

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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## SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night, they passed roaring high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrop, gazing at his swollen hands.

"About 300 yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb."

"Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie.

Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife."

"Well, then, I can swim."

"Hully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chock full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrop twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them.

"Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes, there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrop.

Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the Jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Jerusalem!" observed Blake; "this old bear must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?"

"Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points—"

"Good boy! We'll etch them and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrop, together with the whisky flask, and led the way to the half-broken path through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrop and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrop to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocconut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fiber, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over her head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised headgear bore so grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrop could not repress a derisive laugh.

Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

"Yes. Here's two more I've fixed for you. Ready yet, Winthrop?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of cocconuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keenness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that if in the meantime not eaten themselves they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrop.

Blake pondered over this as he ate, and when fully satisfied he helped himself up with his club he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need them now. I'm going to take a pros-



Stopped to Survey the Coast Beyond.

## CHAPTER VII.

### Around the Headland.

I was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thighs with slimy mud, but as he approached the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrop.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Sling on your hats and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strigs; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrop.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrop, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand pit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrop's knowledge had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last

feebly out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs over on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's a wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling up on this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrop. "Step behind me and gather up your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to help you," she replied. "Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not 100 yards distant.

In the center of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrop. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left and the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs; but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrop instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been foolish enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes,

you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrop a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of cocconuts, flung the other up the beach and stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy cocconuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run 200 paces they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The gray rock towered above them 20 or 40 feet high. Blake deposited Winthrop upon a wet ledge and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep cliffs, but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"I'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the cocconuts, and if I don't show up by noon save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrop and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky boulders which in places sloped up from the water 10 or 15 feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of boulders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, retreating by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake plied his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to search up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the tides here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another 100 paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canal That Russia Needs.

Russia's ministry of ways and communications has appointed a board of engineers to make preliminary surveys for the long-projected canal to connect the Baltic with the Black sea. The canal, in the making of which several rivers will be turned to account, will have its northern end at Riga on the Gulf of Riga, 305 miles southwest of St. Petersburg, while the southern end will be Kherson, on the right bank of the Dnieper, and 92 miles east-northeast of Odessa. When this project is completed Russia may move her own ships to and from the Black sea without asking permission.

## A Little Learning.

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

Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam.

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

## MISSOURI NEWS

### Warrants for Guardsmen.

Kansas City.—That a soldier can experience horrors of peace as well as horrors of war has been impressed on three young members of Light Battery B. James C. Paulin, Marvin Layson and Morris O. Baker. When Capt. Collins posted order No. 61 at the armory requiring every officer and private to assemble and entrain for the state encampment these three young artillerymen denied the right of anyone to order them out of the city. At the telegraphic order of Capt. Collins, R. J. Holmden, an attorney, consulted the county prosecutor's office. In the meantime, Baker, deciding that he had trifled sufficiently with the state's laws, departed hurriedly for Nevada. Holmden had only two warrants sworn out—one for Paulin and one for Layson—charging them with refusing to obey a military order. Mr. Paulin, hearing of the warrants, repaired to Holmden's office, reaffirmed his allegiance to the state of Missouri, and agreed to obey the military order. He departed for Nevada. Attorneys for Marvin Layson telephoned Mr. Holmden assuring him that if the warrants were withdrawn, their client would take the very first train for the encampment. Mr. Holmden consented, so Layson departed for camp.

### Charges Against Grain Inspector.

Kansas City.—Charges against H. C. Nunn, chief inspector in the Missouri state grain department at Kansas City, are to be heard here by the state board of railroad commissioners July 29. The complaint was filed by J. T. Bradshaw, chief weighmaster in Kansas City, and it relates to troubles growing out of the handling of the wheat crop of 1907.

The basis of the charge is that Mr. Nunn allowed 154,000 bushels of wheat to be graded a grade higher than it should have been," Mr. Bradshaw said.

### Pay for Prison Labor Increased.

Jefferson City.—The state board of prison inspectors decided that 60 cents a day for the labor of able-bodied convicts in fireproof shops furnished free by the state, as well as power for all necessary machinery, is not sufficient, and accordingly an order was adopted fixing the future price at 75 cents a day. This is an increase of 15 cents per man per day. The bulk of the contracts will expire December 31, 1909, so the time is not far distant when they must be renewed or the contractors leave the prison.

### Hates to Let Cash Go.

Jefferson City.—Governor Hadley and State Auditor Gordon have agreed on a system of paying state moneys to educational and eleemosynary institutions. Herebefore state institutions would draw the money appropriated to suit their conveniences, but under the new agreement they can draw only one-eighth of their money each quarter. So they must arrange their disbursements to suit this rule.

### Trooper Grabs Mail From Crane.

Springfield.—When the special train carrying the Sixth regiment of the Missouri National guard, composed of companies from Cape Girardeau, West Plains, Fredericktown, Mountain Grove and six or eight towns south of St. Louis, passed Mansfield, six miles south of Lawrence, one of the troopers grabbed a mail bag from a crane.

### New G. A. R. Commander Named.

Rolla.—On account of his removal to Indiana, Maj. J. H. Thornton, commander of the Ozark battalion, G. A. R. resigned, and Capt. R. D. Barber of St. James has been elected his successor. Capt. Barber has selected J. M. Squire and W. M. Jones, both of St. James, as his adjutant and quartermaster.

### Issues Requisition for Woman.

Jefferson City.—By request of the authorities of Butler county, Gov. Hadley issued a requisition on the governor of Colorado for the extradition of Mrs. A. W. Gillispie, who is under arrest in Denver. She is wanted at Poplar Bluff to answer to a charge of fraud.

### Switch Engines Annoy Hadley.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Hadley made a protest to the Missouri Pacific superintendent against the noise and smoke of switch engines in the yards here. He says that the engines make life in the executive mansion almost unbearable.

### Frisco Shops in Operation.

Springfield.—The Frisco's new \$2,000,000 car and locomotive works here were opened July 6 and now the first rebuilt engine and train of nine coaches are finished. The company has 800 men at work in the shops and expects to rebuild thirty-five locomotives every month.

### Several Hurt in Lamar Wreck.

Novata.—Missouri Pacific passenger train No. 265 was wrecked a few miles south of Lamar and a number of persons were injured. The engine went into a ditch, and four cars were derailed. Among those injured are Mrs. Mary Jackson of Carthage and Mrs. J. F. Geherington of Denver.

### Former Joplin Couple Marry.

Joplin.—News of the wedding at Oakland, Cal., of Mrs. Bertie Marie Robinson to Roger Bennett, both formerly of Joplin, was received here.



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This splendid tonic will keep every member of your family in good health. Adults suffering from dyspepsia, or indigestion, general exhaustion or breakdown will find in this natural tonic renewed health and strength. Delicate, rapidly growing children will find in this tonic the assistance their digestive organs need to get the proper nourishment and strength from their food.

## DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

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

Sold by All Druggists—2 sizes, 50c. and 35c.

Take Dr. D. Jayne's Expectant if you want to get rid of your Cough or Cold.

### Pathos in a Fire Report.

In the annual report of the fire marshal of Kentucky the following extract is not without a suggestion of "Little Boy Blue":

"Among the odds and ends of the attic, usually are vanished furniture, rags smeared with grease to take fire themselves, painting oils liable to take fire when the sun beats on the roof, and broken toys of children who are grown and gone away, or who went to sleep long ago."

### A Baseball Preacher.

It was just at the beginning of the baseball season when an Episcopal clergyman, who is an ardent and enthusiastic lover of the great American game, inadvertently remarked at the end of the portion of Scriptures which he read:

"Here endeth the first innings."

Then he woke up.

### Etiquette.

Knicker—Do people hang on his words?

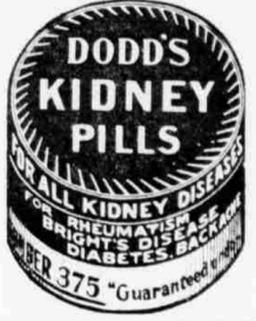
Bocker—As though they were car straps.

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

It was David who said "All men are liars." And he might have added that married men have opportunities thrust upon them.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

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