

The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

But Betty now tried her wiles on Meta. English, her smattering of French and a base maceration of German were hurled at the black girl's ears. Meta pretended to understand nothing Betty said to her. Tyoga was absent. Le Malheureux apparently had disappeared into thin air, and Betty was like a caged lioness. She was permitted to wander through the castle, for such the edifice proved to be, but with Meta ever at her side. The architecture of the castle was of non-descript type, and it was rudely fashioned of granite, moss and vine grown and surrounded by parked gardens filled with tropical foliage and flowers. At the end of the gardens was a miasmatic river, thickly green and vile of odor, filled with rank reptiles and nauseous water plants. Beyond the river stretched the desert, yellow and hard. All this you could see from the upper windows of the castle, farther than a radius of fifty yards around the porticoes Betty nor her handmaidens was not allowed to set foot. Within the castle was a small sandpacked court with an asthmatic fountain and heat-wrung plants. There Betty and Meta sat and Betty read the few books that were available, tried to teach Meta to dance and learned dances of her in return; tried, too, to learn Meta's guttural speech and failed sadly in teaching English to Meta. Which, along with certain other occurrences that happened as time went on, made Betty fairly certain that Meta already spoke English, or else understood it so perfectly that the girl was under instructions to betray no familiarity with the foreign tongue. A favorite game of these two girls became a variation of lawn tennis, a native game, which they played seated, hurling over a low net celluloid balls of light weight and gay colorings.

The evening of the third day Betty grew overwhelmed with such an uncontrollable loneliness that she could not help crying. Meta, who had just brought her supper of coconuts, freshly cut, mixed with pineapples and guavas, a trussed pigeon, figs, dates, and fell sobbing, too, and tried inarticulately to find out what she wanted.

"Tyoga, Tyoga!" wailed Betty. Her nerves were at breaking point and the jackal who howled in the hills to the north was crazing her with his yowling, and she was sick, so sick, of it all, of the mystery, the silence, the loneliness.

Meta hesitated and then ran away like a deer. She came back troubled after an absence of a quarter of an hour or so, bearing in her hand a wax tablet on which was written in an old-fashioned slanting hand:

"Tyoga cannot come to you yet. Will you be patient but a little longer? She is very busy. She will try and come in a few mornings."

Betty took the tablet to bed with her, telling herself that she was getting positively foolish.

Meta went along, caressing her as much as she dared. Betty began to lose sight of the fact that Meta's skin was black. She had already done this with Tyoga. As Meta aided Betty to disrobe the slave's hand caught in the slender chain of the little gold locket that Betty wore always round her throat, and snapped its links asunder. The chain fell to the floor, and as it hit the tiling the locket flew open, disclosing Larry Morris' face. Meta picked it up, sighted the face, and girl-like, scented the trouble. She gazed intently at Larry's counterfeit presentment, studying it closely. Then she nodded her approval and shook an accusing finger at Betty, which moved Betty to tears again.

Meta laughed, and with much simpering began to finger around within the capacious frounces of her striped kilt. With much perspiration, and with what might have been blushes on a fairer skin she finally produced an odd little hand, painstakingly carved from ivory with inlaid nails and veins of gold. She held this high for Betty to gaze at, then pointed alternately to herself and Larry Morris' picture with such illuminating pantomimes that Betty immediately estimated that the ivory hand was the truth-sign of Meta and of a somewhere dusky-beloved!

Tyoga was three days in coming. Then she was much distraught and looked like a ragged edition of her once buxom self. First she called Meta aside and spoke with her long and earnestly—Betty would have vowed it was in French. Then Tyoga came to Betty.

"You are in danger of your life," she said, simply. "We all are. We are sorry for this, Miss Lancey, we had not expected it. We had thought all dangers were well guarded against, that all precautions had been taken. You and Meta must be left alone here in the castle for weeks. But be not afraid. Besides the secret entrance which none knows but Meta, there is no approach to the castle save from that river on the south and to cross that"—she shuddered—"to cross that is to swallow death. I have promised you a safe return to your people, and I go now to make that assurance doubly sure. Le Malheureux sends you his best wishes, and is sorry he cannot come in person, and now, farewell!"

The negroess turned and left the two girls together. Betty, terror-stricken, homesick, unnerved, Meta, still, immobile as the castle itself.

For several weeks the weather was fine, almost supernatural in its beauty and glow. Betty troiled the castle over

for hint or trace of any electrical apparatus, but none did she find. There were dozens of chambers similar to the one she occupied, what might be a throne room, a great dining hall, a mammoth kitchen, and one big room that possibly was an observatory, but which was most securely bolted, barred and cemented shut. Even American prowess dared not tamper with such solidity of masonry.

Meta and Betty had finally accomplished a species of pigeon dialect like Crusoe and his man Friday permitted them to signify their wants and dislikes but prohibited the dangerous conversation of confidences and personal communications unto which women are so prone to fall! Betty had given up the idea of the note in a bottle, the sensational wireless message and such like methods of communication with the loved ones at home, and those of the newspaper fraternity in particular ever since she caught sight of the pigeons. She surreptitiously carved this message, "Betty Lancey, Africa," on the wing of many a poor suffering bird and vainly tried to shoot it briskly away in the direction that she thought housed civilized people. This carving was a work of perspiring labor but it diverted Betty more successfully than anything else might have done. This occupation amused and exhilarated because it revolved around the constantly diminishing germ of hope that so was near to dying in Betty's bosom.

First of all, she had nothing to scratch with but a hairpin. And with tropical sun, and sea voyaging, hairpins had become scarce enough to be valuable. Second, Meta was always watching, and thirdly, you never could finish a bird at one sitting and it was terrible to try to catch any of the birds, and worse yet to get hold twice in succession of the same bird you had been working on last. Frequently there would be as many as three dozen birds, half bedecked with Betty's carving, hopping around at one time. Betty held the thought that if one of these birds should perchance be picked up it might send people within a continent of finding her.

There was something romantic about living in this desert and swamp-bound castle until the rains came on. Then it was more aggravating than anything Betty could ever have imagined.

"Worse than any city editor I know starting out to play wrecking crew with an entire office," she commented, grimly.

For an African rain in the central part of that shadowy continent is not a rainstorm as we know it. The lakes, the rivers, the sea itself seem to have risen and to be descending in flat layers and sheets of the wettest wet that ever mortal knew. Lightning in more varieties than Betty had dreamed might ever have been patented broke round the grim old castle, and the two lonely young girls loved the goat harder than ever.

Later they had an addition to their family. A decrepit old lion, a beast so mangy, worm eaten and toothless that one longed in pity to kill him then and there, crept in from the jungle one cold, rain-pelted night. He frightened the two girls half to death at first sight, then they both laughed heartily at sight of his infirmities and took him in and made him royally welcome. He expressed his gratification in croupy roars that caused Betty to long to feed him lard and sugar, the same as her mother had given her when she was a croupy, wheezy kiddie.

But as a burglar alarm those roars were the best of all inventions, as Betty expressed it in the journal she was pretending to keep.

"As a perfectly proper property lion, City Editor Burton is a peach."

Betty had named the lion "City Editor Burton" after the one being in the Inquirer office whose very voice was calculated to instantly remove the scalp of any cub reporter whoever sharpened a pencil in a newspaper office.

Between City Editor Burton and the pigeons Betty found less opportunity for worry than did Meta. Perhaps that was because Tyoga had not told Betty the same tale she had whispered that hot morning into the awe-struck ears of Meta. The black girl knew of the danger threatening, and feared in silence.

So strong had grown the attachment between Meta and Betty that the young Nubian, who, truth to tell, spoke English with rare perfection, had much ado to keep up their farce of pigeon English and to refrain from outpouring her soul to the white skinned, but now sadly-tanned Betty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Johnny Johnson and Larry Morris arrived in Algiers early in August. It was hot and the dust was equalled only by the flies. Larry spoke a little French, Johnny nothing but English. They were both seasick and both tired of the task they had set themselves upon. In Chicago darkest Africa had looked to them rather a small and unimportant province, a shrunken Rhode Island. In Algiers darkest Africa overlapped every continent on the globe. The apparent futility of the undertaking weighed them down.

Night fell. Then followed stars and a subdued rumble of the city life for a brief and restful interlude. Later the mirth and ribaldry of the cafes—Algiers at her worst.

This was Africa. Bad enough on the coast. But to ship for the inland! It was an impossibility. They sought

forgetfulness in the cafes. Before and in particular the crowds were swarming like flies over molasses. Within, a woman, she looked to be an American at that, blonde and full-figured, singing an atrocious French song with an even more atrocious Maine accent. Between verses she mingled the cafe-walk.

"Let's get out of this," said Larry. "John, look at the negro over there. Did you ever see such a Colossus in your life?"

More than the two newspaper men were watching the negro in question. He was nearly seven feet high, magnificent in his proportions, and dressed in immaculate white duck. His features were typically African, but he had the bearing of ancient kings and high intelligence lurked in his eyes, and was planted at the corners of his mouth and in the lines along his nostrils.

Standing in the corner close to the stage, he was regarding the pitiful thing that gambled there with the same impassive pity that a man watches a butcher kill a little squealing pig. The pig is not worth much in the aesthetic scale as life goes, but through him life may be sustained. One pig more or less to feed the masses benefits the masses, and is very good for the pig. It lets him out of being a pig, and provides for his transmigration into another shape.

As the two Americans turned to look at the negro he was leaving the cafe. All eyes turned from the dancer to his coal-black pulchritude. The dancer, noting this waver of allegiance, lurching forward and kicked into the air with deft aim. One gaudy red satin slipper flew directly through the crowd and grazed the giant on the back, falling within a foot or two of the two Americans.

"That was a good shot!" ejaculated Johnny. Larry Morris was watching the muscles working in the African's face as he stooped to pick up the slipper.

"Because I'm black," he heard the man mutter, in pure English. "Because I'm black."

Straight through the crowd strode the black man, and up to the stage, overturning half of the tables in his way as he went. At the footlights he leaned over, held out the shoe and beckoned to the dancer to place her foot within it. But the women, with the whimsicality of her sex, turned her head away and smote the African twice across the cheek.

The black man straightened himself up like a steel bar, uncurved in a white hot furnace. He took the shoe and flung it at the dancer, lightly but accurately. It struck her across her painted mouth, and the steel plate on the heel tore the gentle skin of her full lip. The blood streamed down in a tiny thread over her chin and dropper on her white shoulders.

The habitués of the cafe could not endure this treatment of their favorite. Pandemonium was loosed. Bottles, lamps, glasses, even chairs, they hurled at the retreating figure of the African. He was cut and bruised in a dozen places and almost overcome, for the strength of a Hercules could not have resisted such onslaughts. Johnson and Morris had gone out of the door when the riot began, and were turning down the street when the black burst out, winded, panting, and closely pursued.

By the curb stood an automobile—a great red touring car; it belonged to Sulvever, the Associated Press man at Algiers. A weak, dissipated little fellow, Sulvever was at that moment the foremost in consoling the dancer.

Larry Morris thought quickly. He knew Sulvever well; they had worked together in the States, and the negro interested him.

"Crank her, Johnny," he cried, pointing to the automobile, and while Johnny cranked the machine Morris hustled the black within the car, threw from his perch the dazed chauffeur and in three minutes the black, Larry Morris and Johnson, in Sulvever's car, were headed for the desert with the mob howling hyena-like behind them.

"All right, old fellow; we'll help you," Larry had whispered in the black's ear as he hurried him towards the motor. Larry had had to do it, for downed as he was, the black instantly made a motion of resistance towards anything that smacked of captivity.

(To be continued.)

What Scared Him.

Bacon—"It is said a barber in Paris, to win a wager, entered a cage containing a lion and a man and composedly lathered and shaved the man while the beast interestedly viewed the operation."

Egbert—"I thought lions were afraid of nothing."

"Oh, yes, they are. He'd probably had some experience with that particular razor before!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Student of Human Nature.

"That was a pretty harsh note Mr. Clincher sent you."

"Yes," answered the debtor. "But he didn't mean most of it. He has just employed a new stenographer. When he dictated that letter he was showing off."—Washington Star.

Made the Application.

"How are things?" the barber asked pleasantly of the shrinking man in the chair.

"Dull, very dull."

And the knight of the razor looked for a moment as if he thought the remark was personal.

Anyway, He Wants.

"Own up, now. Who's the head of your family?"

"My wife used to be," admitted Mr. Enpeck, "but since my daughters are grown up we have a commission from government."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reckless Driving.

"What is the matter with your wife? I see she's got her hand in a sling."

"Reckless driving."

"Horse?"

"No; nail."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

PROBLEM OF THE YOUTHFUL CRIMINAL.

By Thurde Rayle Bruce.



The problem of the youthful criminal is one that every big city is facing, and it is a most difficult one to solve. There is no experienced detective in the United States that cannot recount scores of instances where lads of tender age have perpetrated deeds which at the outset seemed the work of seasoned experts. I have encountered any number of such cases and my experience with the juvenile malefactor is that he is often bolder and harder to round up than the veteran. He will fool you by his slippery methods and his cunning in making a quick escape.

It is the plain truth to say that the indulgent and lenient treatment of children by their own parents is chiefly responsible for the wrongdoing that converts the youngsters into lawbreakers. Boys of this generation are given far more money than they should have to spend for their pleasure. They get the habit of extravagance and when sufficient cash is not forthcoming are ready to steal, usually beginning by pilfering from their father or mother, as that seems a less sin than to take what belongs to strangers. I have repeatedly known lads of 15 to steal their mother's jewelry and to go through their father's clothing at night while he slept. Many a mortified parent, to save the honor of his family has given it out that his home has been invaded by sneak thieves rather than admit that a degenerate son has entered the role of a criminal.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND UPON THE BODY.

By Dr. H. Cradle.



The only parts of the body directly controlled by the mind are those muscles which serve the purpose of the will. There are, besides, many other muscular movements going on in the interior of the body which, too, are in part governed by nerves, but cannot be influenced by the will, such as the circulation of the blood, the action of the stomach and of the intestines. While this activity of interior organs does not depend in any manner upon the consciousness of the individual its regularity is at times disturbed by mental emotions. Examples of such transient interferences with the normal action of different organs by mental influences are blushing, blanching and fainting, or, on the other hand, tumultuous beating of the heart.

While the mind cannot change the course of a disease or cut short its duration, it can modify greatly the suffering felt. For the pain, the distress, and even the disability caused by a given disease are not a fixed and invariable quantity, alike in all instances and at all times. As well as we can detect faint noises otherwise unheard by "listening," we can make ourselves conscious of the slightest discomfort produced by disease by watching for it. The concentration of attention upon the diseased part, aided by fear and anxiety, will not only intensify all suffering, but may even perpetuate it occasionally after its original cause has partly or wholly ceased. But the mind can lessen the inconveniences of disease as well as exaggerate them. The physical condition itself, the actual disease, continues its course independ-

THE OPTIMISTIC JAPANESE.

They Know No Discouragement, Smiling Cheerfully at Trouble.

The Japanese are the most optimistic people on the face of the earth. Kick a coolie and he will get up smiling; tax him and he will wonder why he wasn't levied upon long before; give him a disaster and he will say it might have been worse. He knows no discouragement.

Few races in history have been so heavily taxed as have the Japanese to overcome the cost of the last war. They look upon their huge debt lightly, and when the government told them they would have to pay it they laughed cheerfully—and went at it. Commercial activities are doubled, even tripled. A smart legislative body put exceedingly heavy taxes on cigars and tobaccos, luxuries all Japanese forego. In doing this the white foreigner was made to help out the struggling masses.

Horses are as rare in Japan as buffalo are in this country to-day. One may walk a dozen blocks down the principal street of any Japanese metropolis without seeing a single horse. The owners of what few there are pay dearly for the privilege of keeping them. The friend of man in most other countries, here the horse is judged man's worst enemy. If the country were overrun with horses thousands of rickshaw coolies would be out of a job, and a condition in which people are out of jobs is not good for any country; particularly is it bad for war debts, as it lets them run on indefinitely drawing princely interest.

WOMEN PREFERRED.

English Lecturer Tells Why Employers Like Them Best.

"Political power is the only pathway to economic independence," said Miss Ethel Arnold, of England, in a lecture at New York City a few days ago. The lecturer told of a visit she paid to a big manufacturing town at the hour when the employes were dismissed and of how much better impression the 700 women, clear of eye and skin, trim of figure and independent in bearing, made than the men employes. The head of the factory, commenting on this, told her that the employes preferred them because they didn't drink, gamble or have the unsteady habits of men.

In speaking about the low rate of wages paid to women, the lecturer said that if they demanded more they would be ousted by the men as a result. It was better a thousand times that women should be ousted by the men, she declared, than that they should lower the standard of wages for honest work. The average of men's wages in the United Kingdom was rather more than double that of the women, she said, and she continued, "less than half is not a just nor a fair proportion under any system."

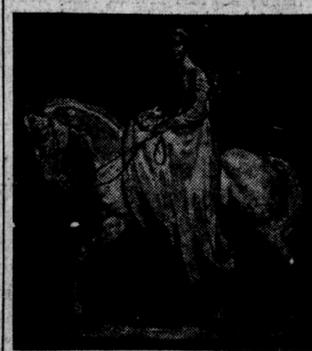
The speaker was loudly applauded.

when she said: "If you exclude the married women from the factory then you must assure her a definite legal share in the wages of her husband as the keeper of his house and the mother of his children."

STATUE HONORS LATE EMPRESS.

Austrian Ruler Treasures Highly His New Vienna Masterpiece.

A new equestrian statue of the late empress of Austria has been modeled by the famous sculptor, Prof. Friedrich Hausman, and has just passed from the artist's studio into the private possession of the aged emperor, who highly treasures this statue of his beautiful and cultured wife. The statue is con-



NEW STATUE OF LATE EMPRESS.

sidered a masterpiece of the highest order. The empress is riding a thoroughbred, holding the reins loosely in one hand and a rose in the other. The empress was a superb horsewoman.

MEN WHO PAID BACK.

Levi F. Morton, Quincy A. Shaw, Fetter Palmer and S. A. White.

Perhaps the most conspicuous living example of success following earlier failure is the Hon. Levi F. Morton, former Vice President of the United States, who while a member of the dry goods firm of Morton, Grinnell & Co. was forced to see his house suspended. In 1861 the firm stopped payment, later compromising and settling in part with its creditors. Men in business still recall the dinner given by Mr. Morton a few years later, where each creditor-guest found a check for the amount owed, with interest, a most pleasant sort of souvenir to bring away from a banquet, says the Century.

A pleasant story is also told in connection with the embarrassment years ago of Quincy A. Shaw, a Boston banker and capitalist. This gentleman was willing to give up everything, including his home, but this was insufficient to pay all his debts. Among the assets were some mining stocks of them it-

ent of and not influenced by the patient's frame of mind. But if any mental impression lessens the annoyance of an ailment the sufferer is apt to speak of its curative effect, even though it did not really alter the course of the disease.

CHILDREN THE GREAT CONSERVATIVES.

By Mary O'Connor Newell.



We dilute books and elaborate toys for children, we give them washed out editions and hand-worn playthings, but nothing pleases them like the old, whether it be books or toys—rhymes and fairy tales that began when the world was new, toy's our antediluvian ancestors might have played with. Children are the eternal conservatives. Elaborate toys, like three ringed circuses, entertain the elders more than they do the children. You can't say they do either harm or good to children, for the little ones resolve them finally to their simplest elements and play therewith most contentedly.

The avidity with which children swallow the originals of stories which we have been doling out to them in "simplified editions" causes constant amazement, and reminds one of the remark of the old woman with whom a book agent had left a commentary on the Bible. "Sure it's a fine book, and the Bible do make it wonderfully clear."

In spite of the floods of new books that are yearly poured forth for his supposed pleasure, nothing goes so straight to the heart of a child as the old tale and the old rhyme—and yet we call them simple things. Eternal vitality makes them one with time and life and all that is mysterious and impossible to explain.

MAN NEEDS RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP.

By Prof. George Burman Foster.



So long as there are religious men, so long must there be religious community. The man who possesses inner possessions is thereby driven to communicate them to others. A soul with a living conviction must seek likeminded souls, and thus be first truly sure and glad by their common fellowship of faith. The plan and organism of life is a giving and receiving. Most of all is this true of the religious life.

We must find ourselves again in the center of us. Then we can attain to a unitary and powerful purpose and will. There is a new yearning after God, a demand for a new love, a more beautiful, a more noble relation of man to man. There are so many to-day that want to loose themselves from their individualism and isolation, gather together into something greater, truer, sweeter, nobler.

The thing that is deeply going on in the soul of man to-day will be better understood and more highly valued. In a word, something of the brotherly sense, of the spirit of love, of the fire and enthusiasm of the first Christian community must break forth again as from hidden fountains in the high hills of God. There will be life and truth from the spirit in all the forms and usages of life. Then the estranged brother will return. The best, the freest, the most reverent will be with us again. The yearning is prophecy of the coming day.

Opinions of Well-Known Men.

"There is no other hope for men," says William Dean Howells, "but in the civic help of women. Everything in the movement to give women the suffrage appeals to my reverence and sense of justice."

"There are only two ways to settle it," says Edwin E. Slosson. "One is 'Back to the harem!' The other is equal opportunities and responsibilities: and equal rewards to the individuals who deserve them."

"To-day should be a time of education," says Dr. Percy S. Grand. "Leagues for the political education of women similar to that in New York should be established in every city. Women, I believe, will ultimately share the ballot with men."

Frederick's Thoughts.

A young mother went upstairs one evening to be sure that her son was safely sleeping. As she passed the door of the nursery she saw her husband standing by the side of the crib, gazing earnestly at the child.

As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, tears filled her eyes, and she thought, "How dearly Frederick loves that boy!" Imagined the shock to her feelings when he suddenly turned toward her and said: "Amelia! It is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as this for \$3.50."

Suitably Named.

"That new suit of Bodkin's is a perfect poem, isn't it?"

"Yes; he calls it an 'Owed to Bodkin Tailor.'"—Tit-Bits.

If we were a woman, we wouldn't buy any hair at a store until assured that the girl who grew it sold it to raise the mortgage on Her Dear Old Home.

John—What doctor attended you when in her last illness? James—She died a natural death.