian act for which she trained horses at Roselle, New Jersey. She was an

intimate friend of Belle Elmore, and she had never liked Dr. Crippen. When she heard that his wife had died, she suspected something was wrong and wrote her suspicions to the English police.

Crippen was questioned and admitted that his statement was a lie. He added, however, a story which was plausible enough. He told Scotland Yard that he and his wife had quarreled and that she had left him and sailed for America. Fear of gossip and its effect on his business caused him, he said, to give out the story of her death.

Strangely enough, the keen brains of Scotland Yard were tricked. They apparently believed the story. And three days later, when they returned to question Crippen, the bland doctor had gone and with him had disappeared Ethel Leneve, a young woman who had been his secretary. Further investigation revealed the remains of the doctor's wife buried in the cellar of the house in London where they had lived. It was the chief inspector of Scotland Yard who had personally questioned the doctor and who had accepted his statements to the extent of permitting him to retain his freedom.

The centuries-old reputation of Scotland Yard was at stake and every available detective was let

loose on the case. Circulars describing the missing doctor and his companion were sent to the four corners of the earth. In the House of Commons, violent attacks were made upon the entire police system. Why was Dr. Crippen allowed to escape? What action did the government plan to take in the matter? In reply to all of which, the man-hunters of Scotland Yard could only admit that they were absolutely without the faintest clew. The Regents Canal in London was dragged, following a report that the fugitives had died in a suicide pact. Ships everywhere were searched on arrival or departure. A heavy reward was offered. Channel boats were closely inspected. A naïve appeal was even sent out in the hope that it would reach the eyes of the doctor's woman companion, offering her immunity if she would abandon the man and help trap him.

Meanwhile, Dr. Crippen was falsely reported in almost every capital of the world. Arrests were made of entirely innocent persons in many parts of Europe. In America, Crippen was said to have been seen in Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia. In Chicago, a man was under suspicion merely because he was wearing an English suit of clothes. An Eng-

lish actress recalled that at some amateur theatricals in London, Dr. Crippen had once impersonated a woman and had made up, she said, exceedingly well. This led Scotland Yard on another wild goose chase, but without result. The hunt went on and seemed doomed to failure.

It remained for the captain of a Canadian ship in mid-ocean to find the fugitives. Captain Kendall, of the Canadian Pacific Steamship *Montrose,* from Antwerp to Montreal, had cast a sharp eye on two of his passengers, listed as John Robinson and son. They boarded the ship at Antwerp, and the boy never left the company of his father. Most of their time aboard they spent in secluded parts of the ship. The skipper had them watched and soon concluded that the pair were none other than the missing Dr. Crippen and his companion, Ethel Leneve, the girl disguised as a boy. Captain Kendall notified his home office, and when the ship reached Montreal, the chief inspector of Scotland Yard, who had come over on a faster ship, was waiting at the dock. Scotland Yard had failed, but the swift moving of English justice was again demonstrated.

As the prisoners were being taken to Quebec for arraignment, a New York reporter asked the detec-

tive: "What do you suppose will happen to Dr. Crippen when you get him back?"

"Oh!" replied the policeman. "They'll hang him about the holidays."

It was then mid-autumn. They hanged Dr. Crippen in the week between Christmas and New Year's. Once more Scotland Yard had got its man.

A Romantic Gambler—Lloyds of London

LLOYDS OF LONDON, MOST romantic and remarkable of all insurance organizations, celebrates this year its two hundred and forty-fifth birthday, but remains as up-to-date as the latest radio tune. With a shrewd eye on American trade, Lloyds tackles the mathematical chances of kidnaping. It offers to bet 100 to 1 that a child will not be kidnaped and 125 to 1 that grown-ups will escape that misfortune. Policies are limited to $50,000 on children and $100,000 on adults. The insurance is handled in complete secrecy by one trusted agent, who cables the names and facts to the new home of Lloyds in Leadenhall Street, London.

Ready to gamble on anything in the world, except death and horse racing, Lloyds remains today as it has been for two and a half centuries. Dating back to 1688, when Edward Lloyd ran a coffee house in Tower Street, a tavern much frequented by merchants and seafaring men, Lloyds grew to become an

association of underwriters, clubbed together like the brokers of the New York Stock Exchange and gathered under one roof.

It was originally, and primarily remains, an association for underwriting ships and their cargoes, and although other forms of insurance—and Lloyds accepts queer gambles—provide the picturesque and romantic aspects of its activities, the salty air of the sea pervades every nook and corner of the Leadenhall Street house. There one may see the countless green volumes which record the name of every known ship for centuries past, and the fate, so far as is known, of that ship. And there, too, one may scan the green book for the current year, and the telegraph board which daily tells the tale of storms at sea, collisions, disablements, groundings, and catastrophes, all reported by the 1,500 agents of Lloyds who are to be found wherever a ship's flag whips from a masthead.

There are 1,200 underwriters who hold membership in Lloyds, and every man of them would raise an indignant British eyebrow if you so much as hinted that Lloyds ever gambled. Yet no institution the world ever knew has been so willing to assume huge and fantastic risks, or lay any sum from a

sovereign to a million pounds against the spinning wheel of destiny.

Lloyds has laid 1,000 to 1 against the likelihood of parents having twins. It insured an innkeeper at odds of 400 to 1 against England ever going dry. In 1930 Lloyds offered the odds of 50 to 1 that Bobby Jones would not win all four of the major titles of golf, the British open and amateur, and the United States open and amateur. When Bobby came through to sweep the field Lloyds paid more than $250,000 to a group of gentlemen down in Atlanta, Georgia.

The one-time theatrical firm of Cohan & Harris once collected $50,000 from Lloyds when the then youthful John Barrymore took unto himself a wife in the midst of the theatrical year. The smile of a comedian, the fingers of a pianist and of a violinist, the voice of a singer, the chances of static wrecking a radio program—all these have been covered by policies issued by the old house.

One of the strangest policies of all was taken out by a British peer who paid a premium of $5,000 for a $50,000 policy insuring him against his niece eloping within a year. The young lady did not elope and the peer lost his $5,000, but possibly prevented an undesirable marriage. The odds were 7 to 1

against Gertrude Ederle swimming the English Channel, and precisely the same against the stability of the Spanish throne in 1911.

The entrance to the house in Leadenhall Street is guarded by an official wearing a red robe and a gold-banded hat. Once past this picturesque outer guard, the visitor enters the club in full sight of the raised platform where another official tolls the bell of the long-lost treasure ship *Lutine*. One toll for an overdue ship that has been reported; two tolls for a ship that is given up for lost.

On the wall hangs the most curious relic in possession of the club, the insurance policy issued in 1813 on the life of Napoleon. The policy ran for a month and carried a premium of $15. But in spite of the Iron Duke and the Prussians, the individual who took out the policy never collected, for Napoleon neither ceased to exist nor was taken prisoner during the life of the document.

It is hard to conceive of a risk against which Lloyds will not insure. When King Edward was dying in 1902 Lloyds offered policies on his life for six days at 30 per cent., and for fourteen days at 50 per cent. The ostensible reason for such insurance was that the death of the king would be a

shock to British business, and might produce international complications of a costly nature to industry and commerce.

At the time of the coronation of Edward, Lloyds wrote policies for merchants and shopkeepers who realized that they would face large losses if, by some untoward circumstances, the coronation festivities should be canceled. Lloyds gave liberal odds, figuring that nothing less than a hurricane would halt the coronation, but the club lost heavily because illness of the king caused a postponement of the program. Sometimes the losses are enormous. In one year, 1923, Lloyds was in the red for $23,000,000.

One celebrated and amusing instance of Lloyds refusing to take a chance was in 1908 when a firm of New York dressmakers requested a policy safeguarding it against loss on a shipment of Directoire gowns from Paris. But Lloyds said no. It was willing to take chances with acts of Providence. It was willing to gamble with earthquake, fire, flood and storm, or any perversity of nature. But it would have nothing to do with a woman's whims or eccentricities in fashion. There, said Lloyds of London, was something quite beyond the realm of reason or mathematics.

These Men Have Looked on Death

"We sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eyes of God, and succors the afflicted and consoles the dying and is himself afflicted in his turn and dies upon the field of honor."

These words—part of Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal defense of Joseph Damien de Veuster—leap before my eyes as I read the message from a green and grim peninsula of death, the message that Father Peter D'Orgueval has contracted leprosy and has gone from the mission house to live among the lepers and to die among them. Far out there in the Pacific lies Molokai, the leper colony. Only sixty miles away are the palms, the sands, and the ukuleles of the beach of Waikiki. But the narrow, palm-fringed peninsula of the lepers is isolated completely by the surrounding ocean and two towering walls of rock through which there is but a single guarded

trail. Let me tell you the story of Damien, Dutton, and D'Orgueval, and as I do I would have you remember that hundreds of hundreds, men and women, clergy, doctors, and nurses, have shared their trials and tribulations, have walled themselves up in the sacrifice which goes even beyond the precept of Him who said, "Greater love than this hath no man shown."

It was back in 1873 that Father Damien first went among the lepers in Molokai. And then they were the self-same outcasts that they had been ages before when they accosted the Galilean on the dusty roads beyond the walls of Jerusalem and begged that they be made clean. Rotting, hounded, and terrified, they hid themselves in the hills to avoid the concentration camp where, when they were captured, they were left to rot and die without benefit of man or God. Soon this Belgian peasant priest, called by Sir Hugh Clifford "the single star of hope in a long night of human misery," had a shamed world looking to the Sandwich Islands, as the Hawaiian group was then known.

And then it was that the word came to Lieutenant Ira Barnes Dutton of the 13th Wisconsin Volunteers who, separated from his wife, was playing the gal-

lant in and around Clarksville, Tennessee, where as a result of his services in the War of the States he was stationed as a government agent. There are some very old ladies yet in Clarksville who remember the Lieutenant Dutton who led cotillions and caused flutters in the young female hearts of the countryside—ladies who knew nothing of the wife in Wisconsin.

And I will tell you, as they could much better, how the pagan Yankee came back to Tennessee after an absence and "got religion." He told of the wife who had died and he joined the Episcopal Church. In a few years he was living among the Trappist monks of Gethsemane, Kentucky, that austere order among whose ritual is absolute silence and the turning of a shovel of dirt by each brother from the grave which some day will hold him.

He did not join the order but as a Roman Catholic layman found his way to Molokai and there joined Damien in 1886. The priest had contracted the disease the year before, to die of it in 1889 at the age of forty-eight. A worthy successor was the Yankee soldier who had come to be known among these poor wretches as Brother Joseph. For forty-five years Ira B. Dutton labored in Molokai, binding

terrible sores and consoling, what was worse, the mental agony of those condemned to a living death. He died only recently at the fine age of eighty-seven and he went to his reward saying: "Though I always have had a hearty respect for the Angel of Death—a close acquaintance with him has caused a personal affection."

Father D'Orgueval is the fourth chaplain in line from Father Damien and has been eight years in the leper colony. Before the war—he is sixty-one years old now—he was a famous preacher in Paris. Off to the front he went, to be one of the first Frenchmen to receive the decoration of the Legion of Honor, to receive six more decorations for gallantry in action, and to reach the rank of captain. A throat ailment caused by his being gassed prevented his return to the pulpit, whereupon Father D'Orgueval volunteered for work among the lepers. His utter disregard for safeguards resulted in his contracting the disease, which is not highly contagious and which infrequently attacks a white person. The Molokai of Father D'Orgueval is much different than the place which Damien and Dutton first knew. Cottages, flowers, gardens, and the radio are there now, with hospitals and doctors. Perhaps

there will be some surcease in these. Not that they matter to him. For these Damiens, Duttons, D'Orguevals, Asburys, and Livingstones put to shame the heroes of the sword and we laborers in the vineyard who can look on only in awe at the courage and the faith which surpass all understanding.

* * *

If you happen to have a hundred million dollars to invest in a good thing, make an offer to Newfoundland. For Newfoundland has just offered to sell its territory of Labrador for that sum, and might take you up. That great and good man, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, says that Labrador at a hundred million would be a first-class bargain for anybody—too good, indeed. He believes that unexplored Labrador contains fabulous mineral wealth, and advises Newfoundland not to sell it under any conditions.

The chances are Sir Wilfred knows what he is talking about. No man knows Labrador so well. For more than thirty-five years he has fought the good fight against the demons of cold, ice, disease, and famine in those lonely and frozen wastes. He has shown the Eskimos and the Indians how to live intelligently. He has taught the fisherfolk the meaning of Christianity.

The restless mind of man—his yearning for new things—drives him to the ends of the earth. Usually he goes for gold or glory or for the sheer love of adventure. Wilfred Grenfell went to the bleak, ice-locked land of Labrador solely for the love of God and the brotherhood of man. It was during the eighties that he heard Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, speak in England. It changed his whole life. He made up his mind that the souls of men were in as much need of physicians as their ailing bodies. When he was graduated from Oxford and finished his medical studies he crossed the Atlantic and went to Labrador. He found misery, ignorance, starvation. He found a land of forgotten souls. And there he began his life's work—one of the finest achievements to the credit of mankind. He built his first hospital. He established coöperative stores. He began to teach. He married the young and buried the dead. He learned to accept as a commonplace the savage winds, the intense cold, the terror of the white silence. He endured it all, eagerly, smilingly, so that those primitive men and women, so like children, could receive his aid.

He's sixty-six now, a frail man, so frail that the light of goodness that burns in his soul glows

through his material body. In his steady blue eyes is a glow and twinkle like the Northern Lights at play. His face is deeply tanned, almost bronze. His hair is gray. The whole world knows his work after all those years of sacrifice. College men and women have joined him in unselfish service. Four hospitals have been established. Industrial and social work has grown. Universities have honored him with their degrees. King George has knighted him. He should have been made a noble lord, for a nobler soul can hardly be found in all the sweep and swing of history. No peril or hardship ever daunted him in all those bitter-hard years of his almost hopeless, yet triumphant, work in Labrador.

There's steel in the soul of this knight of Christianity. In a night of savage cold, when the Arctic winds cut like a knife, Dr. Grenfell received a call to attend a sick Indian woman. He set out with his dog team over a frozen arm of the sea. The wind increased in violence. The ice broke up. He was caught in the crackling, booming floes, facing almost certain death. The ice gave way and plunged him and his dogs into the icy water. By a desperate effort he pulled himself out upon a block of ice that held. Then, one by one, he rescued his faithful dogs.

His clothing froze solid. He knew that *he* must freeze to death unless he killed some of his dogs to make a fur coat against those terrible Arctic blasts. But he held back until growing drowsiness warned him that death was creeping upon him. And then, with sadness in his heart, he killed three of his dogs, skinned them and wrapped the warm furs around his body. All that night he huddled, bent double, but the next morning he was found and rescued just in time.

This man has looked on death and not been conquered.

The Pullman Porter Who Was King

IN THE PAST TWO SEASONS of Metropolitan Opera it was not Old World legends and folklore set to the music of long-dead masters which drew the crowds and exploded applause in thunderous waves. It was the tale of a Pullman car porter who became a king and who perished in fear, in the relentless jungle, to the triumphant thud of avenging drums. No old master built that powerful drama, but a living man, the greatest of American playwrights, Eugene O'Neill, Monte Cristo's boy. No one has told the story of the opera written from O'Neill's great play, *The Emperor Jones,* so thrillingly as my good friend, William J. Henderson, dean of the critics of opera, and one who handles words as Benvenuto Cellini molded his precious metals:

"A pit-dark jungle, with grotesque figures at the side outlined in shining light, and swarthy faces peering through the tall grasses. The invisible cho-

rus of Negroes proclaiming vengeance upon Emperor Jones, whose masterful personality has enslaved them, stolen their goods and their women. He must die, but according to his own words only a silver bullet can slay him. The relentless beat of distant drums. Jones, one-time Pullman car porter, sprawling on his monstrous throne, a ludicrous, yet portentous figure; a giant Negro clad in gaudy uniform, but radiating power in every look and gesture. His cringing white friend, a cockney, with his little stamina destroyed by the insidious poison of tropical life, giving him the news that his retinue has fled and that retribution is hard upon him. He laughs, but he has foreseen all this. He has cached food in the forest, marked his avenue of escape and loaded his revolver with six bullets—the sixth, that silver one which alone can kill him. . . . The tom-toms sound, an ever-increasing menace. 'Hants' rise to torture him as he reverts from the throne to primitive savagery. He calls upon God to let him see no more of the 'hants.' In vain. . . . He fires one more of his precious bullets. . . . The chorus shouts again: 'We'll git you yit!' the drums sound nearer at every spot. . . . He falls exhausted. He sinks upon his knees in prayer. 'I'se a po' sinner. It's me,

O Lawd, standin' in de need of prayer.' . . . Visions come to him. . . . He runs through the jungle and sinks helpless once more. Only one bullet left, the silver one which can slay him. . . . A weird light spreads over a crowd of Negroes bending in rhythmic motion. The terror-stricken Jones, almost without consciousness, maddened, tears himself away and flees again. He sees death beside him. The pursuing Negroes crowd upon the stage. The invisible chorus becomes visible. The chase is ended. The quarry is at bay. The supreme moment is at hand. Jones, the Emperor, stands erect, proud and defiant, splendid in his final gesture. 'De silver bullet! You won't git me! I'se Emperor yit.' Then he turns the revolver against his own body and fires. . . . The silver bullet has gone home. The music swells to a pandemonium of savage triumph. The curtain falls. The one great actor of opera, who, until a very few years ago, did not know how to dress, make up, move, or even walk upon the stage, has proved again by his own intelligence the greatness of his artistry."

* * *

I think it is an intensely interesting fact that there was a real Emperor Jones who ruled in pomp and

power, who set up an empire of the black people, and who found, like Jones, a day of unescapable reckoning. His name was Henri Christophe. He did not come from the States. He was born a slave in Haiti, and there he died, a king. He was greedy and cruel, but he was cunning and strong, and in the days when the Negroes of Haiti rose against the domination of the French Emperor Napoleon and waged successful war against the very legionnaires of Napoleon who had fought at Austerlitz and Marengo, Henri Christophe proved himself as a fine soldier and leader of men. And when the French power was broken in Haiti and the natives drove the French into the sea and slaughtered their planters and seized their estates, it was tall, muscular, brilliant-eyed Henri Christophe, leader of the black revolt, who proclaimed himself Henri the First, King of Haiti. That was on June 2, 1812. He built himself a grand palace at Sans Souci and set up a court and established a nobility. He enforced a court etiquette that was as strict as the court ceremonials of Louis the Fourteenth. His palace at Sans Souci blazed with brilliant uniforms and decorations and jewels.

But that was not enough for his soaring ambi-

tions. Like other great soldiers of fortune, and Henri Christophe had elements of greatness even though they were destroyed by his greed and his vanity, he yearned to be a builder of vast monuments. High above his capital rose a great cliff, full three thousand feet toward the clouds, and called, from its peculiar shape, The Bishop's Hat. And upon that towering cliff King Henri Christophe built his citadel of La Ferrière, stone upon stone, a tremendous and magnificent castle and fortress which even in its ruins today remains the marvel of engineers and the awe of the casual traveler. Visitors who approach it upon horseback, riding five miles through the tangled jungle and mounting ever upward toward the citadel which caps the entire mountain, are struck with amazement at the stupendous walls which rise sheer to a height of 140 feet, and stand today almost as strong and sound as when they were built. People gaze in wonderment, not merely at the majestic ruin, but that the mind of a Negro slave could conceive a pile as great as any of the monuments raised by the Pharaohs of old Egypt.

The citadel is acres in extent. It was absolutely unassailable, and even though it caps a mountain,

a spring within its depths gushes out an unfailing supply of fresh water. What a gigantic labor the building of that vast castle must have been! Henri Christophe, like the ancient kings of Egypt, mixed his mortar with the blood of thousands of his people, and raised the enormous blocks of stone upon the dead bodies of his exhausted slaves.

His citadel was unassailable, but the man was not. A stroke of apoplexy laid him low in 1820, and that was the signal his enemies and a driven people were waiting for to break into open rebellion. The stricken king, seeing through the windows of his Sans Souci palace the glow of the flames that were sweeping the city, and hearing the rattle of musketry nearing his palace, summoned his crack brigade and staggered from his bed to lead them. For an hour he rubbed his withering limbs with a mixture of rum and peppermint, only to collapse. His strength was the strength of a child. He was done for. But he had himself carried in a chair to the front of the palace and reviewed his bodyguard as it marched from the palace to attack the enemy. That very night the news was brought to him by a runner that the bodyguard had gone over to the

rebels, and that he was left without a man to fire a shot in his defense.

King Henri Christophe, hearing that terrible news in his gold-and-scarlet-velvet chamber in the royal palace, smiled grimly and sent for his wife and children. He loaded them with presents, his gold and his jewels. Then he ordered his servants to prepare his bath. When he had finished his bath he donned a suit of spotless white. And when that was done he raised a pistol to his head and shot himself.

That night his wife and children and the few servants that were still faithful bore the body up to the mountain, to the great citadel which his ambition had raised, and within the depths of the citadel they buried it, this strange black man of indomitable heart, who knew how to die royally, who knew how to die like a king.

Because of Solferino—The Red Cross

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, facing its greatest crisis since the war, calls for new members, seeks new funds. What a magnificent roll call of service to humanity is that of the Red Cross! Let me sketch three scenes in the great panorama of its service.

The first scene—those lovely hills of Lombardy near Garda, that lake of Tennyson's Ludian Laughter. It is three o'clock of the morning of Friday, June 14, 1859. Through the groves of olive in the silvery moonlight comes the rush of martial men. The allied armies of Victor Emmanuel's Sardinia and Napoleon the Third's France move against the Austrians. A young man, a Swiss tourist, looks down on the battlefield. He speaks to us:

"Three hundred thousand men are standing face to face. The line of battle is ten miles long. Already the corps are moving. On all sides bugles are playing the charge and the drums are sounding. The

French cavalry flings itself on the Austrian cavalry. Uhlans and Hussars slash furiously at each other with their swords. The battlefield is everywhere covered with corpses of men and horses. They appear as if sown along the roads and in the hollows, the thickets and fields."

A sensation gripped the heart of that onlooker, Jean Henri Dunant. It was not admiration for this grand spectacle of human combat. It was horror—stark and frightening—over man's inhumanity to man. He saw only the misery; heard only the shrieks of the maimed and the dying. But to his immortal honor, Jean Dunant stood not there idle. Down he went from the hill of Solferino, with its 40,000 dead, into the village of Castiglioni. With an eloquence that the countryside had not known since Peter the Hermit, he exhorted the peasant women and girls to return with him to the battlefield to care for the dying. For three days Dunant and his little band ministered to the wounded, while the poor Austrians looked on in amazed gratitude as he coaxed the Italian women into treating them along with their own countrymen and the French.

Dunant wrote his story for the world. Victor

Hugo acclaimed it. Mankind took up his cause. No more should men be left to die on the battlefields. And one year after Solferino, and because of Solferino, the Red Cross began.

* * *

It is the sixth of December, 1917. The quaint little city of Halifax is wrapped in its winter blanket of snow. Few persons are abroad in the streets, for a gale howls and the streets are sheeted with ice. Many of the men of Halifax are overseas, in the trenches around Ypres and Arras. Indoors, the children are thinking of the coming Christmastide, but the wives and mothers are thinking of the bitter cold and the war across the sea.

Out in Halifax Harbor the captain of the French ship *Mont Blanc* blasts his warning whistle three times to the Norwegian steamship *Imo,* but the signal is disregarded and the ships crash, head-on. A roar, vast, appalling, indescribable in words, like the disruption of a mountain, or the crack of doom. For Halifax, indeed, it was the crack of doom—this explosion of 5,000 tons of munitions. In an instant 1,200 men, women, and children, in their homes on land, dead or dying; 400 persons blinded; 1,500 homes destroyed, and 20,000 grief-crazed human

beings homeless and destitute. The suddenness, the magnitude of the Halifax disaster dashed even the war from our minds. And within twelve hours, we, the people, through our ever-ready agent, the American Red Cross, had loaded and dispatched whole trains with clothes, food, and medical supplies for those people. Doctors and nurses by the hundreds were mobilized and sent north.

* * *

Spring of 1927 and Valley of the Mississippi. Old Man River on a rampage with his wild sons, Ohio, Missouri, Red, and Arkansas. From Cairo to Natchez to New Orleans, levees crumbling in a thousand breaks. One hundred and seventy-four counties in eight states under a yellow flood. Six hundred and fifty thousand people homeless and hungry. There is nothing to stop water once it has broken its barriers—nothing. The flood sweeps on and hundreds of thousands flee before it. Had it not been for the American Red Cross thousands upon thousands of this great horde of refugees would have been dragged down by the yellow monster. It was not possible to stop the river, but it was possible to stop the specters of famine and pestilence. And it was not enough to rescue six hundred thousand human

beings. It was necessary to get them back to their homes and their farms, and help them start life anew. And this, I can testify as a witness, was what the American Red Cross did in those terrible days down in the Mississippi Valley.

Sherlock Holmes Is Not Dead

EVERY WEEK AND ALMOST daily the Central Post Office in London receives letters for a man who never lived, and addressed to a house which never existed. The man who never lived was Mr. Sherlock Holmes, the most engaging detective of all fiction. The house which never existed is Number 221-D Baker Street, where Holmes and his friend Dr. Watson, in a haze of tobacco smoke, received so many anguished clients and from which they set forth to solve so many fascinating mysteries.

No living human being could be more real than Sherlock Holmes, who was only a wraith of the imagination of Arthur Conan Doyle. Conan Doyle was a struggling country doctor when he conceived the idea of a fiction detective with uncanny powers of deduction; one with the faculty of observation so acutely developed that he could read at a glance the whole life history of a visitor.

But there was an actual living model for Sherlock Holmes, even if Holmes himself never lived. The model, the prototype, was a very remarkable gentleman named Dr. Joseph Bell, who was consulting surgeon to the Royal Infirmary and Royal Hospital for Sick Children at Edinburgh, Scotland, where Conan Doyle received his medical training. Dr. Joseph Bell, thin, wiry, dark, with a high-nosed, acute face, penetrating gray eyes, angular shoulders, and a peculiar walk, with a voice high and discordant, possessed an uncanny knack of swift diagnosis as amazing as his skill as a surgeon.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice and other scholars who have devoted years to a study of Sherlock Holmes, his work, and his peculiarities tell the story of how Dr. Bell received a civilian patient.

Instantly Bell said to the patient: "Well, my man, you have served in the army?"

"Aye, sir."

"Not long discharged?"

"No, sir."

"A Highland regiment?"

"Aye, sir."

"A non-commissioned officer?"

"Aye, sir."

"Stationed at Barbados?"

"Aye, sir."

And turning to his students, this amazing Dr. Bell, who would have made a marvelous detective himself, would explain the secret of his deductions, precisely as Sherlock Holmes was accustomed to explain his little miracles to the worshipful Watson.

"You see, gentlemen," Bell would say, "the man was a respectful man but did not remove his hat. They do not in the army. But he would have learned to do so if he had been out of the army any length of time. He has an air of authority, therefore he was at least a non-commissioned officer. He was obviously Scottish, therefore a Highland regiment. As to Barbados, his complaint was elephantiasis, which is West Indian."

Conan Doyle passed from this life three years ago, leaving untold and unwritten many tales to which he alluded. How we would like to read them if some skillful hand like Alexander Woollcott's could grasp the themes and untangle their mysteries. There are so many of fascinating suggestion. Who is there who would not, as Vincent Starrett says in his new *Private Life of Sherlock Holmes,* be eager to know what really took place in "The Singular Tragedy of the

Atkinson Brothers at Trincomalee," or to learn more of "The Adventure of the Amateur Mendicant Society," whose members held a luxurious club in the lower vault of a furniture warehouse? I, for one, would walk miles to get the truth of "The Singular Adventure of the Grice Patersons in the Island of Uffa," of "Colonel Warburton's Madness," of "The Adventure of Ricoletti of the Club Foot and His Abominable Wife." Millions, I am sure, would lie awake of nights to read what really occurred in "The Case of Wilson, the Notorious Canary Trainer," "The Delicate Affair of the Reigning Family of Holland," "The Incredible Mystery of Mr. James Phillimore," who, stepping back into his own house to get his umbrella, was never more seen in this world. So many more untold tales whose very suggested titles cause us to breathe a bit faster. "The Affair of the Politician, the Lighthouse and the Trained Cormorant"; "The Strange Case of Isadora Persano," who was found stark, staring mad, with a match box in front of him which contained a worm unknown to science. Conan Doyle is gone, but Sherlock Holmes lives in a peculiarly definite sense; as real as D'Artagnan or Cyrano de Bergerac.

* * *

Not even the observation of a Holmes or the acumen of a Dr. Joseph Bell could supply, one feels, a key to the mysteries contained in countless numbers in Charles Fort's extraordinary book, *Wild Talents.* The wild talents Mr. Fort alludes to are what he believes to be the latent, magical powers of the human mind, powers that have been neglected or imperfectly controlled. These wild talents, growing in the mind like weeds, have been responsible, he assumes, for innumerable mysteries of accident or crime; for occurrences which have been utterly baffling to the public and the police. He assumes that some persons, perhaps far more than one might think likely, possess mental powers akin to witchcraft. In fact, he does not hesitate to use the dubious term. He has spent a lifetime gleaning from the welter of life thousands of startling, incredible, inexplicable incidents for which he can find no other possible explanation than that which might lie in the power of mind over matter. He tells the strange story of the ninety-six-pound woman who could not be moved an inch by the united efforts of six strong men; of the man they could not crucify, of the dog they could not lose, of the man they could not shoot, of the man they could

not drown, and strangest of all, of the man they could not hang.

On the 23d of February, in the year 1895, John Lee, a laborer, who had murdered an old woman for her money, was led from his cell in the penitentiary at Exeter, England, to be hanged. They draped the hangman's noose around his neck and stood him on the trapdoor of the scaffold. Scores of witnesses stood by, strained and silent in the imminency of violent death. The sheriff of Exeter, representing British law, waved his hand. The bolt was drawn, but the trapdoor did not fall. John Lee stood there with the noose around his neck. It was annoying, embarrassing, unreasonable. They tinkered with the bolt, and investigated the trapdoor. Everything was in perfect order. Once more the sheriff of Exeter waved his hand. Once more the bolt was drawn. And once more John Lee stood upon the immovable trapdoor, unharmed. The sheriff ordered him back to his cell. Angry at the upset, the sheriff called upon a warder to stand upon the trapdoor—not, of course, with a noose around his neck, but with his hands clinging to the rope. The bolt was drawn. The door fell and down dropped the warder as he should have dropped, as John Lee should have dropped. And

again they led John Lee from his cell in the old stone prison back to the bleak, stark scaffold. For the third time the sheriff of Exeter raised his hand as a signal for the bolt securing the trapdoor to be drawn. The bolt was drawn, easily and smoothly. But the trapdoor did not fall. John Lee still stood unhangable. Driven now to empurpled obstinacy, feeling somehow that the sanctity of the law was being made a jest of, the sheriff tried it again, for the fourth and last time. He waved his hand. The bolt was drawn. The trapdoor, half an inch of oak between John Lee, the murderer, and the death decree, stood as fixed and immovable as solid rock. The sheriff gave it up. The Home Secretary took it up. The matter was debated in the House of Commons. But execution was not attempted again. Lee's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and after a few years, and nobody quite knows why, he was turned loose.

Are there, indeed, such latent human powers, primitive, animal powers, that can defy the laws of space and matter? The record is certainly startling. The woman they could not move, the man they could not drown, the man they could not shoot, the man they could not hang!

A Land that Breeds Soldiers of Fortune

CURIOUS AND ARRESTING to the imagination, that three items in the news of this modern world, like three little arrows, point to a race and a people vanished fifteen centuries ago from this North American continent: a race and a people who were great before the Pyramids were built, whose temples, swallowed and strangled by the jungles of Central America, adorned great cities thousands of years before the Sphinx turned her cold and cryptic smile upon the Egyptian plain.

An expedition departs to explore the ruined cities of the Mayas in Guatemala and Honduras. Bare-legged natives, seeking in the jungles of Yucatan the sapodilla tree, from which commerce gets the chicle from which chewing gum is made, stumble upon one of the greatest of these lost cities, Galakmul. And scholars, after hundreds of years, are learning to read the hieroglyphics, the stone writings, of the

great Mayan race piercing the veil of one of the oldest stories of mankind.

Nobody knows from whence they came, those Mayas, in the long, long ago. Some think they crossed over a land bridge from the lost continent of Atlantis, the continent which lies at the bottom of the sea between Europe and Central America. There is a lintel of carven hardwood above the great doorway of a palace of what was the Mayan city of Tikal, and on that lintel is the date of the arrival of the Mayas in America, 12,042 years before Christ. When Christ was born they were a mighty race. Their cities spread from Costa Rica to Peten. They had artists and artisans, mathematicians and astronomers, priests and kings. Out of the tangled jungle have been dug great ball courts with walls forty feet high, where they played a game like basketball. Their calendar was so accurate that it identifies any day within a quarter of a million years. It was fifteen centuries before white men matched that knowledge of the march of the stars. Nobody knows how many thousand years they fought the jungle. There is only the dead stone record of their defeat. The jungle waited till the race grew old and then closed in, choking their farms, starving their cities, driving them

through slow centuries to the arid plains of Yucatan where they dwindled and utterly vanished. They had no horses. The wheel was not known to them. Yet they built vast temples of quarried stone, of blocks weighing 200 tons, although there was no such stone within a hundred miles of these incredible palaces and amazing temples. How did they transport such stones and raise them into place? They must have known more of the laws of nature than man knows today. They built thirty great cities, with matchless civic centers. They carved beautifully in jade and crystal. There is no jade in Central America. Where did they get it?

This race, this people, who called themselves "The Real People," remains one of the great mysteries of the whole sweep of human life. A few drops of their blood flow sluggishly in the veins of the shy, dull tribes that creep about the jungles, among the fragments of palaces where kings walked alive . . . trotting in from the hills on market day, as C. E. Scoggins writes in his great novel *The Red Gods Call,* the women with slant-eyed, flat-faced babies on their backs and burdens on their heads; the men loping along under loads that would crush a mule. Dumb, stupid, the life crushed out of them. Building noth-

ing, knowing nothing of their fathers who set up monuments to bearded kings. Explorers come, spectacled white men, trying to read the story of the past, and these dead people, who haunt the jungle like ghosts, only stare at them, and answer dully: "We do not know." Nobody left to answer except the idols squatting in the jungle, half frog and half tiger, squatting and grinning over their dark impenetrable secrets. And these shy, stupid, docile people knowing not even the names of those monstrous gods their fathers prayed to. Only the jungle with its stealthy breathing, its eternal creeping in, its fatal invincibility—a tideless ocean into which things sink and cease to be.

Such are the lands and the mysteries that have drawn adventurers and soldiers of fortune. It was in the country of the Mayas that Lee Christmas wrote his amazing career in rum and hot lead.

* * *

I have known more than a few of those roving, romantic souls who spent their lives fighting under foreign flags, but the most remarkable of all was General Lee Christmas. He was an amazing vagabond, whom fortune showered with gold and honors for years, and then callously threw back into obscu-

rity. He was a railroad engineer who drifted down to Honduras and got a job running a banana train on the Honduras Central where this writer came across him twenty years ago. He ran a banana train over sixty miles of rusted rails that went wavering back from Puerto Cortez into the jungle and to the banana plantations. Nothing of the swashbuckler about him at all. Just a slouchy unlettered Americano, stranded by fate on the Honduran coast. Much given to bacardi rum and the dark-eyed señoritas. Hating work.

And then one day twelve little private soldiers and a general or so started a revolution. The ragged little band of insurrectos seized the custom house at Puerto Cortez for a foothold and then sailed out along the railroad line. They put a few guns to the red head of Lee Christmas and described all the unpleasant things that would certainly happen to him if he refused to turn over his train to the army of freedom and liberty.

Cursing them and all Hondurans, he ran the train back into the hills and into a hornet's nest of federal troops. Bullets spattered against his engine cab and whistled past his ears, and finally in red-hot rage he snatched up a rifle and led the charge which

scattered the government forces. The fat little rebel general threw both arms about the lanky Americano, kissed him resoundingly on both cheeks, and made him a captain on the spot.

That was the beginning of one of the most singular careers it has ever been the privilege of this writer to follow. Somewhere in Lee Christmas's lazy brain was extraordinary aptitude for military command and the leadership of men, and somewhere in his indolent body was a tremendous reserve of energy. For twenty-five years he was a power in Central America, making and breaking governments and causing huge embarrassment to various secretaries of state in Washington.

He rose in rank to be a general of division, sporting beautiful uniforms made in Paris, his chest covered with orders. And there was no comic-opera generalship about this red-headed Yanqui. He was a scrapper from Scrappersville, and over the marble-topped café tables down in Honduras and Nicaragua today you can still hear some amazing yarns about the stunts that Lee Christmas pulled in the heydey of his power.

But the last I saw of General Christmas was in the Truro Infirmary in New Orleans some ten years

ago. He was a shattered old man, an object of charity, slowly dying, but crying out in his delirium that he must go back to Central America, to the tropics, to the old life, to the sun that had got into his blood. The only friend he had in the world was Guy Maloney, who used to be chief of police in New Orleans and who is a general himself, now, down in one of the little banana republics.

Soldiers of fortune! But it isn't fortune they collect. In the end they come to the same plight, if they stay long enough, and most of them do. Bullets, and gray hairs, and bodies burned out with fever, and cold charity—or a firing squad at the end of it all! Maybe it's worth the price, to fall out of the shuffling lock-step of cities and the eternal dreariness of towns, and place the biggest bet of all, life itself, upon the spinning wheel of chance.

Hell on Earth

FROM FRANCE COMES THE news that the most notorious prison on the face of the earth is to be wiped off the map. Devil's Island, off the coast of French Guiana, is to be abolished. With it will go almost the last surviving relic of medieval cruelty to erring or condemned men.

For close on to eighty years Devil's Island has been a blot upon the name of France. To Devil's Island and to a living death were sent thieves and traitors and murderers who escaped the far kinder guillotine. Lost to hope and decency, often tortured by brutal guards or by each other, weakened in body and spirit by a horrible climate, the exiles of Devil's Island had, when hope of escape was finally abandoned, just one prayer: God send me death!

If ever there was a hell on earth Devil's Island completely meets the description. The entire island is a dungeon, the place of solitary confinement of the much larger colony on the mainland behind it. It is

the place reserved for the worst type of punishment, a killer of men rather than a redeemer, as it was meant to be when it was conceived in the mind of Jean Jacques Rousseau. From Rousseau's thought, indeed, that all men, however evil, should be given a chance to redeem themselves, came the name of the penal colony of which Devil's Island is the black heart. And the official name is Iles du Salut. Salvation Islands. But there is no salvation for the unfortunates who once set foot on the ship which is to take them there.

La Marinière is the name of that ship, and any one of its sailings from the port of La Rochelle is a sight to stain the memory. All shops along the line of march from the jail to the docks are closed, shutters down, as the wretched procession approaches, the files of men who gambled and lost. Four by four they come, dressed in coarse woolen suits, trudging toward the dock and the waiting prison ship, rows of steel-helmeted soldiers and a fence of bristling bayonets threatening them every step of the way. Relatives are barred at the parting. To these utterly crushed men no Godspeed must be said. Wearily shuffling up the gangplank and down into the hold with its steel-barred cells they go, and there they will

exist for the three and sometimes four weeks of the journey.

I have stood pursuing my reporter's trade, in the streets of La Rochelle and looked on while the procession of the condemned passed like dead through a dead street, and I have stood, too, outside the walls of Mexico City's grim old penitentiary while another such procession of lost souls began their wretched journey to the Devil's Island of Mexico, the Island of the Three Marys—Las Tres Marias. Enduring a drizzle of rain, I looked on while screaming women threw themselves at the feet of the soldier guards, imploring for a last kiss or a last word from the condemned husband, lover, father, or son. I saw husbands torn from the arms of wives, fathers from children. The earth can scarcely offer a spectacle more heart-wrenching.

In exile there is something crueler than death, something indefinably terrible. France has Devil's Island. Italy has its dreaded Pianoso, Monte Cristo, and Lipari. Czarist Russia had its body-breaking, soul-smashing Siberia, as, indeed, has present-day Soviet Russia, which puts its criminals on the Island of Solovetsky far up in the White Sea. Rarely is there an escape from either the prison hells of France or

of Mexico. Cannibals are the sentinels and sharks the warders. And yet, I am told by a young Mexico official who made a study of the outcasts on Las Tres Marias that it is not the sun, or the poor food, or the monotony, or the punishments, or the disease which finally breaks the strongest. It's the unendurable mental anguish of being separated from the soil from which they sprang. It is sickness for home that gives uneasing torture.

Said this Mexican official to me: "The only songs these men sing are of home and of their people. When a passage of birds goes winging over the island toward the sea every man stops at his task. His eyes follow the flight with a terrible intensity, with a gaze of dreadful longing—hold the flight and follow it—follow those free and joyous wings until they have passed out of sight beyond the horizon."

Sitting tonight on the terrace of his favorite café on the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, is a gray-haired, slightly built man with a soldierly bearing in spite of his seventy-three years. His white mustache has the trim, military cut, and hundreds who drift by the café on the warm August evening recognize the man with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. They know him for the

man who tasted bitter tragedy down to the very dregs—who went through such agony as seldom afflicts a human being. His name is *Lieutenant Colonel Alfred Dreyfus,* whose very name stands the world over as a synonym for injustice. Forty years ago the Dreyfus case almost tore France apart and shook the world with its reverberations. But now the old lieutenant colonel smiles gently as he gazes through his monocle at the pretty Parisiennes tripping by, and thinks of the monument that is to be erected in his honor on the very spot where he stepped again on French soil after serving five years of a life sentence in that dreadful inferno of lost souls, Devil's Island.

Alfred Dreyfus was a young captain back in 1894 when he was accused of selling military secrets to Germany. He was tried, found guilty on perjured testimony, and sent to the prison for desperate criminals in French Guiana, South America. Then some eminent men who could not sleep at nights because they believed a shocking injustice had been done to an innocent man, took up his case. Clemenceau, the Old Tiger, Emile Zola, the novelist, and others—and they fought so tenaciously that a new trial was granted in 1899. This time he was again found

guilty, but with extenuating circumstances. And shortly after, a French president pardoned him. Later, after the suicide of the real spy, his honor was clear. He came back to fight in the Great War and win the distinction of Commander in the Legion of Honor.

A votre santé, M'sieu Colonel! But they can never give you back those five years of horror.

The Lost Colonists of Roanoke

NEWS IS NOT A MATTER of headlines nor altogether of listed facts. News is like a human being in the sense that it has a soul. And the soul of news is always the story behind it, those oft-hidden comedies and dramas and stark tragedies which lurk in back of the headlines and the fact.

The appearance in the news of the name of Pembroke, in Robinson County, North Carolina, is an instance of what I mean. One would go a long way in this broad country to find a neater town and a sounder county than Pembroke and Robinson, and the probable reason revives one of the most romantic stories and one of the great unsolved mysteries of America. In Robinson County, North Carolina, live some twelve thousand Indians, known as the Robinson County Indians. They are a fine and handsome people. Some have blue eyes. Some have gray eyes. They speak only the English language. They

use phrases of speech that have scarcely been heard since the days of Shakespeare and the red-haired queen. These people have made Robinson a great county. And, if tradition holds any truth, they are the descendants of the lost colonists of Roanoke. In their veins flows the blood of the courageous men and women who attempted to establish, on Roanoke Island, the first settlement of English folk on the North American continent—their blood and the blood of the red warriors who captured them.

A great tale behind it all, the tale they told me among the fisherfolk of Robinson County. A brave young woman was Eleanor Dare, molded of the stern, adventurous stuff of the England of Sir Francis Drake, Walter Raleigh, and Queen Bess. It was her destiny to follow the Union Jack across the turbulent Atlantic to land with her father, Governor John White, her husband, Ananias Dare, and 118 other English colonists on a little patch of sand-rimmed green, sixty miles north of stormy Hatteras. Their little fleet, following the bright but ill-omened star of Raleigh, put into the shelter of Roanoke Island on a June day in 1587. Less than two months later Eleanor Dare gave birth to a daughter—a blue-eyed, yellow-haired child, they tell us—and she was baptized Virginia, for the

Virgin Queen and the land from which she had sprung. For at the time the whole Middle Atlantic region was the province of Virginia.

Today, when one crosses from the Carolina mainland over the memorial bridge to Orville and Wilbur Wright, one comes upon a slab of granite which marks the spot where Virginia Dare was born. Tall trees surround it, and climbing vines of grape, while on a knoll close by are the ruins of old Fort Raleigh, much as they were three long centuries ago. And when you talk to the people about, fisherfolk many of them, you are startled to hear in their habitual and customary speech those words and phrases that Will Shakespeare was fond of when he gossiped in the tavern of Avon or the inns of Fleet Street in old London Town. Are they indeed, these people, the children of the lost colony of Roanoke, of the blood of Virginia Dare and that little band of Englishmen and Englishwomen who vanished as utterly as the tribes of Israel, the wonder men who raised up the pyramids of Yucatan, the mighty race who carved beauty into marble in mighty temples strangled now by the jungles of Cambodia?

They vanished. They vanished, these settlers of Roanoke, leaving behind them nothing but a word,

the word *Croatan,* carved in the bark of a tree. That was all that Governor White found two years later when finally, after being delayed by such affairs as the Spanish Armada, he returned to Roanoke with new settlers and new supplies. The lost colony of Roanoke was the last of Sir Walter Raleigh's attempts to establish England on the American continent.

This tall, handsome courtier and soldier of fortune was fighting for that which was his very life, first place in the affections of Elizabeth the Queen. A younger and fairer man had challenged Raleigh's position. Robert Devereaux, the Earl of Essex, had established himself in the impulsive heart and cold, crafty mind of the greatest woman who ever sat on a throne—Essex, not yet twenty, but already adventurer, soldier, poet, and perfect lover.

But even before Essex appeared on the scene and before Raleigh sought to restore his own fading prestige by giving Elizabeth a new nation across the blue water, Raleigh had planned a great empire in the Western world. He had sent two vessels to explore the North American coast. They came upon the beautiful island of Roanoke. They carried back amazing and alluring tales of the country, its peo-

ple and its reaches. They carried back a mysterious weed which the savages were wont to smoke, the first tobacco that England had seen. They carried back, even, some of the savages themselves who moved with singular poise and dignity in the hubbub clamor of Whitehall and the Strand. They told Raleigh and they told the queen that the soil was the most plentiful, sweet, fruitful, and wholesome of all the world. They spoke of the savages as a very handsome and goodly people, in their behavior as civil and mannerly as any in Europe; most gentle and loving and faithful; void of all guile and treason; such as live after the manner of the Golden Age.

It was a glowing sales talk. It intrigued the queen. It charmed Raleigh. He mortgaged himself near to ruination and sent out a colony. They found neither the soil nor the savages as sweet as pictured and quickly returned to England. Thereupon Raleigh, gambling with fate, staked his all on the expedition which Governor White landed at Roanoke in 1587, yet when White returned in 1589 there was not a living soul on the island. The fort had been plundered, only recently abandoned. Of his daughter and her husband and little Virginia Dare and the 118 he had left behind, there was not a trace. Gone. Van-

ished. Swallowed up by the forest. Only the word *Croatan,* carved in the bark of a tree. It was the name of another Indian tribe and of another island. But though the governor searched like a mad man, up and down the coast and deep into the dark forest, he could find nothing, nothing. Disgraced and ruined, Sir Walter Raleigh, gazing westward from the barred windows of his prison in the Tower of London, vowed he would live to see the day when Virginia was an English nation. And that he saw before King James' axman clipped his luckless head from his handsome body.

Twenty years after Virginia Dare and the people vanished, Captain John Smith settled as Jamestown and heard from King Powhatan a tale of how the colonists had been massacred, all but seven who had been taken into the Roanoke Tribe. And a century later travelers and explorers reported in the Cape Hatteras region the presence of a rare tribe of Indians—Indians with blue eyes and gray eyes, and the tradition of having white people as their forefathers.

And so Virginia Dare, that first white baby born on American soil lives in tradition, lives beautifully in the legend that all woodsmen know from Maine

to Florida: that a white doe roams the forests, a white doe that only a silver arrow can slay, a white doe that was once a beautiful maid of Virginia.

Princes of Adventure

WHAT IS THE STRANGE hot flame that fires the hearts of men so different and drives them to peril and high adventure at the ends of the world? I have three in mind at this moment —a priest, a king-maker, and an uncrowned king in Mongolia.

Modern science has its modest heroes, though they wear the crest of courage like the white plume of Navarre. A great adventurer and a valorous soul in the Apostle of the Glaciers, Father Bernard R. Hubbard, of the Society of Jesus.

It was three years ago that Father Hubbard startled the world of science by "calling his shot in advance," by predicting the terrific eruption of the great volcano of Aniakchak in the Aleutian Islands. For 150 years old Aniakchak had growled and smoked, but the Jesuit priest, studying its moods, penetrated the secret of its long-suppressed rage and was ready when

the great volcano blew up with a roar that startled half the continent.

This time his instinct takes him to a group of Aleutian Islands southwest of Aniakchak, and to one particular menacing monster which is about ready to belch flame and lava.

Father Hubbard's passion for knowledge, his avid interest in the mysteries of nature, take him into the infernal pits of burning mountains, to the smoking bowels of volcanoes that have blown off their heads, and over treacherous glaciers that are making their slow march to the sea. His field is Alaska, that amazing chunk of American soil far up in the Arctic. Few men alive today have had such thrilling adventures as this Priest of the Volcanoes and Apostle of the Glaciers. Few men have stood so close to death and lived to tell the tale.

He is professor of geology in Santa Clara University, at Santa Clara, Cal., this scientist-adventurer. Powerful in build, a bit over forty, with lean face and chiseled features, keen brown eyes and the look of a fighter rather than that of a cloistered priest, Father Hubbard is known the world over for the secrets he has wrested from the eternal glaciers and

from the vent-holes of the savage fire which rages at the core of the earth.

When the school year is over at Santa Clara, he sets out with a group of geology students for the unexplored lands. On one thrilling adventure he flew by plane and dropped down into the very heart of that old terror of a volcano, Aniakchak. In the interior of Alaska he has climbed mountains which are greater natural wonders than the Swiss Alps, more awe-inspiring than the Matterhorn, more terrifying than Vesuvius, and more thrilling than the Yellowstone or the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The greatest of all these marvels is the crater of Katmai. That tremendous pock mark in the pitted face of Alaska was made twenty years ago, when Katmai let go with a roar that shook the earth. An innocent ice-covered mountain up to then, Katmai blew its head off in a vast cataclysm which hurled volcanic dust into the skies above the Desert of Sahara. Five and one-half cubic miles of rock and molten lava belched into the quivering heavens.

Lucky for the world that Katmai stood in Arctic wastes and not within a hundred miles or so of some great city. As it was, the frightful eruption killed millions of birds, whose bodies littered land and sea

for miles around. It buried thousands of deer and caribou under twenty feet of ashes. Not a breath of life or a thing of living green survived within a radius of three hundred miles.

It was Father Hubbard who stood upon the brink of this disemboweled mountain, gazing down into its still-throbbing and smoking entrails. Straight down for one mile his gaze traveled to a picture of the infernal regions such as Dante drew. He looked down into the frightful ruin of a mountain which had committed suicide. Its breath-taking immensity stunned him like a blow. A circle of brilliant colors dropping down, down—interminably down to the blue of impossible depths. He gazed speechless, not for some minutes aware that his dog had crept into the shelter of his arms and was cowering there, trembling and whining as it, too, looked at the sight below.

Such rewards are the end of the rainbow for this intrepid priest. What matters a twenty-one-hour climb over perilous icy slopes, thirty-six hours in a blizzard, starvation, if, after all, one can gaze down into the broken heart of a mountain?

* * *

Working away at the drawing board in the camp

of the British Air Force near Plymouth, England, is a tall, lean, eagle-eyed soldier who is just about the most mysterious figure in the world today. He is known as Aircraftsman T. E. Shaw as he snaps to attention in the presence of pink-cheeked subalterns fresh from Sandhurst. But only a little while ago the world rang with the fame of his real name and title. For he was Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the uncrowned King of Arabia, the man whose singular genius brought two kingdoms into being.

Single-handed, this remarkable Englishman, back in the days of the war, organized the revolt in the desert and built the backfire of desert warfare which destroyed the Turkish Empire. And when it was all over and Fame tipped her cornucopia, ready to shower him with wealth and honors, he refused them all, even a decoration from the king. He buried himself as a common soldier. Nobody knows why. It is one of the enigmas of history.

And now this incomprehensible man has given to the world the finest translation of Homer's *Odyssey* that ever leaped from the brain of a scholar. Twenty-eight men have sought to render into English the power and the beauty of blind Homer's rolling phrases, and some of them, like Andrew Lang, did

a noble job. But of all the translators, Aircraftsman Shaw, this odd, scholarly man of action, is easily the most inspired. Perhaps it is because he has in his own soul something that Ulysses had, Ulysses the Wanderer, brooding lest "a god shatter him upon the wine-dark sea."

Lawrence's own life was both an Iliad and an Odyssey of modern times. His exploits as a secret agent were so incredible, his whole life was so continuously an adventure, that even the British people refuse to believe that he is not invariably in the midst of some distant, romantic, and exciting picture. Thrones are overturned and dynasties fall in Persia. Lawrence is back of it. The Kurds revolt and sweep across the desert. Rumor places Lawrence at their head. India blazes with rebellion. Report whispers that Lawrence, disguised as a Hindu holy man, is wandering through the screaming mobs. Persia flirts with the Russian Bear and word comes that Lawrence has been seen in Teheran in the rôle of an Afghan horse trader.

But all of the time he has been on his humble job in the air force camp, tinkering with airplane engines or plotting curves over the drawing board, this mysterious and romantic gentleman with the blue

eyes of an Englishman glinting in the sun-baked face of an Arab.

* * *

Chicago has produced some amazing personalities, but scarcely one more remarkable than the bank clerk who has become the uncrowned King of Mongolia. It is a story which makes one wonder what unsuspected capacity for adventure or even rulership may be buried in the plain personalities of perfectly humdrum people.

Only eight years ago Torgney Oberg was a teller in the Chicago Builders' and Merchants' Bank. But a dream was riding in his mind as he ploughed through figures. He saw himself as chief of wild tribesmen on an Asiatic plain. That dream lured him from the certainties of three meals a day and a roof over his head and carried him to Asia. And in Mongolia, through some strange, uncanny aptitude such as Lawrence displayed in his dealings with the Arabs, Torgney Oberg won the friendship of the Mongols and made a place for himself among them. He acquired the management of a vast farm of thousands of acres, and there he raises camels, horses, and sheep, and grows wheat.

He lives with his Chinese servants in a Chinese

house entirely surrounded with mud walls. It is a lonely life, or would be for most men, but not for Torgney Oberg. The nearest city is Peiping, 350 miles distant and almost five centuries away in time. The nearest neighbor is whatever Mongol tribesman happens to pitch his skin *yurt,* or tent, on the open Mongolian plain. A dead shot with rifle or pistol, the one-time Chicago bank clerk can hold his own with any man, and often has to stand off bandit attacks. Were it not for the fact that he is a foreigner, a "white devil," he would own a great farm of his own, but he loves the life well enough to remain in Mongolia to manage the farms of others.

The news is that he is now establishing a camel-caravan route between Inner Mongolia, China proper, and Outer Mongolia, which is under Russian domination.

The son of Swedish missionary parents, Oberg used to work for the late Ivar Kreuger's Swedish Match Company. Tiring of that, he came to America and got a job in a Chicago bank, and then he found his strange niche in life. He is an authority on Chinese and Mongolian affairs and has vast influence throughout a region almost as large as the United States.

Everywhere in that ancient land, still living in an era older than the Old Testament, Torgney Oberg is known as a man to be respected, trusted, and feared. Picture him bantering jests in the Mongol tongue with the itinerants of the plain, and rank him properly as a prince of adventure.

The Tower of London Remembers

FIELD MARSHAL LORD Milne is the new constable of the Tower of London, an office that goes back to William the Conqueror. He is installed with the rich, colorful ritual of the days of the Tudors. And there are other things in that gray, grim fortress by the Thames that recall the days of the Tudors—incredible things.

A yeoman of the guard in the Tower of London rushes to the governor with a tale of strange doings in the night. His ruddy face two shades lighter and his plump hands still trembling, the Beefeater stutters his story. Near the Bloody Tower and not far from the Traitor's Gate he had seen with his own eyes the figure of a woman in white. He had no idea where she came from, but there she was, like white moonlight.

The yeoman of the guard stood rooted to the ground, his hand gripping his pike until his knuckles hurt. Far down London River, at Westminster, Big

Ben tolled the hour stroke by stroke. It was just midnight.

The woman in white, light shining clear through her, approached the Beefeater with slow, graceful step and passed him without a sign. She was young. She was beautiful. Her face was very sad. He was sure he had seen her picture somewhere. And then all at once she was gone. While he stared she was gone. One moment the slim, graceful white figure; the next moment nothing, nothing at all. That was the tale the yeoman of the guard told to the constable.

Nobody within the massive stone walls of the great tower that William the Conqueror built more than eight centuries ago laughs at that old tale of the white woman who shows herself now and again, at long intervals, in the old fortress prison. Certainly that distinguished soldier, Major General Sir George Younghusband, didn't laugh at it when I talked to him in his beautiful Old World apartment in St. Thomas' Tower, above the Traitor's Gate on London River.

Sir George was the man who led the British column through the gorges of the Himalayas and opened up Tibet years ago. When he retired he was made keeper of the Jewel House in the Tower,

where, among other dazzling treasures of the Crown jewels, you can see the Kohinoor blazing in Queen Alexandra's crown, and the fiery Cullinan in the crown of George the Fifth.

We sat there smoking, looking out over the shipping in the rain-misted river, and the old soldier told me some curious stories about the Tower. There's one part of the enclosure that the sentries dislike to patrol of nights. For the Earl of Northumberland walks about there carrying his head under his arm.

"And I myself," Sir George told me, "had a pretty weird experience. I was shaving in my dressing room, which faces the Bloody Tower. To my astonishment the heavy oak door opened slowly and widely. As I started forward it closed with the same slow, steady motion. Many times at night, as I have lain in my bed, I have heard the boards of the passage creak and the latch lift. I cannot explain these things, but I can assure you that they happened.

"When Lord Grenfell was on duty here one of his sentries was found lying senseless. When he came to he told of seeing a white figure that came slowly toward him. He challenged, got no reply, and lunged with his bayonet. The bayonet went right through the figure—and that's all the sentry could remember.

"Anne Boleyn was out walking that night," said Sir George, finishing the tale. "Maybe it was unhappy Anne, mother of Queen Elizabeth, that the frightened Beefeater saw the other night. She was the second wife of Henry the Eighth and was beheaded in the Tower enclosure. Henry, who was certainly careless and inconsiderate in his matrimonial affairs, wanted to get rid of Anne to marry Jane Seymour. So he ordered her head cut off, poor lady."

The grim Tower is full of such stories. It is the most terrible monument that survives today. If ghosts walk not in that grim and sinister reminder of the tyranny of kings and the cruelty of courts, they walk nowhere on this earth. For every stone in its dungeons has been a witness of some dreadful deed; every stone in its walls a witness of some frightful crime.

* * *

From London comes the singular news that the last resting place of kings and queens of England, of the great soldiers and poets and statesmen, is becoming overcrowded. In ancient Westminster Abbey space is at a premium, and the authorities are worried about the future. What a fascinating treasure house of history and of human memories is the great

old Abbey where every English monarch has been crowned since William the Conqueror. I know of no building so alive with the deathless spirit of the men and women that made England what she is today.

Entombed in Westminster Abbey is much more than royal bones. For as one strolls through the dim corridors, upon whose marble and granite walls falls the divinely lovely light from old stained glass, one pauses, with quickening breath, before symbols and mementoes of love and hate—symbols and mementoes that still have power to flood the heart with wonder and emotion.

Of all these silent talebearers of dead loves and dead hatreds, no single thing ever touched me so deeply as the sudden glimpse of a finger ring set in the center of one side of the slab of pure white marble under which lies the greatest queen that ever reigned, Elizabeth of England. The marble slab is supported by four lions. Upon the slab is the recumbent effigy of the queen. Her head rests upon tasseled and embroidered cushions, her slim feet upon a crouching lion. She is mantled in her royal robes, lined with ermine. Her closely curled hair is covered with a simple cap. Elizabeth Tudor, as she was

when she broke the power of haughty Spain.

But it is the ring—the simple little memento that lies behind a protecting plate of glass, underneath her stilled heart—that draws the eye and by the power of its magic turns back the very centuries. For that ring stands for a great love, a woman's treachery, and the death on the block of a young man whose pride over-leaped his love.

Elizabeth madly loved the young Earl of Essex. In a moment of tenderness she gave him that ring with the queenly pledge that if ever he forfeited her favor he could win her forgiveness, no matter for what offense, by sending her the ring.

Handsome, brilliant young Essex, sent to Ireland in command of an army and the victim of misfortune and his own hasty temper, bitterly disappointed Elizabeth. She ordered him to remain and retrieve his failures. In wild anger he not only disobeyed the order and returned to London, but stormed one night into her bedroom and loosed upon her the violence of his intemperate anger. Punished by the deeply offended queen, he conspired against her crown. She sent him to the Tower. Her council condemned him to death.

At the very last, with the executioner waiting, his

pride gave way. He threw the ring and a message to the queen out of a window, to the Countess of Nottingham, whose love he had once rejected. The spiteful and treacherous countess kept the ring and suppressed the message. Waiting until the last minute, in trembling hope of submission from the man she still loved, Elizabeth signed the death warrant and the head of the proud Earl of Essex rolled in the Tower yard.

Years later the dying Countess of Nottingham sent for the queen, confessed her treachery and craved her pardon. Elizabeth, in a transport of grief and fury, struck the dying countess across the mouth.

"God may forgive you," she cried, "but I never can."

Firebrands of a New War?

NIGHT, WITH ITS CANOPY of stars, in the bleak and forbidding mountains of the Bulgar-Serbian border. Around the red campfire a circle of dark-faced men, booted and spurred, with curved-handled knives thrust into their wide sashes. Horses tethered to the scrubby trees, nickering in nervousness at the animal cries back in the lonely mountains. Sentinels all about, firelight flickering on their bayonets. The weirdest meeting I have read about in years. It is the Political Murderers in session —the Congress of Political Murderers.

Presiding is a young man barely thirty-five, clean-shaven, dark-eyed, and hollow-cheeked, with something about him of the eagle or the mountain hawk. He is dressed in rough homespun, a sheepskin coat, and short boots over his rough woolen stockings. This beardless ascetic is Ivan Michailov, chief of the Macedonian terrorists in their armed revolt against Jugoslavia. One by one the group around the camp-

fire reports to the young chief the tale of knifings and shootings they have accomplished during the year. When all have reported the congress finds that it has a record of 180 killings and 5 kidnapings in the past three years. And there under the stars, in the heart of the moutains, new captains are selected and new killings planned. The congress adjourns.

The *comitajis,* they are called—these guerrilla bands, made up mostly of Bulgarians who are sworn on the Bible, dirk, and pistol to an oath of "liberty or death." By "liberty" they mean the liberty of Macedonia, and a new state to be assembled from the pieces of carved-up Macedonia now held by Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Greece. Another result of the Treaty of Versailles and the work of the old gentlemen who thought they could change human nature by making a new map of a very old Europe. Fierce and ruthless, they ride on their border raids, these wild *comitajis,* their one aim to spread terror with fire and sword. They are firebrands scattering sparks in a powder magazine—the powder magazine of the Balkans—and out of that magazine may come, any year, any month, the new war that will draw all Europe into its final blast, the final whirlwind of tempestuous fire.

The secret police of Japan are in deadly struggle

today with an extraordinary and mysterious society which, if not curbed, may hurl Japan into war with the Western world. The name of the society is the Black Dragon. Its purpose is Japanese conquest of all Asia, with Japan as the greatest power the Far East ever saw—greater than the Eastern empire raised by Alexander the Great or Cæsar. It was the society of the Black Dragon which drove Japan into the war with Russia and the war with China. Utterly ruthless in its methods, it assassinates opponents with the thoroughgoing method of Chicago and New York gangsters. Throughout Japan is the fear that the machinations of this dreaded organization may bring the death by knife or bullet of high government officials who strive to keep the peace and who plan the destruction of the Black Dragon.

At the head of the society, and the author of secret orders which decreed the murder of ministers of state, is the white-bearded and venerable Mitsuru Toyama: seventy-eight years of age, humble and self-abasing, but a man driven by a relentless ambition to bring about Japanese mastery of the Eastern world. Thousands of fanatical young men—and young women, too—obey his lightest whisper as if it came from the gods themselves, and do murder at the signal of the lifted finger of this gentle-seeming and

placid sage. Only the other day one of his lieutenants, Yoshio Kodama, head of the Loyal Youths' Society, was arrested by the secret police in the grounds of a temple. Knowing he was trapped, he fired dum-dum bullets into his chest. Mitsuru Toyama's third son, Hidezo, was arrested with copies in his pocket of an order commanding the murder of important personages. But the Japanese newspapers, in apparent terror of the very name of the terrible old man Mitsuru, printed asterisks instead of his name. He is so powerful and menacing they did not dare to put the name in cold type.

This ruthless old gentleman, who makes one think of the King of Assassins who flourished during the Crusades, is a devout Buddhist. A dog bit him. He spoke to it gently and bought it some cakes. When human beings threaten him he has them removed from this life with extreme suddenness. He lives alone in a humble little house whose door is never locked. He sat one time for five days without eating, sleeping, or speaking, to prove that mind can master matter. His real name is Otojiro—this strange and terrible old man, whose very name sends the timorous to their knees.

God Speaks Through Miracles

ONCE EVERY YEAR, THE White Train leaves Paris on its long journey through France. And as it winds its way southward, through the mountain passes of the lofty Pyrenees, scores of other White Trains, made up weeks and even months before, converge in the same direction. White Trains of Pilgrims, on their way to the Miraculous Grotto of Lourdes, one of the greatest of all Christian shrines in the world.

The White Trains every year bring probably a million pilgrims to the little mountain town in the southwest of France. Lourdes last year celebrated the diamond jubilee of the apparition, and true believers, from all parts of the earth, went to pay their devotions, while the halt, the lame, and the blind sought relief from ailments. Cripples were carried in, on beds and chairs, on wheels hundreds of them, unfortunates for whom science had failed and who came to seek relief through faith. A constant throng,

a steady stream of suffering pilgrims, praying in every language of the civilized world, but praying with all the ardent devotion of true belief, without which there can be no hope at Lourdes.

Always an intensely dramatic and moving scene, one of the most arresting that ever magnetized the gaze of this reporter. Down the mountain they come, propelled by friends and relatives to the sacred spot, the Grotto, the walls of which, blackened by the smoke of candles, are hung with hundreds of crutches, symbolic of cures in the past. At the entrance to the Grotto, the sick assemble to pray. An air of deep religious devotion permeates the place as a priest ascends to the pulpit. The scene is one of indescribable excitement as the multitude intones the chant, interrupted from time to time by the priest with an order to kneel and kiss the earth. As the chant continues, mingled with fervent prayers, the suffering pilgrims are brought in to bathe in the healing waters; brought in by charitable men and women, many of whom were once themselves helpless cripples. Cured by the waters of the miraculous spring, they have remained to help others. During the bath, the prayers grow ever louder and more ardent, and when one of the bathers suddenly shouts "I am cured!" ten thousand voices

intone a triumphant *Magnificat;* the pilgrims who are able to walk form a solemn procession and march slowly around, chanting "*Ave Maria, Ave Maria.*"

Whether you accept it or not, there is something impressively sacred about Lourdes and something mightily convincing in the results achieved. It is a place for the poor, for the unfortunate, for the victims of life; probably the least commercial of all the meccas for tourists on the face of the earth. Dollars, pounds sterling, and French francs are brought down to pennies, pence, and centimes. The hotels are, for the most part, for poor people. There is nothing for sale. Everything is free as God's mercy. As for the miracles, the Church itself counsels against excessive credulity. Every patient who claims to have been healed is subjected to a medical examination, to ascertain whether the cure has been complete, or partial, or merely imaginary. Doctors from many lands carry on the work and all are welcome to take part and observe. Approximately six hundred physicians visit Lourdes each year. All are welcomed at the medical bureau, no matter what their nationality or attitude toward religion may be. Having registered, they are invited to participate in the examination of cases reputed to represent miraculous cures.

That medical bureau, established forty years ago, has served to put Lourdes on a different footing from any other place where faith healing occurs. The case sheets of the bureau record the scientific conclusions reached by the attending doctors. In addition, the subsequent history of the permanence of the cure is kept, so far as possible, for many years.

There is abundant proof of the unwillingness of the Church to certify too quickly to reputed miracles. Father Woodlock, noted Jesuit preacher of London, is outspoken on the subject. "The Crowd at Lourdes," he says, "is prone to cry 'miracle' and is often mistaken. It is hasty and ill informed in its judgment, so that if any patient leaps from a stretcher, the pilgrims conclude that a miracle has been performed."

The physician who is at the head of the medical bureau issues the same sort of warning. He invites all visiting doctors to assist in the examinations. Protestants and doctors professing no religion, as well as those belonging to the Catholic Church, have certified to cures that could not have resulted from natural causes. They might easily register several hundred supposed cures each year, but on the average perhaps eight or ten a year, at a maximum, are

officially recognized as cures of a supernatural character.

The pilgrimage to Lourdes is founded on the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin to a poor little sick girl, Bernadette Soubirous, in the fourteenth year of her life. The mysterious vision she saw in the hollow of a rock was that of a young and most beautiful lady, "lovelier than I have ever seen," she said. There were eighteen apparitions in all, and now and then a mysterious voice spoke to the girl. And one day, the voice told her to drink and wash in the fountain, although to those others who were present there was no sign of a fountain.

Here we have the testimony of a witness, Jean Baptiste Estrade, who was present when Bernadette was commanded to drink. "She raised her head," he said, "as though to question the command from the Lady visible only to the child. Then she resolutely bent down and began to scratch the earth. The little cavity which she hollowed out became full of water. After having waited a moment, she drank of it and washed her face. In a few hours, water was gushing forth from the rock."

The spring thus miraculously discovered has been

flowing ever since, a source of spiritual blessing to thousands of suffering mankind.

On a later occasion, the apparition bade Bernadette go and tell the priests that she wished a chapel to be built on the spot. Not only the local authorities, but the Church as well, were sceptical at first, and it was only after an exhaustive inquiry which lasted four years that the story of the apparition was accepted.

"We judge," wrote the Bishop of Tarbes, "that Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God, did really appear to Bernadette on February 11, 1858, and on certain subsequent days, eighteen times in all, in the Grotto of Masabielle; that this appearance bears every mark of truth and that the belief of the faithful is well grounded."

The road along which the White Trains travel is one of the most beautiful in the world. Through the valley of Pau, the banks of the river made up of the melted snow of the Pyrenees Mountains are dotted with pilgrim villages, dating from the Crusades. The river itself, a turbulent stream, is spanned by picturesque ivy-clad bridges. The plain is charmingly enlivened with villages and villas, with vine-clad and wooded ravines. Five- and six-century-old castles are

visible on both sides, with crenellated roofs, donjons, towers, terraces, and foot bridges—castles which in bygone days were occupied by Romans, Vandals, Visigoths, Saracens, English, and French. And as the train comes out of a clump of rocks, the beautiful basilica of Lourdes comes suddenly into full view, surmounted by its soaring spire, surrounded by great balustrades, built in the form of a Greek cross. The end of the journey is at hand. The land of hope has been reached.

* * *

Five little children, playing tag in the evening under a hawthorne tree in the garden of a convent at Beauraing, in Belgium, stop their play and stand in wide-eyed amazement. To their eyes, at least, a luminous figure, like white light, like a young woman of light, moves among the trees of the garden.

Startled, but not at all frightened, one of the children speaks to the figure: "Are you the Virgin Mary?"

And to their ears, at least, comes a voice: "I am Mary."

The child asks another question: "What do you want us to do?"

And the figure replies: "To be good children."

Within a few hours the little town of Beauraing seethes with excitement, and within a few days all Belgium is talking about the apparition. And presently the flow of pilgrims begins, thousands arriving daily, in lumbering buses, not only from Belgium and neighboring France, but from Holland, Germany, and Spain, until 180,000 have journeyed to the little town to pray in the garden and lay their afflictions upon the altar of faith—the lame and the halt and the blind. In the convent garden 1,500 invalids and cripples lie upon stretchers, all in one day, and some of them with shouts of joy and songs of thanksgiving spring from these beds of weakness and of pain, crying aloud to the thousands gathered all about that they are cured, that a miracle has been worked.

Such is the strange story of the origin of a new village of miracles, a new Lourdes. And behind the grilled fence of the Grotto the grass is covered with heaps of money, coin and bills, so much that the good sisters must use pails to remove the treasure. We have not yet heard the verdict of the Church, which weighs the testimony very carefully when such apparently supernatural occurrences are brought to its attention,

but the Bishop of Namur journeys to Beauraing and blesses the five children, and all over Central Europe prayers float up to the throne of Our Lady of Beauraing.

Jehol's Golden Pavilion

THE WICKED CHATTER OF machine guns echoes along the Great Wall of China. There remains no longer any doubt that Japan, ignoring all protests from the Western World, is determined to carve out a great empire on the Asiatic mainland, combining Manchuria and the old Chinese province of Jehol with young Henry Pu-Yi, last of the Manchu blood, peering through horn-rimmed glasses from the Dragon Throne.

Golden, glamorous Jehol, of the greatest of Chinese emperors, Ch'ieng Lung, and of the lovely Turkestan princes who broke his heart.

There was a day when Jehol's riches, its pomp, its superb buildings struck awe into the hearts of the wild tribes of Mongolia and their savage khans. And if you visited the marvelous Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, you may have seen in replica the greatest glory of Jehol and of ancient China: the Potala, the Golden Pavilion, the perfect pearl of

architecture which the great Ch'ieng Lung erected to commemorate the most tragic migration in the history of mankind, the flight from Russia in 1771 of the Torguts, or Tartars—a flight from the tyranny of the Muscovites—which carried a whole nation, men, women, and children, across the width of Asia. It was a flight more terrible than Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

De Quincey, magnificent intellect fired by opium, tells us the story of that frightful flight. It lasted seven months and covered 2,400 miles of steppes and desert. Daily there were bloody battles with the pursuing Russian armies and the savage tribes that blocked the way.

Four hundred thousand began the flight, with the cry: "Our children shall not be serfs forever! Let us go back to the land where the sun rises!" Three hundred thousand perished along the bloody way.

At last from the summit of low hills they glimpsed the sparkling waters of Lake Balkash. Mad with thirst, at the sight of the clear water a dreadful confusion took place. Thousands waded into the water up to their knees. Many drank until they writhed in convulsions and drowned where they fell. While the confusion was at its height, the pursuing Bashkirs

and Khirghiz attacked and threw themselves with wild yells into the midst of the thirst-tortured Tartars. Fighting for their lives, Mohammedans and Buddhists sank beneath the reddened water in bloody embrace.

The dreadful slaughter would have continued until not a living Tartar remained had not Chinese cavalry come storming down the slopes. From the hilltops Chinese artillery opened fire on the wild tribesmen and broke them in disorder. In the afterglow of the sunset Lake Balkash gleamed redly. In the water and upon the shore lay thousands of corpses.

But next morning, when the signal was given to resume the march, the survivors drove forward again, under the protection of Chinese infantry, cavalry, and artillery. They came soon to the River Ili and crossed to the other side, to China. The flight of the Tartar tribes had ended.

To glorify this flight the great Emperor Ch'ieng Lung built the Golden Pavilion whose replica, constructed by Sven Hedin, was seen by millions in the exposition which so marvelously typified the spirit and courage of the people of Chicago.

Ch'ieng Lung was the last of the great emperors, the Sons of Heaven.

In the Golden Pavilion Ch'ieng Lung welcomed and made love to the lovely Hsiang-Fei, a Turkestan princess captured in battle by his general. The Perfumed One, she was known, and her picture even today is to be seen upon Chinese paper money, so deathless was the fame of her beauty and her great soul. For Ch'ieng Lung, who ruled Asia and considered even King George of England as his vassal, could not rule the heart of the captive princess.

The world never knew such a true tale of hopeless love. The autocrat of Asia, the king of kings, suffered agonies of torment in the presence of this woman of roses and ice, who never permitted him even to touch her. He grew thin and ill, and finally his mother, the Empress Dowager, commanded the lovely Hsiang-Fei to strangle herself. Gladly she obeyed, and rested in tranquil sleep over the victory she had won. And at Tung-ling, where today the great Manchu emperors are resting in their crumbling tombs, hard by the military camps of the victorious Japanese, a simple monument has stood for 170 years outside the great mausoleum of Ch'ieng Lung. There the summer winds rustle sadly about the grave of Hsiang-Fei.

They Get Their Man

AGE CANNOT WITHER NOR custom stale the glory and the glamor of the Mounties, the men in scarlet coats and wide-brimmed felt hats who, in the legendary romance left to us in these prosaic times, are matched only by the French Foreign Legion, Scotland Yard, and the Texas Rangers. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, to give them their official title, celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of their service as the administrators of justice and the guardians of the right in the millions of square miles of cities, wastes, and waters from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from the Great Lakes to the North Pole.

It was back in the days of Canada's Wild West that the Mounties won their spurs and established their immortal place in fact and in fiction. The Canadian government had acquired the Western provinces in 1870 and three years later organized the Royal Northwest Mounted Police to pacify and bring

order out of the chaos and lawlessness. It was really a cavalry unit and it made a march famous in military annals, pushing 2,000 miles through unknown territory and among hostile Indian tribes from the Red River clear to the Rockies. The Indians were impressed and the renegade whites routed. Tribal warfare came to a sudden close and the way was opened for the development of the country by the whites.

Today it is in sealskin jacket rather than scarlet coat, in bearskin cap rather than sombrero, and behind a dog team or at the stick of an airplane that the Mountie performs the feats that bring him into the news or into the story book. In the cities and the populated provinces they do the work which corresponds to that of our secret service, state police, and game wardens. But in Eskimo Land, in the Yukon, at Hudson Bay, and up in the Arctic circle, a corporal's guard of them scattered around at strategic points are the sole upholders of the dignity and majesty of the British Empire. Their domain is a bleak and trackless region of 1,400,000 square miles, a desolate plain which drains the Arctic basin, a region half the size of the United States and in many parts barren of all growth save lichen and moss.

The constable of the Arctic is entirely on his own. Solitary and perilous journeys are his lot through the snows and across the ice, traversing such stretches of water as Great Bear or Great Slave Lake, with areas of 10,000 miles, traveling the mighty Mackenzie or the Red River with only the polar bear or wolf to be seen besides his dogs. And his duties—he is police officer, magistrate, coroner, marriage-license clerk, immigration officer, customs officer, collector of royalties, mining recorder, fisheries and game warden, administrator of estates, guard of criminals and insane persons, minister to the sick, and conductor of funeral services when clergymen cannot be present.

What the world regards as a great adventure by a polar explorer is every-day work for an inspector of these Canadian police. A notable exploit was that of the late Inspector Albert A. Joy who made a 1,500-mile patrol through the uninhabited Arctic archipelago with only two companions. The trip took eighty-one days by sled and was considered nothing out of the ordinary.

At the time Joy was in charge of the police post at Dundas Harbor, North Devon Island. He and two other policemen were the sole inhabitants of

the island. Taking one of the officers and a native from Baffin Land, Joy set out in March for Ellesmere Island, the most northern police post, a scant 500 miles from the Pole. That they had to journey in temperatures as low as 60 degrees below zero did not worry them. Their concern was how they could replenish their food supply since they could not carry on their sleds the food to last for months ahead. And they knew they would be on their own once they set out, for not another living soul existed in the half-million square miles of wilderness which they were to cut through to reach their destination.

The polar bear was their one recourse, the land being a breeding ground for the white king of the Arctic, and Joy and his companions shot enough to keep them stocked with food for themselves and the dog and with fat for oil for their lamps. One bear was shot as he stood beside the sled, only a few feet from the door of the snow igloo in which they were camped for the night. The next night another bear prowled into the camp and was not to be frightened off by the dogs. Joy, having plenty of meat, did not bother to shoot the truculent invader.

"But," he said in his report, "soon we saw the

brute tearing at our clothing and food in the sleds. We tried to get outside, but the doorway of the igloo was buried in a deep drift of snow and a quick exit was impossible.

"The bear's attention was diverted by the noise we made and he turned quickly to our igloo, climbed all over it, and by the time we had made a hole through the ice-lined wall large enough for a man to crawl through he was waiting opposite it on the outside.

"Instantly he made a desperate plunge to get inside, but we beat him back and as he retreated a pace or two Constable Taggart managed to seize a rifle standing outside near the hole. The bear, quick as a flash, struck the weapon from Taggart's hands, and then, as if to frustrate any effort to recover it, stood on it with both paws, snarling angrily at us through the hole.

"A few seconds later he made another savage charge, but we beat him back with vigorous blows on the snout with a stick and a butcher knife. This made him retreat a pace or two, giving Taggart an opportunity to grab the rifle and put a quick end to his sinister purpose. He was a large animal,

wretchedly poor and no doubt almost dead with prolonged starvation."

It was three months after their departure from North Devon Island that Inspector Joy and his companions reached the post at Bache Peninsula and in that time they had not seen another human being and had lived by their rifles on bear, seal, and caribou.

Only a few months ago the Bache Peninsula post figured in the news by way of Greenland, where an Eskimo traveler arrived with a message to be conveyed to Commissioner McBrien of the Royal Mounted that the three constables up there on the top of the world were alive and well. Nothing had been heard from them in two years, the heavy ice of last summer having prevented the ship from Hudson Bay reaching them. How had they spent their time? They had made a 3,000-mile journey through the wastes searching for the German geologist Kreuger, who with two companions was left at Robertson Bay, Greenland, by Mackenzie in 1929.

Why do Mounties guard the Arctic wastes? The answer is, chiefly, the Eskimos. The white man's rifle and his civilization did not bring a new deal for the Eskimo. Rather, it made him lazy and in-

jured his health and contributed to the insanity and suicide which even before was not uncommon to his race. Ordinarily, he is a kindly chap, but he belongs to the stone age and sees nothing wrong, for example, in suicide and in the destruction of the young and the very old when they become burdensome. The introduction of firearms added to the crimes of violence in the Arctic Circle and to the wanton destruction of game and fur bearers.

The Eskimo is a moody person, much given to brooding, which is natural enough when his environment is considered. Even his primitive mind has far too much time for introspection in the loneliness of the long Arctic nights. One Mountie, Sergeant Petty, in charge of a patrol in Baffin Land, explains him in this fashion:

"Where the native is in contact with us, I think there is little to be feared. These men have the brain of the hunter and their book is the land and the animals. Their minds are getting filled with ideas which they cannot understand and the danger is when one gets away from a white settlement and broods. Even a yearly patrol breaks the current of these unhealthy thoughts and gives the native something to occupy his mind for months. I think we

should endeavor to visit every camp, if possible every single native in our district, and I am sorry it was impossible to do this last year although we did see a good 75 per cent."

Man hunts are not uncommon in these Arctic regions. For instance, Sergeant Barnes chased an Eskimo for forty-six days over a stretch of 1,357 miles and got his man, who was accused of murder. A dozen similar cases are in the records. To hold the trial requires another elaborate expedition and when the court sets out, say from Quebec, it has all the appearances of an Admiral Byrd party on an exploration trip. One recent trial required a three months' journey back and forth, judge, prosecutor, and counsel for defense making the trip under the escort of the Mounted Police, and the crew of their ship was the jury. The trials are conducted with all the decorum of the Supreme Court, each step being carefully explained to the natives.

"After the determination of the trial," said one official report, "the judge addressed the entire Eskimo population, telling them what they had to expect from the government; that they could expect kindness and protection from the police if they behaved well, but that if they committed any crime

they could expect to be punished. All joined in three generous cheers for the judge."

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police number today 2,500 officers and men. Of course they are not all the tall, dashing, handsome men which we find on our magazine covers. And only a few of them have a horse—one out of every ten. Automobiles, motorcycles, and dogs far outnumber the horses in the service. But young and middle-aged, tall, short, thin, and broad, they are men of character, courage, and decision, empire builders who know their code and practice it, the code which reads:

"Uphold the right and go where you are sent."

A Champion Mystery Man

"Scotty from Death Valley"—he was a picture never to be forgotten by the gentlemen of the press as we gathered to meet him in the old Waldorf a quarter of a century ago. A broad, square fellow, he reminded one of Tom Sharkey, dressed up in a gray flannel shirt, with a red scarf, and a big black sombrero atop his large head. His high-heeled boots gave him a length to which his medium size did not entitle him.

But withal, we knew he was a wild man from the West when he bellowed: "Bring a gallon of whiskey!" and when he mocked the tenderfeet who insisted on a little water on the side.

That he had flashed upon the country like a comet is more than figurative language. He had been nothing but a local figure in the mining camps of the hot sands of California's Death Valley until the day in 1905 when he strode up to the Santa Fe offices in

Los Angeles and called for a special nonstop train to Chicago.

The station master stood aghast, but Scotty planked down the $5,500 called for, and off he went at a murderous clip for Chicago in a four-coach train, with Mrs. Scott and his mongrel yellow dog, which sported a thousand-dollar collar and ate from a silver bucket.

That train reached Chicago in 44 hours and 54 minutes, and I believe the time still stands as the record. When it pulled into La Salle Street every window in the four coaches had been smashed by the terrific pounding. Mrs. Scott was black and blue from the buffeting, and Scotty had tossed hundreds of silver dollars to the staring yokels who had gathered along the right of way.

From that time and for two decades to come he remained the champion mystery man of the U. S. A. He was known as a Kentuckian who had drifted to California with a Wild West show, and it was known that his wife was a New York girl, but whence came his supposedly fabulous wealth nobody knew. People said he had found a gold mine in Death Valley assaying $88,000 to the ton. Scotty never denied it, and the legend became accepted fact.

Only in the last two years did the world learn that Walter Scott's gold mine was a gentleman named Albert M. Johnson, multi-millionaire of Chicago—and the government has now set aside the Scott-Johnson diggings in Death Valley as a national preserve.

Scott's story is a strange and bizarre one, and yet it does not begin to compare with that of his patron. Back again we go to the past, the night of December 31, 1899. A horrible train wreck has taken place outside of Chicago. Albert Johnson lies trapped in the wreckage, crazed by the torture of a broken back, his father dead nearby him. They pull the young man from the mass of twisted and molten iron.

The doctors said it would have been more merciful if he had perished; but he had the will to live, and live he did, to amass great wealth in the insurance business. All the while he craved health and struggled for it much harder than he did for millions.

Walter Scott came into his life in tow of a promoter who wanted backing for Scotty's gold quests in Death Valley. The incongruity of the situation flashed upon the slim, city-bred invalid. Here was a man bursting with health who sought only gold.

Here was he bursting with gold and seeking only health.

He listened idly while Scotty talked about gold, but he was all attention when that sturdy young adventurer told of the solitude of the desert, the isolation, the dry climate, the protecting mountains. Johnson wanted not that gold but that quiet, that solitude, that carefree life in the open. Death Valley was the place. Scott was the companion he would need.

They made their bargain. Scotty had his joke on the world and his fling. Johnson had long stays in Death Valley and, as his health was restored, he built there, quietly and gradually, a two-million-dollar mansion fifty-six miles from the railroad, with swimming pool, pipe organ, and everything else in approved Hollywood fashion—for Scotty and himself and their families to enjoy and for the Indians to gape at.

That mansion couldn't be kept a secret forever. Johnson is sixty now, spare and gray, with a photographic resemblance to Henry Ford. Thirty-odd years ago they said he would never walk again. Today he can ride a horse a full twenty-four hours if occasion demands. Scotty in his middle fifties remains the quaint, bluff figure of his youth.

But according to report they are "tired" of squatting on the land and they ask to buy 1,420 acres at $1.25 an acre and to set it aside for public use. In recommending the taking over of Death Valley, Secretary Wilbur told President Hoover that it contains 500 species of plants not to be found elsewhere.

So Death Valley becomes just another nook in this prosaic old planet of ours, no longer a place apart for two men who have wrenched from life much more than it sought to allot them.

Mary Breckenridge and Her Nursing Service

THE WORK THAT IS BEING done today in the mountains of eastern Kentucky by the Frontier Nursing Service is as fine and as unselfish a piece of true American endeavor as has ever come under the eye of this reporter.

A quaint and interesting place those east Kentucky mountains. A land almost without roads—without transportation. A land where the lineal descendants of Elizabethan Englishmen and Englishwomen speak the language of Shakespeare. A land of arrested civilization. A land where the women know the meaning of suffering. There are no hospitals over large areas. Few doctors can make a living because of the bitter poverty of the people.

Mrs. Mary Breckenridge, herself Kentucky born, knew what those women of the east Kentucky mountains, of Red Bird and Flat Creek and Hell fer

Sartin and Beech Fork, were enduring in agony whenever they brought children into the world: Mary Breckenridge, a fine-looking woman of middle age, with a strong, appealing, sensitive face. She resolved that something had to be done for those hewers of wood and tillers of the fields of east Kentucky—the mountain women. She knew what went on when young mothers of fourteen and old mothers of twenty came to their hour.

Lives hung in the balance. The old granny women brewed a tea they made from soot. They recited holy spells or laid an axe, edge up, on the bed. They called in quack doctors. Mary Breckenridge knew the hills. Nobody hurries in the hills. But gone from this primitive land is much of the vigor and hope of their forefathers who followed Daniel Boone over the Cumberland Trail. Most of the mountain mothers go silently through their long agony of bringing life into the world, and too many died.

So Mary Breckenridge organized that wonderful body known as the Frontier Nursing Service, which sends trained public health nurses along the laurel trails and into the heart of the mountains, and provides a doctor service and blessed alleviatives of pain,

and teaches the people all the things they need to know.

There are thirty nurses, a medical director, an eighteen-bed hospital at Hyden, on Horse Creek, and other services as well. They serve 800 square miles in the seven counties of Leslie, Perry, Clay, Bell, Harlan, Knox, and Ousley, the feud country. Nearly 8,000 people, most of them women and children, are in their care. None but the ablest women, carefully trained, are employed in the Frontier Nursing Service. You should hear Mary Breckenridge tell the story as she told it to me.

There isn't an hour of the day when a thrilling battle isn't being waged against disease and death by these devoted nurses. A quick summons comes to the directing center at Wendover, or to the hospital at Hyden. In ten minutes the nurse is on her way, a-horseback, along the winding trails, leading ever upward along the cliffs and through the laurel. She wears heavy sheepskin coat, boots, and breeches. She carries a forty-pound saddle bag and a layette.

It means hard riding on rocky trails, up icy slopes where the mountaineers may have to chop out the ice ahead. In spring the nurse swims her horse across the swollen rivers and creeks. She wears rubber cape

and hood in bad weather, like those of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—and she is made of the same kind of heroic stuff. She rides with a hurricane lantern, and with a flashlight in a pocket of her coat. In the cabin she is headed for there may be no light except the flickering fire of the hearth. Lives may depend on that lantern and flashlight.

They are a proud people, those mountaineers—proud, shy, suspicious, fiercely resentful of patronage. Slow-moving, quiet, low-voiced men, they are quick to shoot when they feel their rights or their honor are being violated. In the feuds of days gone by families fought families until sometimes all the men folk were wiped out.

One night, a snowy Christmas eve, two nurses started for Possum Bend. It took three hours to make the journey in the gulch along Hell fer Sartin Creek. . . . They came to the rocky slope known as Devil's Jump. They led their horses up the slippery trail to the log cabin. The single room was dimly lighted by a little coal-oil lamp and a small fire on the hearth. Sally, the mother-to-be, who was known as "The sewinest and workinest woman on the creek," had been undergoing her agony for three long hours. A

little after midnight there was born the first Christmas baby on Hell fer Sartin.

When told that she had an eight-pound daughter, Sally studied the child. "I reckon," she said, "she's a perty right young 'un."

They talked about a name for her baby. One nurse suggested Noel Mary, and Sally was greatly pleased. So after Merry Christmas and a cup of good hot coffee the nurses mounted their horses and rode on down the mountain. The storm had cleared and a moon shone down upon the snowy hillside . . . a lovely world for Sally's Noel Mary.

The Doom of the "Palatine"

ROMANCE HAS NOT DEparted from the sea. Not even with the long-ago disappearance of the Yankee clippers, the great old square-riggers that spread their vast white wings and went soaring 'round the Horn and out to the China coast, returning not with "ivory, apes, and peacocks," but with tea almost worth its weight in gold.

And even now, with sail almost a memory, the old sea has its secrets of strange happenings back through the sweep of time. Even now it can turn out a tale that has power to reach the heart and stir the blood.

From Block Island, bleak Block Island, comes a weird tale of the old, old sailing days, when "white canvas hummed, slatted and stood out like white ivory against the sky." Natives of that wind-swept isle, just nine miles south of the Rhode Island coast, isle of a sinister past, have seen—or think they have seen in the darkness of the night—a ghost; not the

ghost of a man, but of a ship. The wraith of the tragic *Palatine*.

Whatever they saw or did not see, as they strained their eyes through the dark, out over the tumbling ocean, there is a strange story behind it all. Many years ago, according to tradition, men lived on Block Island and made a living by causing the wreck of sailing ships. They set up false lights and lured ships upon the rocks and looted them after they crashed.

It was in 1752 that a ship named *Palatine* started from Holland for Philadelphia. She was crowded with immigrants. It was in the winter and the North Atlantic was in one of her most savage tempers. Gales drove the *Palatine* far to the north of her true course. Mutiny broke out among the crew. The rebellious seamen murdered their captain and took charge of the ship. With the water and food in their control they sold these necessaries of life to the terrified and helpless immigrants. They demanded $10 for a biscuit and $5 for a single cup of water. And when the unhappy passengers had spent all their money they were left to starve to death and the dead were thrown overboard.

Eventually the mutineers, with all of the money and the valuables of the dead and of the survivors in

their hands, took to the boats and abandoned the *Palatine* to the fury of the storms. It was in Christmas week that the ship went ashore on the northern tip of Block Island. The Block Island wreckers swarmed aboard the stranded vessel, bent on robbing it. But they were kind to the miserable, half-starved immigrants. They took them off the ship and into their homes.

But there was one of the immigrants who had been driven quite mad by the horrors of their experience. She refused to leave the ship and fought like a wild thing in her shrieking madness.

Leaving her aboard, the wreckers towed the ship toward a sheltered cove where they hoped to strip her at their leisure. But another gale sprang up, and rather than run the risk of their prize being torn away from them by the storm and perhaps falling into other hands, the Block Islanders set her afire.

Wrapped in a mantle of flame, the *Palatine* drifted out to sea. The wreckers and immigrants, standing on the shore, watched the burning ship drifting away from them, while back across the water came the unearthly screams of the mad woman left aboard to burn to death.

And so, as the years passed, the tradition arose and

settled into fixed belief that the *Palatine,* like the *Flying Dutchman,* was doomed to sail the sea forever. Hundreds have claimed to have seen the apparition, and the "Palatine Light" is a well known phenomenon along the New England coast.

There is, apparently, some kind of light—strange, mysterious, inexplicable—which is seen far out at sea at certain times. One resident of Block Island asserts that the light from the blazing ghost ship is strong enough to illuminate his room at night.

The poet Whittier heard the tale and put it into a poem, "The Palatine" . . . "Still on many a moonless night from Kingston Head and from Montauk Light, the spectre kindles and burns in sight." . . .

And there are people living this day on Block Island who will tell you, with their hand on the Book, that they have gazed seaward in the blackness of the night, startled by a bright radiance at sea, and have watched, with straining eyes, while the *Palatine,* blazing from truck to keelson, swept along the horizon while the screams of the mad woman came down the wind to chill the marrow in their bones.

The Richest Men in the World

WHO ARE THE RICHEST MEN in the world today? A very interesting and probably quite authentic list and reckoning is supplied by Richard Lewinsohn, a writer in *Vu* of Paris. Scanning four continents (Africa apparently lacks a real Crœsus since the passing of Cecil Rhodes), Mr. Lewinsohn discovers seventeen men whose lumped fortunes could satisfy the national debt of every civilized country in the world.

Curiously enough, there are only five Americans in the list. These are Henry Ford, Edsel Ford, his son; John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and his son, John D., Jr., and Andrew W. Mellon. The twelve others furnish an arresting survey. Richest of all is, in all likelihood, the Nizam of Hyderabad in India. His treasure of gold and jewels is known to be worth at least half a billion dollars. Close behind him in the march of Midas comes the great Mohammedan potentate and British sportsman, Prince Aga Khan,

for whose soul salvation at least 50,000,000 brown-skinned human beings bow the knee every day of the year.

In that class, or upon its near fringe, are Simon Patino, the tin king of Bolivia; the Duke of Westminster, Sir Basil Zaharoff, of Paris and Monte Carlo, and the French financial magnate Edouard de Rothschild. The list is completed by the names of the ex-Kaiser, William of Hohenzollern; the Gaekwar of Baroda, a native state of India; Lord Iveagh of England, G. de Wendel of France, Louis-Louis Dreyfus of France, and Fritz Thyssen, German industrialist.

Such vast and solid fortunes easily survived the shock of the world depression, and it is remarked by the Parisian commentator that the immense fortunes of the Indian nabobs were notably successful in resisting the inroads of hard times. That is true because the bulk of their possessions is invariably in enormous stores of gold bullion and gold coin, along with great hoards of silver, and in fabulously valuable collections of jewels—treasures handed down from antiquity and regarded always as a family possession rather than as a private individual fortune.

An interesting list, but probably quite incomplete.

Mr. Lewinsohn might well have included names scarcely known on this side of the world: Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, the oil magnate of Armenia, with one of the greatest fortunes of Europe and Asia; the Petscheks, coal kings of Czecho-Slovakia, said to control the largest fortune east of the Rhine; the princely Radziwills of Poland, and the enormously rich Esterhazys of Hungary, whose estates are equal in area to more than one American state.

* * *

Accurately enough could the name of Eu Yang Sang have been written in this golden roster. For Mr. Eu Yang Sang, one of the most remarkable humans who walks the earth, is the Crœsus of a country where millions perish every year for lack of anything to put in their stomachs, or freeze for lack of clothes to put on their patient backs. Mr. Eu Yang Sang, merchant financier and rubber king, with financial tentacles extended all over the Far East, is believed to be "worth," as the saying is, $150,000,000, with at least $100,000,000 in hoarded gold and gems. His eldest son was educated at Cambridge and married a British woman who has borne two children. The son's name is K. G. Eu, and, like the younger Rockefeller and the younger Ford in this country,

has shoulders broad enough to shoulder his father's responsibilities and the greater part of his labor.

The elder Mr. Eu at fifty-seven has retired from business on his doctor's orders, and gets his fun out of life building palaces and traveling about on one or another of a whole fleet of palatial yachts. In Hong Kong alone he has three homes and fifty servants and dozens of motor cars. Not only one of the richest men in the world, he owns more palaces than any Crœsus or any crowned monarch. He builds one costing a million or so, lives in it until the novelty fades, then moves back into an earlier creation, and when he tires of all his palaces, his wives, his concubines, his singing birds, his chest of emeralds and diamonds and rubies and pearls, he takes to one of his steam yachts—yachts that are always waiting, steam up, for the master's sudden commands. An interesting gentleman, Mr. Eu Yang Sang, who would trade, so the Chinese newspapers say, all of his wealth for a brand-new stomach and a brand-new set of nerves.

* * *

His Exalted Highness, Lieutenant General Sir Mir Usman Ali Khan, Nizam of Hyderabad, is probably the richest man on earth. The most powerful poten-

tate of Mohammedan India has 800 tons of the yellow metal stacked up in the strong room of his palace. Almost as much gold as the Bank of England holds today. He rules over thirteen million people, a monarch of medieval might, who commands a royal salute of twenty-one guns whenever he fares forth in state. The stoop-shouldered, coffee-colored, black-mustached master of thirteen million lives has so many diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls that he could use a coal shovel to take them from the bins where they are stored. This Crœsus of India is far from being the generous, open-hearted spender his father was. Indeed, when his two sons married the daughters of the exiled Caliph of Islam, the Nizam, in a spasm of economy, refused to permit the use of elephants in the marriage procession or to pay the cost of triumphal arches for the wedding celebration. "Too costly," said the Nizam. And yet each of the brides received $200,000 in cash and a million dollars worth of jewels.

His state of Hyderabad, in central India, is the principal native state of the Indian Empire. The city of Hyderabad is surrounded by a wall six miles around, built in the days of the Great Mogul. When the Nizam steps into one of his 400 automobiles and

sets forth to worship Allah and his prophet, Mohammed, a regiment of cavalry trots with clanking sabers in front of his gleaming car. He goes to the great mosque of Hyderabad which accommodates 10,000 worshipers as they kneel upon their prayer rugs, facing to the east, and chant the old, old refrain of the Moslem faith, *"Allah il Allah! Allah akbar!"* Behind the ancient walls of his city, the Nizam dwells in a palace out of the *Arabian Nights,* feasting his eyes on his rooms full of gold and his chests and bins of jewels. While in the twisting streets of his capital India surges in its endless parade of elephants and camels, fakirs and beggars, shaven priests and money-lenders, haughty Brahmins and cringing untouchables of the pariah tribe. The mysterious, unchanging East.

* * *

Probably no man knows, or will ever know, the true tale of the riches of many of the kings and princes of the native states of India—they who live in splendor almost inconceivable to the modern world.

Native India, as distinct from British India, is not under British rule, although it is under British control or protection. There are some six hundred states,

great and small, in native India, each ruled over by an hereditary prince. These territories of states range in size from the vast domain of the Nizam of Hyderabad, with a population greater than New York State and an area as large as Italy, to petty principalities not much bigger than a Western ranch.

In that land of contrasts and contradictions there is nothing more interesting than the personality of the men who rule these native states. The splendor in which many of the princes live is almost unbelievable. The Maharajah of Patiala has his private race course, his polo fields, kennels containing 400 dogs of various breeds, huge stables of elephants and horses, and more than three hundred motor cars in his garage. The young Maharajah of Gwalior lives in a marble palace which could contain a dozen White Houses, and wears around his boyish neck a string of pearls valued at $2,000,000. When they arrive in London or Paris, these gorgeous creatures, they are accompanied by huge entourages of ministers, secretaries, servants, and womenfolk. They take whole floors in fashionable hotels. They are lavish spenders in the expensive shops of Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix. The Maharajah of Kapurthala, whose collection of emeralds is the finest in

the world, spends the Paris season in a house in the Bois de Boulogne, one of the few private residences actually within those leafy precincts. The Aga Khan, head of all the Mohammedans of India, keeps half-a-dozen racing stables in France alone, a shooting box in Scotland, a palace in London, an apartment in Paris, and a château on the Riviera. They are making the last stand of despotism, these glittering peacocks of India.