

A Twentieth Century Kingmaker

By Fred A. Boalt

Twenty-six years ago Andrew Belton, twenty-six years old, went from London to Morocco on an impulse, kicked Aziz off the throne, put Mulai Hafid on it and returned to London by the next boat.

Now he is twiddling his thumbs and waiting for something to turn up in the king-making line. Kaid Belton—to give him his correct title—is the newest thing in twentieth century kingmakers.

Belton was in South Africa in 1908. He came to London on six months' leave. Two weeks of London fogs and drizzle and the prospect of a half-year of inactivity filled him with disgust.

Then a friend wrote him that he had been commissioned by a syndicate to secure a mining con-



MULAI HAFID



"THE LAST OF THE GORRILS" FROM PAINTING BY BERHARDT CONRADT

cession in Morocco from a pretender to the throne named Mulai Hafid. Would Belton like to go along?

He met the friend in Tangier, and the two were joined by a third Englishman, Redman, who had been brought up in Morocco, knew the natives and spoke Arabic fluently.

At Larache, a port eighty miles south of Tangier, they succeeded, by the aid of the British vice-consul, in hiring mules to take them to Alcazar, a town twenty miles inland, which was held by the troops of Sultan Aziz.

The sultan had issued an edict forbidding natives to assist Europeans. Their multerer refused to go further than Alcazar, as the tribes were carrying on the jihad (holy war) against the Christians. So they employed a notorious brigand and horse-thief, one Abselem, to take them through to Fez.

Dressed as Moorish women, the Englishmen reached the gates of Fez on July 13, to be informed that the pretender and his court had arrived three days before.

Next morning they sent a messenger to the grand vizier that three Englishmen desired an audience with the sultan. At noon the following day two soldiers came to them from the vizier and escorted them to a house which had been placed at their disposal at Mulai Hafid's order.

They remained indoors until the 18th, when a mounted escort conducted them to the palace. Arrayed as Moors of the highest class, they were received by Kaid Meshwar, the master of ceremonies, who carried a tall wand with a silver knob, and who preceded them up a staircase and into a long, narrow room, where, at the further end, sat Mulai Hafid, cross-legged on a dark green velvet couch.

His two viziers, El Glawi and Si Aissa, were sitting on his left. Walking slowly the kaid advanced to within three paces of the throne, bowed, introduced the Englishmen simply as three strangers anxious for an audience, bowed thrice, and retired a little way.

The pretender smilingly motioned them to be seated on three chairs placed on his right, and then said: "Marhaba bi kum" ("You are welcome").

Belton's first impression was that he had never seen a handsomer man. This is his description of him: "A very high, broad forehead, with large black eyes full of light, which sparkle with genuine merriment when he is amused; a big, straight nose; fairly full cheeks, a square, resolute jaw, and a firm set of mouth, set off by a black beard, and a small mustache. His complexion is a deep olive; and when he stood up I saw he was well over six feet in height, and finely proportioned to a magnificent physique." He came to business at once.

"Why are you in Fez?" he asked.

The concession was named, the advice stated, and the pretender ordered Si Aissa to go into the matter further.

"And you?" questioned Mulai Hafid, pointing to Belton.

"I am a soldier," said the future kingmaker.

"I have come to offer my services."

"Allah, Allah!" the pretender repeated very slowly; then asked many questions.

They came Redman's turn. What did he want? He would be useful to Belton as a khalifa (right-hand man).

On the 25th Belton and Redman were again summoned before the pretender, this time in an enclosure close by the palace, where 4,000 troops—infantry, cavalry and artillery—were drawn up and waiting.

"There are some of my soldiers," the pretender said; "see what you can do with them."

The boy—he was little more—was game. The

maneuvers that afternoon were distinctly "smart." At the finish he was given command over 7,000 troops of all arms.

He made those half-wild tribesmen drill as they had never drilled before. He overhauled the arsenal and government stores. He wrote to his commanding officer in South Africa tendering his resignation. He was no longer Lieut. Belton of a British regiment of infantry; he was Kaid Belton, kingmaker.

The mahalla of Aziz at Alcazar deserted and proclaimed Mulai Hafid sultan. The event swelled the pretender's army by 1,200 fighting men. All through the fall and winter Belton worked on his raw material, and by spring had a superb fighting force, disciplined as well as fearless.

In June of last year Aziz dispatched a strong mahalla to march against Marrakech. Belton, with 15,000 men and artillery, met the sultan's army within four hours of Marrakech, routed it with heavy loss, and scattered it. Aziz himself only escaped by hasty flight to Settat, the nearest French military post, from which he afterwards journeyed to Casablanca under a French escort.

The tribes and towns proclaimed Mulai Hafid sultan amid great rejoicing. He, on learning of the victory of his southern mahalla, notified the diplomatic corps at Tangier of his wish to be recognized by the powers of Europe and assuring them of his readiness to accept the act of Algiers.

The whole of the diplomatic corps, with one exception, ignored the communication. The exception was Dr. Vassel, the German consul, who recognized Mulai Hafid as the rightful ruler of Morocco.

On Sept. 10 Belton received from the hands of Mulai Hafid his commission, giving him control over the whole of the army and conferring upon him the title of Kaid of Ascar (kaid of the troops).

Aziz was safe in Tangier, but his brother, Mulai Mohammed, whom Aziz had imprisoned when he came to the throne, had been released and was starting another revolution in Casablanca. Belton met and defeated Mulai Mohammed's army and took him prisoner.

That was in October of last year. On Nov. 18 Mulai Mohammed was brought to Bab el Buchat, where Mulai Hafid was. On the following morning, in the presence of 4,000 of Belton's troops, Mulai Abselem T'ran, an uncle of Mulai Hafid, was tried for treason by the kaid. He had been in treasonable correspondence with Mulai Mohammed.

The kaid found him guilty and sentenced him to have the palms of his hands cut and sewn in a single leathern glove so that he could write no more letters. The punishment was carried out.

That same day Belton took his courage in both hands and addressed Sultan Mulai Hafid in this wise: "You are still waiting for European recognition. You will wait long if you continue such practices. The powers will hear of this punishment through the French press, which is hostile to you."

The remonstrance had its effect. A week later Belton saw the uncle. The glove had been taken off his hands and the wounds were almost healed.

One by one the power recognized Mulai Hafid, and Kaid Belton was an amused witness of a tug of war between the diplomats of Germany, France and Spain, who were all pulling for favors and concessions from the man they had been so loath to recognize. Naturally, Dr. Vassel, the German consul, was the new sultan's favorite. German syndicates got valuable mining concessions which France wanted.

France retaliated by re-establishing the military mission which had been with Aziz at the time of his defeat. This move threatened Belton's su-

premacy. The sultan gave him an opening.

"You looked worried, commander, when I saw you on parade. What is wrong?" he asked.

Kaid Belton replied: "I am worried. Are they French officers going to serve under me, or am I going to serve under them?"

"I cannot give you an answer to any of those questions tonight," the sultan replied, "but whatever happens, remember this, that people who are forced on me will never be my friends."

That very night Belton dispatched a mahalla against Alt Yussif, who was plundering caravans and travelers. The force was held in check by the tribesmen and the sultan ordered Belton to conduct the campaign against the bandit in person. He went reluctantly, for the court was tense with intrigue and the French were straining every nerve to get their military mission established.

He caught up with Alt Yussif and after five hours of hard fighting defeated him, compelled him to surrender and collected heavy indemnities. Then he hurried back to Fez, wondering what his enemies had been doing in his absence.

Ominous news awaited his return. Germany had agreed to give France a free hand in Morocco or condition that Germany's commerce was not restricted. The French minister had visited Fez.

Belton went straight to the sultan, who said: "You have heard the news?"

"The agreement? Yes. It was a surprise to me."

"A greater surprise to me," the sultan replied. Germany had kept not only the sultan, but her own consul, Dr. Vassel, in ignorance of the negotiations. While Dr. Vassel was assuring the sultan that Germany would not desert him in his time of need, Germany was doing that very thing. Neither knew the thing was going to be done until after it was done.

The next six weeks Belton spent in studying French diplomacy. The French officers studying him, cut him, described him as a renegade. The sultan replied to these slanders that Belton had served him well. The French replied that French officers would serve him equally well.

The sultan refused flatly to part with Belton. In the spring there were uprisings, which Belton put down. At Fez the undercurrent of intrigue continued to flow, and the French were slowly gaining ground. The treasury was empty. The creditors of Aziz were clamoring to be paid. France was the chief creditor, and the French were offering further loans.

Belton broke the power of the bandit tribes and posted back to Fez. He demanded to see the sultan. An audience was refused. He waited days and weeks, repeating his demand. He appealed to the grand vizier, reciting what he had done in the sultan's service. The hardships he had borne and the excitements and the dangers had turned his hair white. His health was broken.

The sultan would not see him, would not explain. He, worried, harassed and bullied by the French, was ashamed to face the young Englishman who had placed him on the throne and confessed to him that he had no choice but to let him go.

He decided it would be better to resign at once than to be kicked out later by the French. He tendered his resignation to the sultan through the foreign minister.

The resignation was accepted, presumably with regret, and Belton lost no time in returning to London. Since his return the sultan has conferred on him the insignia of a grand officer of the Orders of Mohammed and Mulai Indree for distinguished services to the Moroccan empire.

Two badges and a star are all he has to remind him of the days when he essayed the role of kingmaker.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL

Census Returns Show Lure of City



WASHINGTON.—The census bureau has made public figures concerning enough localities to indicate certain interesting trends in the growth of American population. What stands out first is, of course, the general increase in population all over the country. While this growth is perhaps more striking in the middle west, or even in the far west, the east is little behind those sections. Increases in city population rarely fall below 20 per cent. for the last ten years. Often the increase is considerably in excess of 50 per cent.

This growth has been expected, but there will probably be some surprise to find how far the growth of the cities exceeds that of the rural districts. Here, save in a few localities, there is an increase, but generally it is below ten per cent.

Some spot in Illinois may mark the center of population for another ten years. It is worth while to emphasize the word "may," because there is not available at this time much definite information on which to make speculation as to where the center of population will be.

The remarkable increase in the population of Oklahoma must be taken

into consideration in a speculation as to where the center of population is likely to "light." A fact worth bearing in mind is that the increases in population in the east particularly have been in the larger cities.

The center of population has moved almost due westward since 1790, when it was at a point 23 miles east of Baltimore. From 1790 to 1800 it moved almost due west to a point 18 miles west of Baltimore. In the next ten years, from 1800 to 1810, it moved westward and slightly southward to a point about forty miles northwest by west of Washington.

During the ten years between 1890 and 1900 the "center" moved westward a little over 14 miles and southward a little less than three miles, and halted at a point six miles southeast of Columbus, Ind. This movement between 1890 and 1900 was the smallest in 100 years.

The "center" will have to travel something like 70 miles to get beyond the borders of Indiana this year.

Figures available show only five communities that have actually lost in population. Montgomery, Cal., has fallen from 2,506 to 1,789; Bonham county, Texas, has dropped from 5,042 to 4,400; Lamar county, Texas, from 48,627 to 46,544; in Wisconsin the village of Pine River has lost 65 of her population in ten years, and Madison county, Indiana, shows the greatest loss, falling from 70,470 to 65,224. These reductions come, it will be noted, either in rural districts marked out by counties or in small villages.

Uncle Sam Watching Aeroplane Men



THE experts in both the army and the navy are watching with keen interest the development of the heavier-than-air craft. While the officials are not willing to say much publicly about the possibilities of the use of airships in time of war, they are saying privately that the probability is that when the next great war comes the airship will play a more effective part than battleships, land batteries, or great masses of troops.

The prediction is freely made by army and navy officials in private that not a dollar will ever be spent in fortifying for the protection of the Panama canal. They have arrived at this conclusion because they think they foresee that within a few years the airship will be brought to a stage of perfection that will enable it quickly to destroy any fortifications that might be erected along the route of the canal.

Congress at the recent session declined to appropriate money for the fortification of the canal. No public reason for this failure to make an ap-

propriation was ever announced, but it is now pretty well understood that the experts in both the war and navy departments suggested that it would be well to defer action until the government understands better what to expect of the airship.

Officials in the army and navy departments are greatly impressed with the performance of Glenn Curtiss with his aeroplane at Atlantic City recently. Those performances were not under the auspices of either the war department or the navy department, but agents of each of the fighting arms were present, and were deeply impressed with what Curtiss was able to do. They have reported to their respective departments that from a height that would have protected him reasonably well from a fire directed at him from either land or water, he dropped small articles on boats and on objects on land with remarkable precision.

Some of the experts from the departments who saw the Curtiss performance came back firmly convinced that if he should come tomorrow the aeroplane would be able to do destructive work.

In spite of the possibilities presented by the rapid development of air craft, the United States government is really doing nothing toward taking advantage of the situation.

Coy Curls Are Coming in From China



VICE-CONSUL General Stuart J. Miller of Hongkong sheds light on a problem which has vexed the brain of man for many moons—where all the hair comes from which goes to make up the wide expanse of coiffure which adorns the head of woman.

Much as he would like to believe that all womankind has suddenly come into the secret possessed by the Seven Sutherland Sisters, detached wisps, curls and occasional plaits, to say nothing of startling variation in texture, has forced upon the most observant suspicion that she bedecks herself with a foreign product.

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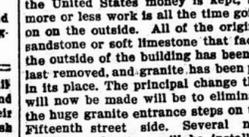
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Note how the price has soared. In 1907 hair was worth only about twenty-five cents a pound, wholesale, and we imported only 56,132 pounds of it, while in 1909 we brought in 445,723 pounds, with the price at something more than seventy cents. Such a rate of growth in face of so rapid an increase in price is almost unprecedented in other lines of commerce and is another illustration that woman wants what she wants when she wants it and is going to have it—expense be damned!

Our diplomatic representative leaves us in the dark as to what woman in China is doing for hair. If the trade keeps on, she will certainly be bald in course of time. He pays a compliment, however, to the genius of the Chinese artist by remarking that "Chinese hair is treated at home in various ways so as to match almost any texture desired," leaving us to conclude that the diversity of color not infrequently noted on the same head is due to lack of circumspection on the part of American women.

Overhauling the Treasury Building

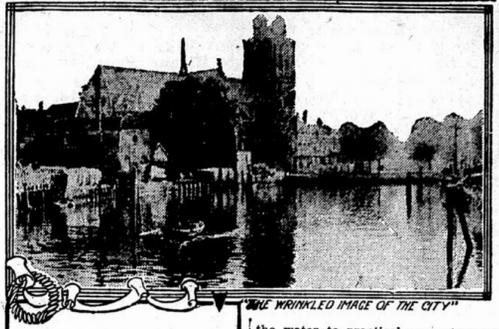


THE treasury building is undergoing another overhauling, which this time costs \$180,000. The renovators have been at work on the treasury building for a good many years. Not very much has been done to the inside of the great pile of masonry, where the United States money is kept, but more or less work is all the time going on on the outside. All of the original sandstone or soft limestone that faced the outside of the building has been removed, and granite has been put in its place. The principal change that will now be made will be to eliminate the huge granite entrance steps on the Fifteenth street side. Several new passenger elevators will be installed. Lockers will be furnished sufficient for a lot of the clerks; the money-handling divisions will be segregated on the ground floor; supplies will be shipped from the west entrance instead of the Fifteenth street; fireproof windows will be placed on the third floor, and a general overhauling of the bureau and division will be made to facilitate the work. The treasury department has

been seriously overcrowded for a number of years. One of the very first improvements was the elimination from the building of the branch printing office, with its combustible inks, oil, etc. With the great Fifteenth street steps removed, a fine entrance at grade will be provided for the employees, and a count will be kept of the people entering and leaving the building, which at the present time seems to be impossible. At the present time the employees are obliged to carry their clothing, hats, rubbers, umbrellas and everything of that character into their working rooms, so that lockers are imperative. It will certainly be \$180,000 mighty well expended, for in the present condition of the treasury department it is impossible to keep it clean or to run it on business-like methods with departments of the various bureaus widely separated, so that the chief of one of these spends most of his time traversing the corridors in his attempt to keep track of his clerks and of his work.

The treasury department has discontinued the coining of the \$2.50 gold pieces. There is an accumulation of approximately \$2,000,000 worth of them in the treasury vaults at the present time. Altogether \$5,000,000 of them have been coined, and there is little or no demand for them, so it is thought best not to make any more of them at the present time.

The WATERWAYS of HOLLAND



UNDER EVERY STITCH

the water to practical uses at every turn. We are shaded by tall trees that are set along either side of the road, and we know that the clamor of peace, where hurry and clamor would be unseemly. And yet in all this benign quietude there is nothing lethargic, for always with us are the great canals with their procession of life, quiet and slow, but resolute and unyielding. For variety and richness the English landscape is unapproachable, yet in this thing a contrast is not uninteresting. As we go through our highways and lanes and woodlands we shall find all the beauty and peace, but the one thing that we shall often miss is movement and life which is wholly in tune with the surroundings and is, so to speak, essential to the life of the nation as a whole. Trains may be this last, but they destroy the calm instead of emphasizing it. Motorcars are both discordant and inessential. A team on the ploughlands, a shepherd folding his sheep, a field of haymakers or reapers, only in these do we find the life that is in exact accord with the scene, and these we can only find at intervals. In Holland, on the other hand, in places the most remote from cities and the sound of markets and commerce, we find always the feeling of ecstacy and restfulness heightened and touched to a sense of vitality by the canals and their full-sailed barges.

To maintain their national independence, to assert their commercial supremacy, to resist the encroachment of foreign powers, the men of Holland have endured many wars and achieved great triumphs. The days of these stubborn struggles have gone, for Holland no longer has any pre-eminence to defend, no greedy assaults to repel. From centuries of strenuous effort she has drifted into a quietly prosperous peace, her people well content with the little which they never lack, and bearing with them a dignity and air of simple well-being which are the tokens of their ancestry. Yet, unconcerned as they may be with wars and rumors of wars in the world of men, they are still called to the daily exercise of the high courage of their race, for they have ever at their gates a foe never weary of attack, and they know well that the least relaxation of wariness will bring destruction. The peril of the sea at all seasons is a thing which no nation knows as well as Holland knows it. These men hold their hand and bring to rich cultivation the face of the great natural forces of the world. Their country lies below sea-level, and is preserved from ruin by great embankments thrown up round the coast and a vast system of canals which make a veritable network of the land.

Herein lies the secret of the Dutchman's greatness of character. He has had no opportunity of becoming cocky by security. The unceasing conflict with the sea has become knit up into the very fibers of the national spirit, and has given to it a strain of silent self-reliance that could have been born of no other cause. Silent for this warfare is not as the warfare of man with man, accompanied by the clash of arms and blare of trumpets—it is carried on from year to year in quietness against an enemy that may be repulsed but that can never be destroyed. It was by no mere chance that the country's hero was William the Silent.

The Dutch landscape reflects the national character. In a singularly vivid manner. Narrow roads set with small red bricks, trimly ordered gardens, the little carts drawn by dogs, the cottages with their little rows of burnished copper and brass pans and bowls set outside to sweeten in the sun, the poles erected to attract the storks at nesting time, the miniature windmills for domestic use, the people themselves in their bright blouses and aprons and white sabots, the scrupulous tidiness that prevails everywhere, all combine to make up the impression of a toy country where everything is well ordered and molten. Nowhere is the traveler brought up in sudden and breathless wonder before any gorgeous spectacle, nowhere awed by any sense of feverish activity. Desolation and grandeur are alike absent. A beggar is hardly ever seen, a ruin never. The absence of these and of all pomp of riches makes one forgetful of the inequality of things. And then in the midst of this pretty concern is the everlasting symbol of the Dutchman's strength—the sails.

There is nothing small about these. They are liberal and workmanlike, full of dignity. Greedy for every breath of wind, they bear the heavily laden barges, beautiful from water-line to masthead, down the great canals from sea to sea. They move with a measured dignity which deepens the sense of calm which is over the whole landscape, and adds to its pretty concern is the everlasting symbol of the Dutchman's strength—the sails.

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It is this innate suggestion of beauty and rightness in the canal life of the country that gives to the wonderful calm of the landscape its crowning glory. Flat pastures sweep out on all sides to a far horizon where lines and colors stand out with singular clearness and brilliance. Sleek black and white cattle are confined to their rightful meadows by smaller canals which serve as hedges, for the people have put their mastery over

the water to practical uses at every turn. We are shaded by tall trees that are set along either side of the road, and we know that the clamor of peace, where hurry and clamor would be unseemly. And yet in all this benign quietude there is nothing lethargic, for always with us are the great canals with their procession of life, quiet and slow, but resolute and unyielding. For variety and richness the English landscape is unapproachable, yet in this thing a contrast is not uninteresting. As we go through our highways and lanes and woodlands we shall find all the beauty and peace, but the one thing that we shall often miss is movement and life which is wholly in tune with the surroundings and is, so to speak, essential to the life of the nation as a whole. Trains may be this last, but they destroy the calm instead of emphasizing it. Motorcars are both discordant and inessential. A team on the ploughlands, a shepherd folding his sheep, a field of haymakers or reapers, only in these do we find the life that is in exact accord with the scene, and these we can only find at intervals. In Holland, on the other hand, in places the most remote from cities and the sound of markets and commerce, we find always the feeling of ecstacy and restfulness heightened and touched to a sense of vitality by the canals and their full-sailed barges.

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Uncle Called Odd and Even

Trough Dug in the Ground and a Content in the Throwing of Stones.

Two boys may play this game with pebbles, peach stones, plum stones, nuts or acorns. Make a tiny trough in the ground about four inches wide and six inches deep, but as long as desired. Then the players in turn stand about six feet away from the

trough. As each person takes his turn he picks up a handful of stones or whatever is being used for the game.

Each player uses from his own pile of 20 stones at the start of the game. The one to throw into the trough must not let the other player see how many stones he intends to use each time. The player not throwing must

guess whether or not the one throwing will toss an odd or even number of stones into the trough.

If the guesser says "odd" just as the player starts to throw and an odd number goes into the trough, the guesser takes all the stones which go in. If the guesser is wrong he gives to the thrower as many stones from his pile as went into the trough.

Before starting off the players agree on the number of throws each is to have. At the end of the game the person having the most stones or peb-

bles wins the game. The little children of Arabia like to play odd and even for they spend much of their time out in the sunshine and fresh air.

If ten players wish to take part in the game the long trough is marked off into five parts so two people may play at each section. At the end of the contest the two holding the most peach stones play each other to see who wins the final game. The peach stones won are always put back at the end of each game.

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Before starting off the players agree on the number of throws each is to have. At the end of the game the person having the most stones or peb-

bles wins the game. The little children of Arabia like to play odd and even for they spend much of their time out in the sunshine and fresh air.

If ten players wish to take part in the game the long trough is marked off into five parts so two people may play at each section. At the end of the contest the two holding the most peach stones play each other to see who wins the final game. The peach stones won are always put back at the end of each game.