

HER MISSION to POOR LITTLE RICH GIRLS!

How Woman Explorer is Going to Take a Campful of Anemic Daughters of Society Back to Rough and Readiness of the Forest Primeval



THE Poor Little Rich Girls are going back to nature. Pink tees, matinees, "dreams dancers," men who comb their hair with sponges all are to be left behind. Their Little Anemic Unhappineses are going into the woods to "rough it" alone.

For in this year of grace, 1918, the lure of the wide, gleaming rivers, fathomless forests and the broad, free places of the world is wafted on the tour tephys, not only to the male as some time immemorial, but also to the female of the species. The yellow ribbon that winds off over the hills is beckoning to the restless feminine feet, and the spirit of the great beyond is wooing the eager feminine fancy.

They are going with the spring's first awakening of the sun, when the waning song of the birds is in the air and the fragrance of early flowers is over the world. And the name of their destination is Camp Mystic.

This is all according to Mary I. Jobe, the girl explorer, who has trod the silent

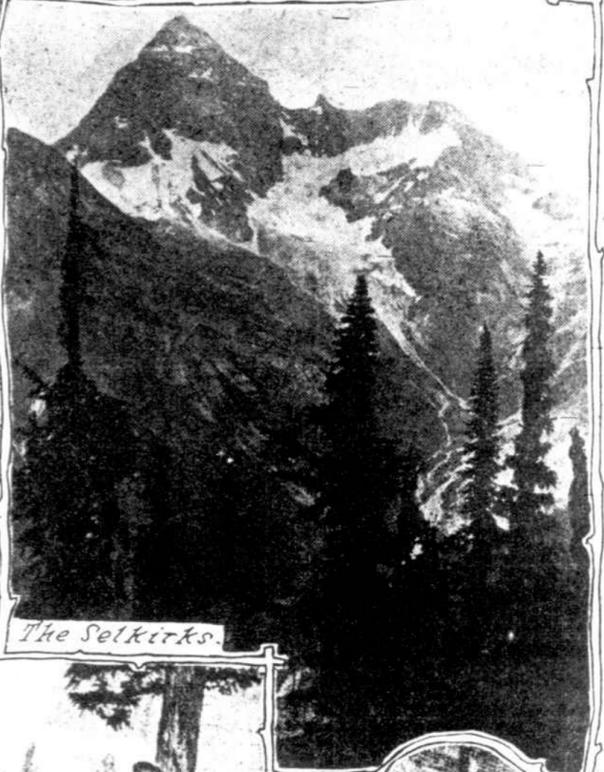


That Land Where the Mountains are Nameless And the Rivers All Run God Knows Where!

places of the earth and set foot where no white face ever was seen before; the girl who has explored those "lands where the mountains are nameless and the rivers all run God knows where."

She at present is touring the United States to recruit girls for Camp Mystic, girls who have sickened of the great pachyderms of steel, stone, gilt and fresco-labeled cities and yearn for a glimpse of the open world.

Miss Jobe is an Ohio girl. She was educated at Bryn Mawr college and Columbia university. She is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and of the American Geographical Society; a member of the American Alpine Club, the Canadian Alpine Club and the Daughters of Ohio, and a director and chief guardian of the Camp-Fire Girls. On her exploring trips she is usually clad in trig corduroy knickerbockers and jacket, swings a revolver at her hip and rides a horse like a man; yet withal is possessed of a rare abundance of woman's charm and grace.



The Selkirks.



Houghting It



Miss Jobe Climbing Mt Alexander Mocketzie the New Peak Which She Was the First to Explore

In truth, I look like rather a nice boy, my friends say, she admits. Her face is tanned a rich sunset brown. Her forehead is low and broad and her hair long and black. She is tall, with shapely shoulders and wrists. And she is possessed of a mouthful of fascinating smiles.

Camp Mystic is near the quaint old colonial village of Mystic, Conn., halfway between New York and Boston. It is ruggedly situated on Long Island Sound and the Mystic river, on the fringe of an oak and cedar forest. The hill on which the camp stands was the scene of the last stand of the Pequot Indians, and what was once Camp Pequot is little changed as Camp Mystic. The craggy walls that raise it from one to two hundred feet above the Mystic river are as stern and uncompromising as their primitive rockskin owners.

It is here that the modern eyes will rather, far from the artificialities of civilization. Here the girl fishermen will try their hands at bass and trout and learn the secret of lighting a primitive camp fire. They will cut and make their own hemlock or cedar shelter and bed, boil their own bacon and beans and "sleep with the starlight on their faces."

Miss Jobe will be the guiding spirit of the place. And in her the other girls will have out of themselves who is gently broad and modern to her fingertips, but who looks the lure of the wild stronger than a man. When the wanderlust seizes her will and imagination every nerve and fiber of her being is on the alert to obey the call.

She loves the mountains and high places, the creaking of the saddle or the creaking of the snowshoe. She is known as "Deno-Szaki," the man-woman—to the tribes in the interior of British Columbia. She is the only white woman they ever saw, and perhaps the only white person in the world to witness their sacred tribal rites and dances. She says the dances are unmentionable.

Best of all she likes the Selkirk mountains, wild and wide with bottomless valleys "plumb full of hush to the brim." This region is more than four hundred miles north of the international boundary and about two hundred and fifty miles north of the Pacific ocean. Miss Jobe says the hardships of penetrating this vast untrodden wilderness and of carving a trail into the higher regions of

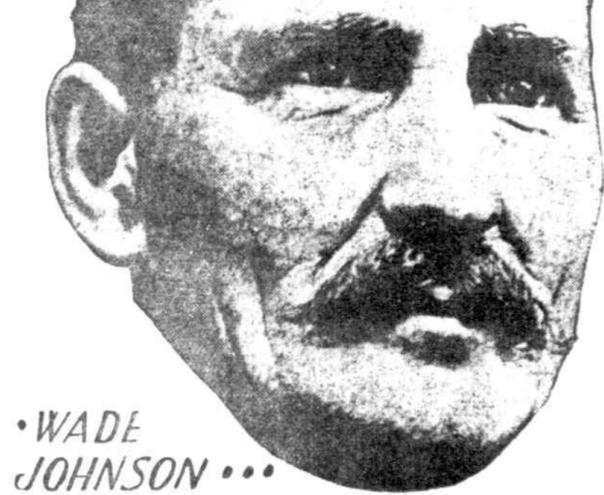
ice and snow make it the most alluring land under the sun.

But to come back to Camp Mystic, to which she is going to devote herself for the summer, only girls carefully selected by the explorer will be admitted. She says this is necessary because only a limited number can be accommodated. Miss Jobe already has toured several states and is coming to Ohio next in her quest for girls who would "smell the wood smoke at twilight" and live as "children of nature."

SHOEING ROOSTERS FOR VILLA



BUCKEYE BLACKSMITH IS GAFF-MAKER EXTRAORDINARY FOR COCK-FIGHTING MEXICAN BANDIT LEADER



•WADE JOHNSON•••

A SPECTERS of the entertainment of a good nature of the world are Wade Johnson and his pet their business to the and for the present of least. While the general, old Wade Johnson is without effect upon the world, his goods manufactured by Wade Johnson, whose shop is on his own about three miles east of Medina, Ohio, is still made to keep up with things, changed at times making both a day and night shift of business.

Mr. Johnson shares with four others an immense tract in Pennsylvania and one in Indiana, which might be termed the title of each. Wade Johnson's to the cock fighting trophies of the world, the quietest having a monopoly of the trade in this line of every country, including Africa, covering the British Isles and Mexico and even General Villavieja of Grosvenor, through a noble in one of the Carolinas is one of Wade Johnson's best customers, the admirer "Hench" having the steeled feathered gladiators by hundreds, "sold" with one another in front of his troops, to train their own eyes.

Considering the tenacity and vindictiveness of the bandit chief and follower, if there is any psychological significance to what one eats and visualizes, the ultra-United States interventionist would no doubt be willing to pay the expense of having the present administration put on a diet of raw meat and chili con carne and furnished with sea-

son tickets to the cockpit, whether by photoplay or fact. For armed with the two-edged, Turkish-sword-shaped Mexican gaff, shown herewith, the game cock constitutes probably the best example extant of a military machine raised to the nth power, not excepting those at present so pretentiously striving to outdo each other in the achievement of red-dening European rivers with their martial gore.

Shown of crest and warlike artificial possessions, which are, in weakness in the time of war, setting an excess baggage and requiring little-commissary department as a packing machine, the game cock is easily mobilized, and about the only way his communication can be cut is to cut his throat.

Moreover, his process is said to be such that his morale seems to be disturbed in no wise by the loss of eyes, a wing and even a leg, the presence of a pulmonary system and most any other two members being sufficient to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Thirty years ago, when a blacksmith in Medina, Mr. Johnson's attention was turned in a modest way to the greater possibilities in the line of footwear for poultry, particularly for birds of the male persuasion, of the militaristic school of the chicken family known as the "game." Until recent years he still followed the simple art which consisted largely in tending, healing and nailing the shoes on horses. Since acquiring the ability however, to make in one day the "heels" for four roosters, drawn up in "battles" magnificently stern array, he has also been able to make but one pair in the same length of time, wanting interest has led him to abandon general smithing. A not unnatural result, as such work ordinarily runs, when it is stated that "heels" bring \$2.50 to \$10 a pair.

The "heels" are made of the finest imported steel and their tempering is one of the secrets of Mr. Johnson's superiority in the work. Comparable to an eight-penny nail when leaving the anvil to be ground, when finished they are about the size of an average home-foster thumb, apparently as attenuated at the business end, and look to be about as welcome a proposition to suddenly meet up with, if a fellow were in a hurry and going in the opposite direction. As the least departure from alignment with the natural spur is likely to lead, in a scrimmage, to the wearer transfixing his own head, they are fitted on an actual cock's foot and have to be made in rights and lefts.

The gaff made and used by the Filipinos, one of which Mr. Johnson has in his possession, has an ingenious loop extension on the under side, which fits over the rear toe of the fighter. He has also a solid silver gaff, valued at \$100, which is 400 years old and the tempering of which, like copper, is a lost art. He himself is experimenting with a view to discovering the tempering of copper—a process unknown since the mound builders—and has been partially successful.

As a side line, Mr. Johnson has accu-

mulated an appreciation of antique and curious historical numismatical, ceramic and, so to speak, hellionical—weapons of many nations and epochs—which might almost pass for a cross-section of the Field museum of Chicago. Mr. Johnson's fund of information in each line is so great and he is so interested and interesting in imparting it, that as between collecting and seeing that proud character is scientifically accompanied with artificial munitions, one is at a loss to tell which is his business and which his pastime.

His collection of weapons is particularly rich and complete, going back to the sixteenth century and spanning the gap to the latest improved firearms, from that simple but persuasive instrument of military authority, the club, with quartz head used by the man of the Stone Age, to bringing home the bridge to the last Colt revolver used by Frank James.

Another "antique" is that used by Mexican "bad" with the traditional notch filed in the barrel which are said to be non-operative of the fatalities set to its point.

A six-shooter pepper-box of the period of 1823-36, and a "Savage" with ring neck and trigger, the latter the property of the modern "double action" four interesting testimony to the evolution of present day firearms.

A most striking piece of guncraft is an Egyptian steel pistol of the sixteenth century, the barrel completely lined with gold pounded in to the steel and the wood carved and inlaid with solid silver wire in the design of a hawk.

A rare weapon also is the stick-strung bow of Guatemala, the famous Indian chief, bearing his name and once owned by him, as attested by a sworn document from the man who received it from the indubitable Apache chief.

But most unique of all is Mr. Johnson's collection of some 200 century antique commemorative medals, mostly of historical events. The collection is represented by the medals, in crystal of the Washington, Ala. "The sweet far-off" of the other, in contrasting juxtaposition by the features of the warm-blooded young French aristocrat, Lafayette, who, thrusting in his own sword at the psychological moment, so gallantly helped to cut the cord of British colonial dominance.

There is also a bottle bearing a star for each of the thirteen states, one when there were fourteen, one commemorating Johnny Lind's American visit, the diadem golden-throated head crowned with a triumphal wreath, another in the form of a log cabin, with a cause in relief, celebrating the campaign of 1840, and one illustrating the locomotive of the Erie duct. But probably the most interesting curiosity, in point of frequency of construction, and remarkable for the picturesque effects produced thereby, is what is known as a German water bottle. Looking at it empty, one beholds the bust of a beautiful woman, en-cased in pretty flowers, filling it with gin causes the figure to appear in full length, while turning the bottle at slightly different angles the image is disclosed in various artistic postures.

Owing to the length of time Mr. Johnson's collection has been established, the extent to which he is advertised and the personal interest people seem to have in making the museum an extensive one, he is continually presented with contributions to it—even from as far as Alaska. By way of reciprocity, in part, may be, an perhaps because of their possibilities as a source of education, he appears to consider himself, in a sense their steward. At any rate Mr. Johnson's manner is generously itself toward those desirous of adding to their stock of information by a study of the rare specimens.

In furtherance of their wide appreciation he students, Mr. Johnson is contemplating measures for their better preservation, including the raising of his dwelling house, when an entire floor will be devoted to the collection. It is also understood that he is considering what he will finally make of it.

Such a display would afford a pleasant season, we believe, to the dreary monotony of the average county fair exhibits and receive not a few interested visitors, even in the halls of the state agricultural society.

Fair American "Drummer" Plans an Invasion of Cuba

WITH sample trunks packed to capacity, Miss Aema Delmar, a pretty young woman with businesslike brack nose and twinkling eyes, is preparing to invade Cuba and introduce American-made feminine wearing apparel to merchants there. She goes as a "free lance" saleswoman, carrying sample lines of articles for women, which range from lingerie to ornate umbrellas, and her profits are to be measured by her commissions on sales made.

Miss Delmar, who comes from Goldsboro, N. C., has a thorough knowledge of Spanish, and has had a wide experience as a saleswoman. She has been in Havana and believes that, with her knowledge of the country and its customs, she can build up a permanent trade. She is going to pass twelve weeks in nine cities, and in each city she will open a sample room and invite the inspection of merchants. That she may conform to the custom which de-

Fair American "Drummer" Plans an Invasion of Cuba

mands a dianna, she is taking with her her mother, a petting woman, who isn't at all certain that she is going to care for the journey, but who is perfectly certain that if her daughter is going to take it it will be all right.

"I am not going to try the American 'drummer' tactics in Cuba," Miss Delmar explained. "It is all right here to flash into a store, squeeze the circulation from a merchant's hand and before he has recovered full consciousness push him into a sample room and extract an order from him.

"That is all very well for Oskaloosa, Iowa, or Joplin, Mo., but for Havana or Santiago one must use a little more finesse. There, as in all Latin countries, courtesy sells goods as effectively as quality. The combination of the two cannot be beaten, particularly when it is allied with long time credits.

"I expect to be entertained socially and to entertain. When I have met my prospective customer several times I will try to sell him goods.

"If the American manufacturer will make his product to suit the Latin-American customer and not himself he will sell there, otherwise he won't."