WILD KINGS HE HAS MET

EDGAR ALLEN FORBES TELLS OF POTENTATES IN AFRICA.

Bamboo, a king of kings in Peril of Poison—Politics in Liberia—A Kingdom Ruled by a Woman—Bowrah's Wicked Ruler—The Law of the Bush People.

Edgar Allen Forbes, who also has been to Africa and also has returned and published a book, "The Land of the White Helmet," tells of some of the kings he hobnobbed with on his trip. Bamboo is the not unfamiliar and, from associations, not altogether inharmonious name of one of the royal personages.

"No particular 'divinity' hedged Bamboo, king of the Boporo country," says the author, "as he trudged into the circle of my African acquaintances, the first potentate of the bush to get on my calling list.

"To begin with, Bamboo was barefoot, and it is difficult to be majestically kingly without shoes, especially when the toes spread out to a distance much wider than the foot. Moreover, the royal head was covered with a broad brimmed black hat, which was much too large, and previous experience had never prepared me for the sight of a real king whose headdress makes his ears flop. He wore also a cloth of dingy white, which dropped from his shoulders to his knees. To American eyes he was simply a very black negro in a soiled nightshirt.

"But Bamboo took himself very seriously. In the first place he is a 'paramount chief'; that is, a lord of lords and king of kings throughout the whole Boporo country. Physically he is one of the finest specimens of African manhood on the West Coast.

"He would make a fine man to travel with a moving van, for nature evidently built him for the job of carrying furniture up several flights of stairs. But I believe that this proud chieftain has never been known to engage in any exercise quite so violent. Bamboo also has a mustache, which is something of a wonder in this land of scant beards.

"The king's English vocabulary is not larger than that of the average parrot, so our chance meeting in the street was marked neither by feast of reason nor flow of soul. He had just come in from the bush to see the Big Daddy—that is, the President of Liberia, presumably he needed the money.

"The five days I spent in the village of Totoquelli taught me something of Bamboo's character and very much about his reputation as a wild bull of Bashan. Bamboo of the mustache and vigorous muscles is a ladies' man, be it understood, and when the ardor of his wooing is at its height he overrides the laws of the bush in a way that ordinarily leads to the grave encircled with gin bottles; and that is where Bamboo would now be resting were it not for the favor of the Government and the silver heart that marks him out as the paramount chief.

"In spite of the fact that Bamboo is a capable negro and a general good fellow his future is foggy with doubt. When I left Totoquelli his people were openly discussing the advisability of giving him poison. Sooner or later this tragic fate of the bush is almost sure to overtake him.

"My next king was a modern exemplar of the truth of the old proverb 'Train up a king's son in the way he should go, and when he is king away he'll go from it.' George Settlemore is the Christian name that was given him in a mission school when he was a boy, but the name is practically all that is left of his mission training.

"I found nothing approximating a Sunday school in George's village. The nearest thing to it was one woman with real clothes on. George reigns in the village of Wai-singa. He is a sleepy looking old man with a dreamy, far away look in his eyes, but the politician who wants to be the next President of Liberia should first 'see' George.

"A 'ward leader' who had helped in the election of President Barclay told me an interesting story of George's part in the triumphant result. To vote in Liberia, remember, a man must be a land owner. This condition properly shuts out 2,000,000 natives of the bush, but the political party now in the saddle has worked out a very clever scheme by which the provision may be evaded in some cases.

"Wai-Singa was one of the cases. All the land adjacent to the village was formerly deeded to the tribe and the adult men of the village were considered thereby to become landowners, that is, voters. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that an African village votes as one man, and that man is the chief.

"It became part of King George's duty therefore, to marshal his men at the polls for the first time. There was never any doubt in his mind, or in the mind of anybody else, as to the unanimity of the vote, but it was evidently not very clear to George just how many votes were proper on such an occasion.

"Wai-Singa, it should be explained, is a mud village of about thirty huts. There are several little 'half towns' that are tributary to it and also a fringe of civilized Liberian farmers in the same district, which is known as Mount Coffee. When the votes were counted it was found that this district, with the aid of the George's amateur voters, had turned in more ballots for President Barclay than Monrovia and Cape Palmas combined. And yet there are some people who think that the African is slow to acquire the ways of civilization!

"Before taking my leave I expressed a wish that he might get all of his wives together and let me make a photograph of the royal family of Wai-singa. The idea pleased him much, and there was a commotion throughout the village as he went to sound the assembly call and to get his hat—for no African chief would ever willingly pose for his picture without his hat.

"When all was ready for the picture I found a large and varied assortment of African beauties, as many as could conveniently get on my film, for George explained apologetically that a number of his wives were scattered around in the neighboring half towns and could not be gathered together on such short notice.

"Third, in the order of time, comes Jah-Golah, genial but too fond of rum. The circumstances under which I met him are more interesting than the chief himself. In the hinterland of Liberia shortly before my arrival a native trader had been found murdered. When the crime was reported to the Government at Monrovia the king of the tribe of Jah-Golah was instructed to find the murderer and send him to the coast for trial. After a few weeks Jah-Golah turned in the criminal, a native, but was sorry to say that he died on the way to the coast. It happens I was a witness of the King's chief wife.

"The Government decided to impress the entire tribe with the majesty of the law. The superintendent of the county was ordered to place the king and his head men under arrest and if necessary hold them as prisoners until the murderer should be produced.

"In other colonies a detachment of the Frontier Force would have been sent on this errand. The Liberian official, however, entrusted a half naked native (who receives a salary of $5 a month and boards himself) with the job of going four days back in the bush to arrest a king and three head men.

"The only force which he had at his hand was a small Liberian flag, which answers the same purpose as the silver plated star of a rural deputy sheriff. The fact that Jah-Golah is on the list of kings with whom I have hobnobbed is evidence of the success of the native policeman. The king and his three head men were exhibits in the case when I reached the superintendent's home.

"The King of Wodhi was not at home when I called, but his head man decided that the honor of the visit called for a royal present. He gave an imperative order to a very small (and very naked) urchin, and a very small chicken was chased all over the village before it was attached to my baggage. But I found the king in the next town, where he keeps his 'medicine house'; for he is a wizard as well as a potentate.

"He was delighted to see me, and much pleased when he heard about the chicken. That was not enough honor, however; I must rest until he had a bowl of 'dumboy' prepared. 'Dumboy' is cassava pounded in a mortar; it looks like putty and tastes like dough. The king thought it a good joke that the white man should try to chew it instead of swallowing it like a capsule.

"Passing by the monarchs of less interest, I am sorry to say that I met the King of Bowrah. I had been warned against Bowrah and my guide had implored me to avoid it. He assured me that the heart of the king was not white and that he would give us no 'chop.' Moreover, my best carrier (who belonged to the same tribe) made much of a stubbed toe and refused to go on. But to Bowrah I went.

"It is on the bank of a small river, and its one log canoe was on that side. While we waited for the ferryman we heard the war drum sending some sort of a 'wireless' to the men out at the farm. By the time we had crossed (on the installment plan) all the villagers were among those present, all except the king. They said that he was off in the bush, but we had an idea that he would hear in a few minutes all that we had to say.

"The atmosphere of Bowrah was ominous from the first. The men were an evil looking bunch and nearly every man had a shotgun, loaded probably with pieces of broken pots. Besides, every gun was capped and cocked.

"With their hair and beards twisted into little cords, they looked like the Assyrians that are pictured on the monuments. They gave us the huts that we asked for, but placed me at one end of the village, Watkins (my Liberian companion) at the other end, and our carriers somewhere between. Still the king remained secluded.

"Our entrance interrupted a cruel execution. A 'sea boy,' returning from a two years absence, had found his wife living with another man. He had demanded a palaver and the man had been condemned. The 'sea boy' was to do the job.

"It was the law of the bush. The cold chills chased one another up and down my spine when I saw the vindictive manner in which the injured husband wast about his task.

"All afternoon they kept us on the anxious seat and we could not get at the king. One old Assyrian, who spoke a little English, stuck to me like a leech. He wanted to know the contents of my loads; he wanted to borrow my revolver to shoot monkeys; he wanted to take me down to the river to bathe; and he tried to trap me into the bush. All the while, in a hut near by, an incessant tomtom indicated that some mysterious rites were in progress.

"Night came, and with it came the king, a meek old negro. He insisted that we must spend another day, but I took much care to explain why it was impossible. As he left my hut he solemnly promised, for the fourth time, that he would furnish the one carrier that I needed. Watkins paused long enough to let me know that he didn't like the look of things, they had tried to borrow his gun, too!

"For the first time in the bush I barred the door of my hut. Sure enough, my Assyrian friend tried to get in about 10 P. M., but there was a heavy beam across it. He went away, but the whole town was in a pandemonium until long past midnight, drums beating, men singing, women yelling in terror and dogs howling. I had no thought of going to sleep, every moment I expected trouble, so I kept my clothes on and my revolver at hand. The next morning I learned that Watkins had done the same.

"At 6 o'clock we lined up the carriers, and for once there was no lagging back. We asked the king for his carrier and found that we had been tricked. No carrier, not even a boy, would go. It was one of three clever schemes to prevent our leaving. Also every man in town was there with a gun.

"I called Watkins aside and told him that we must get out of Bowrah, even if we had to fight. He agreed, for the foolish grin of the 'sea boy' was yet before his eyes. We passed the word to the carriers and immediately told the king good-by. The Assyrians were so surprised at our leaving without breakfast that they had no plan, some of them straggled along after us, and we did not breathe freely for an hour.

"All that day, breakfastless and without food supplies, we marched through a forest that had no human habitation and nothing that could be eaten. Darkness came upon us before we reached the next village, faint and fagged but thankful to the stars that we were out of Bowrah. It was Easter Sunday, and I grimly compared our 'procession' with those at home.

"The suffragette movement has not reached the West Coast hinterland, but I found one town that is already ruled by a woman, and she is a queen of clubs. The story of how it happened is a romance of the African bush. Twenty-five years ago, when the intertribal wars were laying waste the Liberian hinterland, a Mandingo town near the Sierra Leone frontier was wrecked.

"Shambo, one of the king's wives, objected to becoming a part of the loot, so she took to the bush and finally reached a large island in the upper St. Paul River, where King Hawkwell had a town that was safe from attack, because the bushmen back from the river are afraid of the demons that swarm in the mists.

"Shambo was a comely young copper-skin and old Hawkwell gladly added her to his collection. It was not long before she had him twisted around her finger, and the old man's loyalty to her outlasted his life. When he began to feel that the end was approaching he worked out a plan for Shambo did whereby she would be in easy street after he was gone.

"Gathering together some other Mamingan refugees he took them back about four hours into the bush and laid out the nucleus of a new village, which is now called Shambo Town. Here his favorite was proclaimed queen, and here 'Mammy' Shambo rules to this day.

"By special request, I am influenced to mention the benevolent King of Deasabo, who showed me a new way of getting fun out of tobacco. He had a large spiral snail shell nearly as large as a small tea pot. Into this he put leaf tobacco, poured water on it and macerated it until he had a thick nicotine bouillon. I could not imagine what he intended to do with it.

"When all was ready he threw back his coat, placed the 'spout' to his nostril, inhaled deeply and the juice filled the spout. The method is not copyrighted. Mr. Forbes's discourse on the land of the white helmet is no more restricted to the subject of kings, however, than was that of the bacon walrus, and the author has just as varied an assortment as the latter had exclusive of cabbages and sealing wax.

DR. GRENFELL'S MISSION

HE TELLS OF HIS WORK AMONG LABRADOR FISHERMEN.

Needs of the People and How He and His Associates Are Trying to Meet Them—Adventures Among the Deep Sea Fishermen—Labrador Has Its Lure.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the Labrador doctor-missionary, has been in town for a few days preparatory to sailing, together with Mrs. Grenfell and Wilfred, Jr., to England to spend Christmas with relatives. Dr. Grenfell holds the unique record for an author of never having seen a Proof sheet. He is always inaccessible, and his friends get the job.

"And that frees me from blame for mistakes," he says cheerfully. "Anyway writing is not my business. Pills and knife is mine. I haven't much time for writing, have to try to get it done on trains and boats between times when I'm away.

"I have to do it to get the work known, which should be done. And for the same reason I do not limit myself to religious papers for expression. The secular press is more widely read; and then, besides, I have faith in the secular press and the readers of it.

"I don't see the world going to the bowwows. I see no failure in fewer people in the pews, but success in more people with the will to do in their hearts. Doing is the best religion.

"So that the embryo doers may get a chance at Labrador something has to be written about it. I'm working on a chart of northern Labrador so as to get visitors who visit Norway to see the beautiful coast scenery to come to our coast. It is just as beautiful—magnificent fjords—but it is not well enough surveyed for one to care much to entrust his yacht to it. But when I get through with my chart and the Royal Geographical Society and the Admiralty get through with it, come to Labrador for a pleasure jaunt.

"Labrador is a good country with good government. It's none the worse because it is undeveloped as yet. It has enormous water power, fisheries, pulp wood—spruce and fir, which makes the most excellent paper—limitless facilities for trapping and reindeer.

"The reindeer alone could make Labrador if properly pushed; through it the moss turned into butter, and thousands of furs and skins exported yearly. And once turn Burbank and the Agricultural Society of Washington loose up there, and I hesitate to say what you would hear from Labrador.

"As it is at present, next to the chance offered of living while doing something the best thing about Labrador is its lure. You've heard of the lure of Labrador? Once I got a young fellow a place in Montreal, but he came back; said he wanted a place where there was plenty of room to swing a cat. That's the lure of Labrador—plenty of room. We have some 4,000 people and some 900,000 square miles, which compares quite favorably with New York, you see.

"It's a good country with a good government. We have two houses of our own, with a Governor from England. Newfoundland gave us to Canada some time ago, but Canada gave us back again, so now we are Newfoundland's."

After Dr. Grenfell finished his medical course in London Sir Frederick Treves, the surgeon for whom young Grenfell had been doing interne work, suggested his seeing whether a doctor could live at sea among the deep sea fishermen on one of the vessels of the society, for which he was a council member. In 1892 young Grenfell sailed to the Labrador coast.

"In three months," says Dr. Grenfell, "we had 900 patients to whom we could thus commend our gospel with pills and plasters without fear of denominational interference. Besides this we had witnessed a condition of poverty to which we had been quite strangers over on the other side.

"Unable to do on the ship to those men as we would have them do unto us under similar circumstances we called on the way home at St. John's, Newfoundland, and laid the matter before the merchants, asking for help to build a hospital on the land and promising to bring out a doctor and nurse to live there if they built it.

"There is now a series of these cities of refuge on the coast to which the people may come.

"Needless to say they come often very long distances in their boats in summer, in dog sleighs in winter. We do our part in the summer cruising in the hospital ships, the largest of which I serve as captain, and in winter by travelling from place to place, moving practically all the time, only missing the hospital, which is kept open by the nurse, the headquarters to which we return whenever we think it necessary.

"Then we began to try saving diseases, which is better than curing results. We reduced the price of living so that the people could emerge from their state of semi-starvation, the cause of the most piteous cases. So we started a sermon with a cooperative store as a text, and next cooperative production. As the people were almost all illiterate and knew nothing about business, our experience has been varied."

It was in 1904 that the activities of Dr. Grenfell first became generally known to the world through Norman Duncan's "Doctor Luke of the Labrador," which though fictionized, describes accurately the conditions that prevailed. Mr. Duncan and Mr. S. Edgar Briggs went in person to visit the home of the deep sea fisherman and after the publication of the book, the Grenfell Association of America was formed, with Henry Van Dyke as president, the object of which is to assist Dr. Grenfell in his work in Labrador and the northern peninsula of Newfoundland.

The experiences, adventures and dangers of the North Sea fishermen and how the mission to them came to be found was the subject in fiction form of Dr. Grenfell's "The Harvest of the Sea." His new book, "Down to the Sea," published this autumn, is a collection of stories of his adventures in Labrador—travels with dogs over frozen country and dangerous and stormy voyages along the sea coast, all the stories actual recitals of facts and events in Dr. Greafell's everyday life. He can tell many tales of heroism. For instance:

"Early in the fall the arm of the sea just north of our little hospital was frozen over enough to allow dog trains to travel over it. In the early morning two men started off to cross it on a komatik to cut firewood on the far side. As they rounded a headland the whole of the team fell in through the ice where an eddying tide had kept it open.

"The komatik followed into the water, carrying the men with it. One disappeared under the ice and was drowned. The other got free and held on to the ice edge, although he was unable to crawl out on top of it.

"From the shore his sister saw the accident and at once started to run over the ice to his aid. As she drew near she heard men shouting and saw they were pulling a boat down to the ice some distance away. They shouted to her, 'For God's sake, don't go near the hole!'

"Instead of stopping, she had the presence of mind to throw herself full length on the ice and glide along till she got near enough with outstretched arm to reach her brother's hand. Already he was half frozen to death. But she managed to get him up enough to rest on the ice near her, and then to lie perfectly still till the boat came, when she was at length taken off.

"One of her own legs was through the ice. The tough salt water ice fortunately, does not split as the brittle fresh water ice does. Her brother's life was saved, and there the incident ended.

"'What made you go on?' I asked her.

"'I couldn't see him drown, could I?' was her simple reply.

"'Few fishermen can swim. "You see, we has enough o' the water without goin' to bother wi' it when we are ashore," a man said to me only the other day. Yet this very man had fallen overboard no less than four times and had only been saved on one occasion by catching the line thrown him in his teeth and holding on till he was hauled aboard.

"His hands were too numbed to be of any use. Still this fact does not deter them from facing the water. In an open bay in Labrador lives one solitary settler. In the spring of the year when the ice was just breaking up the man's two lads were out on the bay ice after seals when all of a sudden it gave way and the lads fell through.

"The father, seeing it from the shore did not hesitate, but seizing a fishing line hastily fastened one end around his body and giving the other end to his daughter to hold he ran out to the hole through which they had fallen. He jumped into the water, actually went down and fetched up the bodies, too late, alas, however, to restore life to them after that cold water. These tales could be multiplied indefinitely."

Dr. Grenfell has always kept a log of his boat Strathcona, which has undoubtedly led as adventurous and as useful a life as any craft afloat, parts of which have been at different times published in the English *Standard of Empire* and the Boston *Transcript*. It is his intention at some hazy time when he has time to compile and round out this log, and then another—and likely the best Labrador tale will be given the reading public.

He is now off to England until next May or June, as he won't be able to get back home next spring earlier in the season than that. Although he counts himself a Labradorian for life and has his home built up there he is no longer able to stand the rigorous winters twice in succession, and this is his alternate winter abroad.

TIDING FOLKS OVER.

Association for Improving Condition of Poor Gets 60 Cases Daily.

"Fine bracing weather," says one man as he buttons up his overcoat and steps out briskly. "Mame, we just gotta have a fire," says a man in another quarter of the town, and that's just the difference between the two sides of the winter picture in a big city. To folks in New York who are always mighty close to the uncertain line between poverty and real distress the first cold snap comes as a crisis which must be met promptly if they are to stay on the safe side of the line. The price of a few extra buckets of coal, it costs $12 a ton by the pail, a new pair of shoes, heavier underclothes, these are a few of the items of extra expense which push the very poor who can't save up for a cold day over the line and give the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor sixty new cases a day instead of the forty new cases which come to their notice daily in moderate weather.

The association got its first call for cold weather rescue work earlier this year than usual, and foreseeing a hard winter ahead it is asking the man who talks of the "fine bracing weather" to remember the other fellow to whom it means real suffering. It has been the association's experience that a little help just now saves many a family from getting permanently on the wrong side of the line, that a small gift of coal and clothes enables them to get "a little ahead" and renews their courage for the fight against the heavy odds of winter. A very large number of the families helped in this way are written off the books of the association after a few weeks and never have to come back.

The association "investigates" its cases, but only to determine what sort of help is needed most, and when real distress is encountered the emergency is met at once without stopping to determine scientifically whose fault it was. The association has nearly 3,000 people on its books at present and so unable to spend the money sent in just as the contributors wish. Many are moved to give by some especial case that has come within their observation or experience and send a letter to say that the money must go to help a cripple, a widow or a child of a certain age. The association's list is large enough to include all varieties of human trouble.

Although the association makes its greatest effort to relieve actual want its officers appreciated the point of view of the man who sent a large check a few days ago with a note saying:

"Please spend this money for things people want, but don't need."

Probably most of this contributor's gift will be used in bringing many children the realization that Christmas is something more than one of the days that come in the cold time of the year.

Humor in a Travel Book.

Don C. Seitz, whose "Elba and Elsewhere" was published a few weeks ago, has introduced the element of humor into travel books. Mr. Seitz among the elsewheres finds that:

To impress genuineness the butter pats in Paris are stamped with the likeness of a cow.

The tails of English shirts are about seven inches longer than those made in America.

The aged Briton has a greater capacity for unexpressed thought than any other citizen in the world.

In Germany the father is head of the house, in France the mother, in England the eldest son, and in America the daughter.

TOLD OF AUTHORS.

Walter McClintock, whose new book "The Old North Trail" has just been published, has spent much of his time in the last few years lecturing on his life among the Blackfeet Indians, the subject of his book. He narrates his experiences subsequent to and preceding his adoption into the tribe.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of William O'Brien's "An Olive Branch in Ireland and Its History" comes the account of the campaign which is being waged in Dublin, Ireland, by William Redmond and his allies against Mr. O'Brien and his friends over the Parliamentary election. It is stated that when a Redmondite procession tried to march through an O'Brienite quarter of the city police blocked the way. Mr. O'Brien says that he has $125,000 at his command and will contest twenty-four seats, himself contesting three—Cork City, East Cork and West Mayo. In "An Olive Branch in Ireland" Mr. O'Brien is not concerned with the troubles of local factions, but with national questions.

The three Wrights, Helen S., Mabel O. and Irene A., who have recently brought out books are causing no end of difficulty to the reading public. Mabel Osgood Wright has been complimented as the author of "The Great White North," and in general the books of all three have had to be shared by all three. All of which is amusing and also confusing, as about the only thing the three books have in common is the last name of their authors.

"Princess Flower Hat," by Mabel Osgood Wright, is an amusing, quick moving comedy, telling the experiences of a spinster of 30 years in endeavoring to establish a country house for herself after certain preconceived ideas. "The Great White North," by Helen S. Wright, is a résumé of Arctic adventure, from the earliest times to the discovery of the pole. Irene A. Wright's "Cuba" is a description of life on that island and its history.

Justin McCarthy, the historian and author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges" and many other volumes, celebrated his eightieth birthday last week. Mr. McCarthy began his career as a journalist in Cork in 1848, became a leader writer on a London newspaper in 1870, was elected member of Parliament for Longford county in 1879, sat for Derry city and North Longford from 1886 to 1900 and was chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party from 1890 to 1896. His "History of Our Own Times" and "A Short History of Our Own Times" continue to have a wide circulation in America as well as in England.

His son, Justin Huntly McCarthy, is well known as a novelist and is author of "If I Were King," "The O'Flynn," "The Duke's Motto" and many other romances.

Louise Collier Willcox, the essayist, whose latest book, "A Manual of Spiritual Fortification," came out last month, comes from the middle West, though she was educated in Paris, Germany and England. Her father had charge of a Unitarian church in Birmingham. Mrs. Willcox now lives in Virginia.

H. Hesketh Prichard, the big game hunter and cricketer of international fame, is now in this country, and after spending two weeks in New York, where he lunched with Col. Roosevelt and exchanged stories of adventure, he went to Philadelphia, the scene of his cricketing achievements. Mr. Prichard is now the guest of his friend William Farquhar Payson, the novelist, at Bristol, R. I., and is later to go on to Boston, where he will lecture on his recent trip through Labrador, an expedition that carried through successfully the perilous enterprise which cost Mr. Hubbard his life not very long since. Mr. Prichard's Labrador experiences will appear in book form after they have appeared in magazine form.

It is the ambition of Maria Thompson Davies, author of "Miss Selina Lou" and "The Road to Providence," to interpret the men and women of Harpeth Valley, Tennessee, in such a way that the world will love them as it does Old Chester folk or Mary Wilkins Freeman's New England village people or the Pennsylvania Dutch farmers. They are all pure Americans and an extremely interesting people.

They are the direct descendants of the Cavaliers and Huguenots who crossed the Alleghanies on the old Wilderness trail in their little villages along the roads and on the banks of the silver creeks and small rivers, in the midst of their deep blue grass meadows, rimmed in by blue Harpeth Hills, they lead an almost ideal simple community life.

Kate Trimble Sharber, whose story "The Annals of Ann" is proving so popular, belongs to that group who are making Nashville one of the literary centres of America.

When Robert Alexander Wason, the author of "The Steering Wheel" and "Happy Hawkins," was nineteen years old some tramp stories in a magazine awakened in him a desire to go a-tramping, and during the winter he spread the propaganda until at one time there were a dozen of his friends enlisted.

As the date set drew nearer the domestic arrangements of his allies grew more complicated until at last he started forth alone. Up to the last his father was sure that his inherited respectability would step in and save him, but when the morning came and Robert was ready to set forth the father offered him money for expenses, and could not understand why it would be impossible to get the full taste of tramping without being totally devoid of the root of all evil. Robert finally compromised by accepting the purse of 42 cents which his mother and sister had managed to raise and which he was to invest in postal cards.

"I felt by this time that I was going to be a writer," says Mr. Wason, "and there was no feeling of being a time waster to mar an ideal trip. My first comrade was Philadelphia Slim, who had not worked for thirteen years, and who assured me that he never would work again.

"He knew the game in all its details and proved a pleasant traveling companion until he proposed to rob a post office. He had the plan worked out to the last item, and all I had to do was to climb in through a small back window and open the side door, but I resigned.

"At that time I only hoped to be an author, and felt that there were certain steps which it would be no disgrace to forego—taking, even in the accumulation of material!

Books for Christmas Giving

From Page's List

For the Fiction Lover

W. D. Wattles' *fascinating tale*
HELL-FIRE HARRISON Cloth, $1.00
"It smacks of fearless gallantry and of intensely dramatic affairs."—*New York Tribune.*
Illustrated and decorated in colors.

Norval Richardson's *powerful novel*
THE LEAD OF HONOUR *Illustrated* Cloth, $1.50
Says BLISS CARMAN, the eminent poet: "This is the best novel I have read for years."

Nathan Gallizier's *new Italian Romance*
THE COURT OF LUCIFER Cloth, $1.50
"A love story, daring as it is fascinating—woven around the famous Borgia family of old Rome."
Illustrated in color by the Kinneys

For the Travel and Art Lover

Francis Miltoun's *handsome new book*
ROYAL PALACES AND PARKS OF FRANCE *Illustrated* Cloth, $3.00
"Mr. Miltoun's love for and knowledge of old France show him at his best in this volume. He has a keen eye for the picturesque and the unusual and his descriptions are never perfunctory."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Josephine Tozier's *sprightly volume*
SUSAN IN SICILY Cloth, boxed $2.00
"Miss Tozier's book is full of humor, vivid descriptions of the land and the people and keen observations of the Sicilian character."
Attractively illustrated in duogravure.

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