The Speejacks, the first motor boat to sail around the world. She measures 98 feet long by 17 feet beam by 6 feet draft. She is shown here entering the harbour of Sydney, Australia.
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by Jeanne Bouchet Gowen  . . .  xi

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The Log of the Speejacks

From New York to Australia

BY

JEANNE BOUCHET GOWEN

I must go down to the seas again,
To the lonely sea and the sky.
And all that I ask is a tall gray ship
And a star to steer her by.

MASEFIELD.

Well enough do I remember when those words had
the power to thrill me. The anticipated, romantic pic-
ture which arose in my mind at the very thought of
guiding our own little boat through uncharted seas to
the music of phosphorescent waters!

I could visualize the glories of flying fish; the por-
poises running races with us, leaping out of the water,
laughing at us in the way porpoises have. I could
almost sense the fascination of the ocean’s hidden em-
prise.

I could think, and did, of the long days at sea; sunny,
quiet, dreamy, pleasant days, when we would steadily
glide along the wide and charming Pacific through
tropic islands, along coral reefs. There would be so
many days, so I thought, as I imagined out the whole
thing in advance, which could be devoted to pleasant
and improving pastimes—reading, writing, sewing.

Now the very thought of it makes me choke!
All that I long for is a fireplace, perfectly stationary scenery, a bathtub that remains level, food on dishes that stay put—and nice, dry clothes!

From an educational standpoint the trip was unquestionably wonderful. We saw things that are almost completely unknown, except to a very few venturesome persons—things that were beyond the realms of the ordinary imagination, things that certainly were beyond my own fancies. You see, there is always an ocean swell. Our boat, the good little Speejacks, was like a cork in a bathtub, and we were in the cork—bobbing up and down, backward, forward. In fact, it was on the occasion of the calmest of all calm seas we met with that my steamer chair upset most gracefully and most disconcertingly, depositing me plump on the deck. That fall left a scar on my left arm which I will wear through this life.

We soon learned to chain everything down, even ourselves. The only part steamer chairs ever played in our lives was when we were in port. We would unchain them then, give them a little airing—and take a chance of sitting on them.

For days, and even weeks, we were obliged to take our meals on deck, consuming them—not eating in the strict sense of that word—on the wing as it were. Keeping anything on a table, even the varnish, was utterly impossible. Our most active pastime came at meals; it was called “the pursuit of a bean.” You get a lot of amusement and exercise—until it gets monotonous—chasing your food that way. Many times our poor
cook was tried beyond all human endurance by having all the food roll off the stove at once, just as it was ready to be served.

I was the only woman on board the Speejacks. There were times when it was wisest for me to be absolutely deaf. When the food was lost from the cook's galley was one of those occasions. He finally invented a little system all his own for preventing trouble, possibly because he ran out of things to call the ocean. Everything he put on the stove was guided and secured by ropes. They could slide and glide and fall—but only to the limits of their ropes!

Lest you believe that I am ungrateful for all of the experiences I have had, it must be admitted that there are many experiences on the credit side of the book that stand out in memory—first visions of the wonder isles of the South Seas, more wonderful than fancy had pictured them; our trip into the interior of Fiji, under the guidance of a native prince, a man of remarkable culture and charm, where white persons were as scarce as ice skates. There were kangaroo hunts in Australia; there were New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, some of the few really unexplored, uncivilized lands left on the globe. The lands of cannibals, the head hunters—lands and hidden islets of ethereal and majestic and awful beauties.

There was Java, one of the real garden spots of the world. There was Bali, the island of beautiful women. Never heard of it that way? Neither had we, but we know it now, and have some photos to support the con-
tention. There was Ceylon, India, Arabia, Egypt, Greece, Italy, France, Spain—all, all bring memories in their wake, memories that are pleasant and happy, tenacious memories of things unusual, barbaric, weird, unbelievable, impossible. I can still hear the chilling-warming music of the midnight tom-toms, the low chants of the women at a "meke-meke." Bronze shining figures, clothed with leaves and tree bark, dance through my dreams, yes, pleasant dreams they are. They writhe in their terrible native dances and I can hear their unreal cries. There comes the staccato yelp of a war cry. The plumes of paradise birds wave in impossible moonlight, poisoned darts fly—and there's an exotic, barbarous million-year-ago feel about it all.

They are all confused impressions—the smell, the sights, the chills and thrills and dreads and the fears and joys. I am trying to clothe them in words.

For a year before we left on the trip we had made plans. The boat we actually went around the world in was the fifth Speejacks. The name was derived from a nickname Mr. Gowen had at Harvard. We did not build this boat especially for an around-the-world tour. It was after the boat was almost completed that we definitely decided to go. And then many changes had to be made. All of our pretty mahogany lockers and chests of drawers had to be replaced with red cedar to guard against mildew and moth. And—but hold!

Did I say that changes had to be made? The memory of them is something of a nightmare—quite apart from the terrific cost of them. From the profundity
of knowledge of persons who had "been there," we learned many things. Item, the boat must be lined on bottom with copper, else the torendo worm would eat into it after the manner of mice nibbling at cheese! (Business of frantically ordering a copper bottom lining.) Item, we must discard a gem of a tiny motor boat and an equally tiny sail boat for purposes of landing which we had installed on the Speejacks, for these would be useless: the only practical thing was a flat-bottomed fisherman's dory. Item, did we have machine guns for protection against possible attack by pirates or native savages? Of course we hadn't; and of course we had to install them, else be guilty of rashly endangering the lives of the whole party. Our wireless outfit was not of sufficient radius, we were informed, to pick up warnings by various governments to mariners on the high seas: and so it was taken out and a suitable one installed. We were informed that if we wished to preserve our motion pictures we should have to install a special compartment that would keep the film at a temperature not above 65 degrees Fahrenheit. We had to discard all our beautiful rugs and blankets in favour of matting and special woollen blankets that were impervious to mildew. The canvas awning on deck for protection against the tropical sun had to be taken down and shipped to Providence, R. I., to be given a treatment that would render it immune to mildew. And, incidentally, on the advice (or rather warning!) of One Who Knew, we installed two such coverings.

By the advice of the same kind friend we had our
lockers re-lined with red cedar in place of their white pine linings—this also being demanded as a protection for our clothing against moths and mildew. We expected, in all guilelessness, to be able to purchase things in remote islands with the currency of the particular nation which governed them. For this purpose a fair amount of currency of all the nations was accumulated. Before starting, however, we were given a primary lesson on the worthlessness of money *per se*. As a result of this essay in economics we were persuaded to lay in a store of trade tobacco for purposes of barter. And so forth. I say “we” had to do all these things—and of course you have rightly guessed that I mean Mr. Gowen.

And as if that were not enough for Atlas himself to shoulder, Mr. Gowen had to become—a medico, no less! Had it occurred to Mr. Gowen, in all the febrile activity of these preparations, the risk he was running in taking a party of ten persons on a trip lasting sixteen months, during most of which we would be out of touch with civilization—had the risk of not taking a doctor along occurred to him? Most decidedly it had not! And so he proceeded to acquire the rudiments of an acquaintance with the science of materia medica! For this purpose he procured, and perused, three or four of the best volumes he could find on the elusive art of getting and keeping well. And as a tribute to his medical omniscience, be it recorded that most of the ills that flesh was heir to on the trip were cured (or in any event, at least treated!) with castor oil!
NEW YORK TO AUSTRALIA xvii

How did we come to make the trip? We really talked ourselves into it. Both Mr. Gowen and I have always been very fond of the water. Mr. Gowen was rather tired out, the result of years of hard work. He wanted a long vacation away from business cares.

"Take a trip around the world!" his physician advised.

That was when we began to think about it. Everyone with whom we talked it over thought it was a wonderful idea—go around the world in our own boat. Their heartily expressed envy just helped convince us that we should go ahead and do it. The more we thought about it the more we were envied, the more we talked about it the more practical and possible it seemed. We would be modern Columbuses, seeking new worlds in our Speejacks. It was not until the week before we got under way that we began to realize how much interest our contemplated trip was arousing. We often wondered why others had never done it, but this, alas, we have ceased to wonder about. We know now.

Jamaica and Panama

The impression may have been gained that my dislike of the idea of a trip around the world in our ninety-eight-foot power boat includes the whole thing and everybody with us on that memorable voyage. If so, the idea should be corrected now. My whole distaste centres upon one thing—the schedule.

To go around the world, on big steamers or little, by camel back, by donkey, by automobile, by steam
train, or in a boat the size of our own Speejacks, is a pleasant thing, a wonderfully educating, broadening experience. I would do it again and again—gladly. But—and please mark this, any one who is contemplating such a tour of the world—it would not be on a schedule again—never!

No twenty-hour railroad train running between Chicago and New York ever operated on a closer, harsher schedule than did we. Our connections at home and in various civilized ports where we called had our complete itinerary.

They knew where we were due to be on certain marked days on the calendar. If we failed to appear at certain ports within a reasonable period of time an alarm would be raised, and the wireless of the world would search for us. That accounts for the two times we were reported "lost."

We were never lost. We were just in the ocean, or rather on it, bobbing along on our way in the Speejacks, a boat that appeared pretty big alongside of the pleasure-sailing craft of the seaboard or the Great Lakes, but seemed to grow smaller and smaller as we moved along into the great limitless Pacific Ocean; shrinking, contracting within itself, until it seemed to our imaginations that it would just squeeze into nothing with us inside of it.

We left New York on August 21, 1921. The first objective, after leaving New York behind, was Tahiti, by way of Miami and Jamaica, and through the Panama Canal. The first stops were made more for supplies—
gasoline especially—than for any other reason. We were anxious to get into the Pacific.

We all took watches—that is, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Ingraham, Mr. Gowen, and myself, took our trick at the wheel—primarily to give us some exercise, something to do; furthermore, because our crew was not large enough without some assistance from us. Mr. Gowen was nominally in charge. We always had a professional captain-navigator. The rest of us acted as mates. We never did decide who was the ranking mate, so the four of us equally claimed the title of first mate. It didn’t make any difference, anyhow, so the skipper let it go at that.

I did not always take a night watch. The rest of the officer staff was often kind enough to give me my two-hour watch in the daylight. I have had the sneaking idea that it was not 100 per cent. kindness; that maybe they thought I could steer better in daylight than in the black midnight; that they could sleep more securely with someone else at the wheel.

Possibly that’s an injustice. For the first day out we were as eager as a boatload of children would have been. We all wanted to steer the boat. By the time we reached Jamaica none of us was enthusiastic about taking the wheel. Our interest in piloting the boat died an untimely death—but we couldn’t give it up then. It was the millstone that hung on our necks for the rest of the trip, hung there and grew heavier.

Jamaica and its leading city, Kingston, have had so much written of them that I could hardly present any-
thing new. We were just started on our sixteen-month trip, anxious to be elsewhere, out into the Pacific, among the coral isles. Possibly impressions of Jamaica did not become so indelibly impressed as did those of the places yet to be visited.

Coming into the harbour of Kingston we had our first experience with jumping fish. The harbour was perfectly beautiful. Mr. Rogers wanted to take pictures and climbed up on top. Not wishing to miss anything I clambered up also. Mr. Gowen was gazing toward shore with the glasses.

Suddenly there was a hissing sound. A large fish was having his exercise and it jumped clear over the boat and almost felled Mr. Rogers and me in its flight.

We were all excited, never having seen such a thing before. The leap from the surface of the water was at least twelve feet high. Several times after that we saw fish leap out of the water for tremendous distances, but the personal reception given us by this one adventurous kingfish in Jamaica harbour was not repeated.

From Jamaica to Panama was the sort of rough trip that later became the regular thing. More of that travelling later. Through the canal was an absorbing experience, interesting. Government regulations require all craft to go through with pilots and most of them seemed to be Southerners, due to the Wilson administration, probably.

Through the seven locks, beginning with Gatun which has three immense drops, two at Pedro Miguel and three in Miraflores Lake, through Gaillard and
the famous Culebra Cut, a little less than twenty-eight miles, took ten hours.

We stopped a week at the city of Panama and were entertained by an alligator hunt. There were many enormous 'gators, some of them eighteen and twenty feet long. They would slide with startling abruptness from the banks into the water. We all took a few shots at them, but didn't land one. They are vulnerable in only one spot, in the centre part of the neck, on top.

Panama is the cleanest city I have ever seen, but after an experience I had there I am not surprised at that. Cleanliness is not merely something next to godliness there—it is law. Dr. G——, head of the public health service office, holds a sanitary court every morning for those accused of having violated some of his health and hygiene ordinances.

Across the Pacific to Takaroa

Our first entry into the Pacific was from the port of Balboa on September 29, 1921. We started early in the morning and anchored out a mile or so to load gasoline, etc.

We carried only 3,000 gallons of gasoline. The distance from Panama to Tahiti is 4,500 miles and as there are no gasoline filling stations in the Pacific it was necessary for us to be towed to within a few hundred miles of Tahiti.

While we were at our anchorage, a harness was put about the Speejacks, to which a tow rope was attached. It was the most enormous rope, I believe, ever braided!
The harness was attached to the tow rope, passed aboard the steamer Eastern Queen, which was to tow us.

There was a heavy sea the morning they adjusted our ropes. Six of their sailors boarded the Speejacks to help us, and five of these six hardy seamen became deathly seasick. Turning to my diary for September 30, I find this:

"Heavens, what a day! We stopped for an hour and a half. It was a wise precaution, because we had bounced all day. We have a new movement now, but it is far too jerky for a symphony: 1—2—3, jerk—1—2—3, jerk.

Every one on board looks questioningly at one another to see what the reaction to the jerk might be. To dwell for a moment on myself, I wish hereby to register a profound protest against towing! The protest comes from the very depth of my being where an internal uprising is being held. I only hope it will be settled before the mystic shores of Tahiti rise before us.

Little debates are being held in all portions of the boat as to how many days it will take us to reach our destination. The most favourable estimate I have been able to gather is twenty-four days; the majority believe it will take a longer period. However, they say Heaven looks after its own; I only hope there is someone among us in favour.

Continuing to quote from my diary, I find these notations:

October 2. The longest and worst day I believe I ever spent. It turned quite cool, which is a blessing. We have all put on heavier clothing. Not one of us is hitting on all four to-day. I have eaten nothing for two days and don't feel that I will ever eat again.

October 3. Still very cold, which is a most surprising thing, as we crossed the Equator about 6 o'clock this afternoon. It
has been a horrible day, rough and gruesome. We have not
dined in the saloon for two days, and I do not imagine we will
very often on this trip. The chairs are all strapped down and
we sit in the pilot house and juggle our food about.

At the start of our trip I had determined to keep
religiously a diary every day. There is a hiatus from
October 3 to October 20, the day before we landed at
Tiakea, the principal village of the island of Takaroa.
Nothing eventful had happened during this time. One
day followed another somewhat monotonously. We
were always in the centre of a gigantic saucer, the cir-
cumference of which was the distant horizon, swaying
constantly to the majestic roll of the Pacific. We did
not even become seasick—with the exception of two
members of the crew. And always the incessant 1-2--
3—jerk, 1—2—3—jerk, from the Eastern Queen ahead.
It was during this period that we were lost for the
first time—lost in the Pacific Ocean, but we didn’t
know it.

One night Jim Sterling, our wireless operator up to
Tahiti, during one of my few night watches, was asked
if he knew anything about the Speejacks, which was
reported lost off the coast of California.

He assured the anxious aerial inquirers that he had
some little information, being in the instrument house
of the Speejacks at that moment. The cook happened
to be in the pilot house—the wireless was in the same
place—at that time and called down to Bill, the steward.

“Bill, Bill,” he cried, “come up here a moment.”

Bill went rushing up only to hear this:
“Bill, you are dead, but you don’t know it!”

Regularly, regardless of weather, Mr. Gowen felt he must be optimistic for the sake of the morale of the party. So each morning he would come up beaming, with little remarks like this: “Well, well, calm as a mill pond to-day, isn’t it?” As most of us were nursing injuries there was no hearty response to this and we finally renamed the Pacific, “Gowen’s mill pond.”

We were twenty-two days out of sight of land and the day we cast off from the Eastern Queen was a happy one for us. We were very nearly out of fresh water.

Being a woman has some slight advantage after all. I was given two quarts of fresh water every day to bathe in and for drinking. The others had about a glass a day.

All of us were so tired that we decided to stop at Takaroa instead of pushing on immediately to Tahiti. We never regretted having done so. We landed there at 7 A. M., but land was sighted at 5:22 in the morning, which was a signal for all of us to rise. We were all in a palpitating state of excitement.

We anchored off a trading boat a little larger than the Speejacks. The captain of this boat was one of the most interesting men we met on the entire trip. He was a handsome man of about fifty, three fourths English and one fourth Tahitian. His father had been a very wealthy Englishman who had married a half-caste. He was the only man on the island who spoke English.

We had not been anchored ten minutes when there
were swarms of people—men, women, and children of all ages—who had come to see us. They were quite different from any people we had any of us ever seen before, more bronze in colour than anything else.

The women all had long black hair worn in braids and wore pareus, about a yard of gayly coloured material wrapped about them. The only boat any of them had ever seen was a trading vessel that comes there once or twice a year. One man on the island had been once to Papeete. That was a number of years ago, but the trip was still fresh in his mind.

We were officially invited by the chief of the island to a reception they were to give us in the afternoon. Captain B——, the commander of the boat to which we were anchored, interpreted for us. In the afternoon we went ashore and found everything decorated for the festive occasion. Three chairs, the total number on the island, were gayly ornamented with tiari blossoms, jasmine, and laurel wreaths.

Every man, woman, and child—as well as all the dogs, pigs, and chickens—were gathered together, sitting in a circle. The man who had been to Papeete was dressed in white trousers and leaves. The rest of them wore pareus. We sat in our chairs, as many of us as had them. The rest sat on the ground.

We beamed on them and they beamed on us, but nothing seemed to happen.

Finally the man who had been to Papeete rose and made a lot of gestures and did a lot of talking that seemed to appeal to his companions, for they laughed
uproariously; whereupon Mr. Gowen also rose and did a lot of talking.

There was a dead silence except for the barking of dogs, but our party, not to be outdone, also laughed long and earnestly at what Mr. Gowen said. His speech really ran something like this:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen!—Gosh, if there's anybody here who can understand English"—a very expansive gesture—"and if these people happen to be cannibals—good-night! Lend me your ears."

"It is not the good things that men do—no, that's not it—how does it go, anyhow? Anyhow, it's something about the good things living instead of the evil things. Let's start on something else"—several grand gestures—"how about Portia's address! It dropped like the—or is it falleth—like the gentle rain from Heaven to the place beneath. Any of you folks remember that? I remembered all of it before I started to make the speech. Four score and ten years ago—that reminds me, somebody got the bridge score all balled up this morning—Oh, thunder!"

The last was a very thunderous remark, as it should have been. It was impressive, and brought applause. Now and then Mr. Gowen would pause and in an aside to me say something like this:

"Jean, how long do you think I must keep this up? Laugh, you people, for heaven's sake. Don't sit there looking like funerals."

For two hours the islander and Mr. Gowen declaimed by turns. During all this time the women were edging
nearer and nearer to me, looking me over with great curiosity. Finally, one of them, bolder than the others, decided that she liked the sweater I was wearing tremendously.

She indicated this by pulling at it and making gestures signifying that she would like it for herself. Her meaning was unmistakable, but as she was easily about three times my size I could not see the necessity of giving it to her—besides, I liked the sweater myself.

Finally these festivities came to an end and we went back to the boat, every one of our hosts and hostesses following us. Some of them jumped into the water and swam around the boat. Others clung closely to our party as we clambered aboard the trader and across to our own craft.

What was our surprise when we got back to the boat to find a pig and a chicken strolling around the deck! They were among numerous presents that had been sent to us—panama hats, beads made of shells, corals, an enormous live turtle, and fruits of every description.

Our visitors were fascinated with everything about the boat, especially showing interest in the electric lights and the fans. Wherever they went about our floating home, these proved the most interesting to the islanders.

There is an automatic switch on the door opening into the lockers so that when the door is opened a light is turned on. When this was discovered by the natives they nearly wore the hinges from the door opening and shutting it.
They were like children with brand-new toys. At first they were frightened by the fans, but by degrees they grew accustomed to them and were highly diverted.

The principal product of the island of Takaroa is copra, dried coconut meat. Although there are all sorts of tropical fruits, the people live mostly on raw fish, taro, and yams.

When we left the place we took half the inhabitants of Takaroa with us, copra bugs, a silent army, which followed us until we bribed Bill with a new suit to get rid of them for us. Bill cleansed the boat very thoroughly of these tiny insect pests, but until he did we were besieged wherever we went aboard by thousands and thousands of them. They reminded us of little white ants, of which we had a profusion later.

The Speejacks really had never been used as a cattle ship and the presence of a pig and a chicken did not add to my joy.

The boys had nicknamed the chicken Dave and the pig Kooch, after part of the crew, and there is a deep tragedy in connection with that. No one knows whether they were murdered or committed suicide.

We were all aroused in the middle of the night by a series of grunts from Kooch, our gift pig. Two days later he was sighted floating on the surface of the water. We are still wondering why the sharks overlooked this dainty morsel.

When the native Takaroans discovered the absence of Kooch and no pork chops on our table they im-
mediately arrived at the conclusion that Kooch had deserted us, whereupon they proudly presented us with a hog three times as big, ten times as noisy, and one hundred times dirtier than Kooch. The cook butchered it ashore and we had fresh pork for a couple of weeks.

Mr. Gowen is very jealous of the finished portions of the boat, especially of the mahogany steering wheel, as beautiful a piece of marine work of its kind as I have ever seen.

Among the live-stock gifts of the Takaroans was a huge land crab, a Pacific island pest very destructive to coconut groves, its powerful claws biting into the young trees as deeply as would an axman’s stroke. This particular gift crab measured more than two feet across and had claws of steel. The natives handle these things with great ease, for they know how. The donor of this particular crab showed me how to hold it without danger to myself.

Quite proudly I walked into the pilot house announcing to Mr. Gowen and Mr. Rogers, who were there, that here was a new man to relieve them on their watches.

As I spoke the creature reached out with one of its powerful claws and gripped the wheel. As it reached with a strange and crackling sound, grabbing the wheel with a death grip, Mr. Gowen and the others fled, leaving me in possession of the crab, the pilot house, and the wheel.

It was extremely funny to me for a while, but when the crab refused to let go of the wheel and I did not
THE LOG OF THE SPEEJACKS

dare let go of the crab, because I knew or was pretty sure he would take hold of me with the same sort of a grip he had on the wheel, the situation lost its humorous charm. Finally, in desperation, I called to the grinning Takaroan, who had bestowed it upon me, to come and pry it loose.

He came obligingly, gently took hold of the crab, spoke a few soft words to it and it let go of the wheel. Whereupon he kindly offered it to me again, but this time I knew better than to take hold of it. It was the pet of the boat for three days. It was during those same three days that Mr. Gowen refused to speak to anybody on board because of the damage the crab had done to his mahogany wheel, damage which has been repaired since we came home—a severed spoke of mahogany replaced by one that almost matches. The crab finally joined Kooch in some mysterious manner.

Tahiti, Land of Living Bronze Statues

WE TARRIED four indolent days at Takaroa, two of them being spent in the interior of the island, which was easier to reach than might be imagined. We simply ran the Speejack into the interior—through a lagoon-like bay that almost split the island into two pieces.

The people gave boat races for us, sang and danced. In turn we took our Victrola ashore and played for them. It finally developed into quite a frolic. Mr. Rogers and I would dance and they would go mad with excitement.

Then they would dance, and we all danced together
—fox trots, one steps—the modern American dances as opposed to the ancient undulations of the Pacific. Such laughing and shouting you never heard. You wouldn’t dream it came from the throats of grown men and women, some of them grandmothers and grandfathers.

We danced on the sand and the only light was the moon, the flashes of torches, and our searchlight from the boat.

When we first flashed on the searchlight there were screaming and howling and the barking of dogs. We thought that at least someone had been killed, but it developed only that they were petrified by the searchlight and thought it a device of the devil. It was difficult to calm them.

Once during the evening there was a dog fight. We learned by unhappy experience that it was not an evidence of good judgment to interfere in native dog fights, as the respective families owning the dogs were shouting them on at the tops of their voices and could hardly be distinguished from the dogs.

These Pacific Islanders are all wonderful swimmers and the Takaroans gave demonstrations for us. All natives dive feet foremost—just jump in—and it surprised them immensely when we dived in head foremost. One man of fifty-five years stayed under water for one minute and twenty-two seconds.

During the pearl-diving season there is always great danger from sharks. They showed us their system of recognizing when a fellow diver is in a precarious posi-
tion. Two men always go in one boat and if there is any danger they tie a rag on the mast and then it is known that they need assistance.

One of them fell overboard in the demonstration and the cry rang out: "Te tepi," meaning man overboard, whereupon the other man jumped in after him.

Death by drowning is one of their greatest fears. There are no wild animals on their island; they are at peace with the world. While several boatloads of pearl divers were demonstrating their "te tepi" the principal actor of the demonstration, who had brought his family along, took the part of the drowned man. Among them was a boy about five years old. When the youngster heard the cry, "te tepi," he became hysterical. It was almost impossible to comfort him, even when the father returned to the boat and took him in his arms.

The native wife of the steamer captain had been eating American food cooked in American ways and served à la United States on board the Speejacks. She stood it for three meals and then asked permission to eat luncheon ashore. We saw her at that luncheon, consuming fish and shellfish raw.

On that occasion I tried it for the first time myself. Later on here and elsewhere, including the Fiji Islands, I ate still more strange foods—but more of those shudders later.

Capt. B——'s wife must have been very beautiful in her girlhood. She had long black hair that she wore hanging in gorgeous braids, and always decorated with
tiari blossoms. A tiari is something between our jasmine and gardenia and has the fragrance of both.

A wreath made of these blossoms is the most exquisite perfume imaginable. The aroma will linger a year in a dried blossom. Only the other day I parted regretfully with my last remnants of tiari blossoms.

While we were in the interior the Speejacks' quartette sang for the natives and we played our portable Victrola, the first they had ever seen or heard. At first they thought it was we who were singing for them. When they heard a woman's voice they would watch me and roar with laughter.

Finally I had to take them up to the thing and show them the records and even then they were amazed—and very apparently skeptical. Some of the popular songs the quartette rendered for them were received with great glee.

We found the people in the interior more than prepared to receive us. The men had made costumes of palm leaves and had wreaths on their hair made of leaves.

I admired a wreath that one of the dancers was wearing. He took it off of his head and gave it to me. It smelled horribly of coconut oil and perspiration, but he put it on my head and beamed on me so appreciatively that the amenities of the occasion demanded that I wear it the rest of the evening.

They danced for us; dances that were fairly fascinating. They were the most graceful things to watch I had ever seen. It was weird; almost unimaginable.
The boat anchored in the long lagoon, by which we had cut into the island, provided the only civilized illumination.

There was bright moonlight. The darkness under the palm trees of the background was picked out by the light of torches. Accompanied by the beating of the tom-toms with their weird droning "bom-bom—bom-bom-bom, bom-bom—bom-bom-bom," the three groups, into which they divided themselves, would set up their singing.

The men, women, and children sat in these three groups, each with a leader who played on the drum. When they asked us to dance, they were so eager that we could not refuse, but dancing the American fox trot in deep sand is not the easiest thing.

We fell often and lost the meter of the dance entirely, but the natives thought that was all a part of the programme—the best part.

The unpleasant two-day trip from Takaroa to Tahiti was more than compensated for by our first glimpse of the shores of Tahiti and Moorea. As we came into the harbour everybody was in a sort of awed quiet. It was in the middle of the afternoon, when people are having their siesta.

Everything closes in Tahiti in the afternoon. The stores open at 5:30 A. M. and the real commercial life is from 5:30 to 11 in the morning. Then there is a lull from 11 to 4.

But someone sighted the Speejacks. They could all see us, and by the time we came in the dock was crowded
with Tahitians and others. The boat listed from the weight of those who hung on the sides.

Coming through the channel to the harbour of Papeete, away off about thirty miles to the right, was the very sharply outlined silhouette of the island of Moorea, which in a way guards the entrance to Papeete harbour. Tahiti rises rather abruptly from its shore line where the town lies, rising and ever rising on billowy banks of palms until the green of the interior is lost in the clear blue of the sparkling sky above it.

Immediately upon docking at Papeete four of the most valuable members of our crew left us. This number included our captain-navigator, our wireless operator, and two others, who had been with us from New York. The engineer for the moment became captain as he did on other occasions when our navigating officers departed.

Word of our coming had preceded us at Papeete. We were showered with receptions and parties during all the time we were there. Norman Brander, one of the principal white men on the whole island of Tahiti commercially, owner of one of the most beautiful tropical estates I have seen anywhere, gave a Chinese dinner for us. It was our first real Chinese dinner—real even to the extent of eating some fifteen courses with chop sticks.

At the table were people of a dozen nationalities, while at other tables in the place there must have been even more races and nationalities represented.

French is the principal language of the island, but
you will find, if you care to search for it, almost any
civilized or uncivilized speech.

After the dinner we drove to Mr. Brander's estate, a
distance of three miles from Papeete. We were greeted
there by a group of Tahitian dancers, men and women
whom he had gathered from all parts of the island for
our benefit. A stringed instrument, strange to me but
on the order of a ukulele, was played by some of the
women dancers.

Men and women never dance together in any part
of the Pacific islands. The dancers here were clad
principally in smiles and flowers and many beautiful
girls were to be seen, all with very long black hair
reaching to their knees. The dancing kept up all
night and Mr. Brander told us that if he should give
them enough rum they would dance for two or three
days without stopping.

Several women would dance at a time, a dance some-
what similar to the Hawaiian hula-hula but much more
graceful.

The dances usually seen by European visitors are said
to be disgraceful and vulgar, but I am told, and I be-
lieve with truth, that the real Tahitian dancing, such as
we saw, is never either vulgar or disgraceful. Certainly
we saw nothing that could honestly be characterized
as aught but simply beautiful.

I think Tahitian women are as beautiful as any na-
tive women we have seen anywhere, not necessarily
those at Papeete, because they have tried to modernize
themselves and have ruined their natural charm with
imitations of our clothes, but in the actual island of Tahiti where most of the people look like bronze statues. All of them seem more like great smiling children than anything else. Most of them are of about medium height with soft, liquid brown eyes, clear skins with a tinge of red in the bronze, and sparkling white teeth.

They are all very affectionate and when they saw how interested we were in their dancing, endeavoured to show us the movement.

The dance is mostly gestures. They seem just to live in their dances, which apparently are interpretative of the "meke-meke" of those who squatted in the shadows playing the stringed instruments and singing.

Their music embraces a scale of little more than four notes. This, it might seem, would sound monotonous. On the contrary, I found it very pleasantly melodious. People who have lived on the islands for some time profess becoming bored with it, but I believe I could listen to their singing and watch their gestures and listen to the inevitable accompaniment of their stringed instruments forever, with increasing interest.

It seems in some curious way to belong to them. The interest in their faces never dies, no matter how long they continue singing. I loved these native entertainments so much that almost every night when we were on the island Mr. Brander entertained us in the same manner.

Mr. Brander, who is thoroughly English, a very highly cultured and delightful man, has a slight strain of Tahitian blood. He is very English until he hears
this Tahitian music, whereupon he becomes Tahitian. His eyes begin to sparkle and he cannot keep his feet still. So much may be said for the alleged ennui among those familiar with the music. He apparently never tires of it and never will.

There were other parties given by various residents in Papeete, all of them interesting and delightful, but the exhibitions of native dances as arranged by Mr. Brander stand out in memory above everything else connected with Tahiti.

One of the most beautiful customs of the country is that of wearing flowers in the hair. The first requisite of a party is wreaths of leaves for the men and of jasmine, tiari blossoms, and hibiscus for the women.

No party which we attended in all Tahiti given by either Europeans or natives was complete without the flowers. Even on the street all the men, women, and children were decorated with their favourite blossoms.

One of the native conceits is to the effect that if a man wears a tiari blossom over his left ear he is looking for a sweetheart; if he wears one over his right ear he is satisfied with the one he possesses; if he wears one over both ears he is quite satisfied—but wouldn’t mind having several others.

I may as well say that the members of our party were to be seen at all hours with flowers over both ears, which they hastily removed on sighting me in the distance.

The first day I was in Tahiti, Mr. Ingraham, Mr. Rogers, and I were strolling down the main thoroughfare. The first smiling Tahitian we encountered I
greeted by saying, "You're a nut." She bowed pleasantly and murmured something. Both boys were startled.

"Why, Jean," Mr. Ingraham said, "we will be put out of here if you begin calling people nuts. We have only been here a few hours."

But it soon developed that it is the polite greeting, "How do you do?" The actual words are phonetically, "Uranuh," with accent on the last syllable. But "You're a nut" won universal approval and always brought pleasant smiles.

Here is another one of the many entanglements of the island with which we came inadvertently into contact. This concerned a European gentleman who had been sojourning in Tahiti for some time.

He had come for a period of two weeks but became enamoured of a nut-brown maiden. His affection soon cooled while hers warmed. Every time he even thought of leaving—and he had begun to think seriously and frequently of it of late—the fair admirer threatened to shoot him.

He appealed to us to smuggle him away—then he disappeared. The last I heard was that he had left in the dead of night on a sailing boat which took him fifty-nine days to reach the next port. The two months at sea he seemed to prefer to the savage wooing of the Tahitian girl, the amorous sighs, the threats of sudden death.

My misunderstanding of the Tahitian language and the joyous sojourn ing of the other members of our party
—our extreme interest in everything that happened—must have made us a prime topic of conversation among the people of the island for months after we left.

Like everybody else there, I hung flowers across my shoulders, in my hair, wherever I could place them. Much to my surprise, every now and then some one would politely ask me what portion of the island I came from. This amused me somewhat until I discovered they thought I was an islander, or of Tahitian blood.

I then found a little perverse amusement in claiming various parts of the Pacific as my home. When asked such questions, however, I always admitted being of royal blood.

Everybody out here admits the same thing. They are like some of the American policemen who claim direct descent from old Celtic kings.

Before we left Tahiti it was necessary to fill up our depleted crew and acquire a new navigator-captain. Of the four we finally engaged all but one were dismissed at our next stop, including the captain we had so hopefully engaged.

He had to go because navigating any kind of a boat in the open sea and trying to drink all of the liquor made in the Pacific, plus a lot imported, do not jibe.

It was with deep regret that we left Tahiti and the many pleasant people we met there, the extreme beauty and barbaric charm of the natives, their music and their dances, but we were travelling around the world on a schedule.

We could not tarry. Samoa and the Fiji Islands
NEW YORK TO AUSTRALIA

beckoned. We were already two hours and twenty minutes behind our schedule and whether we liked it or not we had to speed out again into the Pacific.

_The Fire-Walkers of Fiji_

For months before we started on our great adventure, the living room of our house was turned into a map room—a veritable schoolroom.

The principal piece of furniture was a huge globe on a pedestal. One whole wall was taken up with maps and charts on rollers. We bought maps, begged and borrowed them, wherever we could find trace of them.

As we studied and pored over them, tracing our way across the great Pacific, here and there would be a dot or a whole splatter of little black dots, some named and some unnamed.

Now and then would appear a notation: “Unexplored,” “unfriendly natives,” “cannibals,” and so on. There were great romance and anticipation in placing our fingers upon these dots on the maps.

Now we were out in the middle of the Pacific sailing the sparsely charted ocean, right in the middle, physically, of these splatters of dots, and it was a wondrous temptation to steer straight for those marked on our maps as unfriendly, unexplored, and inhospitable.

Not far from Tahiti there were some of these intriguing dots on the ocean, but it was not until later, despite my appeals, that we visited any of them. We headed from Tahiti to Samoa, tarried there only a short time, then pressed on to the Fijis, which really proved to be
one of the strongest highlights in the whole log of the *Speejacks*.

The only thing I could remember about Fiji was an old popular song which pictured the natives as being barbarous; so it was quite a shock to discover that many of them had had better educations than some of us may have had and that they were conversant with such things as Wells's "Outline of History," the Oxford Book of English Verse, and various things that were hardly compatible with my idea of the savage Fijian. It is only those who live in Suva and Levuka, the principal cities of Fiji, who have acquired any degree of culture. The English have established schools there, and as the native is naturally quick-witted he has made the most of his opportunities. Of all occupations the native Fijian likes soldiering the best. He scorns domestic service, and labour in the field he does not favour. Nature has provided the Fijian with all that he requires by way of sustenance. Therefore he does not see why he should work. There are imported Indian coolies there to do the hard labour even as in Jamaica.

The Grand Pacific Hotel at Suva is a beautiful place, and very picturesque. All the employees are Fijians, who wear knee-length costumes of white with belts of red and gold. It is a great honour to a Fijian to work in hotels or banks or as a waiter; work which, strangely enough, they do not regard as menial.

The native costume of Fiji is a sulu and resembles the pareu very much, but in the interior of Fiji practi-
cally the only costume is a loin cloth. We were fortunate in having with us Jay Ingraham, our movie photographer, who had been to Fiji before and had many friends there. Through him we arranged to see the fire-walking. This was an exceptionally difficult thing to see, as our sight of it was the third time in twenty-two years it had been witnessed by outsiders. The last time previous to our visit was when the Prince of Wales was there.

Very few people, even those who have lived there all their lives, have seen this religious spectacle. I believe I am the only American woman and one of the few white women of any country ever to have seen it.

The fire-walkers are a small tribe who live in the island of Bequa. Their whole life is consecrated to this ceremonial. From childhood they are trained and prepared for it, only a small percentage of those who take the lifetime training being chosen for the ceremonies. They are, in some respects, comparable to the people of Oberammergau, whose lives are consecrated to the Passion Play.

The island of Bequa is twenty-four miles from Suva and it was arranged for us to witness the fire-walkers at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We were to bring no more than ten persons with us, in addition to our crew, and were to arrive early in the morning, so that we might see the whole thing in preparation.

We were greeted by the roko or chief of the tribe, and had with us Ratu Secuna, a native prince. It was there my first introduction to kava, a native drink,
took place. Kava tastes as dishwater looks, and is the most fiendish concoction I can imagine. It is made from the roots of the yagona tree and the preparation itself is a great ceremonial taken with the utmost seriousness. Kava is not intoxicating to the natives, but carries a deadly wallop for white-skinned consumers. Some foreigners have become quite fond of it. The natives are not permitted intoxicating liquors by British law, for it makes them just the opposite to their normally kind character. The only effect of kava on the natives is a sort of weak-kneed condition.

We had barely landed when we were led to a hut. The natives had learned of our coming, and for two days had been preparing the island for our arrival. The hut to which we were led belonged to the roko and was filled with flowers and leaves, fruit and native food. All the natives were dressed in coconut oil and leaves, and such an odour I have never known. The women of the island were still in the throes of preparation and we were met by all the men. Upon arriving at the roko's hut we were given mats to sit on, there being no chairs on the island.

We were told by the native prince, as we were first taken into the hut, not to be surprised at anything that might happen were we to refuse anything that might be given us to drink or fail to do anything we were told to do. The pledge, of course, was taken lightly enough by us. While we were still smiling in anticipation of whatever might happen following such a stupendous warning the ceremony of the day was actually begun
before we realized it. As we sat on the mats more than fifty natives, their brown bodies clothed in leaves and glistening with copious applications of coconut oil, came in and massed themselves on the floor facing us. Here and there among them was some apparently specially honoured one wearing a costume made of coconut tree bark, gorgeous in its colouring, upon which we were told the wearers had spent days in preparation.

After this mass of smelly humanity had been packed in before us, a huge man, apparently the high priest of the whole thing, came in majestically alone. In his hands he carried a wooden bowl about six feet in diameter, so large that even this huge man staggered under its weight. Carefully he deposited the bowl in the open space between the spectators and his assistants. Our smiles and giggles of anticipation faded suddenly, for upon the high priest’s entrance, the men who had preceded him became hideous, glaring savages in appearance. No longer was there anything smiling in their faces. Even the native prince, who had accompanied us and who sat on our side of the room, assumed this same portentous mask.

A chill crept into our very bones as the high priest suddenly leaped high into the air and clapped his hands, accompanied by a chorus of groans from those on the floor. With another shout the master of ceremonies leaped over the bowl. Twice he did this with strange and weird gestures of his hands and upper body. Two bearers then came into the room carrying all they could stagger under—huge bundles of yagona roots, which
apparently had gone through some preparation before this. These were solemnly placed in the bowl. The priest again assumed command of the situation by pouring a small quantity of some liquid, the nature of which we never learned—possibly it is one of the real mysteries of their ceremonial—over the roots in the bowl, a small quantity at a time. After each pouring the urns would be refilled by attendants, while the high priest with his unwashed hands would knead the mess, groaning and grunting abysmally as he did so.

Finally, after many repetitions of this process, the bowl was filled. It had taken him almost an hour, and the culmination of his efforts was a bowl filled with a thick, muddy-appearing substance. Then to each of us spectators the priest gave half a coconut shell, and I noticed that to me had been given the smallest of them all. As each was given one of these shell cups there would be a groan from the chorus. The prince at this moment whispered to us that we must do as we were commanded, otherwise a social error would be committed. This was more easily promised than actually accomplished, for the priest dipped into the mysterious brew and filled the cup which Mr. Gowen held. He was told to drink the stuff and then spin the coconut shell on its point, that it must be drunk without stopping and that the longer the cup would spin the greater would he thus give evidence of his appreciation of the island’s hospitality.

It was one of the really tense moments of my life, but Mr. Gowen drank the stuff in one gulp and the spin
he gave the cup was wonderful. There was a low moan begun as he started to drink, which gradually rose in volume until it reached a marrow-chilling sound, culminating when the cup stopped spinning into a mighty shout from them all, which caused all of us honestly to jump completely out of our skins. You may think that cannot be done, but we have done it.

I was next!

Into my cup was poured a ladle of the evil-smelling stuff, which I later learned was kava. Possibly I looked piteous, for the priest did not quite fill my cup. The chorus of moans began as I lifted my cup, said the only prayer I knew, and took a deep breath. Somehow, despite my knowledge of the preparation of the stuff, I swallowed it and somehow my hands remained steady enough to make that idiotic little coconut shell spin on its point. Again the moan rose to a shout and again I jumped out of my skin.

Everybody else in our party went through the same ordeal while I sat nauseated and wondering if I could keep my potion down. I did. We were then conducted outside the hut to gaze on the preparation for the fire-walking. An enormous circular hole, approximately twenty feet in diameter and half as deep, had been dug in the earth. It had been filled with fuel wood and covered over in a heap with stones. The débris under the stones had been fired and fed for twenty-four hours before, so that the stones were at a white heat.

Six men played the principal part in the ceremony
that followed. All six became animated at once. First one, then another, would walk out near this blazing inferno, reaching down with bare hands and pulling out blazing fagots until the bed of rock was level with the ground. The heat from the stones was so intense that our party of spectators could not stand within twenty feet of it. But while the men were levelling down the stones, two of them came to me and through our interpreter told me seriously and simply that if I were to take their hands they would lead me over the stones without injury. I got quite close to the stones, but Mr. Gowen would not permit the fire-walkers to lead me across. I believe I could have walked across those stones without being burned; at least that impression was given me by the two very sincere men who offered to take me there.

The actual ceremony, of which all our previous day had been but preliminary, began then and it lasted only two minutes. During these two minutes the surrounding natives yelled and chanted and played on tom-toms while the performers did a sort of dance, a very slow dance, walking over the stones. After it was over the only disturbance that we noticed was their breathing. Every breath would come in gasps, but their bodies, their hands, their feet, were not only unburned but unsinged.

Scientists from every country in the world have tried to solve this, not only in Fiji, but in India, where a similar ceremonial—also of a religious nature—is practised, but no one has ever been able to arrive at a logical
explanation. The natural assumption is that they put some sort of preparation on their skin which prevents burning, but if this were done, it seems impossible that it would remain on the soles of their feet, for we saw them walking about for hours before they came to the culminating ceremony. We made photographs and moving pictures of the entire ceremony, and especially of the feet of the participants. Not a blister is seen on any of them.

Into the Interior of Fiji

Suva, the capital of Fiji, is the Mecca of tourists from Australia and New Zealand. Ocean liners from these places stop once a week going to and from Australia, New Zealand, and America.

But it is rare for a tourist to go inland in Fiji. One reason is that of the difficulty of getting into the interior. Fiji, which is really a mass of between two and three hundred islands, is divided into two principal groups—Viti Levu (Great Fiji), and Vanua Levu (Smaller Fiji).

The larger islands are mountains rising to heights of more than 4,000 feet. Nearly all are clothed from base to summit in a mantle of verdant green, while the valleys are covered with magnificent tropical flora, rich and abundant in variety.

It is an exceedingly well-watered country. The Rewa River, which drains the eastern part of Viti Levu, is navigable for vessels of light draught for more than fifty miles.
THE LOG OF THE SPEEJACKS

We were very anxious to see something of the real Fiji, and so when a trip was outlined to us we were delighted. It was arranged to travel in the Speejacks, first to Levuka, the old capital of Fiji, beautifully situated some forty or fifty miles from Suva, the background of the town being an amphitheatre of steep, green-clad hills.

Our next objective was the small island of Bau, where we were the guests of Ratu Eppeli, the roko or king of Bau, a son of Thakambau. Bau means "evil."

When the missionaries and white traders arrived in Fiji in the early part of the last century they found cannibalism so rampant that the group was for years known as the "Cannibal Islands." This state of affairs continued until Fiji passed into British control, which happened about 1875.

There were many fiendish and barbarous customs the British were called upon to abolish, customs equally as barbaric as cannibalism.

For instance, one custom, somewhat similar to Hindu widow-burning, was to slaughter the wives of a chief at his death and bury them with him. This, however, was discontinued during the time of Thakambau, who was eventually persuaded to prohibit any more sacrifices of that description.

The conduct of all savages is governed absolutely by tribal custom, and because the Fijians had customs of this kind it does not follow they are of cruel and pitiless disposition.
NEW YORK TO AUSTRALIA

On the contrary, they are kind, cheerful, honest, and good-natured. Certainly they disburse the very essence of hospitality, and their children are idolized to such an extent that they tyrannize the household.

Notwithstanding this decree of Thakambau, afterward upon the death of his own father, Tanoa, he allowed the wives to be sacrificed simply because, like all of us, he was compelled to defer to public opinion.

Those most interested—namely, the wives themselves—upbraided him in the most violent manner, and threatened to kill themselves if they were not at once sacrificed so that they might join their lord and master in the other world to which he had preceded them.

The average savage Fijian, appearing, from a physical standpoint, to be a marvellous specimen of manhood, is mentally on a par with a civilized child of ten—he is ever-changeful, unreliable, capricious, and a slave to passions.

The island of Bau is about two miles in circumference, and on account of its associations with some of the most strenuous periods of Fijian history, it held intense interest for us.

It was from the island of Bau that the celebrated tribe, which was headed by Tanoa, himself a man of remarkable military genius and a leader of men, embarked on its campaign of conquest. It was here the renowned Thakambau, a Fijian Napoleon, was born and brought up by his war-like father and, "like sire like son," proved himself to be in every respect worthy of his illustrious progenitor.
On this island were celebrated his victories over the powerful rival chiefs, which brought virtually the whole group under his dominion and sway. Here the sanguinary war god was honoured with orgies of anthropophagi for vouchsafing victory; to such an extent, in fact, that the word Fiji became synonymous with cannibalism.

It was arranged that Ratu Eppeli should be our companion and guide on a trip far into the interior of Fiji such as few people have ever made. We were to leave the Speejacks at this point to return to Suva; we ourselves to return by gradual process, on foot, on horseback, and by "takias" or native canoes.

In our party, in addition to Messrs. Gowen, Ingraham, and Rogers, was an English gentleman, James Davis, head of one of the leading firms of Suva, a resident of Fiji for many years. Mr. Davis probably had as good an understanding of the natives as any white man in Fiji and spoke their language fluently. Accompanying him was his daughter, Rea, a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl who would be a companion for me.

We were met by Ratu Eppeli, who escorted us up to his home, ideally located on the summit of a hill.

As we sat on the veranda of the roko's house, overlooking the tranquil and crystal sea, listening to the Fijian worshippers at their evening services, lifting up their voices in praise and adoration to the Prince of Peace, it was almost impossible to realize that just a few short years before bloodshed and slaughter were the order of the day among the inhabitants of the same
small isle, while a cannibalistic orgy was the prevailing celebration of a victory over their mainland enemies.

Ratu Eppeli had sent messages ahead to the various villages by bush telegraph of our coming. Bush telegraph is the universal means of communication in all the islands of the Pacific. Men called runners circulate all news and these runners were a source of undying astonishment to me. They could go faster than horses through virgin bush, swimming where there were no bridges and always seeming to arrive at their destinations far in advance of us.

We were to begin our trip at dawn the following morning, going by horseback the first twenty or thirty miles. But on the day of our arrival came the worst tropical storm I have ever witnessed. Unless one has actually experienced a tropical storm it is difficult to visualize it. There is usually no warning; the sun perhaps is shining, suddenly the rain comes in torrents with the most tremendous floods of water. Just as suddenly these storms cease.

Ratu Eppeli told us it would be extremely hazardous to venture forth the following day. We were to go over many dangerous passes and ford many streams and to travel in takias through rapids, and after such an unusually heavy rain storm he told us it would be too dangerous to risk going at once. Therefore he urged us to remain in his house as his guests until such time as it was safe to begin our journey.

He was very much upset by the presence of Rea and myself; he felt a great deal of trepidation in our going,
but I finally managed to calm him by calling his attention to the fact that I had then travelled a goodly distance in the *Speejacks*, which was not exactly without its dangerous aspect, and if the men could go we, too, could risk it.

He was very reluctant, assuring me I did not appreciate just what I was bargaining for, and it later developed he told the bitter truth. Nevertheless, even with the memory of the many incidents of that journey fresh in my mind, I certainly would go again.

Our few days of enforced sojourn with Ratu Eppeli proved to be anything but boresome. We were living in a more primitive fashion than was our habit, though Ratu Eppeli’s home is more European than native.

Rea and I were given a room to ourselves, a room which, strangely enough, contained a mirror and a couple of chairs. There were hardwood floors in Ratu Eppeli’s home, about the hardest wood I encountered anywhere. I had every opportunity of testing them, for we slept on the floor!

We were given wooden head-rests for pillows, such as the Japanese use, but after trying mine out I decided to dispense with that little convenience. Part of our baggage was a mosquito netting which we carried with us, but the room was already equipped with one which hung from the ceiling, so we used our net for pillows.

Shortly before we retired to our downy couches Mr. Davis had been regaling us with the story of a fugitive from justice who had been apprehended by measuring the impressions he had made in his bed the night before.
As Rea and I laid ourselves down on the hard floor we both felt we would never be apprehended by any one if they depended on the impression we were making in ours.

Ratu Eppeli was a delightful man, educated at Oxford and possessing a keen sense of humour. He had travelled extensively, but always does he return to his native mode of living because of several reasons: First, because his prestige as a roko would die if he adopted European habits, and secondly, because he told me he was really happier living as his people have always lived.

He was a perfect host and was very anxious that our visit be an agreeable one. Food was quite a problem; the first day we had much the same things we might have had on the Speejacks, and there were several tins of canned food which he sent for, but the second day presented a problem. We had consumed all the European food on the island. It was necessary, therefore, to eat à la Fijian if we wanted to eat at all.

I am convinced that the male members of our party have cast-iron stomachs. I swear they could eat anything and everything.

We dined on divers dishes, raw fish, bread fruit, roast dog, yams, taro, and the men ate heartily of everything, apparently with relish. Rea and I seemed to mislay our appetites. As a matter of fact, I came as near choking on that trip as I ever want to come. Our host noticed we were not exactly gorging; finally, he was attacked by a brilliant thought.
"Have you ever eaten snake, Mrs. Gowen?" he exclaimed suddenly.

At the moment I was religiously endeavouring to secrete what I thought was a shark's toe. I dropped it suddenly, thinking it in all probability a snake.

"I don't seem to remember having had any," I answered with a strange sinking in the region of my stomach.

"You'll have one—a broiled snake is simply wonderful," he said enthusiastically, and called his boy forthwith.

Drawing a long breath, and trying to remember I was a guest, I endeavoured to explain to Ratu Eppeli, without offending him, that I felt my life would be just as happy and just as complete and in all probability a great deal lengthier without the delicacy of a broiled snake.

I tried to explain that my interior was probably constructed a little differently than his, and would, I felt sure, voice a violent protest the moment a broiled snake appeared.

The gallant members of our own party then felt called upon to speak and, ignoring my warning glares and kicks, urged the roko to produce a snake at our next repast. It was then I distinctly saw the pictured visage of Thakambau, who hung directly above my seat at the table, smile ironically at me.

Sure enough, our next meal brought the promised snake. Rea behaved much worse than I did and positively refused her portion. I shall have to admit that,
while my admiration for Ratu Eppeli is still great, certainly I experienced a decidedly different feeling at that moment. My advice to the populace of America is not to eat snakes, broiled or otherwise. I ate it.

Aside from a few little incidents of this kind, our visit was wonderfully interesting and great fun.

The morning we left the roko's home the sun was shining and the day was beautiful. We were all given horses and our baggage was sent ahead by native runners.

It was still slippery from the heavy rains of the preceding days and it was necessary to ride very slowly. We found one or two bridges of very primitive construction and at each bridge we all had to dismount and lead our horses. Twice my horse got stuck between the boards of a poorly constructed bridge.

Many times we forded streams on our horses' backs. We rode a good many miles before reaching the winding Buka River, the most picturesque river in the world, I believe. At this point we were to go by takia for several hundred miles, stopping at various villages on the way. Runners were there ahead of us and had already piled our baggage in one takia.

Ratu Eppeli sat on top of the baggage. The only thing he took with him was his umbrella, an invaluable accessory to a native. The hallmark of a Fijian gentleman is his umbrella, which he uses to preserve his hair from the ravages of rain and sun.

Boarding a takia, or native canoe, is a very precarious experience. A takia is made from the trunk of a tree.
A seat is constructed of bamboo, which balances on the side. There is only one way of sitting in this boat—that is by boarding it with the greatest care and never moving once you are seated.

Rea and I made many false starts, upsetting a few times, to the great amusement of the natives, and finally managed a fairly firm seat. We were to travel a distance of several miles before reaching the first village, where we were to remain overnight.

There were three takias; Rea and I in one with several native servants and the men of our party in another, and Ratu Eppeli and some of his servants in another. The boats were propelled by poles, and we were warned to remain as still as possible if we did not want to upset.

Every few moments brought dangerous rapids and it was the greatest fun in the world to run them. Ratu Eppeli went in the first boat. We suddenly heard great shouting and looked ahead to see Ratu Eppeli apparently just sitting on top of the water. His canoe had upset and his natives had jumped overboard trying to straighten the boat.

Ratu Eppeli, who felt not the least concern in the world at this episode, was propped up on our baggage, which was under water, holding the umbrella over his head and beaming amiably at us. He was not at all concerned that the only dry clothes we possessed were becoming sodden, but was highly amused at the whole incident.

Soon it began to rain in torrents. The natives covered Rea and me with banana leaves. Banana leaves
are as big as we and at first we thought they would be adequate protection from the vicissitudes of all weather, but we soon learned our error.

The rain beat heavily, tearing the leaves to shreds, soaking us to the skin. Rea and I both tried to enthuse about this unique experience, but we were slightly fatigued from not having slept for three nights and from riding twenty miles on horses, fording streams, and upsetting in canoes.

By this time our smiles were not as spontaneous as they might have been. We were glad to be riding alone. We knew we could commiserate with each other and each time the canoe containing our men passed us we smiled gayly upon them and told them what an excellent time we were having.

Unfortunately our canoe was propelled by such earnest polers that we preceded the rest of our party by several miles and arrived at our destination two hours ahead of the others. Rea, unlike her father, could not speak Fijian, so while we would have preferred to remain in the canoe, soaked though we were, we were landed, whether or no.

All Fijian villages seem to be located at the tops of hills. At this moment I was innocent of the fact. Contrary to our expectations, we were not met by the villagers. It afterward developed that the villagers had prepared for us three days before, had prepared huge banquets, had watched for us daily. When we did not come they ate the feasts themselves.

Not knowing this, Rea and I decided to ascend to the
village. It was then very dark and we stumbled and fell as we tried to make our way up the steep hill. Each of us reminded the other of how anxious we had been to go, but we were stiff and tired and wet and memory was failing us.

Finally we were petrified by seeing a flickering light coming toward us. Rea thought it was a wild animal with eyes that were flashing and started to run back down the hill, shouting, "Daddy, daddy!"

I retrieved her, although feeling none too brave myself. The light approached faster and it was found to be only a torch carried by a native. The native was delighted to see us, but we did not feel the same intense joy at seeing him. He was very dark and very large and seemed altogether too friendly.

All Rea could remember to say in Fijian was "marama marama," which means "good woman" and did not seem to convey any great meaning to him. He may have thought that we were telling him we were good women; I don't know. Anyway, he started ahead and we behind.

He talked the whole way in Fijian; we talked English, and altogether we had a very enjoyable conversation. We had no idea where we were going but, as Rea said, we could not possibly be much worse off than we were.

After many windings and turnings, which so completely befuddled us that we did not know north from morning, we finally reached the darkest hut in the whole place.
There was a lantern inside which flickered dimly and two women, greased with coconut oil, were sitting on mats on the ground of the hut. Our guide pushed us inside.

The women looked at us with a great deal of interest, but did not approach us. Rea said "marama marama" to them and said it with an inflection which she intended to mean, "How do you do?"

We were very much soiled and wanted water to wash with, but had no idea how to ask for it. We stood over the women making gestures, pretending to pour things, everything on earth we could think of that would suggest water to them but they stared blankly at us, thinking, I suppose, how singularly half-witted white women were.

We had carried with us a small bag belonging to Rea containing some pyjamas. No one but the women being about, we decided to undress and do some exercises so that we would not be stiff the next day.

In the midst of our preparation we were disturbed by hearing cautious footsteps outside the hut. As our eyes grew accustomed to the light, we discovered that hundreds of the natives were gathering just outside, watching us. We learned later that the official, who functions as a sort of village crier, had gone about noising the news that two strange white women were in So-and-So's hut and that everybody was invited.

Apparently they all accepted the invitation. We tried to hide behind each other or behind the native women, who were there with us, whereupon the natives
outside, thinking, I suppose, that we were playing hide and seek, did likewise. They saw us going through our calisthenics, and like the monkeys they appeared to be on many occasions, they mimicked us again.

They were having the time of their lives, but it was not so much fun for us when we were compelled to put on the clothes we had taken off. We never tried to undress subsequently, and for ten days we wore the same clothes night and day, drying them on us when we were caught in rain or turned over in the river.

Rea finally recollected a few more Fijian words, one of them “vinaka vinaka,” which means “very good,” and the other “Bulu lekaleka marau,” which means “short life but a gay one,” and that did not seem to be of any help to us, although we kept murmuring “vinaka vinaka” every time any one looked at us.

Finally it occurred to them that we might be hungry. We were starving, but when they brought in a half-roasted pig with the head and tail attached, it was the last straw for poor Rea.

She burst into tears and said: “I can’t eat that, and I am so hungry I could die.” She had eaten less than I had in the last three days and I had not eaten enough to keep a fish alive.

Before I left America there had been lots of hunger strikers who had lived lengthy periods without food, according to newspaper reports. I confided these glad tidings to Rea and tried to buoy her up, telling her that we could probably go on ten more days without eating. She did not seem encouraged and said that, although
she did not know about me, she was a growing girl and needed regular food in large quantities.

That did not solve the problem of what we were to do about the pig, because I had been warned not to make light of any hospitality shown me. I tried to make signs that I had just dined, pointing to my stomach, shaking my head, everything that I thought would convey the impression of a crowded stomach.

The people looked a little discouraged, but did not press the pig upon us, leaving it on tempting display. Rea kept saying to me: “I wish they would remove that animal. It does not add to my comfort.”

After an interminable period the men arrived. Rea told her father how hungry we were, but I do not seem to remember any sympathy coming from anybody. They told us if we were hungry there was beautiful pork within our grasp.

They all ate heartily of it themselves and have never been able to see to this day why we could not eat half-raw pig.

It was after 11 before our hut was cleared of people and we were told to compose ourselves for the night. We were to sleep on mats on the ground, which at first we thought would be a great improvement over Ratu Eppeli’s hardwood floors. We were given special sleeping mats and headdress.

All would have gone well if Rea had not suddenly bethought herself and told me to be careful where I put my head, because all these people have—well, you have seen monkeys in cages picking fleas from each other.
The Fijian villagers have wonderful hair, as I have said before, heads of hair that in 90 per cent. of cases are populous little jungles in themselves. This thought disturbed me somewhat.

Also there was a lantern still left burning. Upon inquiry it developed the reason was to keep away rats which come into action at night. This thought was so disturbing that I decided I was not very tired after all, and we passed the fourth consecutive sleepless night.

The Fijian idea of hospitality at night is to keep the guest company when he sleeps. As many villagers as the hut could hold, mostly women, came in to perform the rite. They slept audibly. We did not.

It afterward developed that the Speejacks men had more pleasant nights in their experience, too. Mr. Gowen is a very light sleeper under the most favourable conditions. The next morning when I saw him his upper lip and the left side of his chin were swollen to tremendous proportions.

I asked him, of course, what had happened to him. He was disgusted. When the men of the party had settled themselves into a hut near ours all went to sleep but he. The usual lantern was left burning in their hut, which disturbed him, for he could not sleep with the light in the room.

Accordingly, after the other men were asleep he cautiously turned out the light, not knowing that it was there and burning for the purpose of keeping away insects and rodents. His swollen face, one of the tragedies of the trip, was caused by rat bites.
That was not all of his ghastly experiences for, roosting above him without his knowledge, was an epileptic chicken which apparently threw a fit during the night and fell on him, a fluttering mass of squawking feathers, which just about ruined all the nerves he had left.

We were theoretically awakened in the morning by some native war cries. Rea said she had felt right along that we would be attacked.

Rushing to the door of the hut, we saw in the distance all the "wild men of Borneo" approaching, brandishing what appeared to be swords, yowling and playing tom-toms. It was merely a meke-meke, a pre-breakfast dance, but how were we to know that? It is not exactly the alarm clock most acceptable to one of civilized tendencies.

Our procedure for ten days was along the same lines. At each village where we disembarked we climbed high hills. The temperature was always about 150 in the shade. Perspiring brows, dirty clothes, aching muscles, crying voids in place of stomachs was our lot.

At each village we were led to the chief's hut, where we were given kava. We drank fully two quarts of kava a day, ate no food, gazed on greased natives performing weird dances, and were gazed upon and examined in turn. Crowds of villagers followed us everywhere we went. Our party increased regularly.

Women and men held our hands and stroked us and each time they approached us we felt convinced they were thinking about what choice morsels we would be to consume. We finally reached a point where we felt
it would be better to be consumed than not to have anything to consume ourselves.

After ten days of this happy sojourning we returned to Suva in time to take much-needed baths and prepare ourselves for a royal repast that evening. Ratu Eppeli was our host once more, but this time we were to have European food.

The last straw was added when we reached the dining room. A strange figure greeted us. It was Ratu Eppeli beautifully dressed in a tuxedo, hard-boiled shirt, black tie, waistcoat, but no sign of trousers—his huge, bare brown legs, unshod, below the formal coat so fascinated me that my intended repast was ruined.

_A Dangerous Voyage to the Land of the Boomerang_

Christmas Day, 1921, found us celebrating under somewhat different conditions than we were familiar with at home. The temperature was around 90 degrees; there were several of the usual torrential tropic rains, but possibly to help us the better to celebrate the day they were not so many nor so heavy as usual at this time.

Most of the day was spent quietly on board the Speejacks, where we had our Christmas dinner, the artistic culinary crown of that being a huge chocolate cake which Bill Soulby, the steward, and our Belgian cook, Bert, had baked.

It had “Merry Christmas” written in sugary letters on the icing, and I had really hated cutting into it, the two men had put so much time into its construction and decoration.
NEW YORK TO AUSTRALIA

The boat was decorated with leaves and tropical things. No holly was available. We further maintained the Christmas atmosphere by an exchange of gifts—little things which we were able to pick up in Suva at the native shops or purchase direct from the Fijians.

I made each of the men handkerchiefs and they professed to be very much pleased with them. They stowed them away and never used them, which may be taken as an indication of their truly colossal appreciation.

There was scarcely anything in Fiji that could be purchased for Christmas presents, so the things we did wrap up very carefully and distribute were more or less humorous in character.

The Speejacks was tied up at dock in Suva, but we were never lonesome. Being so close to the centre of things, generally, our actions on board the boat were about as private as the life of a canary bird.

When we ate our Christmas dinner we let down the shades on the town side, but that did not keep the curiosity-laden natives from watching us at dinner, seeing everything we put into our mouths. They lay on their stomachs on the pier and peeped under the shades!

As each dish of our dinner was brought to the table we could hear poorly suppressed groans of amazement and curiosity from the other side of the shades. Now and then we could hear the expression of “vinaka vinaka,” which means “very good,” an expression used on all occasions where such words will fit.
There was quite a "vinaka" chorus when Bill and Bert very proudly brought in their prize cake.

For music with our meals we had our Victrola going on the upper deck, engineered by a mightily pleased Fijian. I had bribed him with a stick of trade tobacco to stand there and grind it and change records for most of the afternoon.

We had been away from home now a little more than four months. Consequently, when, on the day after Christmas, two huge packages of mail caught up with us there was little else thought of for that day.

Great excitement reigned throughout the boat. Mr. Gowen very seriously tried to be postmaster by taking both packages to the saloon, where he sat like a king on a throne with the intention of passing it out to us piece by piece as he read the addresses; but we were too anxious for our mail to permit this deliberation on his part, each of us reaching and grabbing a handful, no matter to whom it was addressed.

The consequence was that our anxiety and eagerness caused us to take double the time distributing the mail than would have been the case otherwise. Our most welcome piece of mail was an enormous box of candy, the first we had had since leaving home.

The candy was from friends in Chicago, who were with us in spirit all the way of the trip, boxes of candy from them here and there in our mail materializing this good will of theirs.

I divided the candy evenly, each of us, including the crew, receiving seven pieces. It was our first candy in
NEW YORK TO AUSTRALIA

four months. The boys would bribe one another with cigarettes for a certain kind of candy which they liked the best.

It was almost pathetic to see Mr. Rogers bribing Mr. Ingraham for a gumdrop held temptingly within his vision. He almost offered to sell his soul several times on the trip for a chocolate nougat.

We had planned to sail on December 30 for New Zealand and Australia. The whole time we were in Fiji we were besieged by people of lengthy maritime experience who felt that even our thought of leaving would be the height of foolhardiness.

Finally a delegation of earnest shipping agents called on us to explain that this was the height of the hurricane season and even large boats were tying up at the dock and would not leave for another month. Whether big boats or little were liable to be sunk by the typhoons, we were travelling on a schedule and our schedule said we must start on December 30 on a seven-day run to New Zealand.

So start we did, and on December 30, while the serious well-wishers ashore stood shaking their heads over our suicidal temerity.

The sea was rough; as a matter of fact, we stood on our ears most of the way, just as we did nearly everywhere at sea on the entire trip; but it seemed that little seas and big seas, typhoons, monsoons, hurricanes and windless days meant all the same to the Speejacks.

To Australia was another week's trip, just a repetition of the preceding seven days at sea. Our arrival was
fraught with great interest to us, for both in Fiji and New Zealand we had met many Australians. Practically the first thing they all said was “you will love Australia. Sydney has the most beautiful harbour in the world. Kipling immortalized it.”

They are boosters of their own country, as flagrant in their praise as our native-son Californians, only more so.

News of our coming had preceded us and we were met by a flotilla of boats from various yacht clubs in Sydney. Australians all love the water. Perhaps that is because they are so far from any other civilization that to get anywhere they must go by boat.

On our arrival in Sydney mail was delivered to us again, among the letters received there being a number from Australians who knew of our coming. One was written by a former soldier in the Australian expeditionary forces who must have thought we were very philanthropically inclined, because he offered to let us have a beautiful set of chessmen, which he said he possessed, for a stated sum of money, the pieces to be returned to him at a later date when he could redeem them.

The thought of playing chess at sea only brought groans from all of us. Another letter was from two men who said they were bank clerks and explained that they had always longed to meet an American girl, because they were such good sports, and they thought it would be nice if I would have tea with them some afternoon.

They did not seem to feel the same toward the Amer-
ican men and no mention was made of Mr. Gowen. They suggested that I telephone if 5 o’clock would be convenient, and if so, would I not come and wait in the corridor of the bank building where they were employed, because their hours would make it inconvenient for them to call on the Speejacks.

I am repeatedly asked why I did not have a woman companion on the trip, especially when I admit that I would have enjoyed, and really craved, such companionship. The reason is simple enough. An unmarried girl could not go and we did not have cabin space for a married couple. Our only guest room was occupied by Mr. Ingraham and Mr. Rogers, and their photographic apparatus was extended over half the boat.

Australia has a population of five million persons, and it is remarkable what they have done with a territory so large in so short a time, when one compares it with America and its population of more than 100,000,000. Sydney and Melbourne are the two largest cities and there is a tremendous rivalry between them.

People from Sydney dilate long and earnestly on the beautiful harbour and the gayety of night life in Sydney (the bitter truth), and people in Melbourne rave just as long and just as earnestly about Melbourne, the wide streets and the beauty, and call Sydney a city of cow paths. It was very easy to distinguish Sydneyites from those hailing from Melbourne.

Almost all Australians love America—so they say—but I am afraid some of the things they love in America are things which we class seriously here at home as vul-
garisms. Australians are the most hospitable people in the world. I feel sure that there is no one among us who will deny that. They were so hospitable that by the time we left Sydney we were most awfully tired out.

We were quite an attraction in Sydney. The dock was always thronged with people anxious to see the Americans and their boat. We almost had to fight our way ashore whenever we left it. Many parties were given for us, all of which were very interesting; but we did the same sort of things there that we might have done in America, and ate the same food.

Sydney or Melbourne or any of the cities of Australia might be any Western city of the United States. We were there in January and part of February, which is summer time in Australia. Surf bathing is one of the most popular sports and racing is as popular in Australia as it is in New Zealand. Every man, woman, and child goes to the races.

Among the many duties which had been assigned to me as one of the mates of the good ship Speejacks were the clerical, literary, and secretarial functions. I was to write the letters for the whole party, relieve them of that responsibility, and keep the diary, as well as the "ship's log."

I agreed to this partition of the boat's labours innocently enough, never dreaming it would prove a hardship—in fact, the next thing to an impossibility.

By the time we reached Panama I discovered with some dismay what I was in for. It was impossible,
utterly out of the question, to write, either with pen or folding typewriter, while at sea.

When we were in port it was hectic. There was always so much to be seen, so much to be done, and there was little time in which to do all this.

At each port we visited we made new friends. We were always being entertained, we were always taking pictures, and all this meant correspondence. My friends at home, flocks of them, to whom I had promised letters and pictures!

In port, with the boat tied at the dock, in civilized or aboriginal surroundings, there were hundreds of curious persons clambering about the boat, whether we wanted them there or not. It was almost impossible to take a bath on board the boat when in port, let alone try to sit down and think consecutively enough to write letters or diaries.

By the time we reached Australia there was an appalling reckoning. We all agreed that we needed someone along to write the story of the trip. It was when we were in Brisbane that we definitely decided upon getting someone and we were fortunate enough to secure a brilliant young Australian, Dale Collins.

He was a special writer for the Melbourne Herald and lived in that city, two days and two nights from Brisbane.

Never were we overburdened with closet space on the Speejacks. Wherever we went new treasures were acquired, and had to be stuck away somewhere so as not to tangle up with our feet. At the time of Mr.
Collins’s advent there was very little room in the whole boat for him to stow his clothes.

We finally scratched out a little locker space in a drawer and Bill Soulby, our general factotum on board, cleared a deep closet in the saloon that opened into the side of the boat. It was as dark as pitch in there and Collins named it his “little inferno.” When he wanted something from his little inferno he would get down on hands and knees and dive into the darkness, bringing out all sorts of unexpected things.

I’ll never forget one day when we were going ashore for luncheon and Dale felt the need of a fresh collar. To the little inferno we rushed and there was half an hour of concentrated effort before anything remotely resembling a collar came to light. It was like a grab bag. Dale and I would reach in and grab while the rest of our party sat or stood around us betting on what would come out next. Neckties, shirts, pyjamas, hose, pictures, books—everything, almost, came forth but a collar. He finally remembered that he’d put the collars some place else and acquired one just in time to allow us all to make the luncheon.

Most of us were good sailors—we had to be—and it was with some feeling of alarm that we fared forth from Brisbane with our newest recruit, for he had never been to sea. We assured him that he would undoubtedly adore the experience, but we didn’t feel that way at all.

He was to take a watch with the rest of us and he became very enthusiastic at the thought of guiding what
he poetically called the *Spreejacks*—“The Little White Bird”—through the stillness of a black night, and so we tried to scare up a lot of enthusiasm that we ourselves had parked back at Jamaica.

But let him tell the story.
Sea-Tracks of the Speejacks

CHAPTER I

_Hors d'Oeuvre_

For month upon month the unceasing breathing of the sea beneath us; for month upon month sailing through blue days, a tiny world floating in a universe of sky and ocean; for month upon month flitting in like a white bird to strange ports and strange peoples where the passenger steamers never go and where the only other callers are crazy schooners; for month upon month living on such close terms with the seven seas that we learned to love them with a love greater even than that of sailormen—all these things and much besides were our portion on the _Speejacks_ when for the first time a motor boat encircled the globe.

A wonderful girl and eleven men on a 98-foot cruiser of 64 tons sailing to all the places you look at on the map for the glamour of the very names—here was romance, magic, and all that and more. And in the telling of it, to do the task justice, should be the music of the phosphorescent waves slapping along the sides, should be the throbbing of skin drums beaten by naked savages, the steady creak of the chain as the yacht strained at her anchor behind the white teeth of coral reef, the wind shouting in the palms and—finest music
of all—the golden voice of the bell that told of a night "trick" on the wheel ended and gave you back again to the soundest of sleeps on the padded hatchway on that even swaying deck.

Listen, if you are weary of pavements, to the splendid anthem of sea ways which our route sings: Jamaica, Panama, Paumotus, Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa, Noumea, Australia, New Guinea, the Solomons, New Britain, the Admiralty and Hermit Islands, former German and Dutch New Guinea, the Spice Isles, Celebes, Java, Singapore, Seychelles Islands, the Red Sea, Cairo, the Mediterranean, Spain, and thence home to New York again. And that is only a catalogue.

You must remember, too, that we went where we willed; the steamer ways were not our ways; we blundered cheerily along where no charts were; always we had the sense of thrill, the knowledge that we were dicing with the ocean and that bad fortune meant an abrupt conclusion to the high adventure.

A thousand wise heads in all the ports of the world vowed that the next stage would be our last, a score of times it seemed that their predictions might be fulfilled, but always our little sea bird splashed from crest to crest and came to the haven where she would be, and the gramophone in the wheelhouse and a whisky and soda welcomed still another pilot to take us in.

But there is ever so much to be told.

If Fortune, in addition to giving him the means, had not endowed Mr. Albert Y. Gowen, of Chicago, with a taste for yachting, and if his doctors had not
decided he should take a rest, the cruise would not have been, and all of us, good brother squirrels, would have stayed on the same little spinning wheel with you, treading our accustomed rungs. Occasionally, however, the stars are kind, and then things happen—our cruise, for instance.

Mr. Gowen had just built the Speejacks and a trip round the world in her seemed the simple and logical thing. As a matter of fact it was neither simple nor logical despite all its charms. There is more trouble in carrying through such an enterprise than there is in most businesses, and more foresight is needed. There are a thousand details to attend to. Such trifles, for instance, as arranging four months in advance that 5,000 gallons of gasoline shall be at an out-of-the-way island where it is an unknown commodity; deciding just what route is possible with a cruising radius of 2,000 miles; keeping all hands contented on a ship 98 feet long where there are none of the relaxations which fight boredom on liners. Be sure none of us envied our host. All we had to do was to look worried in sympathy while he did the worrying.

It suited him, however. With nothing to do it was highly probable he would have exploded owing to an excess of bottled-up energy.

You do not acquire yachts by eating the lotus and by day dreams.

Let me tell you about this little world of ours which measured 98 feet long by 17 feet beam by 6 feet draft. It was a small world, but a very modern one, and often
the incongruity of our presence in some glimmering lagoon, where only black men were, struck home upon us. There we would sit in our cosy mahogany-panelled dining saloon with its pink-shaded electric lights, eating fresh meat from our ice chest cooked by a real chef, while electric fans purred, and in the wheelhouse above the gramophone would be pouring a concert into the receiver of the wireless telephone for the entertainment of some ship 1,000 miles away. Cramped though we were, our world had all the conveniences of an up-to-date home in a city.

And meanwhile, jabbering in their canoes alongside, woolly headed savages offered us spears for trade tobacco!

Built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Company of Morris Heights (U. S. A.) the Speejacks was a model for her size. She was of staunch wood, with a copper bottom and teak decks; her only motive power, two 250 h. p. Winton engines burning gasoline. True, we had a stubby mast and could rig a sail, but that only served to hold her steady and would not have given us a knot. Fourteen knots she could make, but her cruising speed was eight, and at that her consumption was roughly two gallons to the mile. Add to that consumption ever-increasing prices and freight on gasoline as we left civilization behind, and multiply, and you have some idea of what one little bill amounted to.

Astern were two comfortable staterooms, one for Mr. and Mrs. Gowen, and the other for the three of us who were members of the party. Here also was a
bathroom which made the eyes of dwellers in the wilderness grow round with envy. Amidships was the engine room where the never-troublesome engines purred their song as they drove our twin screws, next the wheelhouse with its wireless telephony and telegraphy, and the saloon; forward the crew’s quarters and the anchors and electric windlass. Telephones linked up all parts of the ship. There were radiators and electric fans, an armoury with two post-war machine guns, a galley where pots and pans performed strange antics, a searchlight, oh, everything!

We wasted no space. Under every floor, beneath the stairs, behind the walls, were storerooms where were hidden supplies for two years, spare parts, and all the little things which must be thought of if you are going where the very thing you will need is not to be found.

It was a fine little world, but, if anything had happened to it, the end of our other world, so far as we were concerned, would probably have arrived simultaneously.

We had lifebelts, it is true, and a strange “gadget” like a huge cream puff lashed on the roof of the deckhouse, but there were only two boats. One was a tiny dinghy which was very useful in harbour, but only held six at a pinch even there, and the other was a Newfoundland dory which stood upon the deck and was used as a storeroom for everything which could not be put anywhere else. We thought it just as well to use it for that, since it is highly doubtful if we could have got it over the side in any sea at all, and, anyway, there were no rowlocks.
Briefly, there you have the SpeejackSy, but the description leaves you with no idea of the white beauty of her—a beauty only to be appreciated fully by sitting aft and watching that 100 feet of perfectly modelled deck rising and dipping to the blue waves, or by standing in the bow on a moonlight night and feeling her sliding through the silken gloom like a glimmering mermaid. To appreciate her fully, you should have glimpsed her through palm fronds coming back from a long day under the tropic sun, or drowsed through peaceful days and nights with her as a cradle rocked by the hand of the ocean. She was always trim and neat, with the freshness of a débutante for all the rough tracks she trod.

There were moments, however, when her beauty was veiled. Get that little ship plunging into a black gale and a shouting night, staggering down the walls of water, climbing to the crest, pitching like a thing possessed, rolling until you thought that nothing could prevent her turning right over—then you clung to anything that offered a hold, you felt like a crucified fly when you took the wheel, you snatched a cup of coffee in the wheelhouse and when you crawled carefully aft to try to steal some sleep you were flung off the padded hatchway on to the distinctly unpadded deck no matter how you might wedge yourself on.

Then, I confess, you were inclined to wonder whether this love of yours was not a wicked shrew. You thought long, long thoughts of firm green hills and brown earth—and you clung on in all your clothes
through the long night and looked out across the gray sea of dawn with longing eyes, reckoning the miles to port. But seldom a drop of water aboard save spray. She rode the waves with a gull’s grace.

These times were rare. The ocean, I think, was amused by our impudence. He smiled, and let us through. He did not deign to hit one our size. For us, most often, seas of purple calm, or little, white-capped waves which held no threat.

But always, you must remember, our world rotated on its own axis as it rotated round the globe. There was never the feeling of solidity you have on a liner on calm days. Always the lift of the waves, always the ocean’s breathing, always a feeling that the ship was alive.

Perhaps it was this intimacy, and the fact that we all had work to do, which made boredom walk the plank. I have never known days to pass so quickly. We didn’t read much, we yawned, we stood our turns at the wheel, and the sun fled across the heavens at break-neck speed. Of the twenty-four hours, twenty-three were spent in the open air. We slept on deck and lived on deck. Those of us who were on the wheel had two hours on and six off. That may sound easy, but the two hours seemed to recur with amazing frequency. You had no sooner come off than somebody was tapping your shoulder and announcing, “Your watch!”

There was no delay in answering that summons. It was the supreme unwritten law that you should be ready to relieve on the bell’s stroke. That, and no
drinking of liquor until the anchor was down, were about our only commandments. We kept them both.

Revelations, for a landsman, those hours at the wheel—an ordeal at first, a trial in rough weather, but fascinating when the ocean smiled.

Naturally enough we did not love the night watches. To be shaken out of a sound sleep and to stumble forward to stand for two hours fighting to keep awake and to hold her head on that flighty point of the compass was not always a matter for rejoicing.

But I remember many watches of magic.

One morning in particular, away off the north coast of New Guinea, standing the four to six. When I came on the night was all soft darkness, the yacht seemed to be sliding through the heart of a cocoon of black silk. Here and there a wave gleamed into phosphorescence, and the bow wash glowed on either hand, singing, singing. In the wheelhouse deep velvet gloom stabbed by the golden shaft from the binnacle, that warm heart of the ship upon which all your attention centred.

On the bench behind you the captain breathed with the steadiness of a weary man who has found sleep, and the luminous clock showed like a spider web. The hands on my wristlet watch glimmered faintly. Standing there in pyjamas only, it was pleasantly warm.

Ahead was a wall of night into which the dim-seen bow cleaved steadily. Big stars looked down as oranges on a fairy tree. The engineer was the only other soul awake; the rest slept in huddled heaps on the soft hatches. Absolute silence save for the purr of the
(Left): Mr. A. Y. Gowen, owner of the Speejacks and (Right): Mrs. Gowen, the only woman of the party who made the trip around the world.
"The Ocean, I think, was amused by our impudence. She smiled, and let us through. She did not deign to hit one our size. For us, most often, seas of purple calm, or little white-capped waves which held no threat."
engines and the laughter of the water. I remember the course was due west and it was a fine feeling for a landsman, this of being entirely responsible for our little world, as she throbbed in pursuit of the sun. And there was time for long thoughts.

But the sun had gained a lap.

Almost imperceptibly you became aware of the light which was running after the yacht from the east. You looked about and were surprised to find, of a sudden, that the sea had become tangible and was billowing on either hand in dark folds. Astern the light had grown stronger and was striking diamonds from the wave tips. The binnacle glow turned sickly yellow, the luminous clock and the wristlet watch signalled without the aid of their phosphorous. The binnacle light died; the sea turned silver; flying fish splashed shimmering tracks; ushered in by the herald of a new-born breeze, the triumphant sun sprang above the horizon.

Four bells!

"Cap, Cap, wake up! Your watch, Cap!"

A long drink of water from the bag dangling on the rail, a glance round the deck peopled now by plain chaps sleeping soundly—rather than the mysterious huddled corpses of the night—and then back to the cool cushions astern, and sleep claiming you again triumphantly despite the glory of the sunrise.

I can remember a hundred eves of wonder and morns of magic equalling this. I merely mention this particular case that you may catch the atmosphere of this trip of ours, that you may feel with me its charm.
And, ah! the strange places we saw and the queer folk and wild folk and hospitable folk we met. Everywhere our adventure and the yacht were talismans which opened all doors for us. It was as though the whole world had decided that we should have a good time, and that we should see everything there was to be seen.

Our clothes, ragged trousers and open soft shirts, our feet bare, our beds on deck, our covering at night pyjamas only, our appetites tremendous, our good-fellowship standing a heavy strain—thus was our life.

Sometimes I used to wonder whether we were not all schoolboys day-dreaming and doomed to wake again to the ordinary round.

The interest and the envy of the less-fortunate squirrels still treading their wheel were remarkable. At each port we had requests from people to be allowed to join us, some of the letters being pitiful in their expression of the wander-fever. Others, again, were laughable. We formed quite a collection.

"It is my wish to join your party as cabin boy," wrote a young American. "I am the champion ukelele player of Arkansas, and am also delightful with the piano. I would be prepared to polish brass all morning, and would guarantee to entertain you and Mrs. Gowen for the rest of the day."

"It has always been my wish to enter a gentleman's home," wrote an Australian girl, "but I think your yacht would be nicer. As my father was at sea I should be a good sailor, and I would be able to be of much value
to you in the sewing on of buttons and other tasks in addition to being a nice companion."

There were hundreds such as these, but the climax came with a note sent to Mrs. Gowen at Cairns, Queensland. The writer explained that she had read in the papers that Mrs. Gowen was a "real good sort" and as she had a millionaire for a husband she would doubtless be prepared to send a cheque for £2,000 to a hearty admirer of her and her pluck. That was all—no reason, no sad story. It seems hard to believe, but it is a fact, nevertheless.

And when we reached the East the offers from babu scribes and others to serve in every capacity flooded in upon us, couched in language so flowery that it was often very difficult to understand just what "your humble, obedient, and respectable servant" wanted.

Yes, there was something in our little adventure which appealed to innate love of the wide sea and strange lands which is in every heart. And, looking back over it all, we voyagers were indeed to be envied.

Happy were we on our sea-tracks round the world.
CHAPTER II

Across the Wide Pacific

When a man has a poor story to tell a little falsehood is a splendid thing, but when he has a good one it is to be frowned upon. For that reason, though it would have been the easiest thing in the world to mislead you, I shall confess that I joined the Speejacks in Australia, and for the earlier part of the trip I rely upon the stories told in endless yarings by starshine and sunshine and will repeat the main facts briefly.

Give me credit for this candour.

How would you feel if, some morning, a telegram arrived without any warning which jerked you right out of everyday life, giving you eight hours to make the break? That is what happened to me. I had read of the cruise as you read of so many other delightful things which don’t happen in our lives. There came then, on the strength of a timely word from a good friend, the bombshell of the invitation to join the party.

Thereafter pandemonium for eight hours, and from the hurly-burly I emerged without a care in the world and one of the Speejacks.

You must meet the rest as I came to know them in the months that followed.

Of Mr. Gowen you know something already. He was very American and very keen and he spoiled us all.
Of course, as the owner he was criticized at times, but he was the best of hosts and employers. People who came aboard expecting to find a grave and serious owner looked surprised when they were introduced to the youthful, unaffected chap, who was hailed as “A. Y.” on all hands. He was educated at St. Paul’s School and at Harvard. He is in the cement business and has other big business interests, but he didn’t allow such things to make him pompous. He held the record for promptness in coming on watch, allowed all hands down to the cook to try to make him poor at poker, and in every way was one of us. Personally, I do not envy the owner on a long cruise on a small yacht. The task is more difficult than it sounds. But A. Y. spent the money and did the worrying with a good heart. He was even the banker for all aboard—and nobody needed a passbook to check payments and withdrawals. In motor-boating circles his name is well known as an owner of “speed” boats, and cruisers, and the present Speejacks is the fifth in her line, each being a little larger and more elaborate than her predecessor.

Of Mrs. Gowen—“Jean” to us three boys aft, and Jean to my readers since it sounds more friendly—I say in all honesty she was the best “man” aboard. She was pretty and full of charm, she had no idea of fear, but she was all femininity, she danced, and she stood her trick at the wheel when she desired and steered as well as any of us. Somehow—but you must remember I am young and impressionable—she always reminded me of the heroine of a Clarke Russell sea story.
Ira J. Ingraham ("Jay") and Bernard F. Rogers, Jr. ("Burney") both of Chicago, completed with myself the party aft. Ingraham, an expert cinematographer who filmed the world as we went and whose work should be notable, and Rogers, a personal friend of Mr. Gowen's and an amateur photographer of standing—and playboy of the party, our social lion and inevitable annexer of all the prettiest girls—two of the best fellows you would ever wish to meet. And as for myself—but modesty forbids! We were all as members of the same family, knowing each other by our Christian or nicknames.

On a yachting cruise one of the greatest problems inevitably is the crew. They grow weary and wish to be done with it; they must be soothed without being spoiled; infinite tact is needed to handle them. On our long voyage many changes were made at ports all round the world and even the navigators came and went.

At first, you mightn't have appreciated the "Cap" who was our navigator for the greater part of the trip. He was an Australian who had been at sea since boyhood but who was still young to hold his master's ticket. A weather-beaten man of the sea with a hot head in ordinary times, but the best temper in the world when the annoying emergency or the crisis arose. The night I nearly wrecked the ship—but that comes later. He was a splendid navigator who worried on though sorely tried by his "land-sailors." When we took the wheel we would whisper the right course, and announce in loud tones the wrong one. That would bring the Cap
—who should have been sound asleep—to his feet in a moment calling down fire upon our heads. I don’t know how many hours of the twenty-four he was off duty. About two, I fancy.

Jack, the chief engineer, who supervised the building of the boat and loved and knew every inch of her, was a sad man away from home, and a true American. If he had grown a beard his face would have made a good portrait of Uncle Sam.

“Cal” and Oscar were his assistants from Australia, “Cal” also working wonders with the wireless. Bill and Bert looked after our appetites—Bill, an English-American who served with the tanks in the war and the shrewdest wit and philosopher you would wish to meet, and Bert, a moon-faced Belgian, who suffered the tortures of the damned through sea-sickness down in his galley.

Last but not least, Louis, our sailor, picked up in Tahiti, whither he had gone on a French barque, but where—in his own words: “Ah, sir, the girls have such kind, kind hearts”—he had settled down as a sailmaker. Louis, as his family had always been, was a sailor. The sea was the beginning and end of life. He would sit for hours watching its smiling surface, finding a never-ending thrill in the glimpse of a shark’s fin. In detecting such things his eyes were better than a telescope. He was brown and clean-cut and it was a joy to yarn with him. He modelled wonderful boats and put them in bottles; he painted fine pictures of ships though he had never had a lesson.
In the little French fishing village his mother was waiting for him.

"But, sir, I writes not to her at all. For why? Supposing that I should write to her from here and not from there, she would cry in herself saying 'Where is my Louis?' But presently I shall go home and knock at the door. 'Who is there?' 'Me!' 'Who is me?' 'Louis!' Mon Dieu, then he is fine! Fine!"

These then were the cosmopolitan people of our little world.

And what a long way it had come.

On August 21, 1921, the Speejacks left New York, and, though friends mourned for all aboard as lost to life, the party felt as cheerful as trippers, little realizing the task that lay ahead. Down the American coast she ran, and left the States behind with the golden lights of Miami blinking against the sunset. Jamaica came over the horizon. Jamaica with its charm and colour, somewhat darkened by the threat of a hurricane. The storm missed the island, however, and, after this first taste of the tropics, the yacht went on to the Panama Canal, where she slid through the giant locks, a midget hidden beneath the stern of a great liner.

Here the party was agreeably surprised to see a beautiful steam yacht also flying the "Stars and Stripes." Greetings were exchanged and she proved to be the Aloha, owned by Commodore Arthur Curtis James of New York. When we learned that she was also on a trip round the world by a different route her size made the voyagers on the tiny Speejacks feel most envious.
The "mal de mer" wedding off Tahiti. . . . "Now the Speejacks is not a steady boat, as no small boat is in a rolling sea, and as soon as she felt the ocean's kisses she began to dance merrily. . . . Oh, the gloom that descended upon the merry wedding party! Oh, the pallour of faces!"
The hat makers of Bora-Bora Island, one of the Tahitian group.
At Panama an elderly Peruvian oil magnate was much attracted by Jean, asked her husband’s permission to court his “daughter,” and begged to be allowed to present her with a priceless Peruvian “mummy.” The course of true love was as hard as usual, and both propositions were declined with thanks.

Now began one of the biggest adventures of the trip; the tow across the southern Pacific by the United States Shipping Board steamer *Eastern Queen*. This is said to be the longest tow ever undertaken and it certainly felt so, for the 4,400 miles seemed to be interminable.

A ten-inch Manilla rope cradle was run round the ship and diving, spinning, and jerking at the end of a six-inch tow rope the voyage started. It was very like hell—monotonous, uncomfortable, depressing. But there was no other way. You cannot cross 5,000 miles of ocean with a cruising radius of 2,000 miles.

It was also a great test of one’s qualities as a sailor. One day, when a moderately calm sea offered a chance, sailors from the *Eastern Queen* were sent over to make the cradle more secure. They became deadly seasick. In rough weather members of the tramp’s crew set to watch the tow-lines became sick from merely seeing the amazing gyrations of the tiny craft astern. What then was it like on the yacht? I have heard that answered in quite unprintable language! Cooking was almost out of the question, food was snatched in the wheelhouse, the days tossed by in a delirium of motion.

On October 3 she rolled across the Equator and all hands wore overcoats, it was so cold and squally.
A week later an unpleasant surprise arrived in the form of a wireless message picked up by the *Eastern Queen* which asked that a watch should be kept for the *Speejacks* which was reported a derelict by a steamer which had sighted wreckage. The news had been published with scare headings in all the American papers and had caused great distress among the folks at home.

"*Speejacks* safely towing astern!" wirelessed the *Eastern Queen* in response to the broadcast message sent out by the United States authorities.

Water supplies were running short eighteen days out and all hands including Jean were limited to a half gallon a day for all purposes. It seemed that there was no end to this desert of the sea, but it came at last when on the twenty-first day the *Eastern Queen* wirelessed that they were to cut the tow rope and make for Takaroa, an atoll in the Lower Paumotu group. The rope was hacked through, farewells were exchanged, and the little yacht and her escort parted. The motors purred into life and away the *Speejacks* headed, making the best time she could and praying for good weather for the 100-mile run, since the water tanks were empty. Only twenty gallons of distilled water remained.

At midnight, to make matters worse, the rudder cable, strained by the long tow, went out of order, and the emergency tiller had to be rigged, Rogers and Ingraham standing down in the bilges holding it in place with their toes. Down there in that black and noisome dark their task was a hard one, but for three
hours, until the damage was repaired, they kept the vigil.

Be sure that in the morning Takaroa, floating like a wreath on the waters, was a good sight, indeed. More welcome by the fact that here was a place typical of the romantic eastern Pacific. Here were kindly brown men and women who danced and sang, entertained royally, and presented pigs and coconuts as gifts; here, Captain Winnie Brander on his time-worn schooner, Roberta, type of the favourite character in the South Seas romances; here, a quaint, fat chief and much feasting; here, Jean and Rogers treading the latest Broadway steps on the white coral sands in the brilliant beam of the searchlight.

Many stranger, wilder places have we seen since, but this first impression stands clear in the log of the Speejacks.

But there was no water at Takaroa. The island depended on rain and it had not sufficient for its own needs. The only thing to do, therefore, was to load up with green coconuts and make a dash for Tahiti. That was a run of 265 miles, and it was risky, but already the luck of the Speejacks was making itself felt.

Of course, they scraped through, and it was equally inevitable that all hands should fall in love with Tahiti. But that magical place has been described so often that you should know all about its charms. I have less-known places to tell you about. But you must hear the romantic story of the wedding.

In Tahiti there is a French law that no divorced per-
son may re-marry within six months. An American citizen came to A. Y. flying pitiful signals of distress, and announcing himself, as a further claim to aid, as the father of a well-known baseball player. It seemed he was in love with a girl who had been divorced a short time before. He wanted to marry her at the earliest moment, and suggested that the ceremony could be performed by the captain if the yacht was taken outside the three-mile limit.

He brushed away all doubts and objections, and ultimately had his wish.

The wedding party arrived looking its best, and the bow was turned out for the open sea. Now, as I have told you, the Speejacks is not a steady boat, as no small boat is in a rolling sea, and as soon as she felt the ocean’s kisses she began to dance merrily.

Oh, the gloom that descended upon the merry wedding party! Oh, the pallor of faces! Oh, the pitiful condition of a bridesmaid who can sit on her new hat and not care a scrap!

Jack Lewis, who was then captain, read the wedding service. He had studied it carefully and did the task most conscientiously—so conscientiously, in fact, that in the same tone he read all the parentheses giving the instructions for the ceremony—"Here the bridegroom takes the bride's hand"—and so on.

Very seriously Jack asked who gave the bride away. "I do!" said a man stepping forward very eagerly. There was something in his tone which—well, anyway, he was her first husband!
The ceremony had to be interrupted several times for the convenience of the chief actors, and altogether they went through as much as the hero and the heroine of a novel in the cause of love.

But there was a fine wedding breakfast served subsequently at the home of the bride’s first husband, who had kindly placed the house at the disposal of the couple for the honeymoon!

A Chinese was beheaded in Papeete in the presence of 200 interested townspeople on the day the yacht sailed on its 1,300 mile run to Pago Pago, American Samoa. Perhaps that brought bad luck, for on the second day out with only a margin of 100 miles’ supply of fuel in the tanks, wild weather was encountered, weather approaching a hurricane. The tiny ship was lost in the mountainous seas. You must remember she has no weight and no length. She never cuts through a wave but just climbs up and down them. She is not able to slice along the crests as the liners do.

Great seas buffeted her hither and thither, and all hands crouched on the hatch in the shelter of the wheelhouse while the deck ran green (a thing which happened seldom) and the dinghy slung on davits touched the waves with each roll. It would have been impossible for her to go a degree further, you would have said, without rolling right over.

I can well imagine what misery those days and nights were. I do not need the emphatic language of Jay or Bill to make that point clear to me. And a temporary navigator, who only spoke French, was in charge!
A great wave broke over the ship and short-circuited the electric system, so that the compass was plunged into sudden darkness. Oil lamps were found and rigged in the binnacle, but nothing could be done to replace the other lights, and the yacht staggered on, a dim, sea-whipped ghost.

Two days later on a six-days' run she reeled into the beautiful little harbour of Pago Pago to be greeted with delight by the American naval officers and others who are stationed there. Those days almost made up for the run across, I am assured. The Americans there were justly proud of the work which is being done by the U. S. Navy for the natives of Samoa. There is a hospital solely for their use here, on the upkeep of which $100,000 is spent yearly. The institution is so much appreciated that such baptismal names as "Sick-house Samoa" are common among the native children. Captain W. Evans, the Acting Governor, took the party on his annual tour of inspection, and many interesting pictures of Samoan customs were secured.

Apia, former German Samoa, now under the mandate of New Zealand, was the next stage. Vailima, Stevenson's home, and the bitter grief of the local inhabitants at prohibition introduced by the law rulers, seem to have been the outstanding impressions, but the cruise nearly ended here, for the anchor dragged in a gale and the yacht was barely saved from going ashore. There followed a 600-mile run to Fiji past Good Hope Island, which is also known as Tin Can Island by reason of the fact that steamers anchor far out and fling the
mails overboard in a tin which also contains biscuits as a reward for the native who comes out to fetch them.

A book could be written about the experiences in Fiji, where under the care of Mr. James J. Davis, a well-known local trader, they saw that fascinating island very fully. They stayed there eleven days and it was all very wonderful. First there were the fire-walkers of Bequa, who, after much ceremony, strolled across a sixteen-foot oven of white-hot stones and whose feet looked none the worse for the experience. Within twenty feet the heat became uncomfortable, and what it must have been like underfoot is hard to imagine. No wonder scientists are puzzled.

There was much feasting when such dainties as raw fish and turtle flappers were served, much drinking of the national drink, kava, which is made from a root and, though consumed with great pomp, tastes very much like soapy water, and endless mekes at which the singing and dancing went on until daybreak.

A. Y. was presented with a whale’s tooth, a very signal gift conferring on him definite powers, and the party met many such native chiefs as Ratu Eppeli and Ratu Sukuna, perfect hosts and educated gentlemen, though in the evening they wore a dinner suit which was perfectly proper down to the waist, and then turned into a lava-lava, or native kilt, beneath which showed a pair of black legs and bare feet.

A ten-day canoe journey down the Wainibuka River, sleeping at night in native huts on mats spread on the floor, eating native food and watching native dances,
was an outstanding event, and, in fact, the whole of the stay in Fiji was picturesque, and Jay kept his camera busy recording it all on thousands of feet of film.

The anchor came rattling up again, and the bow was headed for Noumea, capital of the island of New Caledonia. The 800-mile voyage through rough seas brought the yacht to Noumea on New Year’s Day, only to be held up in the harbour for two days owing to all the officials making holiday. Alongside was a craft which looked strangely familiar. Enquiries were made, and it proved to be Jack London’s Snark, on which he made his Pacific cruise, and which to-day is a trader, and barely recognizable through her dirt.

The barometer fell suddenly here, and a great gale sprang up. Full steam ahead was ordered and the yacht crept out from among the mosquito fleet—which subsequently was sadly battered about by the storm—and found a safe anchorage. Again disaster had been averted by a hair’s breadth, for if A. Y. had not hurried back to the ship at the first sign of trouble she would have been driven ashore.

In Noumea there are more deer than there are people. They are hunted on a wholesale scale, and do so much damage that a Government reward of a franc is given for every tail brought in. It was more like massacre than sport, but the champagne breakfast which the hospitable Frenchman served and the excitement provided by so many targets made it worth while.

Again across heavy seas the little white bird fluttered on, and came through the high cliff gates of Port Jack-
A company of hula dancers of Papeete, Tahiti.
Apia, former German Samoa, now under mandate of New Zealand. The cruise nearly ended here, for the anchor dragged in a gale and the yacht was barely saved from going ashore.
son to Sydney, Australia, and its wonderful harbour. Of the good times here there is no need to tell. There was much hospitality and sight-seeing and dancing—but it had all been earned by that 13,000-mile run across the Pacific.

Now, at the real heart of the trip, on the threshold of the back door of the world, on the way to the isles of the primitive, I can carry on the tale for myself.
CHAPTER III

Garlanded Islands, Blackfellows, and a Beachcomber

For a thousand miles the little coral insects have built a garden along the coast of Queensland, Australia, fencing it off from the Pacific with the Great Barrier Reef. Behind that wall of theirs islands float like bouquets on the water, for day after day you sail across a sea all garlanded and gay with little isles; sky and sea are vividly blue.

I well remember that first night when I slept soundly upon the cushions astern, and waking found that the adventure had commenced. The screws were churning beneath me, and glancing over the rail I saw a sea all sapphire running in the tiniest waves.

Here was the ideal introduction to yachting, said I. And then I looked up forward and saw our Lilliputian liner lifting and falling; saw the bow against the sky and then against a wave; saw the horizon swinging crazily about. Then I looked back at the sea and realized that I had come to a life of perpetual motion.

A great sickness stole over me and two days later I ate my first meal aboard, three oysters.

To be more accurate I should say my first meal at sea, for I had already eaten aboard. While we were in Brisbane we had a special treat, mushrooms.

"Seeing that Mrs. Gowen likes 'em, durn me if I
didn’t pick ’em with me own hands,” said Bert, not without pride.

They tasted strange, but I put it down to some secret of American culinary. Everybody ate, and so did I. It was a feast. Imagine the black gloom that crept over me when, at 3 o’clock on a sunny afternoon tied up against a dock, I realized I was sea-sick. Despair grinned in my face and I fled below. Dark moments followed.

It was a fine thing, indeed, to be a victim before we even started.

Creeping shamefacedly on deck I met Bill.

“Mrs. Gowen’s very sick,” he said. We discussed the mystery for a moment.

“Gee,” cried Bill, of a sudden. “Excuse me, I’ve got it, too.”

He vanished.

A. Y.’s head appeared in the companionway.

“Jean and I are all in,” he moaned. “Get a doctor!”

By the time the doctor arrived all hands were ill except Bert. Then the truth came out. He had gathered his mushrooms in the park, and they were poisonous toadstools. It is true he ate the lion’s share himself, but such are the whimsies of Fate, he felt no ill effects. He firmly believed the dainties were not at fault, and here was either a case of faith healing or iron digestion.

From fifty miles out at sea we gave a concert to Jean ashore at a hotel. The wireless telephone receiver was
placed before the gramophone, a record was put on, and the waves were received at the Pikenbah wireless station. They, in turn, placed their receiver against an ordinary telephone and the sounds travelled over twenty miles of land wires to Jean, standing at a 'phone in a corridor of the hotel.

When we called up the place they were sure it was a shipwreck at least, but we reassured them by playing all the latest music. The concert was a great success.

Everybody had warned us of the cyclone peril and had shaken their heads over us; but they were sunny, happy days that we spent running up the Queensland coast, each calmer and more wonderful than the last, the purple mainland to port and the endless chain of islands to starboard. There were smooth green isles like floating cucumbers, there were bare brown fortresses of rock, and thickly wooded dots which somehow reminded you of lettuces.

We stopped at typical northern Australian towns, places of great tides and high thirsts, where the local inhabitants flocked down the long spindly piers and stared at us as though a circus had come to town. At first this felt strange, but one soon grew as accustomed to it as the hardened voyagers were who had had this experience all around the world.

And everybody wanted to see our liner in miniature. The favoured ones were permitted to do so, and one soon developed a line of patter.

"And here's our little wireless set—yes, you speak
into the receiver—probably we will give a concert to the wireless station—and here’s the glassware, all stamped, you see, with the flag of the Cleveland Yacht Club, and Mr. Gowen’s flag—Speejacks is a funny name, it was Mr. Gowen’s nickname at college—"

And so on.

One object of never-failing interest was the flag of the Adventurers’ Club of New York which flew at the masthead. That flag had been to the Pole, over the Andes, and in many other strange places, but we were carrying it round the world on a motor boat for the first time. And everybody always decided that the five jars of condensed water for the batteries, which were ranged round the smoke stack, must be our only supply of drinking water.

Explanations about the tanks below were inevitable.

Wonderful hospitality was extended to the Speejacks everywhere in Australia.

Stations—or “ranches” as the Americans called them—were visited. Some of the party went to “Coochin-Coochin,” the stately property of the well-known Bell family. The Prince of Wales spent some of the happiest days of his Australian tour there and his signature upon the walls is carefully preserved. Back from Gladstone, we stayed at “Fairview,” a very typical property. The house itself with its broad, thatched verandas and its long chairs, the great big-horned cattle lowing in the log-railed yards, the spreading green countryside canopied by sparkling leaves of the gum-trees, the feeling of vastness and open air—all
these things charmed the strangers to the land and pleased the Australian as a last impression.

Here we went on a kangaroo hunt, and the two most expert riders of the party should have been Jean, who comes from Texas—if you are a "movie" lover you realize what that means—and myself. We were not. We filled the spectators with alternate delight and terror.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Gowen," said six-feet of embarrassed, bearded bushman at the end of one half-intended race, "but you know that those things on 'Wave's' head are intended to steer him by?"

And that to a girl from Texas, in a perfect riding costume!

Our aim was to photograph kangaroos and not to kill them. Unfortunately the animals did not realize this. Jay lay secreted for hours on a hot hill with his machine while we beat the surrounding country. Everybody saw kangaroos except the camera.

They fled in every direction, looking for all the world like insane, athletic old gentlemen in gray pyjamas, but they never, by any chance, placed themselves in range of the camera. The outing, however, was a great success. Some of us, for days afterward, regretted the fact that mantelpieces are not in evidence on yachts.

Back to that dear, dim house we rode as the sun died, and somebody suggested a swim in the lagoon.

Down we went and pushing through the thick green reeds plunged into its warm waters.
“Dad, it’s quite a long time since we saw any alligators here,” said Fra, daughter of the manager, quite casually as she swam with strong strokes.

Well, after that we were scrambling up the bank for a safer, if more prosaic, shower bath!

And the next day Fra, that big, healthy, sunburned girl, beat every one of us at tennis. I was rather glad we saw that girl. She was a good type. She rode, shot, danced, sang, swam, and played games with sure confidence and skill and she was a product of our big, wide bushland.

But this is not an immigration pamphlet. It is the log of the Speejacks. Back to the yacht, then.

At one of these North Queensland towns we nearly lost the ship. The Mayor and Council boarded her at the moment she touched the dock. Each was armed with his card. Their total weight nearly turned her over. It was a very solemn half hour, for every one of the thirty had to be introduced to the five of us, and they were all aldermen, although their town boasted less than 5,000 people.

They were good folk, however, and as hospitable as any.

You shake down amazingly quickly on a yacht. Already I was standing my wheel, sleeping on deck with the heaviness of death through rain beating in and magic moonshine, and happy as an inhabitant of our little world.

With the compass always pointing to the prettily decorated “gadget” which meant North—such phrases
as this were the torments of the Cap's life—we went. By night we stopped at a port, or better still anchored in the lee of a group of sleeping islands whose smooth shoulders stood as if they were made of velvet against the sky. The faint cry of birds came from them, the ship rode swaying gently at her anchor, and the sea about was mystery.

Only once did we investigate those wonder isles.

The boat left the ship after supper in quest of turtles and adventure. Through pitch-black night we went and landed on a rocky beach. We stayed just five seconds. The largest mosquitoes in all the world descended upon us in a black cloud. They would have carried us away bodily to their young had we dallied. We didn't—the dinghy made record time back to the yacht.

"As big as birds!" moaned Jack as he tore off his singlet the better to reach his tortured back.

"Feenesh—no good!" said Louis.

Palm Island floated down to us, then, from the horizon's rim. Somehow you always had this impression that the scene was coming to you rather than that you were going to it on this enchanted coast. Our anchor chain rattled down, for Palm Island is one of the last rallying places of the dwindling tribes of the Australian aborigines, and certainly the most picturesque.

Imagine a little island twenty-five miles round set in summer seas. It rises in twin green hills and at their base, on a green flat, are the groups of huts where a wise Government is mustering the black fellows away
A group of Samoan natives near Apia. Some of the older ones tell tales of “Tusitala,” their name for the immortal Robert Louis Stevenson.
The characteristic dance of the Samoans is performed sitting down.
from the destroying influences of the mainland. Even the inhabitants of Palm Island had heard of the Spee-

"Fat feller launch he come!" they cried.

We rowed ashore in the afternoon and found that they were all ready to give us welcome. Mr. R. H. Curry, the superintendent, was waiting on the beach and we walked with him in state through a cheering guard of honour of 600 men, women, and children who flung their ragged hats in the air and whooped with delight.

The Australian native is of a very low type—indeed, a child of the stone age. His mentality is small and his physique is not impressive. He is happy enough with tobacco and his gin (wife)—and rum if he can get it, but he lacks ambition and intellect. A good bushman, that is all. The natives seemed to be well cared for and contented in their island home—but there was one who would not be comforted. His name was Gurra, and we met him on the beach soon after we landed. He is always there, and his wrinkled toes have worn a deep track in the sand where he paces up and down. In his eyes is the blankness of despair, in his bowed old frame an expression of puzzled woe, in his wrinkled face sad hunger. It is the wish of Gurra that he should return to his native place on the mainland, Cairns. All day he waits for the ship that will take him back there. But Gurra is old, and his wits are feeble. There is only a death in the gutter for him in Cairns.

But he will not be convinced.
His eyes always scan the far horizon for his ship that will never come. At first he thought the Speejacks was his salvation. He was disillusioned.

We took his photograph, and his old eyes brightened. "By and by," said he, "me go longa Cairns in the little black box?"

We assured him that this was so, and for the moment he knew peace.

A football match started on the big recreation ground. The players were bare-footed, but they kicked the ball with zest. Nominally the game was under Rugby rules, and it started well enough. Presently, however, additional players crept in and joined the teams until they were swelled to about thirty each. The umpires lost all control and contented themselves with pushing over a player whenever a chance offered, or stealing a kick at the ball.

"Run—Charlie Chaplin—run!" yelled the crowd, and the old men laughed until it seemed their black old skins would crack.

The slim young champion dashed away with the ball.

"Oh, captain, get him!" cried the old men, and the mad rout swept round and round.

Down came a tropical shower, encasing the game in a sheet of glass, but play went on. There were wild falls and weird contortions, determined efforts to seize black skin as slippery as an eel's, much laughter, and when we fled the entire population had become entangled in the affair.
The aborigines are provided with food, clothing, and four ounces of tobacco a week, and sometimes they are allowed to work on the mainland or join the pearling fleet. In this way some have become regular capitalists and have balances in the bank ranging up to £125.

There is a little thatched gaol on the island, but more terrible than the mere confinement there is the fact that it is the abode of an evil spirit. The intending wrong-doer is deterred when he thinks of what it must be like to be locked up there with the debil-debil while happy, law-abiding folk are sitting in the comforting glow of a fire with their "Marys."

Even the murderers—of whom there are several—are quite good citizens with that threat in their minds.

Before we left the island Mr. Curry ordered one of his native police to announce that there would be a holiday and corroborees on the morrow. The news spread like wildfire and within a few moments the cheering resounded from the four corners of the settlement. Even the old squat gins—six of whom often shared a pipe—shouted their approval.

That night we flashed the clear white sword of our searchlight upon the beach. The shouts and cries of the terror-stricken people came faintly to us over the water. We flung the beam high into the air, and chased it round the horizon, and presently the cries turned to gratified cheers and our little entertainment was a great success.

And from that island of primitive things we gave a wireless concert to Brisbane, the capital of the state.
When we went ashore next morning we wondered at the cheering which had greeted the announcement of the holiday. On a normal working day all that was expected was some very casual labour about the settlement or in the fields. The preparations for the corroboree must have been far more trying.

But these children of nature enjoyed going back to the primitive. They were in high spirits and all their war paint.

Their bodies were painted all over with red ochre and pipeclay, in stripes and circles and every other pattern. All these signs had a significance which was a closed book to us. Some of the men had great raised weals across their chests or backs where they had been gashed at their initiation ceremonies, dirt being rubbed into the wound afterward. Stripped of their clothes their physique showed far better, but their legs were thin. The farther they came from the North the better type they were, and best of all were the boys from the islands in Torres Straits.

There was much art in their grotesque glory—flowers in their hair, a clever blending of colour, and a touch of fancy.

Strange figures, these children of yesterday in the fashions of the stone age. None stranger than the tribes from the Burketown and Cooktown districts whose faces and bodies were covered with patterns worked out in white tufts. These, it seemed, were pieces of wild cotton, but their particular attraction lay in the fact that they were attached to the body with
the wearer's blood. Each man had gashed himself to obtain the necessary adhesive.

They danced for us, not all together, but according to their tribes—solemn, monotonous dancing with but slight variation in step—to the music of drums. They were very earnest about it, for all the absurdity of their appearance, and they are just as fond of dancing as any débutantes in the other world. Even the children danced, and we heard them keeping it up far into the night.

Also they threw their boomerangs, sending them spinning in a great circle that brings the curved sticks back to their feet. Then they threw spears with marvellous accuracy. Tame "bulls' eyes" they disdained, and used living targets. Hurtling through the air would come the cruel pointed spear, and just when it seemed inevitable that it would pierce the body of the man waiting so statuesquely for it he would step aside and deflect the flying death with a deft touch of his shield which measured no more than six inches across.

Here was a quickness of eye greater than a matador's.

There was much jealousy between the various tribes in posing to be photographed, and with loud catcalls their rivals endeavoured to upset them in their dancing as the crank was turned.

One old man, sole representative of his tribe, insisted upon dancing alone. Tears ran down his cheeks when he thought his little show was going to be overlooked. Eventually we turned the camera upon him and with much joy—a preposterous little figure in glory of paint
and flower—he stepped through a solemn measure while his small son beat time for him with two boomerangs.

We left through that cheering lane again, loaded down with boomerangs and spears, and having distributed much largesse. Despite its orderly neatness there is an air of sadness hanging over Palm Island. The very palms seem to sigh “Farewell! Farewell!”

“Say,” was the comment of Bill, “them guys will be hiked off the globe pretty soon!”

That night, inspired by example, we took a big electric light and put it over the side. It lit up the shadowy waters and, presently, like moths about a lamp, big, shimmering fish came swimming into that magic circle. But though the target was there the tips of our spears failed to hit it.

I don’t know whether it was due to weariness resulting from this tantalizing sport, but the anchor watch broke down. At some stage somebody called the next man and rolled into sleep. And the next man failed to roll out. We were due to sail at 6 A.M. but nobody awoke until 8 o’clock—being but land sailors, what do you expect?

Through the wonder of Hinchinbrook Channel we sailed all next day—a lane of water hemmed in by isles of beauty thick with palms and tropic greenery among which little waterfalls gleamed like ghostly marble statues on the hillside. In that narrow way there was a slight swell, and the presence of the Lass o’Gowrie, a tiny coastal steamer, offered a chance to get some
pictures of ourselves at sea. At the invitation of the skipper—a great, rough lump of a man wearing big gold earrings, who should have been a pirate—a party went over, and though to us who stayed on board the motion seemed quite normal they returned with surprising stories of the way we were rolling, showing a gleaming sheet of copper bottom at each lift of the sea.

And yet we regarded it as a pleasant day, and the sea was calm.

“She looked as though she was rolling over,” they said.

I wonder what the Speejacks looked like in a real sea, and what the passengers on haughty liners thought of us when they swept by and saw us dancing along from the crest of hills of water, down into the valley, and up on to the heights again. This day of sailing along diamonded sea and purple coastline was a fitting introduction for the romance of Dunk Island.

We anchored in six fathoms within a stone’s throw of a curved white beach behind which rose green hills. It was such a place as would have been favoured by picturesque buccaneers in the stories we read when the world was young. It was all beauty and witchery in the emerald setting.

No ordinary person could be allowed to dwell in such a place, but the local inhabitant who came to meet us was not an ordinary person—he was E. N. Banfield, author of “The Confessions of a Beachcomber” and “My Tropic Isle.”

The first thing that struck you as he sprang nimbly
aboard was that here was the youngest old man who ever foiled time—and that was before you learned that his years were close on seventy. Imagine a small, wiry chap burned nut-brown with the sun, wearing blue dungaree “shorts” well above his knees, the remains of a shirt, and a floppy straw hat. All these things were picturesque enough, but what held you most was his kind and whimsical face, with the most shiny eyes peering out through his spectacles. A thatch of silver hair, white moustache, and a chest like a “gym” instructor—and there you have the man who was given three months to live when he was carried ashore to his island home a quarter of a century ago.

In the interval he has not only won back health and happiness, but has hewn a beautiful home out of the heart of the wilderness in a manner which makes Robinson Crusoe look like a tyro.

This recluse had heard of the Speejacks, also, and he beamed upon us, greetings and yarns pouring from him.

We went ashore, our host pulling lustily at an oar in time with the measured strokes of Louis.

With the pride of a king he welcomed us to his domain. And it certainly gave cause for pride.

On the beach was a boathouse with a large launch on the stocks, from there a walk of a hundred yards up an avenue of restless palms led to a beautiful roomy old house, looking out across a garden full of every hue in the rainbow to the island-dotted ocean.

Here, in truth, was a place where a man might dwell contented all his days. The busy world was like the
"Little brown brothers," natives of American Samoa.
Captain Evans, governor of American Samoa, holding a conclave of the native chiefs of the Manua group of islands.
ghost of a bad dream, so far and distant was it beyond that dim horizon.

Mrs. Banfield entered, the worthy mate for the dear old recluse. She was small and plump and motherly, a little deaf but, lacking all the usual signs of her affliction, she took a keen interest in everything, picked up smiles as quickly and with the same bright air as a bird does crumbs, and was the perfect hostess.

They called each other “Bertha” and “Teddie” and in their eyes was outspoken love lasting through the long years, undisturbed, unshaken.

They fed us upon the best milk and the best bananas in the world—or so it seemed after the condensed article and the green fruit upon which we had fared. They told us stories of their life, and begged us to behold the wonderful fertility of the soil, the kindness of Nature, and the vast, undeveloped territory which could be seen from their front veranda.

Then the boys came ashore and there were high rejoicings. You should have seen the sparkle in the eyes of Louis when he was invited to pick as many coconuts as he desired. “Ah, merci!” said Louis as he fled for the nearest palm.

Upon a yacht, cleanliness is a difficult art—a matter of a dish of water and some soap and a lot of polishing. In this enchanted harbour we found a bathing pool at the foot of a cascade where you could revel in champagne water in a gully of brilliant foliage, swinging to and fro in the crystal depths on the end of a creeper flung like a rope above the pool.
In the house we found all the books which you would wish most to read—all the books which in the busy life outside never get a fair hearing. There were shelves and shelves of them. There were also wonderful boxes of shells, and we saw Mr. Banfield practising a lost art—the making of pearl-shell fish hooks with a sharp stone and a file of coral. The results will be added to collections in Australian museums.

Dunk Island is a sanctuary where no man may take gun or trap. It is the happy home of more than beach-combers, for the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and even the fishes of the sea, are known and loved. On Dunk Island the lazy-eyed cattle eat bananas from your hand, and when Mr. Banfield takes his morning swim he may play a joke upon a shark, knowing it to belong to a harmless variety. Even snakes—and as this is Eden naturally they are present—are not always enemies.

We were in the heart of the rainy season, and we folk who complain about wet weather do not know what we are talking about. Last year the rainfall amounted to 126$\frac{1}{2}$ inches and yet the island enjoyed more sun than most places. It can rain here—solid silver sheets, which come down steadily with the persistence of an endless curtain falling upon the stage of the world. Sea and sky were blotted out, and the downpour hammered on the roof until talk became impossible. But even this rain had its advantages. You could get wet through four times a day and never seem to suffer any harm, though it made our cinematographer and
photographer weep bitter tears. Bananas and milk and the stories of the old beachcomber made the time pass all too quickly.

"Four years ago now since the cyclone struck us," said our host. "That was a terrible time. Not a leaf was left on any island in the group, and great trees were blown away like matches. At the aboriginal station on the mainland four people were killed, and my motor launch was swept out to sea and driven half a mile inland, where it was left high and dry. The roof went off the house, and we crouched in the darkness, listening to the insane wind howling and the incessant rain, and wondered what would happen next. All about us we could hear the trees and palms splintering, and the iron from the roof was hurled about like paper. It was a night of demons. And then, suddenly, it passed, and only the sodden, ceaseless rain broke the hush of the night."

His bright eyes sparkled as he told the story, and there was a tone in his voice which carried conviction when he declared that the experience was too great to miss.

"The next mail steamer brought us a wire from a friend," he continued. "The message simply read 'Congratulations,' and although it seems strange at first glance, when you come to think of it it was quite justified since our only loss was a monetary one."

He told us many other good stories, but none better than the tale of the simple courage of a settler on another island. Walking down to his launch one night
this man stood upon a snake and was bitten. He did not spring five feet into the air as you and I should have, but kept his feet on the reptile until he struck a match and had the satisfaction of discovering that it was of a non-venomous variety.

You would be surprised at the size of the mail to Dunk Island. Every steamer brings letters asking for advice upon becoming a beachcomber, and begging to be allowed to settle on the Isle. Many are from girls who are sure they could live forever and ever upon coconuts. It seems that the busy world is full of people who still cherish their dreams.

We entertained Mr. Banfield at dinner on board, and he vowed that it was like stepping back into the world he had foresworn.

"Do you know," he said, "I have only been to two picture shows in my life, and have never seen an aéroplane!"

Before we sailed A. Y. was made a member of the Honourable Brotherhood of Beachcombers. This secret order is pledged to love the sun, the sand, and the surf, and its badge is a beautiful little shell. Lord Forster, Governor General of Australia, is a member of the select coterie, having been formally installed during a visit to the island.

No one can deny that it is an organization meriting all support. The sun, the sand, and the surf—where is the man who would not be a member?

The saddest feature of our trip was the constant necessity for parting. The anchor was firm at some
place of fascination, you met charming and hospitable people who wanted you to stay, there was every temptation to become a lotus eater, "weary seemed the sea, weary the oar," but always strange horizons beckoned you on, always there was that much-amended schedule sitting upon your shoulder like an old man of the sea.

But, if you are ever going to get round the world, you must pay some attention to Old Man Schedule. It must be, "Good-bye—and may we meet sometime!" the dinghy on the davits again, the anchor up all dripping and slimy, the tinkle of the engine-room telegraph and another place left behind, the bow pointed out for the next port, and the last halt drowning in the sea astern.

So was it on all the trip—so was it at Dunk Island. But the memory of Bertha and Teddie lingers like some sweet old story heard in childhood, a refreshing breath of real things, a picture of love and nature conquering Time.

On March 12th it was the continent of Australia which the sea swallowed. We turned our bow east after a run of 1,063 miles up the coast and made for one of the gateways in that tremendous coral barrier. It was named Cook Passage after that great navigator whose discoveries are commemorated and recalled by a thousand things along this continent. Picture for yourself a line of leaping white foam stretching from horizon to horizon, with here and there low hummocks of rock like whales, and in this long sea fence make a clear gate no more than two miles wide and looking to be about
a hundred yards. Such was Cook Passage through which we passed in the late afternoon, and came to the easy, deep, blue Pacific rollers.

It seemed very quiet and still to one unaccustomed to the ocean in such a small craft.

Later a sea bird, calling harshly, circled around us, a black shadow against the moon, and landed on the mast.

Louis, chuckling, set out to climb up that stubby structure which seemed amazingly high in silhouette against the bright sky. We saw him right on the top for a moment, he leaned out to the wireless aërial, holding on with his heels, there was a faint squawk and a shout of triumph, and down he came with that struggling sea ghost in his arms.

Being a Frenchman he naturally brought it back as a gift for Jean, and, locking one wing over the other, laid it down at her feet.

The bird, being neither a good sailor nor polite, was at once very sea-sick, and lay there with its great wings spread out like imploring arms, and its sharp bill snapping to right and left. It looked very pitiful and ungainly, so Louis picked it up, and looking into its eyes, said: “Good-night to you!” He flung it far back into its own sky and it fell for a breath, spread its wings and swept away into the void, the most surprised bird in the world.

The next day was fine, and with the night came a great round moon, silvering all the sea and throwing brilliant white and inky pools of shadow upon the decks.
From the engine-room hatch came the sounds of the boys quietly singing songs about girls, singing them in a way that told clearly that each and every one of them had a particular girl in mind. The moon rode high and the tops of the smooth rollers touched by its magic gleamed like things alive. The yacht slipped on as does a ship of dreams.

That night we sat late on the cushions talking a little, but the long, calm silences were more eloquent.

The bell chimed silvery, the wake was a silver snake, and sea and sky were shot with a thousand shades of gray and silver.

We dreamed along.
CHAPTER IV

Papua’s Ports and People

“New Guinea,” said we, “marks the beginning of the very heart of our trip.”

Fittingly enough we saw the mystery island first on a morning such as, in moments of despondency, you might have imagined to belong only to the world of the imagination of a novelist.

Dawn came all heliotrope and pink, flooding a cloudless sky; the Pacific was as fancy paints it, oily and smooth, a sheet of sleeping sea, and there was even the essential shark’s fin slicing its surface; away ahead the mountains of New Guinea rose purple and clear-cut against the flushing sky, steep and sheer as the hills of the stage, and seeming to be a wall built to the clouds that this least known island of the globe might guard its secrets better.

Behind those purple battlements lay 300,000 square miles of wilderness.

If you came to New Guinea in a crowded passenger boat you might not taste the thrill of it quite as deeply as we did in our tiny craft. Our senses were so sharpened that we were like explorers coming to a new land.

In more senses than one, be it said.

Currents had their way with us as they do not with the stately ships. We were as a match in their power.
The Samoans vs. the Americans in the great American game at Pago-Pago, American Samoa.
The Fijians weave fish traps of palm fibre.
In addition our charts were vague, and so it chanced that we came to a beautiful harbour which should have been Port Moresby. A little jetty thrust itself out into the sea and half-a-dozen iron-roofed houses stood on a bare hillside.

Not much of a place, we agreed!

Then we began to have doubts and fumbled our way along carefully. There crept toward us a schooner with old brown sails and a rakish green hull. She was perfectly in the picture. Her crew were all Papuans, naked save for a loin cloth, statues modelled in bronze with great mops of hair and tattooed faces. They were splendid figures in the morning sun. Appropriate to our feelings the craft was named Wanderer.

“Say! Is this Port Moresby?” we yelled.

“No!” floated back the shout. “Bootlace!”

At first we thought the reply was in the nature of a joke, but when the Wanderer came nearer, the brown captain offered to pilot us in to Moresby, which was some miles down the coast. He joined us by the simple expedient of diving into the water from his ship and swimming to ours with the tow rope. With the Wanderer dragging astern and her naked crew staring at us in wide-eyed wonder we went on our way. It seemed that we had blundered into a small mining town, and we learned later that we were fortunate to have escaped the reefs which abound in the harbour.

Out of sight of quarantine officials, we dropped our unofficial pilot, but, although he had only a few miles to go, he did not make port until the next day. His
troubles were gone, however, when we had given him much trade tobacco and some cheap cigars!

If you wish to please a resident of Moresby you must tell him that you think it is the last place in the world.

If you want him to be your friend forever make some comparison between his home town and hell.

This is strange, for although it is far from being a metropolis it is not unattractive to the visitor. There may be, there doubtless are, more exciting places to live. But Moresby, standing on its bare promontory, has its fascination. It is a harbour of strange ships. Here come the schooners, dirty yet fascinating rascals of the seas, canoes with huge triangular sails flit in—great sailing rafts carrying small huts and the strangest mass of men and women, babies, pigs, pottery, and much besides. Dug-outs cut from logs dart hither and thither. All about is the sleepy sea dotted with palm-clad isles.

A strange town, too, this capital of the Unknown.

Every street is full of bronze statues, for the Papuans go about in their native dress, which, though scanty, becomes them far better than the scarecrow clothes which might have been forced upon them. A strip of cloth for the men, a grass petticoat for the women, that is what the natives wear in Papua’s capital.

Out here in the world’s backyard strange things happen and you meet people whose everyday life is one long adventure story, though they would be the first to laugh such a statement to scorn.

On the day we arrived a black pearl valued at £1,000,
had been stolen. Everybody knew who had stolen it but nothing could be proved. The town was mildly interested.

"It will go south quietly on one of the steamers," they said in the Papua Club.

The club is the one place in town which is not loathed by the inhabitants. A good corner this, where you get iced beer brought to you by a boy with his hair frizzed out a foot about his head, and where you hear stories of strange adventures told most casually. Nice respectable people will tell you that these are dreadful folk, that some of them drink and use bad language and have been known to strike natives, but these sun-tanned Englishmen, Australians, and Americans, tall and lean most of them, are men doing men's jobs and fighting for a foothold against the wilderness.

Scraps of those yarns linger.

"It is very weird down in the Delta Country. Miles and miles of mangrove swamps, don't you know. Creepy! Half gloom and swirling water and strange crabs and things! Well, when the wife and I were passing through last on the way to the plantation she insisted on getting out of the canoe to inspect a long house, a kind of a club affair. She went up the ladder first and walked straight into a human skeleton dangling just inside the doorway. Upset? Rather—but you can't ever tell a wife anything. . . ."

"They murdered one of my boys and I think they'd have got me, too, if they dared. But decent fellows at heart—quite decent. . . ."
"I can tell you five days at sea in an open canoe, with only natives with you and a fever temperature well above the century, is not the best thing in the world for the constitution. . . ."

So they talked, these lantern-jawed men.

Papua along with all the rest of the East was experiencing the effects of the slump. Rubber and copra costing more to produce than they brought, the pearl industry far from thriving—here was a state of affairs which sent the little gnome of Gloom to dwell in many of those homes among the brown men. Well for the older places, the rich lands of the East, to grumble and fret, but what of this little band of pioneers, who had gained a tiny foothold on the fringe of the dark island, and who were in imminent peril of having to stand by and see the handkerchief clearings wrested from the jungle swallowed up by that devouring green beast again?

It is typical of New Guinea that you can see a native village in its primitive state within fifteen minutes' journey of the capital. Afterward we cruised right round the island but we saw nothing more native than Hanuabada, that strange marine village from which Moresby is in sight. This village has seven hundred inhabitants, all dwelling in reed and grass houses built out over the water on thin poles. Canoes pass continually, brown water babies frisk beneath every house, strange purple dogs in the last stages of mange abound, and women strut with the swish of their ramis—or grass petticoats—which are considered the height of fashion in Hanuabada.
The life of the village goes on much as it did in the beginning.

The people are essentially traders. They make wonderful pottery, the women working with their bare hands and not using a wheel. When a consignment is ready the lakatois, the huge sailing canoes, are laden and set sail. More crazy, impossible craft never insulted the ocean, but they seldom come to grief. Two hundred miles down the coast they may go to the villages which grow sago, the staple food. Here the pots are traded for sago and ramis, and, after an absence which may be more than three months, back beats the fleet again, and there is rejoicing then in Hanuabada, Tanobada, and Elovalo; great feasting and new ramis for all the girls.

Being traders, there are also gamblers here, and very keen gamblers, indeed. Witness the case of the man who in a game of cards lost first his money, then his house, then his few clothes and adornments, and who, ultimately, in one final effort to retrieve his fortune, staked his wife.

While his action was sporting it was hardly the play of a loyal husband. Fate frowned on him. He lost.

All would have gone well had it not been that the winner—having seen the lady—declined to take delivery of her. Then the disloyal husband swung round, feeling that even if a gentleman wagered his wife he could not stand by and hear her insulted. A fight ensued with bloodshed, and that was how the story came out before the magistrate next morning.
A strange land!
And here, too, I saw a fully qualified compositor from the Government printing office lashing up with fibre the bamboo ladder leading to his house, and wearing a costume of a piece of string. In the hut itself his tattooed wife made clay pots.

Most of the villagers' teeth and lips were stained black and red from chewing betel nut and lime, and even here trade tobacco was more popular than money. We watched an old man smoking this noisome stuff. First he rolled a fragment in a piece of green leaf which he inserted in a hole in a piece of bamboo two inches in diameter and eighteen inches long. He puffed at the end hard but no smoke came. Then he removed the leaf and applied his lips to the upper hole. His face beaming with satisfaction, he turned himself into a pair of bellows, inhaling deeply. Setting the pipe aside he sat calmly under his palm tree with smoke pouring from him as though he were a factory chimney!

The little naked youngsters were fascinating. They had many games. A dozen dusky Cupids stood in a circle about a small stick buried in the garden. They fired their arrows at the same moment and there was pride on the face of the marksman upon the tip of whose arrow the target was found. While two small boys played a game resembling pitch and toss with flat marked stones, for wagers of handfuls of straw, one foot of black baby stood by entranced with a large red crab towing behind her on a fibre cord. Her sister watched beside her, very proud of her earrings, one of
which was of carved mother-of-pearl shell, the other a large and rusty safety pin.

In the beautiful station of the London Missionary Society, set on the hills above, school is held three days a week.

Most of the classes take place in ideal surroundings in the open air beneath the palms, amid the brilliance of hibiscus and Bougainvillea blossoms, and looking out across the vivid blue of the sea.

It was quaint to see the small brown fingers writing CAT on the ground before them with pebbles, and hear the small ones singing an action song which went:

"Here's a ball for baby
Big and soft and round."

Or joining in a hymn and the National Anthem.

"Have we all washed—show hands?" chanted the pretty young girl who had just come from Australia to give her life to this work.

The little black hands went up, and I doubt that as many white hands belonging to owners of the same age would have looked as clean.

Papua, though you might not expect it, is a much governed country—much misgoverned, all the local people will tell you, with the exception of officials themselves and the missionaries.

There are many people with the easy tasks which make for undue attention to trifles. Over in Queensland three months before there had been a plague outbreak. People had forgotten about it in Australia
when I left. But Papua hadn’t, and so, although we had been allowed to land at Moresby and go through the native village, and although we were prepared to demonstrate that there was not a rat on board, we were put under quarantine for our run down the southeast coast of Papua, and told that we were not to land until we arrived at the only other township, Samarai, 300 miles to the east."

All protests and appeals proved useless, but maybe Papua Club gossip had the position summed up correctly when the decision was given that it was not the plague so much as somebody’s dignity offended which caused the trouble.

And so we left Moresby feeling ill-content.

When we got away, however, running down that wonderful palm-dotted coastline, inside the shelter of a coral reef, our spirits picked up a little. We could not sail at night owing to the dangerous waters, and so at sun-down we pulled into Hood Inlet, a haven of rare beauty, sheltered by a great golden spear of sand on which the surf beat, rising in a glistening cloud. Inside all was calm and peace and among the ever-fascinating glory of the palms a big village nestled, brown amid the vivid green.

Faithfully we adhered to our promise not to land, but we could not prevent the fleet of outrigger canoes flocking out and surrounding us on all sides.

Most of the men were without clothes of any kind, and a wild crew they were with great glowing flowers and paradise bird plumes thrust in their hair, their
Ratu (chief) Epeli of Fiji receives guests from the Speejacks. Ratu Epeli (squatting) was educated at Oxford.
The fire-walkers of Fiji prepare the scene of their magic.
faces and bodies tattooed in a thousand patterns and gleaming with coconut oil, beads and shark and dog tooth necklaces and woven arm bands completing their picturesque appearance.

Their canoes were laden down with coconuts, fish, crabs, birds of paradise, tropical fruit and curios, and these they wished to trade for tobacco.

Money was waved away haughtily, and, in fact, one old man clung to the side of the ship for an hour holding four £1 notes and begging us to sell him tobacco.

As we walked the deck smoking, brown claws were stretched up to us from every side and the smallest butt of a cigarette was accepted and puffed at with zest, often passing to a dozen hands until you wondered if its life was not being prolonged by magic.

Some well-meaning, but misinformed, gentleman had told the boys at an early stage of the trip that they would be able to trade empty cigarette and tobacco tins for wonderful things in New Guinea. Up forward, along the bunks, rows of these tins had been accumulating now for many moons. They were produced, but the effect was not as it should have been. The wild business-men seemed to have a very keen appreciation of their real value.

It was a strange scene, this: the modern yacht in that quiet lagoon, a complete home in the wilderness, hemmed in by the primitive fleet of the men of the stone age, and with great cloud-pearled purple mountains for background.

Before we sailed on the following morning we scat-
tered some sticks of tobacco among the crowd, and there was a rare old scramble of gleaming golden bodies in that golden water for the precious weed.

Billirapa, which we reached on the following afternoon, will always linger in the memory as one of the greenest places it is possible to imagine. Its high cliffs were festooned, hidden, buried beneath the densest growth of tropical verdure. So vivid was the colouring that it hurt the eyes to look upon it.

And on the following day we paused at a big plantation where the son of an English noble family came out to greet us in an outrigger canoe.

The Honourable Howard was a tall man in khaki shorts, a khaki shirt, and a great rent straw hat. He was brown as a berry, and though we could not allow him to come aboard on account of the quarantine he yawned to us for quite a while from his flimsy canoe. He looked a most desperate character, and it was a queer thing to hear his polished accent, as, out there in the wilderness, he sighed for lights of London town.

Many men such as he we met in the Pacific—men who had tasted life at its best in the Empire’s heart, and who, among the black men, seemed in strange contrast. And some of them were sad men, and some were broken men, and all were homesick men. There were some lonely exiles in the Solomons and such out-of-the-way places, who vowed they were on the verge of suicide when our little slice of civilization arrived like an unexpected angel of the sea and saved them from themselves and the dreadful torments of loneliness.
The mockery was the beauty of their surroundings. I have seen men, big men, with tears in their eyes, cursing as they looked out across a sea of azure, seen like a dream of wonder through palms and scarlet blossoms; cursing the hateful beauty and crying for the lights, and the sound of feet on the pavements, and the bleat of a taxi’s horn, and—all those things!

Think of this, good brothers, when the city irks, when your squirrel’s wheel is a torment. Think of the men who curse in the very places where your dreams would take you.

Here was an end to our run in sheltered seas, and out through another coral gate we went to the open ocean. Big waves waited for us out there, and charged down through the quick dusk in their massed battalions. A local trader who had cruised with us some of the way and whom we met again in Samarai told us that he had been looking for us along the reefs. He never thought we would find our way through.

I had the eight to ten watch that night, and a time of black misery it was.

The ship rode up to the top of the black waves, paused for a second on the crest, and crashed down into the trough, as though a huge hand had been placed suddenly upon it. Out on either side of the deckhouse splayed a great gleaming white fan of phosphorescent spray, shimmering sparkles of which blew into the wheelhouse. The wheel kicked, and there was no end to the ever-charging legions of the sea.

“Jean, take the wheel a moment, will you?”
Some bitter moments at the rail—and then back to see the rest of the two hours out. Time went by like a fly walking on treacle. Here was one of the interludes when you wondered about yachting and the charms of the little white bird. But, eventually, the blessed benediction of the bell bidding you be at peace, and so to the locker astern. Thereafter complete forgetfulness.

So to Samarai, Papua's only other town, a witch of a place which laid warm fingers on the heart.

Samarai's area is just fifty acres, but it is fifty acres of loveliness set among little sleepy islands which dream the days away with their heads in the clouds and their toes in the blue waves.

The town straggles along one little street facing the sea, a street made into a tunnel of greenery by the overarching trees, and brightened by the thousand autumnal tints of the croton bushes. Samarai is very clean, for there are many native prisoners here who sweep and trim and polish its walks all day.

A very peculiar little town.

When A. Y. wanted to get his hair cut he found that the only barber in the place was the native prison warder, and he had to go to gaol for the tonsorial operation. There was a prisoner there who went mad at each full of the moon, and who, upon the last occasion, had held up the entire establishment with a knife and a hatchet.

Life in Samarai, apart from this gentleman, seemed to run smoothly enough. There were no telephones
to disturb the peace and if you wanted to send a message you had a boy employed to do nothing else save run with chits. "Boys" cost only ten shillings a month and they seem to work well if properly supervised. We were entertained at a wonderful dinner in a cool house on the hillside, a place of broad verandas and shaded lights—and all the work of preparation had been done by natives who still wore only a loin cloth and who, but a few months before, had been savages.

Every little white girl and boy has a real live golliwog to play with in Samarai, and the golliwog also looks after them for every moment of the day. More attentive than civilized nursemaids were these savages with their pierced ears and noses, their wrinkled faces, and their appearance of being the perfect cannibal, and a strange contrast they were as they fussed over their tiny charges whose skin showed so white against theirs.

Lying at the tiny jetty it seemed that Samarai's harbour was made of glass rather than water. You looked down into the still depths and saw the flocks of butterfly-vying fish darting everywhere, big chaps and little ones, deformed and graceful, miracles of colour and absurdity.

All day, and half the night, patient copper statues with many-pronged spears poised on the jetty and took shots at those darting squadrons. They seldom made a catch, but for our edification they speared gray, squabby octopi and fat sea snakes which became like pieces of damp string as soon as they touched the dry land.
And when Jack, doing some work to the mast, touched a "live" electric wire and fell into the sea, how those fishermen laughed at his record-breaking speed as he floundered out of the fish-haunted, suggestive depths!

Very beautiful was that harbour in the still night, when the riding lights of a hundred quaint craft flung spears of gold into the water, and the high-pitched quavering note of a native singing floated across the peace.

They have no ice in Samarai, in ordinary times, but when the steamer from Australia comes there is a few days' supply to spare. Then the rowdy gramophone shouts loud and long in Samarai's wooden hotel, and there is much clinking of glasses and telling of yarns.

For myself I liked the story of the planter making holiday in Sydney. He was—strange to say—in a bar on the evening of a race meeting and a foolish young man in a state of noisy exuberance threw a glass at the wall and shattered it. The trader remonstrated.

"Damme, man," said the youth, "d'you know who I am? I'm — of ——."

And he named one of Australia's best landed families and their big property.

The planter looked at him coolly for a moment, and then, lifting a huge bowl of goldfish from the bar, crashed it down at his feet.

"Damme, man," quoth he, "do you know who I am? I'm — of New Guinea!"

They told better yarns than that, too, while the
gramophone bayed to the big-eyed stars, but they may not be set down here.

Unlike their brothers at Moresby the citizens of Samarai like you to praise their town. They claim that it is generally known as “the pearl of the Pacific.” It may be, though that title has a familiar ring. There are so many of these pearls.

But not one word against Samarai. Samarai is a fragrant memory, like the perfume favoured by a love of yesterday.
CHAPTER V

Mad Drums of the Dark Island

Do you know those strange, uncanny hills which sometimes form the setting for a dream?

There is that about the coastline of northeast Papua which inevitably suggests them. For days we cruised along it, and I could never escape from the feeling that the bold land to port was stolen from a nightmare. Fold upon fold of razor-backed mountains ran abruptly down to the water's edge; every cleft had a thin thread of silver and the slopes seemed to be covered in a carpet of green moss. As a matter of fact, those threads were really rushing cataracts and the moss was really high bushes and trees—the illusion was due to the gods, who, when they flung up these battlements, were in the mood to build upon a gigantic scale.

Fold upon fold, fold upon fold, reaching from the fleecy clouds to the water. And even the ocean was a thing of a dream—purple, not blue; so vivid a purple that when you dipped your hand into it you half expected it to come out stained. A purple sea, those vivid green walls, and a sky of clearness that hurt; surely a dream territory if ever there was one.

And everywhere the flying fish went splashing away from our bows, leaving a sparkling trail on the face of the waters.
Warriors of Fiji in the club dance, a rhythmic ritual reminiscent of the old days of battle.
A Fan Dance, by male natives, Fiji Islands.
Fittingly enough—everything is part of the picture in New Guinea—our pilot through these strange waters was the half-caste son of an English earl who had only been prevented from inheriting the title by a special Act.

The purple waters were very deep. "No bottom," said the charts to within a few yards of the shore, and when the nights came we had difficulty in finding anchorage. Within fifty yards of the shore it was often necessary to use fifteen fathoms of cable.

Sunny days, these. Astern trailed the long trawling line, and many a fine fish we caught on it—great gleaming beauties five feet long; kingfish and bonito in the main. The line was looped to the stanchion by a piece of thread so that when a fish leaped for that tempting piece of cloth and took the great hook the thread snapped. It was an eternal source of wonder to me that no sooner was there a bite than there came a rush of hurrying feet from all over the ship.

Louis would run with a boat hook; Bill, whose line it was, would haul in like fury; and the great, shining monster would be lifted aboard, struggling and fighting. We might not catch a fish for a week, but as soon as that thread snapped watchful eyes would see it. Once, however, the fish proved too strong for us. There was the warning yell of "Fish-o!" but before anybody could reach it the line snapped off clean at the stanchion, and some goliath of the sea swam away, doubtless sadly hindered by that trailing fifty yards of cord.

And talking of fish: In one of the quiet nooks along this coast we came upon a small pearling lugger which
was prospecting for new trochus shell and bèche-de-mer grounds. Sitting there on his tiny craft, while his native crew played the faint and plaintive reeds which are their only wind instruments, the blond young Australian giant who owned the craft told us many things of his strange life.

Diving is a perilous trade. In Thursday Island Hospital was a boy whose head had been in a shark's mouth. In some manner he had escaped, but around his neck he carried, like a necklet, a row of deep scars where the teeth sank in. The average native diver does not fear sharks as much as he does the great codfish which lie on the bottom with their mouths open and wait for fish to swim into them. They weigh up to five hundredweight and are the menace of the pearl beds. Then there are the giant rays weighing as much as two tons, with great, flat, evil bodies fourteen feet across.

"The real trouble with diving is the effects of immersion at great depths without any protection," said the casual young giant. "Bad luck, I lost two of my best boys that way. The anchor fouled in fourteen fathoms, and one of the boys went down and cleared it. When he came up I gave him a nice new rami and some trade tobacco. Another boy scoffed at his feat, which I knew was a remarkable one, and offered to do the same thing if I would bet him a rami and tobacco also. He did so, but he was no use ever after, and died three months later, while the first boy also had to be paid off, as he suffered from bleeding from the nose and ears as a result of the great pressure."
We went fishing for trepang, or bêche-de-mer, in the lugger's dinghy. The catching of these slugs of the sea is a ghastly business. They are afterward smoked and sent to China, where they are regarded as a great delicacy.

The water was crystal clear and down on the glistening coral sand could be seen coloured smudges. The native boy dived overboard wearing a pair of goggles which enabled him to see below the surface. Down and down he went, plainly seen in those cool depths, a big black frog. Then he came to the top again, and flung into the boat his gruesome haul, nightmare things, the very embodiment of noisome sin. They were squabby, some a foot in length, and coloured in sickly greens and yellows and stripes and spots. Soft, flabby slime which lay in the bottom of the boat exuding more slime, so that you dared not look upon them.

If I am ever invited to eat bêche-de-mer there will be murder done.

"Not pretty, but profitable," said the man who caught slimy things. He touched them with his bare toes almost lovingly.

The things squirmed and writhed. Ugh!

At many out-of-the-way places we called on that strange coast. I remember one cove we came to in the dusk to see a young white girl with her baby in her arms standing on the beach. She was a poor little thing—young, little more than a flapper—and there she was marooned in a house floored, roofed, and made altogether from split bamboo.
It was three months since they had seen anybody, and it was nine months since she had spoken to a white girl. The last she had seen was when she went right down to Samarai in an open whale boat to have her baby, and then, with the youngster in the crook of her arm, hurried back all too soon because funds were short.

Her husband was a weary young man who saw, with black despair, the bottom fall out of the copra market just as his palms came into bearing.

“You must excuse me,” she said, “if I seem quiet. I think I’m in for a bout of fever.”

She was a very tragic little girl with her clubbed hair and her baby face and her shattered illusions regarding tropic seas and skies. A very tragic little girl—and so we took her aboard and petted her, and she smoked a cigarette, and we made much of her while she sat beneath the electric light and the gramophone played her dance music and the steward brought a cocktail, and all the time her eyes were round as a child’s at her first pantomime.

“It wasn’t fever at all that made me headachy when I met you,” she confided to Jean. “The fact is I was so excited that I thought I should die or get hysterics.”

I think we left her happier; that poor little city girl, who looked so frail for her dual task of mother and pioneer.

There were bright tears in her eyes blending with a new sparkle when she went back in a canoe to her house amid those palms which she had thought would sing to
her, and which, instead, whispered mockeries over her little cropped head.

We paused at many mission stations. Boianai was a good example. It stood upon a rich and gentle rise in the midst of upheaved volcanic mountains and the natives appeared to be happy and contented. There was a queer little church here, built of matting. Inside it was cool and quiet, and the floor was made of smooth volcanic pebbles glistening like black marble. The missionary lived in a big and gracious house, from the wide veranda of which he looked out over his carpentering shop to the blue Pacific. A peaceful though lonely life was his, and he was much loved by his people. It seemed a trifle hard to us that when he had just built up his station and made it comfortable he should have been ordered to go farther north into the wilderness.

I suppose it is impossible to realize the missionary outlook unless you have the missionary spirit. It seemed so strange to us, the good but narrow men labouring on the fringe of a continent, and teaching their stolid parishioners to sing hymns. A very futile, hopeless task it seemed, and beyond the fact that those in the mission stations were more cheeky, it was hard to see any difference between them and their uncivilized and untouched brethren.

John Jeremiah, Ananias Hippolytus, and sundry other fuzzy-haired young men came out to look over the yacht at this station. How they "Oo-o-d!" and whistled and clicked their tongues over the electric light, the fans, and the telephones!
At Mukawa we found a trading fleet of canoes which had just put in to buy bananas. The crews were all dressed in their richest finery and made a brave picture, with their hair built up straight in front and faced with dog’s teeth or white shells. Strips of the skin of the cus-cus—a small marsupial—flowed from their armlets, and at the back they wore their hair in ringlets kept in place by applications of honey.

At intervals they drew away and sat down on the beach to study themselves in small mirrors which they carried in their armlets.

Visitors and locals showed much deference to Agara, the bad man of the district. He was a wrinkled old rogue with a face like parchment. His decorations—one could not call them clothes—were of great richness and he had many wives.

Once Agara had been a village constable, but he was dismissed on the grounds that he was a blackmailer and told the truth only by accident. On these, and similar, qualities he has since made a prosperous living.

Vivid for its picture of primitive conditions is the memory of our surprise visit to Boga Boga, some miles up the coast. We walked some miles through tropical jungle to reach it, and in the wilderness came suddenly upon the concrete-covered grave of a trader whom the fever took twenty years before, and who slept with the palms weeping above him.

It is a strange thing that though a Papuan will stare at you when you walk past him in Port Moresby, only the village constable paid any attention to us in Boga
MAD DRUMS OF THE DARK ISLAND

Boga, where you could count on the fingers of one hand the white visitors in a year. It gave you a strange feeling of being bodiless, invisible, and it was almost a relief when a great, lean hog came up and grunted at you inquiringly, or a skeleton dog ran snapping at your heels.

The village life went on undisturbed.

A man with a rough stone adze was chipping patiently away at a big log, the heart of which he would eventually hew out, transforming it into a canoe; a party worked on the construction of a hut, knitting the green palm fronds neatly together; small boys gathered with interest about an old hag who was making sago rissoles which she coated with chipped coconut; and the village belle, all glimmering with oil, was sitting frizzling her hair with a great comb.

She, naturally enough, was conscious of our presence, but the others seemed quite unaware of it. They were polite, however, when we spoke to them, and when the constable explained that we wished for some coconuts half a dozen lads were ready to walk nimbly up those perpendicular trunks to bring them for us.

It was a happy enough scene, and though at first glance the natives appeared dirty and their huts were classed as hovels, it was in reality not one whit worse than many of the slums of our civilization, and the villagers were certainly better off than our people of the gutter.

We had been prepared for the beauty of Tufi, or Cape Nelson. But not sufficiently prepared. The wonder
of this strange harbour took our breath away, as the
yacht came nosing in following the drunken beacons.
We found here a Norwegian fiord on a grand scale which
had strayed to the tropics and clad itself in the marvel
of the foliage and colour of the seas of the sun. The
great cliffs rose steep and high on either side, and it
seemed that the very weight of their coat of greenery
must pull them down.

We fumbled about that sleeping place of wonder,
seeking an anchorage with our lead line. There was
none, so ultimately, though we feared shallows, we
pulled into the tiny dock built right against the base of
the cliff. And beneath us, even there, was ten fathoms
of water.

The resident magistrate, McDonald by name, came
to greet us. He was a grim Australian Scot, but it was
hard to realize that this quiet man ruled a kingdom with
a coastline of 250 miles and a population of 35,000
natives and 20 whites—and ruled it with a rod of iron,
so that the natives obeyed and respected him in a
manner which was his highest tribute. He went on
many expeditions into the wilderness, and he always
travelled unarmed save for a shotgun with which to
bag game.

He told us of a wonderful bathing place over on the
other side of the fiord, and as we were hot and felt the
need of cool fresh water after salt water hosings we
made straight for it. It was certainly all he described
it to be.

A snow-white welter of foam hung like a veil down
We caught mighty kingfish in the waters off Tahiti.
(Upper): The Speejacks photographers, Ira J. Ingraham and Bernard F. Rogers, Jr.  (Lower): Dale Collins with some of the Australian bushmen on Palm Island.
the face of the cliff for one hundred and fifty feet, and finished its great dive in a deep pool which had been dammed, the overflow forming a series of cascades to the water’s edge. How we revelled in that bath! How we splashed and disported ourselves in those bubbling depths!

The sequel came several days later when we discovered that we had been bathing in the reservoir, and should only have used the cascades. We paid for our mistake, however, since we had to fill our own water tanks with our bath water!

I never think of Tufi without hearing the throbbing of the drums—great drums, monotonous, persistent, unescapable, unvarying. There is no sound more primitive, more magical in summoning back the instincts of the dead centuries than a Papuan drum beating like a human heart in the hot, oppressive, fecund tropic night. Your pulses race to a new tune, which is really as old as time, in unison with the vibrating boom of the beaten skin.

Two hundred Korani tribesmen danced to those drums for us—danced in a great open clearing framed by palms against the sky. Torches flung fickle gold here and there, and in long swaying lines, in perfect unison, the wild and magnificent warriors stamped and turned and stamped and leaped.

Some brandished spears and clubs, and the air was heavy with the acrid, pungent smell of brown men—not merely the smell of coconut oil but a distinctive, unforgettable, haunting, bitter-sweet stench.
Big men, these Korani, and dressed with wonderful art. Their headdresses were two feet high, framing their faces in a welter of brilliant bird-of-paradise plumes and cockatoo feathers; their noses and ears were pierced and distended with great pieces of shell; human teeth hung round their necks; their faces were blackened; cus-cus fur, feathers, and flowers were thick upon them, and at times they framed their heads with the great ivory beaks of the hornbill which they wore dangling upon their breasts.

Their drums were shaped in the form of a diabolo cone, hollowed out of a log and covered with the skin of a giant lizard known as the iguana, and in these strange instruments won straight from Nature they held Nature's music.

I wish I could give to you the thrill of standing between those swaying lines of nude savages in the deep dark. They seemed tremendous with their nodding headdresses in the varying of the gold torches. Their bare feet descended as one, and the ground trembled. It was best to be all alone away from the rest of the party with those hot, prancing figures black about you and giving you scarcely room to turn. Advancing, retreating, dipping, rising, and chanting in a weird high quaver a song which swelled up and died to nothing, to be started by some unseen singer in the line again and grow gradually to its full volume, only to die down. They enmeshed you in a barbaric net. Eyes rolled, teeth flashed, and the drums thudded, thudded, sweaty flesh gleamed, and muscles played like snakes.
At the end of each line a little maid pranced with absurdly appropriate steps, not in the same way as the men but in exact time. You thought of a bird dancing.

Round and round swept the devil’s rout, the song rose and fell, and feet which had only trodden pavement ways found themselves moving uncontrollably to the commanding drums, and blood made sluggish by centuries of taming felt a new-old thrill in it and raced so that the breath came short and sharp.

The air—the heavy, velvet air—shivered like flesh beneath the persistent kisses of the drums.

Out of that hot tangle came one, six feet tall, a bold, commanding figure, with bloody veins in his great eyes, all hot and excited with the dance, red lips curled back from black gums.

"Mukawa am I," said he. "Gov’ment’s friend!"

His face showed dimly, the face of a leader, of an egotist, of a warrior. Through McDonald he talked to me. Told me how in the grand days he was one of the men of Governor Sir William MacGregor, Papua’s grand old man. Told me of the flag MacGregor gave him which to this day is in his hut and which flies when strangers come to his village; told me that he had tasted human flesh and that his father was a cannibal.

He pulled back the feathers from his arm to show an old spear wound, and boasted that he had killed three men in the Government’s service.

Once a complaint was lodged against Mukawa that he had shot a man without just cause. He was haled before the court, and shown through the window a great
tree with a block and tackle on it. "Unless you make good talk, on that you swing," said the rough-and-ready magistrate.

But he was acquitted when he told of 500 bad men advancing with spears upon himself and two other policemen, and of three shots which cowed a village.

"I made good talk," said Mukawa. From his betelnut stained mouth he spat upon the ground.

"This land, my fathers'," said he, and stamped with his great foot—a princely figure there in the gloom, chest still heaving, great headdress nodding, big hand uplifted to heaven. Few Papuans impress you. Mukawa was one of the few.

And all the time the drums throbbed, so Mukawa gave himself back to them.

They would have danced all night and for three days and nights with but brief pauses for a smoke or a mouthful of food, but even R. M.'s have nerves and at 11 P. M. that one white man sounded a blast on a bugle. Silence fell in a moment. The wild men heard and obeyed. One man, one foreigner, had lifted his hand and it was finished. He seemed a very quiet Scotch Australian, too.

Every Christmas the Government gives a dance for the tribes. They bring their own food, which is bought from them and given back for their use. There is tobacco for all. These are wonderful times and good policy. For instance: the Koranis and the Okeins had an old feud. The vendetta grew from an attempt by the Okeins to drive the Korani people from their homes.
They were repulsed. For years the bitterness lasted, but the wound was healed at a Christmas dance.

It was a solemn ceremony. The two tribes came on to the ground speaking no word to each other, as was their custom. Each side was laden with food. Suddenly the surprised magistrate saw the Okeins gathering up their goods. They carried them over and placed them before their enemies. The Korani folk did the same with the food they had brought.

In peace they danced together, and in peace they dwell.

In Papua they go into mourning much as we do—they wear black. But not having many clothes, they paint it on themselves. The Korani mourning is different. It resembles a coat of mail, and is made of small segments of white cane all strung together, a labour of months. At Tufi, too, we saw strange methods of shaving. One was to take a piece of fibre, twist it round a group of hairs and jerk them out by the roots. ("Him better this way, no grow so fast!") Another was to coat the face with some dreadful sticky concoction which dried hard and could then be peeled off, taking the hairs with it. After these, shaving with a shell or a piece of glass seemed easy, but the whole business raised the question of what motive actuates man in persisting in removing the hair which has been put on his face.

The charts were vague about the reefs on the way to Wanigela, but we wanted to go there and Edward, our pilot, was quite sure of himself. So we decided to risk
it. As it happened the morning was dead calm and the visibility was poor. You could not imagine a poorer day for detecting reefs. And we struck trouble despite all our look-outs—trouble in the shape of a coral mushroom.

The engines were running slow at the time, and there was a sharp, grinding bump. It brought us on the run like disturbed ants. Another bump and a third. Were we aground? Was this the end of the cruise? Now we had floated off, and a hasty examination showed that the Speejacks was not making water. We bobbed on that oily sea feeling heartily sorry for ourselves. Jack and his staff fussed about, and discovered that the starboard propeller was out of commission with a bent blade.

Like a lame duck we waddled back to Tufi on a single engine, Jay and others making the run to Wanigela in a launch.

We tied up again beside the dock and repair work was begun. Cap, Jack, and Oscar, armed with hammers and wrenches and in their swimming costumes, set to work to beat the blade back into shape. It was a long and tiresome task—have you ever tried to strike a hard blow about three feet under water?—but for hour upon hour they toiled in that wonderful water.

Shoals of rainbow fish darted everywhere, and big sea snakes could be seen wriggling on the rocks ten fathoms down. The water was so warm that, with only their heads exposed, there was perspiration on their foreheads as they worked in the sun!
At last the tough blade was beaten into something like its normal shape again, we continued our voyage and at dusk on the next evening we anchored at the last place in the world where news comes. Aku is its name. Rowing ashore we found a small and poor village inhabited by people of a distinctly Jewish cast of features, with their hair plastered up in mud. Pigs in hundreds precluded the inevitable suggestion of a Lost Tribe.

An old man with the cunningest face you could wish to see hurried to greet us and help pull the boat ashore. He was breathless with excitement.

"German fight he feenish yet?" was his eager question.

For a moment we gasped, then we assured him that it was. He seemed relieved. Maybe the presence of our strange craft in the offing flying a strange flag had caused him some unrest.

He jabbered the big news to his people as they crouched about the fire, and they clucked their approval.

"Who win—English?"

Again we gave him good news. His broken black teeth showed in a grin.

"Germans he feenish!" was his comment.

He explained, then, that he had returned from Port Moresby seven years before, having completed his time in the constabulary. Since that memorable homecoming no news from the world outside had reached Aku, and often he had wondered about the big fight.
At Buna Bay next day we saw another fine native dance, on this occasion by the Orikiva tribesmen. It was very similar to the other, but the costumes varied. Many of the men wore headdresses made of hornbill beaks. When pointed outward these signified that the wearer had killed a man, but when inward the meaning was merely that the man’s father had done so.

Here we saw a native coiner at work making the red shell money which is worth £6 a string. It was a long process, the hole in the centre being gradually worn in each piece by a rotating stick propelled by a pedal.

In the night we went ashore and saw an informal dance which, though on a smaller scale than others, was impressive and haunting, many of the men being drunk with betel-nut and excitement. Jay lit one of his brilliant calcium photographic flares and the dancers swayed and stamped in wild delight. And the drums were there, too, potent in magic as ever.

We left British New Guinea behind with their sombre, barbaric rhythm in our ears, for in the morning we headed out to the open sea again, and from the beach came the thud! thud! thud! of the beaten lizard’s skin, the soul of the dark island singing.

Those drums will call us back some day.
Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Banfield of Dunk Island, off the coast of Australia. Mr. Banfield is the author of “The Confessions of a Beachcomber.”
The scramble for tobacco at Hood Inlet, New Guinea.
CHAPTER VI

Isles in a Living Sea, and a Lost Barque

We were out on the purple ocean. Astern, New Guinea had drowned in the sea; the Trobriand Islands were below the horizon ahead; it was a sunny afternoon and the ship drowsed along. I was sitting on the tall stool at the wheel, dreaming.

Suddenly a cry from forward:

“Hey, Cap, you can see the bottom here!”

One of the engineers, watching the bow wave and thinking of a girl in Sydney town, made the discovery.

There were moments of thrill and suspense. The charts showed here open ocean with never a trace of a reef. The engine-room signal tinkled for slow ahead, and we crept on, all hands, save one very concerned person at the wheel, watching the sea-bed coming up to meet us through the clear water.

“Only about two fathoms, now!”

Just when it began to look as though we would have to send the dinghy ahead and take soundings, the uncharted reef came to an end and there was nothing to be seen beneath us save those mysterious depths. But we had become explorers.

Sunset came with great fortresses of cloud standing black against the horizon, their windows lit in brilliance by quick tropic lightning. Heavy drops of rain thudded
on the awning, and Jean having tactfully disappeared below, there was a rush for soap and towels, and standing up in the slow lifting bow we enjoyed nature’s own shower bath in the warm rain which beat down so hard that the skin tingled and you had to shield your face from the silver javelins.

Porpoises were all about us later, not as you see them from the big liners but so close that it seemed you could lean down and stroke them. Round about those shimmering shuttles weaved a lace of light, and we went through the dark with an escort of living flame.

It was wonderful to lie astern, refreshed by the cooling bath, and, voyaging through this magic night, yarn on unceasingly to friendly faces seen dim and pale.

On the second day we came to the isles of pearl, to the Trobriands—low, lonely, mysterious, lost in a sea which lived.

Into the anchorage we crept, feeling our way cautiously. Reefs abounded, and finally we anchored about four miles from shore. The choice was largely due to “Speejacks luck,” and when the resident magistrate came out in his launch to us he announced that another twenty yards would have put us high and dry.

It is of the living sea that I carry the strongest impression. By night the whole of that shallow lagoon was lit with life. Every wavelet broke into diamonds, great sharks passed by like Zeppelins in the beam of a searchlight, sea snakes twisted and darted in numbers beyond counting, each a gleaming thread up to six feet in length.
To appreciate this sea you had to travel in a canoe paddled by naked savages who stood against the stars, like fantastic figures cut from cardboard. Before the bow on every side shoals of fish, all aglow, darted away, as though Neptune held fireworks. The simile was inevitable, for the effect was of great rockets bursting in the gleaming depths. The snakes tied their fantastic knots, and now and then, far down, passed great shapes of dim light, mysterious and gruesome. The sea was ablaze, the bow ripple was white quartz, and at every dip of those quiet paddles the fishy rockets burst in glory.

No wonder that from such a sea the divers bring up great glowing pearls. The very water had the colour of pearl, the attraction of pearl. It was a giant gem on the world’s throat.

A big ship never comes to the Trobriands, to these isles of isolation. We had reached the places where, instead of the comment being, “What a tiny boat!” the general opinion was, “You’ve got a fine big ship here!” The group lies low in the water like a school of whales, and the highest point on the main island is but 135 feet above sea level. It is 35 miles in length and 25 in width at its widest point, and here 20 whites live among 9,000 natives.

At one time the natives were noted for their immorality and the prevalence of disease among them. Here came whalers, black-birders, and other dark ships in the old days, and there were wild doings among the palms. Careful control by the resident magistrates—
splendid men of a splendid service—has changed all that. To-day the islands are as moral as any and the percentage of disease is lower than in many cities of the old world.

In his open-sided house among the palms and looking along croton-lined paths to a giant banyan tree, we saw the magistrate go through a normal day's work.

He started at 6 A. M. in the tiny, palm-roofed hospital with three operations, which were quite successful, although he does not hold a doctor's degree and gained his experience with the Army Medical Corps. His only assistant was an intelligent native policeman. He inspected the other patients and prescribed treatment for them, and then, after breakfast, held a court at which he dispensed rough-and-ready justice, collecting the fines himself, or setting the culprits to work on the paths under guard. His afternoon was occupied with receiving the weekly reports from a score of village constables who had come in from various parts of the group. His evening he gave up to us, but in the ordinary course of events he would have spent it upon his work of producing a reliable map of the group, a task not yet accomplished.

From the sea the islands look sombre, but they are of much beauty when you land. Under the direction of a previous magistrate 40,000 palms were planted, and the isle was bisected by scores of neat coral paths, the sections of the paths and the trees being under the care of specified groups of natives. It is a wonderful experience to walk these quiet ways, coming upon
village after village. The natives are of a higher and more attractive type than the mainlanders, and the girls, some of whom have real beauty, wear a jaunty rami not more than six inches in length and bunched over the hips most gracefully.

They carve very well, these islanders, and they flocked to us offering weird betel-nut crushers, canoes, paddles, spears, bowls, figure-heads, and so on, all shaped with much skill. The carving is done directly into the wood without any pattern, and the rough knives never slip.

Here, again, dancing is in favour, and we saw one very esthetic and serious gentleman go through a long solo dance, an affair of many gestures and posings which might well have told the story of a Trobriand Salome.

Truth to say, however, our opinion of the islanders slumped a little when we saw a woman suckling a pig. Our surprise was laughed to scorn. It was quite a usual thing. Babies were common enough, but a fat pig was hard to come by.

They were kindly folk, however, and once when we were walking through the endless paths, Paulo, that worthy policeman who was a nurse in his odd moments, decided that Jean looked weary. He spoke a word to some villagers and in a moment they were at work constructing a great stretcher of bows and palm fronds, on which six of them carried her shoulder high, laughing in glee as they panted along.

That was on the eventful day we killed the bullock.
"We're just about out of meat," Bert had announced, and so we bought a bullock.

Then the ship's company, armed with rifles and knives, set out to butcher the beast. They had a strenuous time—so had the bullock. The first few shots failed to hit a vital spot, and the infuriated animal charged down upon a group of natives who were watching, entranced. There was a frantic rush for shelter, and one native planted a spear in the beast's hide as it dashed by.

A couple of more shots missed entirely, and ultimately a pearler despatched the bullock with an ancient shotgun.

The captain did most of the cutting up, a far from pleasant job out there in the broiling sun, with the dead animal's companion lowing in the vicinity and making occasional charges. All hands were sadly weary and stained at the conclusion of that novel day's work, but even though it had not been butchered in the most fashionable manner, the meat tasted good to us for many weeks afterward.

We saw sunsets to tug the heart strings in that quiet lagoon; sunsets which out there at the end of the world made for long thoughts of home; sunsets which put a sudden lump in the throat.

All the sky blazed up in a sudden wonder of heliotrope, mauve and pink and scarlet, blending into shades beyond description. Great shafts and bursts of vivid primary hues burned against the faintest of tints. The air was heavy and hot and the sky throbbed. The
colours faded and the sunset died. Then the late moon showed thin and white, only to die also beneath the sky’s rim. The great stars hung out their lanterns, but these, too, died before advancing clouds which wrapped them in dark shrouds. The air was heavy as death itself and the black sky seemed to be the top of a tomb. Then, quick and sudden, came clean rain, and a breeze ran in from the sea, bringing mad, merry whitecaps and a message of resurrection and new life.

Fortunate, indeed, was Ellis Silas, author of “Crusading at Anzac,” whom we found here painting with talented brush the strange beauty of the group, and striving very hard to catch its indefinable difference and charm.

We stayed here longer than we had intended, for the captain developed malaria. Fever lurks everywhere in the group, and it is taken as a matter of course. All the whites have quinine as a regular portion of their diet, and even the babies have it rubbed beneath their arms. It is not all romance being a pioneer. If you develop blackwater there is nothing for it but a trip of hundreds of miles to Samarai in a tiny motor launch, with Death as a sailing companion.

For several days the captain’s temperature stood well above the century mark, and things began to look gloomy. Water supplies were running short and we could delay no longer. Ultimately A. Y. laid out a course and we headed on again, leaving behind that strangely haunting place with much regret.

And, of course, because we were one short on the
wheel, we ran into black, bad weather which tossed our little ship about until, looking down the deck, you thought of a match in delirium.

Now it so happened that in my clippings book was a verse I had published some years before—a verse which was in the nature of a prayer and which had been answered. It started this way:

Some day I shall go out and find strange lands
  Wonderful under new skies;
Touch the great statues of bronze which cunning hands
  Shaped smooth when the East was wise;
Taste the salt kiss of the ocean’s wet lip,
  Hear the Trades shout in the ropes,
Feel the quick shuddering joy of a ship—
  These are my hopes.

And—being a very young man—I had shown the book to Jean. As I stood in the horrible night struggling with the wheel and the yacht staggered beneath the waves’ blows, her voice came from the gloom outside.

"'Feel the quick shuddering joy of a ship!'" she quoted.

The wind laughed and the sea laughed. So did we all.

After long hours dawn came like a gray hag, staggering across the gray world of sea and chilled with the gray rain.

Supplies of water and gasoline were running very short, and this wild sea, carrying the threat of strange tides and sets, was the last thing we desired with the
Savage Australian bushmen who have been deported to Palm Island. The drop-stitch effect of personal decoration is made with lime.

New Guinea tribesmen in a war canoe. They came out to greet the Speejacks at Hood Inlet.
The making of a New Guinea dugout canoe.
captain still ill. There was nothing for it, however, but to plug along.

The first light of dawn on the second day found us scanning the waters anxiously. And all was well. The hummocked shapes of the Solomon Islands were all about. We were just where we should have been. Before lunch we had crept into the snug anchorage of Shortland Harbour, where, hemmed in on all sides by the long, graceful avenues of a coconut plantation, we were set in a scene of rare beauty.

Out from the shore came a big cutter manned by "boys" who handled their oars with the precision and style of a naval crew. The reason was not far to seek. The Solomons are under the direct control of Britain, and the resident here was an Imperial army officer, a type. He dressed for dinner, alone in the wilderness, waited on by one white-eyed nigger boy, read Punch and the weekly papers and longed for all the dear haunts "down West." But his station and the discipline were splendid.

We had thought that Papuans were dark-skinned, but they were white when compared with these Solomon Island boys. Their skins were literally the colour of coals, black as night, and well-built little nuggets of men they were.

What follows sounds like stretching the long arm of coincidence for dramatic effect, but, hand on heart, I promise you it is true.

"I'm afraid I have bad news," said the resident, "You were expecting some benzine here, I believe?"
Indeed, we were. It had been shipped from Sydney three months ago, our tanks were empty.

"The schooner William H. Smith was supposed to bring it," he said. "She is months overdue. I think if I may I will have to report her missing by a wireless message from your plant!"

You may well imagine how our faces lengthened. Here we were thousands of miles out in the wilderness with the prospect of having to wait idly for months until the necessary fuel arrived to carry us on, for a shipment could be obtained only from Sydney. And then the gloom of a possible loss at sea of ship and crew on a mission specially for us....

We were sitting round debating this serious position, when—hand on heart!—round a coconut-clad island came a bowsprit; then a white winged, four-masted barque bowling in with a following breeze. She flew the American flag. Hastily we picked up the glasses and read her name on the bow—"William H. Smith."

And this is the story we heard from the square Danish-American skipper when we stood on her broad deck in the shadow of her great black spars.

She was fifty-nine days out from Sydney on a journey which should have occupied eighteen days. For twenty-six days she had been in sight of the southerly islands of the group, and had been trapped in a dead calm, currents carrying her back farther than she could advance. During that time the sails were hoisted and lowered forty-two times, and she made twenty miles.

The captain, two mates, and three raw boys picked
up in Sydney ran the ship, and the skipper’s wife and family were aboard. And here you come to the strangest part of all: owing to the long delay on the voyage a son was born to the captain, and the “old man” acted as doctor and nurse. Mother and baby were thriving when we saw them, and we made a strong claim that the youngster should be named for us. But mother favoured Eric.

Two waterspouts were narrowly dodged on that eventful voyage, but the skipper regarded the whole business as part of the day’s work. They were to load copra when they had supplied us with our fuel, and would then start for San Francisco. We expressed the hope that they would not take as long to travel twenty miles on that trip.

“What matter is it?” growled the old man. “We have a year’s food aboard and this is my home just as much as a landsman’s is!”

Two months overdue and arriving within two hours of us—not bad, even for Speejacks luck!

Seldom has Shortland Harbour seen such activity as followed. We came alongside the barque and, with a plentiful supply of coal-black labour, the task of pouring the gasoline into our tanks went on while on the other side a fleet of outrigger canoes carried the empty tins over to a spring in the hillside and brought them back filled with water for us.

It was a splendid method of getting the work out of the way, but we regretted it somewhat later when all our drinking water for weeks tasted strongly of oil!
Then, but only then, everybody realized that the tins should have been burned out before they were used.

The natives reaped a great harvest when, the work completed, 700 tins were sent drifting down the harbour.

That evening we saw a striking picture at the resident’s house set on the top of a beautiful hill, looking out across palms and vivid green islands to the aching blue of the Pacific, with here and there along the coast great spurs of white foam flung up from coral reefs. The house itself was set in a bower of luxuriance. Palms, kapok trees, pineapple bushes, peanut plants, orange trees, gorgeous flowering vines—all the fruit, flowers, and vegetables of the tropics were there.

As the sun fell down the western sky, the sound of marching feet came up the coral steps leading to the house. The magistrate straightened himself up, buttoned the collar of his white coat, put on his helmet, and took his stick.

"Come and see us salute the flag!" he invited as he took up his position on the step of the veranda.

A flag pole stood on the neat lawn in front of the house, and the Union Jack fluttered out against the glory of the sunset and the wide ocean. Into view swung a squad of eight coal-black police under the charge of a coal-black corporal. They wore the neat blue kilt and round sailor hats and white belts of the force and they carried rifles with fixed bayonets.

"Halt!" shouted the corporal.

He stepped with great solemnity to the pole.

The ceremony was carried out with a precision which
might have been envied by a crack regiment. The corporal shouted his orders very fiercely in pidgin English, the glistening guard presented arms and saluted in perfect time, and with style the flag came drooping down, and was carefully folded away. There was a click of bare heels and a stamp of bare feet and the squad marched briskly away down to the barracks below. Up to us floated the voice of the corporal, still very fierce though out of sight.

"They like it," said the magistrate. "And it's good for them."

We agreed with him, for there had been a real thrill in that ceremony of the tropic sunset hour.

We sat late that night in that wonderful garden beneath the enormous stars, while a myriad fireflies twinkled and glowed in the calm air. Several traders drifted in and they told strange tales of these wild islands, where, even to-day, there are places where no man may go unless he is on a punitive expedition and has many rifles behind him.

Choiseul, Bougainville, Malaita—all these are bad islands where death is given lightly as a word.

Here there are still headhunters, and there is keen, and very genuine, competition between the villages for the finest collection. The law runs in these islands: a head for a head. There is no appeal. An attack on a Government launch was repulsed only after the loss of a life just before we arrived, and there are many places where even recruiters in quest of labour are allowed to go only in couples, and where, instead of
landing themselves, the white men lie off in their cutters and send their head boys ashore.

In gaol at Shortland Harbour were two interesting murderers. Both had acted quite in accordance with the custom of the country, but the annoying whites would not recognize the fact.

One gentleman had killed another because he had prayed for rain and his prayer had been answered. You might say there was no harm in that, but you see the first gentleman’s wife had climbed a coconut palm after the rain, and the trunk being slippery she had fallen and killed herself.

“Fault belong him!” said the indignant husband. He slew the man with a spear.

The second boy explained his lapse thus: “He killed my brother so I killed his uncle.”

A head for a head, you see!

These and many other strange stories were told to us quite casually in the firefly-spangled dark. Do you wonder that we sat late and paid no heed to the busy mosquitoes?

Permission to land on the wildest islands was refused to us—“you might get hurt and you mightn’t, but also you might kill somebody and that would be a nuisance”—and so we headed on for Kieta, away up on Bougainville.

We arrived there late in the afternoon, lacking a large-scale chart and fully advised of the difficulty of the entrance. An exciting hour followed.

Between us and our destination was a great white
sweep of foam, where the ocean ground its teeth on a coral reef. The reef ran for miles in a huge semi-circle and as we cruised along it there seemed to be no gap, no entrance. The sun was dying, a heavy rainstorm swept down upon us, making the light poorer, and still we blundered on with the white mane of the waves always to port as they crashed down with a boom upon the coral wall.

Louis was perched on the swaying masthead, and all hands were on the look-out. Just when it seemed that the sun would win the race, that there was nothing to do save put to sea and try again in the morning—an unpleasant prospect with the first breaths of a high breeze lifting the rollers already—we spied a gap in that gleaming line of teeth. There was no means of telling whether it was a false hope or not, so the dinghy was put over, and Jack and Oscar rowed away, looking absurdly powerless in the tiny cockleshell, which rose and fell on every wave so that we lost sight of them completely when they went down into the troughs.

They sounded carefully and waved for us to follow, and so we crept in through that narrow gap with the surf splashing ten feet into the air on either hand and so close that it clouded the glass on the front of the wheelhouse.

Ah, but it was good to enter into that quiet harbour just as the light died! A strange hush was on the place and as we felt our way along from beacon to beacon the great towering hills gave a sombre, secret feeling which was dispelled only by the warm gold of the windows of
the four houses in the tiny settlement set high upon the slopes.

And when we anchored we learned that, after all, we had come by the wrong entrance and that nobody had ever dared that passage before!

At one time Kieta was a German town, the capital of Germany’s Solomon Island possessions. To-day, however, the Australians control it under a Peace Conference mandate, and we were welcomed with great joy by the tiny band who were isolated in that place of sombre charm.

Voices were raised in song which shattered the stillness of the night, and there were many drinks on the broad veranda of the house which looked out across the silent harbour. Several former naval men were among our hosts, and we sang chanties together, while a little gnome of a whiskered man insisted upon delivering an address upon the Lost Tribes.

He was a solemn little man who had spent long years in the islands, doing Allah alone knows what, and he was urged on to fresh flights of eloquence by a great, gaunt man with a long black beard who had been a chief petty officer in the navy before he became a diver and trader.

The little man sat down at last where there was no chair, and his fall filling him with new vigour he bounced up again, and read our characters very shrewdly from our handwriting.

Meanwhile, from the gaol close at hand came the yells of a native prisoner who had killed two of his own
New Guinea head-hunters on dress parade. The gentleman in the lower right-hand photograph is Agar, bad man of Mukawa district. Lower Left: A New Guinea native wearing a mourning garb, made by sewing shells on pigskin or dogskin.
In New Guinea the barber applies gum and then removes the hair by the roots. This produces a very durable shave.
race and two Chinamen and was very anxious to realize his ambition to murder a white man.

Great moths came in out of the gloom and flapped about the lamps, the murderer's yells clashed with our singing, the wind shouted among the palms—it was a mad night.

Kieta is happier than some of the places we visited because it is in touch with the outside world by means of wireless. Here is published what must be one of the smallest papers in the world. It is one sheet of typewriting and has a circulation of eighteen copies. It may be unassuming, but it gave us news of the big world outside which we had almost forgotten.

On the following afternoon we met Kieta at cricket. The Americans aboard had never seen the game played, but we were undaunted. To avoid the travail of running in the hot sun runs were allowed for hits past certain points—into the sea being six, but you had to recover the ball.

The game waxed fast and furious and native boys were sent scurrying up palms to bring down green coconuts for us to quench our thirst.

*Speejacks* batted first—or rather "swiped" first. We hit hard and chanced to luck that, if we missed, the ball would also fail to find the wicket.

There were many cries of "Hey, boy, another coconut!"

All out for 45 we tackled the local team, but just as it seemed that victory was certain, A. Y. arrived seeming far from pleased at our sporting proclivities.
"We've got to get out through the reef," he yelled, "and you promised to be aboard at 4 o'clock. It's half-past now. You're a fine lot!"

But our blood was up. On a yachting trip you never consider the feelings of the owner; he is only there for your benefit. And so while he flitted about the ground like a dark shadow on a sunny afternoon we finished the game, and won by three runs.

Back to the ship we fled and found the captain fuming. It was five-thirty and the light waswaning.

"Well, we'll make a try for it," said he.

"See you again in about two hours," shouted the entire population of Kieta.

We thought otherwise. Down that long harbour we went and the night threw her nets over us. Then came black walls of rain, and there was nothing to be seen beyond the bow save thick nothingness. We didn't want to go back, you know, and we fumbled on. From ahead came the voice of the surf. The search-light was turned on but its bright sword was conquered by the gloom. Never a trace of the guiding beacon could we find, but instead into that shortened ray there leaped suddenly a white smother of foam.

The reef was perilously near, and our resolution weakened. The surf seemed all about us now. And so we turned and crept back to Kieta and its amused inhabitants. We had beaten them at cricket, but in so doing had suffered defeat at the hands of their harbour.

At dawn we slipped away, and running all day along the coast of Bougainville came with the night to Buka
Passage at the extreme northern end, where in a narrow sea-road between two islands we anchored in a regular tide race. A strange place this, too. High red cliffs shut us in on either side, and from the shore twinkled the lone light of a Chinese store. On the crest of those great walls palms and trees stood silhouetted against the sky bright with moonbeams.

We kept anchor watches, which was well, for in that strong tide the hook dragged and we were swept right under the shadow of the cliffs before the engines were awakened and drove us out into mid-stream again. It was very peaceful and shut off in that swirling silver lane, hushed in the arms of the night. The round moon climbed high and mosquitoes came flocking out to this rich treasure ship. The anchor chain groaned and muttered as the yacht tugged, and the quick water swirled by, chuckling.

The world seemed far away. We had come 3,300 miles since leaving Sydney and had called at twenty-one ports. We were buried in the wilderness of the sea.

That night ashore two gentlemen had a disagreement about a lady and one was stabbed to death. We heard his cries. The moral is that there is no escape from the eternal triangle.
CHAPTER VII

A "Wet" Town and the Island Called "The Beautiful Lady with the Poisoned Lips"

"Read the log, somebody," said the captain as we headed in for Rabaul.

Jay went astern to do so, and he came back smiling.

"Log's gone, Cap!" quoth he, and there was something in his voice reminiscent of a schoolboy who tells how his respected uncle slipped on a banana peel. It is a strange trait in human nature, this impish glee in untoward happenings.

The log had gone right enough. A big fish had snapped off the twirling propeller which trailed astern.

When Germany was a Pacific power she chose Rabaul on the island of New Britain as her capital, and built it with German thoroughness. It is a beautiful place, younger than Samarai or Moresby, but larger and better in every respect. The town nestles at the foot of a large volcano, which is known as The Mother. On either side stand twin smaller peaks which are named The North Daughter and The South Daughter. Sheltered by those high ranges it can be very hot and stifling. But it is a pleasant place.

Things are changed in Rabaul under the new Australian régime. In the old days the natives were kept
under strong discipline and were expected to step off the pavement whenever one of their rulers passed. To-day the natives are being spoiled, if anything, and there are some of the older residents who sigh regretfully for the stern times of old. But then, as one of the new administrators put it, the natives really own the country, and it is more just that they should be pampered than flogged and ill-treated as they were in the past.

In Rabaul you live always in a botanical garden. Every street is arched over with greenery and each of the big, roomy bungalows built high upon piles has its garden surrounding it. The town is clean and well kept and the Germans drove fine roads out into the surrounding country.

Now it so happened that we arrived at Rabaul at Easter, and we were whirled up in a round of gaiety. Among the "wet" places of the world this town must take a high place, certainly in holiday mood. We saw more liquor consumed there in four days than any of us had ever seen drunk before in a fortnight. Day and night it kept up, and there were wild times in the clubs. For a while you were puzzled when you saw Government clerks buying magnums of champagne, but the means to the end was provided by the "chit system"—that most undesirable custom which has landed many a man into trouble in the East.

Nobody pays cash—you simply sign a chit. It gives you a feeling that it is all very easy and inexpensive—but that sensation wears off at the end of the month.
when all those little dockets come fluttering in to you like homing pigeons.

One morning I had occasion to call upon a citizen at 6.30. He woke up sleepily and looked about him, for it had been a long and damp night before.

"Boy! Boy!" he yelled. "Fetch one feller bottle of champagne!"

He drank that down before breakfast.

Of course, it is not always as bad as that in Rabaul, and, anyway, far be it from us to throw the first stone. We had a wonderful time there.

All through the western Pacific pidgin English is used to speak to the natives. The great majority understand it. It is really far more involved and bewildering than straight talk, but they do not seem to be able to follow ordinary language.

Thus if you said to a boy, "Take this gentleman to the barber's!" he might be puzzled.

"Take this master to feller cut grass belong him!" is the proper order, and that would be grasped at once.

In this strange Double Dutch a pier becomes "bridge"; the sea, "soda water"; a box, "bokkus"; little, "lik-lik"; and when you warned a boy not to let his canoe scratch the paintwork of the yacht you shouted, "No let 'im fight ship"! On account of the fact that it deals in checks a bank is known as "house gammon money," as against the "house money," which means the Treasury, where the natives consider business is carried out in real money.

In the gracious and roomy Government House on
the slopes of the volcanic peak we were entertained at
dinner by Lt. Col. Wanliss, who was acting as adminis-
trator in the absence of his chief, who was away on
business in Australia.

It was a delightful evening, a quaint mixture of the
formal and the bizarre. Sentries, half-naked brown
men, presented arms as we entered; waiters, who were
small and very serious brown boys, brought us cock-
tails; we danced to the music of a gramophone super-
vised by more boys, who were liable to put on an opera
selection for a fox trot. It was a warm night, and I
recall with sorrow the tribulations we suffered wearing
dinner suits and boiled shirts for the first time in many
moons. We arrived back at the yacht happy but look-
ing as though our clothes had been half laundered when
we put them on.

We were anchored in a harbour of schooners and
queer former German steamers, and with so much ship-
ning it was strange to see the unceasing interest of the
natives in each new arrival.

"Sail-o!" would be the cry the moment a ship ap-
peared, and it was said in the town that the natives
knew of the coming of big steamers before the author-
ities did, the news being signalled by smoke and beating
drums from villages along the coast.

Chinatown was full of interest, and here for the first
time we learned the lesson, which has been written
deeply in our minds since, that the Chinese are the
greatest traders in the world, and that they can amass
wealth where a white man would starve. Most of the
motor cars in Rabaul are the property of Chinese. They run the largest accounts at the stores, and control most of the cash. There are two hotels in Chinatown, a theatre, numerous shops where many curios are sold, and cafés beyond counting.

It was good, too, as a change from ship fare, to go to one of these Chinese restaurants where for a few shillings could be obtained a tremendous feast of steak and eggs with a bottle of beer.

It seemed quite strange to ride in a car again, and motoring on this island has its peculiar features. Everybody drives at breakneck speed and the rules seem to be that pedestrians must keep clear. As a result your progress is marked by a kind of bow wave of natives fleeing for safety. Staid Chinese merchants riding on bicycles solemnly pedal their machines into the bush and fall off when a car approaches. They seem to have no idea of steering.

By night Rabaul is jewelled with a million fireflies which flit everywhere against a background of velvet sky and heavy greenery; from Chinatown comes the tinkle of quaint instruments, and over the bay float the voices of natives singing and the occasional mutter of a drum. There are always romance and glamour in the tropics in the soft arms of night.

We had intended to haul the boat out here and have the damaged propeller mended, but the price asked by the Japanese who owned the slipway was excessive, and so we decided to push on and dock in Java. By this time the Speejacks bore a resemblance to a floating
A native orchestra, in the Manus group of the Admiralty Islands.
A war canoe skirting an atoll in the Solomons.
museum with curios of all descriptions poked into every corner. Normally there was no room to spare, but when it came to carrying great king spears twelve feet in length, huge bowls, and all the other trophies we had gathered, it was difficult to walk along the deck. Here, accordingly, the greater proportion were packed and shipped back to America and we had space to turn round again.

As we were leaving civilization behind for months we shaved our heads!

Bill started it, and he looked so cool and clean that we decided to follow suit. You really have no idea how funny you look until you see yourself with a shaven poll. We had all the appearance of desperate criminals, of absurd Easter eggs, of bladders of lard. The idea grew up out of a bet at luncheon, and there was no escaping from the solemn promises made.

As the ship rolled along, one after another sat down aft and the clippers were passed right over our heads, neck to brow. Meanwhile, the entire ship’s company stood about and made ribald remarks.*

A close scrutiny in two mirrors was an advisable precaution suggested by seeing “Burney” walking about well satisfied, little knowing that a funny little tuft like a comb had been left sticking out at the back.

Two days out we came through a reef-strewn passage into the great basin of Seaadler Harbour on Manus Island in the Admiralty Group. Here we found an-

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*It will be noticed that at this time Mrs. Gowen had for a while left the ship. She rejoined it some time later.—Ed.
other spick-and-span, typically German settlement under the control of Australia. We landed, feeling somewhat dubious about taking off our hats and revealing our egg-like heads, but discovered that we were quite in the fashion since everybody had had a similar tropical cut.

Here, again, we were received with the wonderful hospitality which had been ours everywhere we went. In all these lost corners of the world the men who usually lived frugally enough gave banquets for us and nothing was too much trouble for them. Ours was a royal progress, welcomed everywhere as bringing new life and a breath of the outside world into the isolation.

Fine totem poles—huge affairs sixteen feet in length and a mass of weird carvings chipped out of a solid log—shields, and other excellent samples of native work were picked up here, and one sportsman tossed A. Y. "double or quits" for a fine collection probably worth £40. Of course A. Y. won. He always did—as we were to learn later when the gambling mania struck the ship. We called him then "the man with the horseshoe," and before it was all over only the very brave or rash dared test their luck against his.

In quest of photographs we left next day on an excursion, and had a fine opportunity to see the native police at work. Their energy, their physique, and their good temper were surprising. They rowed us three miles under the baking tropical sun, which was so hot that the perspiration showed through your coat even when you were sitting still.
The way was along a still and steamy channel hemmed in on either side by unvarying mangrove swamps. The men wore blue scolloped tunics trimmed with red, sailor hats on their frizzy hair, a white military belt pipeclayed and spotlessly clean. Their rifles were piled beside them. In contrast with their neat uniforms were their tattooed faces, their arm and leg bands, and their pierced noses and ears. But they were a cheery crew.

Grinning and chatting they tugged with short, neat strokes at their long oars and drove the heavy gig along against a strong current. And even at the end of their big effort they were able to put on a final spurt which drove us into the shallows from which they carried us ashore.

Here, in a strange, ugly, sinister village we saw a native dance which was a masterpiece of obscenity. A gruesome, nauseating spectacle were these old men stepping unashamedly to the music of great drums ten feet in length and hollowed out of trees. You spat as you left the unclean place.

Better to watch were those sturdy policemen lifting our boat back with as much zest as ever. And, after dinner, they completed an enjoyable day by rowing us out to the Speejacks through a heavy sea. We gave them some tobacco and left them well content, chattering merrily as they bent to their oars again and drove their gig home through the night and the white-capped waves.

Men who live at Maron call the island "the beautiful
lady with the poisoned lips.” But we voyagers, whose stay was so brief that her fatal kiss meant nothing, will remember her always for her beauty only, for her lonely beauty, for her lonely charm.

Of all the places we visited Maron is ever memorable as the most isolated and out-of-the-way corner of the world we saw. You will not find it marked on the ordinary maps, but it is in the well-named Hermit Group to the west and north of the Admiralty Islands, a tropic gem shut off by foam-flecked seas. In the kiss of this lovely lady lurks the dread germ of malaria—on the day before we arrived two of the seven white inhabitants went south on the tiny trading steamer fighting a battle against death—but ah! she is fascinating in her wild beauty; her picture stands out with cameo clearness when those of far more proper ladies, far less dangerous ladies, are forgotten.

We came to Maron in late afternoon, rolling across a wide gray sea. As though in warning against her charms the first thing that met our eyes was a great rusting hulk of a steamer piled high upon the white-bearded reef which guards this dangerous lady; that German ship was firmly embedded in the coral, and the foam of every sea flung a white veil over her.

In from the wearying sea we swung through the narrow gateway of the reef. We did not know what we were going to; we had never read anything of Maron nor met anybody who had been there; here was virgin territory. And so we came in cautiously with all eyes on the shore—and what do you think we saw? Stand-
ing high upon the crest of a hill a German castle, so it seemed to us, such as you might find upon the banks of the Rhine!

It takes a lady with dangerous lips to provide such surprises.

Perhaps you are tired of references to palms, but Maron was a living poem of their beauty. On the main island, on the surrounding specks of land, nothing save palms; thousands upon thousands of them swayed and danced together, rattling their swords in the clamour of the gale which swept across the island for the whole time we were there. Here and there was an occasional pine, but beyond that nothing save palms, legions of them, so that it seemed they had occupied the whole landscape and driven out all the lesser plants. They held high carnival with the surf and wind for courtiers.

Out in a cutter came the magistrate and three other Australians. They were speechless with excitement, for to Maron only the trading steamer comes once in three months and nothing else ever happens. Here, in the kingdom of the palm, day drifts into day and these three men live on in a round of beautiful monotony which warps and deadens. One said to me: "I can tell you the number of palms to be seen on the skyline of the island opposite. There is nothing to do in the evening but sit and stare at them. I have counted every one to keep myself from thinking."

You may well imagine the thrill our coming meant. "What name belong this lap-lap (flag)? He no belong me!"
That is what the puzzled natives said when they saw the Stars and Stripes. That flag had never been seen there before.

It was *Speejacks* luck to arrive at that lonely outpost on the greatest day of the year for the four exiles—April 25th, the anniversary of the landing of the Australians at Gallipoli. Here were four Anzacs preparing to celebrate the day, and our ship, with its new life and new interest, had arrived most opportune. There were great rejoicings. So we went up to the castle on the hill for dinner.

Here was romance itself. Once upon a time there was a German Pacific millionaire named Rudolf Wahlen—surely his second name should have been Aladdin—and among his interests was this entire group and the palms on it. Here he built his home, and to-day the flag of the starry cross floats from the flag-pole and cheerful young Australians dwell in it.

Never was there a greater surprise than this stone mansion of the world's end. Imagine a great two-storied house with a high tower, on every side broad stone verandas with pergolas, stone balustrades and decorations, cloaked in creeping vines. Inside were great rooms with French windows opening out on to balconies, electric light and water laid on, a tennis court, a photographic dark room, and a garden—a perfect home, looking out across the unending magic of the palms to the all-encircling white reef and to the seas where there are no ships.

They gave us a dinner, mostly from tins, which was
almost perfection, they plied us with excellent cocktails and other drinks—out here where there should have been wilderness—and A. Y. proposed the toast of Anzac Day while the palms and surf applauded. Melba (tinned) sang for us.

There were great yarnings that night, talks of far fields and brave men and brave deeds told with lurid oaths—maybe you knew the "Diggers"?—a wonderful evening for these exiles, and a wonderful evening for us.

On the following day we entertained aboard—as we did at all the other places where we received the wonderful hospitality of the Pacific—and there was more yarning and more oaths, and another memorable time.

"The more we see of you the better we like you. Stay awhile."

That is what they wrote in the guest book. We did, whether we wanted to or not. For a great gale came which drove the huge waves onto the reefs in fountains of spray, a gale which shrieked like ten thousand demons in the palms, and it was very snug by that tiny dock with a mooring rope made fast to pines upon the shore, and the wild seas outside looked very gray and desolate. And so we stayed and shivered, one degree south of the Equator.

It was a delight to walk round the island on the grass-grown paths, where Herr Rudolf once drove in an open landau drawn by two small ponies. The gale yelled continuously and the palms—oh, the glorious palms!—clattered together above your head, coconuts fell with heavy thuds, and the ground underfoot was
riddled by millions of holes into which scuttled huge orange crabs so numerous that at times it seemed the earth moved.

Into the canals, made in an effort to drain off the stagnant water where the mosquitoes breed, water lizards darted unceasingly, quick as light, and goats grazed on the rank grass. Two hills and a narrow flat made up the island, and on it were 47,000 palms. And there are always the wild wind and the wide sea making the blood grow sluggish with the weight of the tropics, making it run fast again, and always white bands of foam and other islands each with its feathered crown.

Iguanas fled away from you like small crocodiles, an occasional parrot flashed overhead, and the crabs marched in armies—there was no change, no variation in countenance of the island, but by its very regularity it gripped, held, and hypnotized you.

Maron is a setting for the peculiar.

Here, for instance, the natives had a tame shark which came into a few inches of water to be fed. It was the pet of the island boys. But the boys from the mainland grew jealous and one day, being in a black mood, they shot at the green-eyed monster which lay so peacefully upon the white sand, hidden beneath a shallow film of water.

Then they jeered at their fellows whose pet swam away and was seen no more.

For a time the islanders were disconsolate, but a wise man arose who pointed out that the shark had not deserted them. One of their people had been landed
Native police at Faisi, in the Solomon Islands.
This is the main street in a Trobriand village.
from a cutter on another island. His leg was broken. The shark, it was evident, had only gone over there to look after him.

And, though the mainlanders tried to laugh the theory to scorn, in their hearts they believed it, and victory was with those whose pet had been attacked.

We saw sharks at Maron, but they did not seem at all like pets. A great monster twelve feet in length swam about the stern of the yacht one afternoon, and Louis, all excitement and eagerness, begged some beef from Bert. By this time the cruel fin was showing farther down the lagoon and Louis flung some of the beef overboard to act as bait. Then he took another piece and dangled it over the stern with a cunningly contrived noose in such a position that it could be tightened whenever the shark came for the dainty. But he never came back.

Instead, as the tempting pieces drifted down on the tide, we saw a sudden welter of water and half-a-dozen fins bore down on them. We saw the great fish turn over and piece after piece was snapped down by the hungry jaws, with much splashing of tails and fins in the battle for the morsels.

Ships, as I have said, seldom come to Maron, but the natives say that there is a grasshopper which never appears except when a ship is about to put in. One of the Australians had put the matter to the test, and on each of the previous three occasions when the insect was seen, a ship came in the following day; the Spee-jacks, entirely unexpected, being the last fulfilment of
the prophecy. He had captured this little fellow, a neatly uniformed gentleman in green with a brown stripe, and intended to carry out further tests. The native believed in the omen implicitly.

Day after day the gale blew and showed no sign of abating, so that, at last, there was nothing for it but to push out and battle through. But it was not merely on account of the voyage ahead that we were sorry to leave Maron—we loved the beautiful lady for herself.

It was a bitter moment when we thrust out through that sheltering wall. I remember we caught three big fish going through the reef all within seconds of each other, but that did not compensate for the great green waves which swept up beneath us and tossed us high into heaven. The ship staggered and plunged beneath their onslaught, and rolled and tossed so that it was impossible to eat in the saloon and we had to be content with sandwiches for meals in the wheelhouse. The tiny white yacht was flung hither and thither like a match, and sea and set were against us, so that instead of making eight knots our speed was only five. Great trees drifted by. The wind lifted solid sheets of water off the crests of the waves and drove them down upon us like hail.

I had the two to four watch that morning, and those were black hours. A great star showed ahead—at least it showed at moments, and for the rest of the time it was either far above the canvas awning or blacked out by the lifting bow. It was never in the same place for a moment. It was a star with St. Vitus’ dance.
As I clung there in misery and watched the star and the compass I thought of Masefield's lines:

“All I want is a tall ship and a star to steer her by!”

I remembered a small boy who read those lines in a brown room and suffered, with Masefield, from “Sea Fever.” At the moment, though years later, he had found a remedy. He felt like a fly crucified to the wheel which had suddenly grown huge.

Thinking thus and trying to pass the weary minutes away, I noticed the engineer go forward and look out. Now it was as black as pitch up there, and it was impossible to see even his figure. The bow was wrapped about in dark and rain, and the binnacle light striking up into your eyes blinded you as far as seeing anything ahead was concerned.

I noticed that he hurried back rather anxiously. He shook the captain.

“Cap,” he cried, “come and look at the island we're running into!”

You can guess the feeling of the skipper wakened by such a call. Out he dashed, and in a minute was back in the wheelhouse, calm and cool, giving a new course. We should have passed Matty Island hours before but the set had carried us many miles off. The thunder of the surf could be heard, and had it not been for the timely glance ahead of the engineer, who was supposed to keep a general look-out, I should have blissfully steered the ship ashore.

The speed with which the captain—wakened from a
heavy sleep, mind you—grasped the situation, kept his head, and set things right sticks in my mind as one of the many fine pieces of navigation I saw him do. There was no time here for talk or hesitation. A nasty run, that!

Next day was as bad, and Bert was laid up with stomach trouble. Somebody left the medical book lying on the hatch. It chanced that it was open at the ominous word “Sea-sickness.”

“Antidote—iced champagne!” mocked the heartless book.

Fancy the brutality of recommending iced champagne on a yacht off Dutch New Guinea!
CHAPTER VIII

A Race from the Port-of-Dreams-for-Sale to the Orient

And so the Speejacks came to the port where men sold dreams.

Look at the map of Dutch New Guinea, and just within the northeastern borderline you will see Humboldt Bay. This is another harbour of wonderful beauty shut close about by wooded mountains, gemmed with wooded islands, with tiny marine villages of peaked brown huts dotted here and there at the base of those great slopes. At the top of the bay on a small flat nestled the little Dutch outpost of Hollandia, fascinating and strange.

Here, for the first time, we found the Orient jostling the Pacific; Chinese rubbed shoulders with naked natives and the clickety-click of wooden slippers mingled with the throbbing of a drum. And here bland Chinese gentlemen in pyjamas had dreams for sale—dreams of shimmering beauty captured in the shadowy depths of tropic jungle. For Hollandia is a great centre for the bird-of-paradise trade. Along the broad street facing the sea rows of glistening plumes floated upon lines or were ranged on boxes drying in the sun. Gold and brown and blue, shot with a thousand gleams and shades, lit with the light of precious stones, here and there a foam of white cascading plumes, these were things to marvel at.
But, even in the warm sunshine, the beauty was dead and the dreams were cold. Not here the magic of the darting diamond in the green depths, only the empty brilliance. It seemed a poor trade, a nasty business.

There is something faery about these wonder birds. Their elusiveness is that of dreams. We met Dutchmen here who had handled thousands of plumes, but who had never seen a bird alive. Somewhere out in the great valleys and the towering mountains they flitted, but only the natives knew where. The natives brought them in and that was what mattered.

And, they said, no one had ever found a paradise bird’s nest or seen its eggs. Learned societies had offered a reward for specimens, but it seemed as useless to try to win it as though it had been offered for a bird that nested on Mars.

But there were the dead dreams for sale at £2 each!

When we were at Hollandia, 300 of the town’s 700 inhabitants were out in the back country with hired shotguns in quest of the birds, for the big buyers would be arriving within a couple of months. One thought of the green wilderness of the jungle and the wounded sunbeams fluttering down.

Hollandia, by night, was a fascinating place, with the golden oblongs of light flung from the open Chinese shops. Small Oriental babies came stealing in to stare in wonder at the strangers who sat at the smooth-worn bamboo tables and who seemed to find such pleasure in the long draughts of German lager placed before them by father. Very queer stores these, packed with a
preposterous welter of trifles all jumbled together; plumes alongside tinned fish, strange fruits and dainties on top of cases of whiskey, spears and poisoned arrows next to domestic brooms.

You would wonder how the traders make a living, for tourists never come to Hollandia, lonely outpost that it is chipped out of the wilderness.

We met fat, broad-faced Dutchmen, a very different type of settlers from those we had seen before.

Your Englishman, your Australian, regards the tropics as a prison from which he will escape presently and go Home. Not so these Hollanders.

"I have not seen Europe for thirty years," said one. "I have forgotten it."

That struck us as being a very general view. The Dutch in the East are a distinct nation, speaking Dutch, owning allegiance to Holland, but really as shut off from her as though they were independent. Of course there are countless exceptions to this rule, but, generally speaking, the fact remains that in the Dutch Indies there was an entirely new attitude.

They quaffed their lager, they sipped their Holland gin, they slept and ate much, and they were content.

Yet the back country to them was a far greater mystery, and was far wilder, than it would have been in English territory.

"We go there as little as may be," said they. "It is a bad place. There is too much death!"

There was one man who went on expeditions into the interior in quest of gold and curios and plumes.
"For me," he explained, "I prefer to firearms a few plugs of dynamite. Dynamite is an unanswerable argument."

This man had been far along the Dutch Sepik River—400 miles of headhunters, of decorated skulls, of clouds of malaria-laden mosquitoes. Bodies lacking heads floated past his canoe as it was paddled along, and warriors sent spears hurtling at him, until he demonstrated the powers of modern explosives. In his untidy house he had many strange things—shields embroidered with cockatoo feathers, skulls with pearl-shell eyes, arrows tipped with poison.

As far as possible the authorities are putting down the native "sing-sings." You see, the dancers have an unfortunate habit of becoming most excited and dashing out the brains of babies against the wooden poles around which they leap.

In our battle across from the Hermits we had consumed much benzine, but the fact had caused us no misgivings since we had been told that we could obtain fresh supplies at Hollandia. We couldn't. There were only a few gallons in town, as under a Dutch law only very small quantities could be carried by the coastal steamers.

Here was a pretty quandary. We were a thousand miles from Amboina, on the island of Ceram, and our tanks held just 2,080 gallons—our exact consumption for the run without allowing any margin for rough seas and winds, a set against us, or deviations from our course. There seemed to be every prospect that sup-
A "stone mansion of the world's end." Built by a German Pacific millionaire, Rudolf Wahlen, at Maron Island, of the Hermit group, now under Australian mandate.
The Dutch Club at Amboina, Dutch East India. “These Dutch towns die from lunch until 4 o'clock. At four you rise and bathe and then go driving or visiting. . . . Then you go to the cool white Societeit—or clubs.”
plies might run short, and leave us floating, a helpless salvage prize, until we were picked up.

While we were debating this, a solution steamed into Humboldt Bay in the form of a big Dutch coastal boat, which, we learned, was bound in the very direction in which our course lay.

Here was a stroke of good fortune. Hastily we put the dinghy over and rowed across.

We were met by the bullet-headed, very polite, but firm captain.

"Yes," he said, and our hearts gave a jump, "yes, I can tow you 500 miles on your way—but it will cost you £500!"

We protested that we were not salvage yet, and that the price was exorbitant, but he was obdurate. Adjustments might be made later at the company's office—he had to protect himself! We doubted those adjustments if we once paid our money down so we bade him good-bye.

Back we went to our little ship, the anchor came up and we headed out, giving a couple of parting hoots on our siren to indicate our independence.

But we fully realized we were up against it. When we came in the sea had been turmoil. What if it should still be so? The luck held. Outside the ocean was a sheet of green glass.

In the days that followed we lived in very close communion with the sea—with a kind and gracious and smiling sea.

There were great discussions about tides and currents and what the engines were doing.
In order to economize our fuel we ran on one engine only, giving us about six knots. The advisability of doing this formed the subject of endless discussion, and led to the constitution of "the gas watch." The watch sat at all hours of the day and night on the hatch above the engine room, and arguments raged furiously and many wagers were made. The consumption was measured daily, and we watched the log with eager eyes. I don't think any of us got far off the course on that run.

And always from the gas watch came argument.

"Well, on one engine we cut our consumption in half and yet our speed stays at five or six knots!"

This from A. Y.

"But is our consumption cut in half, and what about having to drag the other screw? Wouldn't it be better to run both slow?"

This from "Cal."

"Then you've got to remember that crawling like this we're banking on the weather staying calm."

This from the captain.

We wagered upon the time we would reach various points. The Cape of Good Hope was one of the landmarks.

("It would be bad luck for a man living here if his letters went to the other Cape in South Africa!" Bill pointed out.)

At noon it was clear in sight. Then the betting started. Three o'clock, four, five, eight, all had support. But when we came upon the cape it proved to be a false one, and the real cape was behind it, so it
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seemed. But it wasn’t. It was behind the next—and behind the next. Ultimately we passed it about 9 P. M. In this connection you must remember we were working on a small-scale chart, little more than an atlas map, and the myriad indentations of that mystery coast were not shown in detail.

It was a mystery coast rising high and purple and plumed with clouds, and the sea about us sparkled into diamonds with a surface calm as that of a lake. Looking back on that run I realize how close we landsmen grew to the sea. Wife to the sailormen, she was but a mistress to us, a new discovery, a lady who would leave us soon. We loved her the more. And a wonderful education it was. On a liner you are carried willy-nilly from place to place and the business of getting there goes on above your head. We had the charts always before us, we had the thrill of finding landmarks, of seeing how a course was laid and of keeping that course. We watched the wind and the log with eyes which were directly interested. We kept that compass point just where it should have been. And all the time we were nestled so close to the sea that flying fish flopped on board and we seemed to be literally held in her arms.

We were sailing from the dawn into the setting sun, and by night clear down the silver path of the moon. Witch days and nights of dream!

Sunrises which bathed all the world in pink, sunsets staining the west with fire against which far islands stood with their trees in silhouette so that you thought of the teeth of combs; moon-mad nights when nobody
slept for the wonder of the heart of a pearl in which we sailed. Watches were a pleasure, a delight, bringing dreamings of good times past and to come, and of good friends far away. As the minutes passed you hummed song after song, idly, low, calling back memories.

Our little world was completely shut off. That other world outside seemed to be on another planet. We had had no news since we left Rabaul, and we had almost forgotten it existed. Thrones might be tottering, nations might be caught up in flames, but we were in blissful ignorance.

To save fuel the wireless was shut down, and even fans and lights in the cabins were switched off. When the sun died we were well content with moonlight.

There was no monotony in those days, for beauty was always all about us, and we had the interest of our race with the friendly ocean. We read the few books we had on board and started on the encyclopaedia, we brought up our clothes and hung them in the sun until the ship looked like a floating old clothes shop—this was an important measure in the never-ceasing battle which must be waged against mildew at sea in the tropics—and we talked unendingly.

Also we played cards and dice.

"Roll you bones!" you would hear go up from a little group clustered on their hands and knees on deck.

And in the evening all hands would assemble in the tiny saloon and a game of poker or red dog would start.

To begin with, the betting was very moderate, but gradually the stakes grew. A vast currency of paper
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grew up—a currency of chits. Thus at the end of a night’s play settling would be something like this:

“Well, I’m down £6. I’ve got a chit here from Jay for £2 and one from Cal for £1. I’ll give you those and my own chit for the balance.”

The craze, which had really developed in the Trobriands, lasted until we reached Java. And always, apparently on the principle of the rich getting richer and the poor poorer, “A. Y.” won. His luck was phenomenal, and in fact, the only time we beat him was when he bet all comers that Borneo was larger than New Guinea!

We went through Pitt Passage, a narrow road of water between the high wooded islands of Batanta and Salawatti, with villages dotted here and there, the sea like glass and the clouds weaving fantasies upon the hills. Here for the first time since leaving Australia we were passed by a ship in daylight. She was the slim and graceful Tydeman, a surveying ship of the Dutch Indies Navy, and in that far seaway the flags of the two nations dipped to each other.

Later, when we met the commander in Amboina, he told us that he could have replenished our stock of gasoline, and he expressed surprise at our coming successfully along that island-dotted and reef-strewn coast, much of which was uncharted, and where there was neither light nor beacon but many reefs and rocks. He thought it a wonderful feat, but we had accepted it quite as a matter of course.

That evening we left the dark islands behind.

We saw New Guinea black against the afterglow for
the last time, and we were not sorry. Ahead lay the Orient and places famous in history and art. To tell the truth we looked forward to the change. We had had enough of the primitive, of the naked savages, headhunters, and cannibals. Fittingly enough, this last evening was set in a fantastic sea. The water was a burnished mirror for the flushed sky, great porpoises came charging down to us apparently out of the jaws of the drowning sun and flashed and gleamed within inches of our bow; against the skyline huge fish were leaping into the air and falling with silver splashes about some dark shape—killers attacking a whale, we believed; flying fish were everywhere, and now and then bonito sprang shimmering into the air; gulls floated by on drifting flotsam. All the citizens of these seldom-ploughed waters seemed to be holding high holiday, and to have taken us into their freemasonry. It was uncanny.

We were nearing our destination now, but though we had enjoyed our race, the days and nights of watch tramping on the heels of watch had been something of a strain.

Witness two queer happenings.

Jay, called to take his wheel, came into the deckhouse, looked wisely at the thermometer, went to the rail and gave a searching glance at the moon, and disappeared. Rogers waited patiently to be relieved, and eventually sent the engineer in quest of the delinquent, for every moment beyond the regular two hours seemed like an additional hour.

The culprit was found sound asleep astern. He had
gone back to bed, having forgotten all about his call. I reversed the procedure.

Suddenly I thought I had been called to take my watch. I got up and went to the wheelhouse, where the captain was on watch. Very solemnly I took the wheel from his hands.

"Right-o, Cap!" I grunted.

He stood aside in astonishment, and then, seeing I slept, he allowed me to waken gradually. Very sheepishly I went back to my blanket. I had taken my watch six hours before!

There was a strange glamour about this changing of watches at night. You would be feeling a little weary and thirsty and very ready to sleep. The bell would chime and the engineer on watch would call the relief—though often only after you had wakened him first with a shout from the wheelhouse door—a pyjama-clad figure would appear on silent bare feet at your side, you would whisper the course and add that it was a fine night, and then, if you were off at midnight or four o'clock, you would write up the log.

Among other items which had to be mentioned was the direction of the wind, and in this way I won undying fame, a fame which was spread at every port whenever a crowd gathered. I had written down most of the information and was about to go to bed.

"Say, what about the wind?" reminded Cap.

In a fatal moment of thoughtlessness I picked up the electric torch and, switching it on, stepped out to see from which direction came the breeze.
“Fancy having to run a ship with sailors who take a torch to look for the wind,” said the skipper. He never forgot it.

Like most sailors, he had a great idea that custom was a sacred thing. Now, taking two-hour watches, the dog watches which altered the routine should have come between 4 and 6 in the afternoon. When your turn for a “dog” came round, it meant that you only had to stand one hour. A full watch in the sunlight is only a trifle, and we decided that the “dogs” would be more appreciated if they came between midnight and 2 a.m.

“But you simply can’t have a dog watch at that time!” protested the captain.

We asked what was to prevent us, and he replied that it never had been at any time except between 4 and 8 p.m. It wouldn’t be a dog watch at any other time! But we out-voted him, and had our way. It didn’t matter if it was a “cat watch,” we said, so long as there was a chance of only having to stand one hour on some rough night.

Dawn of the eighth day saw all our care and calculations rewarded, for we reached Amboina with a margin of about 100 gallons. Without our good ally, the sea, we should have been bobbing about as helpless as a cork on the face of the waters. Given a strong set against us—we had had a slight one—or heavy head-seas, we would have run out of fuel without any doubt.

Still the luck had held.

Our thousand-mile run had brought us into a new
The Island of Bouton. "The anchor broke that glassy sheet into a thousand ripples. The hills flung back the hoarse growl of the chain as it slid down into the depths, a child in a drifting canoe raised a plaintive Malayan song."
An outrigger ferry at Bouton.
hemisphere, where all was noise and bustle, where there were many lights, and all the crowded life of the East. It was very different from the lonely, dark islands from which we had come.

We sat in the little café of Njio Tjoen Sien—that not very respectable little café which is kept by wise and voluble Chinamen for the convenience of men who come in from the sea in ships.

"In Ambon, sir," said Njio, "we are very happy. There is enough for all. No man here needs pearl or diamond, only a few cents a day for rice and a cloth to cover him. That, sir, is the way to happiness—to need but little and have it. My people, sir, have lived here for 400 years. Here is a marriage certificate 200 years old which shows that I speak true. They were wise people, sir."

Outside the street was aflame with colour; Malays in bright sarongs and neat jackets; Arabs with their gold-topped round white hats; Ambonese, brown and small, the women with their black hair smooth and twisted into a knot; bearded Indians; pyjama-clad Chinese on bicycles, fat Dutch women; tiny carts drawn by tiny ponies; bullock wagons—all these flowed by in a river.

Over all hung that queer smell of the East with which we were to become so familiar in the weeks that followed. I have tried to analyze it and I believe it to have for its basis the aroma of drying fish flavoured with a tang of smoke, and blended with the distinctive smell of coloured peoples.
It was all new, this world to which we had come, even to the fact that it possessed a history.

There is an old fort at Amboina, with great walls three feet thick and twenty feet high in which are written in green metal letters the names of the seven leading towns of Holland and the names of seven popular heroes of the year 1600. One hundred years before that the Portuguese held Amboina—you can see the ruins of their fort, too—but the Dutch captured the island along with their other possessions in the East, and the Dutch have held them ever since with the exception of a brief period at the time of the Napoleonic wars when Britain seized them, only to return them later.

The old fort is dismantled now, and inside are spreading lawns. The green uniformed native troops are quartered in it.

It was strange, too, to see real homes again. The Dutch live well in the Indies. Along the tree-lined roads of Amboina they have built for themselves fine white stone homes, cool and stately. The verandas are decorated with ferns and old china and are an important part of the house, where the family spends much of its time.

They do not worry about appearances, but believe in comfort. You can see stout Dutch women in their dressing gowns on these verandas at any hour of the day, and in the afternoon, after their siesta, their plump husbands join them, barefooted and wearing pyjamas.

These Dutch towns die from lunch until 4 o’clock. Everybody sleeps except in the native quarter. At four
you rise and bathe and then go driving or visiting with your wife and your troop of white-skinned, flaxen-haired children. Then you go to the cool white societeit—or clubs. These are great institutions, where all the social life centres. While the ladies play and gossip in an inner room the men sit about at the scores of little tables and drink long and well of beer and gin. These clubs are cool and well built, and here, too, are held dances and concerts on certain nights.

To be fashionable you must not dine until nine, or, better still, ten.

The Dutch are great eaters, but to us their meals were strange. Breakfast, served from 6 A.M. onward, is a meal of oddments, trifles of sausage, snacks of cold meat, little spiced affairs. At midday you get riz tafel, or rice table, a novel meal. The boys set a soup plate before you with two smaller plates to catch the overflow. On this you pile a great mass of rice. At least a dozen boys then charge down upon you bearing trays full of dishes. There are little pieces of stewed meat, curry, salted and smoked fish, boiled fowl, spices and flavourings and chutneys out of number. All this is mixed together in a hopeless mush, and eaten with a pleasant bread made from prawns and batter.

If you are Dutch you use a spoon and fork, and shovel the strange fare in as though you had not a moment to live.

It may not sound attractive, but if you carefully avoid all spices coloured red—these being hotter than live coals—it is rather a fascinating meal, particularly
until the novelty wears off. Also, having eaten of it, you understand why the Dutch sleep in the afternoon.

After you have experienced riz tafel the evening meal is quite ordinary, except that, as you wait until 10 o'clock for it, you bring to its consumption a very healthy appetite.

All the strange smells in the world are gathered together in the native bazaar at Amboina, which is like something from the Arabian Nights when the dark is over the town and its rows of small stalls are lit by the twinkling eyes of many little naphtha flares. Up and down, inspecting the wares, swims that strange sea of people: a barber cuts hair in the midst of the throng, vendors of rice sit with diminutive packets done up in green leaves before them, and the stock of each trader is usually most meagre. He will have a few handfuls of peanuts or two small fish, or a single bunch of bananas, and he will sit patiently all day to dispose of these wares. Others sell strange sirups, brilliant-hued, sticky soft drinks, which seem to be very popular, and in the larger stalls the traders squat hour upon hour like sleepy spiders. Nobody ever seems to disturb them.

Truly, man earns his bread in the East with very little. You wonder how it is done, until you recall the words of Njio, that wise Chinaman who is not known by the best people.

Even to us strangers the goods were sold very cheaply. I have a memory of Jay buying a handful of peanuts and paying for them with a small silver coin, of the value of about threepence. For this he was
offered the entire stock and a great mass of small coppers which would have filled his trouser pocket.

The hillsides about Amboina are dotted with strange horseshoe-shaped structures in concrete, which give the appearance of a number of tiny coliseums. These are Chinese graves, and Njio explained their significance.

"It is, sir, that when the Manchus came they regarded the Chinese as no better than horses, sir," quoth he. "For this reason, sir, did the Emperor decree that we should sleep our last, sir, beneath a horseshoe, with the symbols of the saddle and the whip showing upon it."

New curios were added to our collection here. The yacht was surrounded by canoes, the occupants of which sold sweet-smelling boxes and model canoes made from cloves. They struck us as delightful knickknacks, but our enthusiasm waned when we found that within a few weeks the cloves dried and crumbled into an indistinguishable mass.

Alas! we were too far away then to protest, a point which the vendors, no doubt, had not overlooked.

Many laundrymen flocked out to us, also, to support their claims, unfurling huge sheaves of testimonials dating back twenty years.

They were pasted together and floated out in a veritable banner of praise.

The bearers could have had little knowledge of the meaning of some of these letters.

"This man has done in my washing more completely
than any fiend I have ever known," said one. "I sent him shirts and he gave me back cotton fishing nets. I sent him trousers and he gave me back kilts. May his god forgive him—I never shall."

We nodded our appreciation of this splendid recommendation, and the Malay flashed his teeth in a broad smile of satisfaction.

But he cannot understand to this day why he didn't get our laundry.

Before we sailed we went with Njio to the gaudy Chinese temple. There were three goddesses there. Our host, perhaps inspired by a not entirely peaceful conscience, burnt his joss-stick on the shrine of the goddess of Forgiveness; but we selected for our tribute the lady who presided over the sea.

Her favour was very necessary to us.
CHAPTER IX

The Sultan Who Died, and Hurrying Waters

If you are looking for light and romantic reading, "Sailing Directions" is a book—or rather a library—which has but slight charm for you. If, however, you are finding your way round the world you will appreciate those wonderful volumes at their true worth. They make the seaways clear as a printed page. They transform the watery globe into a book which he who runs may read.

No corner is unknown to them. Here is a light and there a hill with three trees on the crest which will bear so-and-so on such a point as you turn in at the entrance; out in mid-ocean you will come upon three rocks just visible at low tide; the reef from the cliffy headland extends into the sea for a distance of one mile, but close alongside it there is a depth of twelve fathoms.

Uncanny books!

Having studied them you feel that you have visited a palmist who has read what to-morrow holds, but there is always the difference that the prophecy of Madame Sailing Directions is fulfilled. But she is not a romantic lady. She does not talk of sunsets and the colour and the fascination that the future holds. She brushes such trifles away and reveals things that really matter. If she fails to mention that a harbour is beautiful she tells
how to use it, and if she does not comment on the glamour that hangs over a town she informs you that there is good water here and fresh meat may be had.

Here is a treasure chart of the practical.

Occasionally, however, woman-like, she indulges in a touch of romance, and then only it seems she is liable to be at fault.

"Bouton—Some miles from the town in an old fort lives a native Sultan."

Now that, I claim, is not of any value to navigators; it is a pure lapse into sentiment. Note what follows!

The outburst in those prosaic pages naturally attracted our attention. We decided that a real sultan was too good to miss, and that a journey of several hundred miles would be well repaid by a glimpse of him and a chat with his harem.

If, as we did, you insist upon calling him the "Sultan of Button," you can imagine all kinds of whimsical things about him.

On the third day out we came into another of those delightful shut-in passages down which we ran all day, sliding, it seemed, across a surface of polished glass. On either hand were smooth green islands, to starboard the spicy shores of Celebes, the very name of which is romance. The air was sweet with land breezes laden with the breath of the spice isles. We had so many days of beautiful cruising that it is impossible to select one as the best—but that day was a front-ranker.

The channel was never more than ten and sometimes only three miles in width. As the afternoon waned we
Jay Ingraham and Jack Lewis, of the Speejacks expedition, get quotations on the parrot market at Bouton.
Ox-cart traffic in coffee in the outskirts of Makassar, Celebes Island
found the shores closing in on us on either side—great high red cliffs with neat squares and oblongs of cultivation hewn out of the tropical luxuriance on their higher slopes.

It was still and silent, hushed and oppressive. The banks seemed to be rushing in to squeeze us to matchwood in their strong arms. The water slid swiftly like a silver snake. It gained impetus and hurried us along willy-nilly. Great whirlpools and eddies appeared on its glassy face, and always the cliffs closed in.

The dark was striding down.

Swifter, swifter ran that silver, hurrying water, sweeping us along like the palm fronds and jetsam which it carried.

Rogers, at the wheel, spun those polished spokes till his arms ached.

"This is worse than a head sea!" he said, and perspiration beaded his forehead, though he wore only a cotton singlet and khaki shorts.

Despite all his efforts the boat's head swung this way and that, driven by the laughing waters.

Strange canoes put out from bamboo landing stages at the foot of the cliffs. Apparently their object was to investigate this white visitor, but the water jested with them also. It picked them up and swept them along, like disabled water beetles.

The cliffs could not have been a quarter of a mile apart now. They rose like walls against the flushing heavens, they flung indigo shadows upon the silver lane. You could guess at stars in the pale heavens. There
were anxious studyings of the chart. Not much farther, surely!

The air was so heavy and silent that we felt strangely furtive, we spoke in secret, it was as though we were running with mad, silent feet into some forbidden temple.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried the whispering water.

And then, like a bolt from a catapult, we were shot out of that silver-and-indigo tunnel into a great calm, silver basin. Against the last pink of the sunset Bouton on a high bank lit its lamps. A tall-sternecl clumsy junk with a red eye on its bow stood mirrored in the darkening silver. Palms waved a gentle greeting against the now pearly sky.

The anchor broke that glassy sheet into a thousand ripples. The hills flung back the hoarse growl of the chain as it slid down into the depths, a child in a drifting canoe raised a plaintive Malayan song, high and quavering, three notes repeated over and over with a varying inflection, the song of a lonely bird. Night flooded down, filling that pool with its dark wine.

Since we had become accustomed to beauty and insured to wonder we went below to eat pork and beans, and after that to take one another's paper money in a game of red dog.

But although we had been in wilder and less known places, I had never experienced so keenly the sense of being shut-off, of having drowned the great world of noise and men in a thousand miles of sea, of having come to the edge of the world.
Big fish sprang high out of the velvet water and crashed down again; from the shore came that monotonous song, now high now low. The junk, seen dimly, was a Chinese dragon looking with lustful eyes upon the graceful ghostly shape of our little sea bird. A fishing canoe crept by with a great burst of golden flame on its stern, and bronze statues come to life to paddle it. High above in the starry dome a bird keened. The air touched your skin with a woman’s hand.

Even when you slept, dreams as though bred by opium marched in splendid array. There were dear faces and dear voices and dear arms.

Ah, night at Bouton, you crystallized the witchcraft of our tropic cruisings!

With the sun up, we went, arrayed in our whitest suits, to call upon the Sultan of this fairy kingdom. Some of us carried canes, which will give you an idea of the importance of the occasion. We sat down gingerly in the dinghy and hoped that the seats would not dirty us.

Bouton groups itself about one long, clean street running parallel with the water. It was so spotless that witches might only have ceased labouring on it with their brooms when the dawn came. Palms arched above it, palms and a blue sky.

A perfectly preposterous little soldier, like a grasshopper, met us on the dock. We told him that we wanted to see the resident.

“I speak no English!” he said, with a perfect pronunciation, but he seemed to understand. He led us down
the long street to a huge Dutch officer in spotless uniform. The commandant was surrounded by impassive Chinese. He looked worried. He had cause to be. His morning’s work consisted of trying to discover from these polite but evasive gentlemen how much they should pay in income tax. After last night, a tax collector—it was wrong, all wrong!

Further disillusionment was to follow.

“We particularly want to see the Sultan,” explained Gowen.

The commandant smiled, slowly.

“You have come to the wrong place,” said he. “The Sultan died two years ago, and his son has not been crowned yet.”

Madame Sailing Directions in her moment of romance had erred.

But there was worse to follow.

“And even when he is he will not be allowed to dwell in the old fort on the hill. Sultans cause trouble when they live in old forts. We will give him a villa here in the town where we can keep our eye upon him.”

Right enough as part of the Dutch system of maintaining puppet rulers to handle the natives, and giving them no real power—but a Sultan in a villa was an absurdity. The commandant was awfully polite and obliging, but we looked upon him with darkling eyes.

However, he placed the preposterous soldier at our disposal to take us to the fort, and we walked down the long street, through the busy market place, and down
to a river. Here were jumbled together junks and proas and canoes in a bewildering array—the craziest delirium ships that ever sailed the seas, but, we were informed, as safe sea boats as any. They were low at the bow, high at the stern, with great tripod masts flapping matting sails and square sweeps astern to steer by.

We crossed the stream in an outrigger ferry, the other passengers being a coolie hidden beneath a hat like a pagoda, and a high-caste Malay with a kris thrust through his belt at the back, its handle inlaid with beaten gold. A small boy splashed in mid-stream sailing a perfect model of the insane junk of his fathers.

We climbed up a closely settled hillside, where the houses were built of bamboo and the fences were of stones lashed with cane and where children ran screaming from the strangers and women hid their faces. A hot climb!

But we were rewarded when we came to that black old fort on the hilltop. Built by the Portuguese in the days of their glory, to-day it is a great, crumbling structure of stones stained by time. Here the walls are twenty feet high, and there they have sunk down into grass-covered mounds. The jungle is stretching out its arms to take that old stronghold back to its bosom again. Great green hands are plucking at the highest walls, thrusting between the stones with powerful, tender fingers and wrenching them apart. The black muzzle-loaders are being hidden under a green shroud, though in places they still stare out darkly over the shining silver of the straits of Bouton which
once they commanded. Grass sprouts in their touch-holes. Birds nest in their muzzles. Everything is crumbling.

It was queer to think, sitting there and quaffing cool coconut milk, of the days when these battlements were manned by swarthy troops of a great Empire, now crumbled away like these walls. All about on the green hillside and the plains below us the native life went on as it had in the beginning. There was little change. The Portuguese, the English, the Dutch, all these had ruled Bouton, but they had left little trace. Bouton remained itself.

And yet not quite!

The fact was brought home to us when we visited the palace of the dead Sultan set in that dead fort. It was a great stone barn of a place, built in one huge room, with living quarters set beneath the roof in two stories of bamboo. It was dusty and empty, save for a great earthenware jar, which might have been used by the Forty Thieves, and a rough wooden throne.

In the dim light of that forsaken palace pattered the ghostly feet of little sloe-eyed dancing girls, dust dancing amid the dust, and on that dim throne sat the dim shadow of that bold-eyed old Sultan stroking thoughtfully at his chin as he looked upon them. Lizards ran about the walls in scores, and a bat, disturbed by our entrance, blundered about. Only that, and the pitter-pat of the lost little brown feet, dust dancing in the dust.

And outside, goats nibbled at the grass sprouting in
the cracks on the steps leading to the palace of his late Highness, the Sultan of Bouton.

We went down that long hill again a little saddened. Women washing clothes in a golden river wrapped their sarongs about them, and stood framed in the green of the jungle, their heads averted from the intruders who had come to Bouton. So, it may be, they stood in the old days when the Portuguese came in their high-sterned, tiny craft.

That evening the commandant called upon us, magnificent in a military cape and his high, peaked cap—so magnificent that seeing him approaching we fled below to pull on shoes and socks. He ruled over 300,000 people, and as he talked you could not but be struck with the thoroughness of Dutch methods in the Indies.

Every native is called upon to give twelve days' labour to the Government and thirty to his village in a year, and to this was due the fine condition of the roads, the cleanliness and the generally pleasing aspects of the place. In addition to this the district pays 180,000 guilders a year in taxes, roughly £15,000. All this money is spent in the Indies. He was suave and peaceful and placid, this commandant in charge of a kingdom.

In Bouton there are small naked boys who for a few guilders will sell you parroquets or cockatoos. They walk about the streets carrying the birds on neat perches and they make a rare picture, their captives being often nearly as high as themselves.

It had always been a rule that pets were not allowed
on the yacht, though cockroaches were perforce an exception. However, when Rogers, Ingraham, and Jack arrived on board with three quaint little parroquets everybody was so delighted that they were allowed to remain.

How we fussed over those birds! They were nearly fed to death, but there was something in their bearing which suggested that ominous events hung cloudlike about their heads. They pecked at us playfully, but their eyes looked sad; they tore at the mangostines and other fruit we offered them, but their claws trembled the while.

"We'll look fine sailing into New York with these," said somebody.

But I smiled sadly and knew otherwise. Fate had laid its hand upon those feathered jewels. Their days might be gay—but they were numbered!

However, we had arrived two years too late for the Sultan and so we slipped on down the straits and out to the open sea again.

Dawn played a trick upon me on the following day. I was at the wheel when the first gray streak appeared in the east. The light grew stronger, and sea and sky were tinted a soft olive tone. By some strange whimsy of the light it seemed that the yacht was sailing straight along the crest of a ridge of water. I distinctly saw the slopes falling smoothly away into deep valleys on either side, and here we were balancing perilously on the top. I rubbed my eyes, but never have I seen anything more real than this effect of refraction.
A waterside village built over the sweep of the tides near Makassar, Celebes Island.
“In Makassar the Dutch content themselves with the rôle of merchants, importers, and exporters. The Chinese are the middle-men and the gamblers. The natives are the producers.”
Then, looking ahead, I saw islands, a whole group of them. There were trees upon them, and high cliffs. They loomed olive and clear.

Remembering that other night, I turned to call the captain. Before doing so I looked ahead again. The islands had moved. They were dim and distant. I looked about. The light had waxed and we sailed upon a flat and normal sea. Again ahead, and there in the pearly light, were great fleecy islands—of clouds. The illusion was slain by the sword of day.

That night we ran through Salayer Straits with Sarontang on one hand and Celebes on the other, with only a mile and a half of racing water between.

We were doing our normal speed of eight knots when Jay at the wheel suddenly felt something give the ship a tug. We were in the grip of mad rushing water again. Far ahead showed the winking eye of a lighthouse—the first we had seen in months. Suddenly it vanished, and a noise came down to us as of an army of mad drummers. In a moment we had run into a silver wall, a solid sheet of rain.

Words fail to give an impression of the density of that downpour. It seemed that the yacht staggered when it hit her, as though a great hand had fallen upon the awning. In a moment we were transformed into an open submarine, rushing through a solid fresh-water sea. It flooded in on the decks, it beat upon the glass of the wheelhouse, it nearly drowned the sleepers on the hatches before they could scamper for shelter.

The awning stood the strain, but the water poured
in in sheets on either side. You couldn't see the pole on the bow. Standing at the rail, soaked to the skin in a second, you couldn't see two yards.

Nobody envied the captain at that moment, but he was cool and cheerful—this man whom trifles roused to rage.

And all this time, you must remember, we were being hurried along at a breakneck speed by the unseen sea and flogged by the whips of the rain.

It was a physical impossibility to gauge our position. The only thing to do was to stick to the course and hope for the best. We were making fifteen knots by this time, a helpless straw in a great wet hand. Suddenly, faint and silver through the silver curtain, the lighthouse swam up ahead of the port bow. Only then did we fully realize how fast we were travelling. For in a breath it was abeam, glaring down upon us like a moon, its rays all diffused and softened by the mask of the rain. It seemed we had no sooner seen it than it was astern, faint for a second, swallowed by the night. It was as though some huge one-eyed monster with the speed of the wind had winged by us, glared, sped on.

Tension gave place to elation; we were safely through, and though the water still hurried us on, clear seas lay ahead. But it had been a narrow margin in that channel which we should never see, through which we had run like blind men pursued by fear.

When somebody thought of the parrots I felt that the hand of fate had written they should be drowned
in rain water. It was not so. They were still alive though sadly bedraggled and despondent. But the reprieve had been brief.

On the morrow we decided that Bill should be cinematographed while feeding them. He took up an artistic pose on the rail and turned to listen to his instructions. One of the birds gave his finger a sharp nip and he hit at them playfully. Overboard went parrots and the perch to which they were chained by rings. They bobbed swiftly astern—a living bouquet of colour on the green sea. One broke loose in some manner and came fluttering slowly back. We gave it a cheer as it perched in the rigging. But the other twain swirled away down our foaming wake, and all we could do was wonder whether it would be a shark or a king fish that would have parrot for breakfast.

The survivor, watching us with eyes of hate, refused to be tempted down, but sat high up in the rigging and fled the ship as a thing accursed as soon as we docked at Makassar.

As I said, it was written!

We came to the capital of the island of Celebes across a sea dotted all over with the brown sails of junks. The size of this native fleet of commerce was remarkable. Every sea picture which we saw for weeks had one or more brown sails in it. They flitted about like brown moths, and by night they were the terror of our lives, as it was an exception to find one carrying a light. Our fears were—but that comes later. In these tiny junks the copper-skinned folk make wonderful journeys,
often going away to China, Java, New Guinea, and the Philippines. Usually they lack a compass, and the craft always appear to be on the point of falling in pieces.

Considering these adventurers we felt humbled.

In our journey through the Indies we passed gradually from stage to stage, from the outpost of Hollandia to Batavia, the capital, by nicely graded steps. All the posts had much in common, but each was larger than the last. Makassar, then, was Amboina upon a larger scale. It had the same marble clubs, but larger; the same bazaar and native quarter, but larger; the same white stone villas, but larger. So, indeed, it was right through the Indies.

We were struck by the difference between the Dutch attitude to the half-caste and ours. All through the Indies the touch of coloured blood is accepted as a matter of course. The highest official of all has a strain of colour in him, and here in Makassar the president of a leading club had a native mother. We had to grow accustomed, also, to the fact that it was the Orientals who held most of the wealth. The richest man in Makassar was a Malay who was worth £600,000 and who lived quite simply in native fashion though he owned a fine home. The greatest land holder was a Chinese whose father had come to Celebes as a coolie.

The Dutch content themselves with the rôle of merchants, importers, and exporters. The Chinese are the middlemen and the gamblers. The natives are the producers.
A "campong" or village in Bali, Java.
A native village in Bali, Java. "The villages are hemmed about by old gray mud walls, and you find inside a strange jumble of huts and babies and stooks of green or golden rice, and fowls and dogs and pigs."
THE SULTAN WHO DIED

We were entertained in the house of Go Tiong Hoat, No. 1 Chinese Inspector with the Standard Oil Company.

Mr. Go was a fine type, almost military in the spotless neatness of his white suit, living in a beautiful house of blue and white with a shy Chinese wife of high caste who blushed and fled before our Western compliments. He spoke eight languages but, as he explained modestly, that was not so very remarkable when you remember that there are forty dialects on Celebes alone, and in his native China were eighty entirely different spoken languages, though all had the same written word.

In the East, Chinese are regarded with the greatest favour by all classes of the community. They are always described as industrious and law-abiding citizens, and among the better class their word is their bond.

Thirty miles out from Makassar, along a road running between vivid green rice fields where great flat-horned buffalo feed in the care of brown babies, is Bantemoe-rang, a weird beauty spot. Once, scientists assert, this was the sea's bed and it became dry land comparatively recently. That is not hard to believe, for the place gives the strangest impression. You feel like ocean creatures set in a model. It is a place of high cliffs rising in sheer walls about narrow gulches, and here in the quiet of the dusk we found a great waterfall shouting in a breathless hollow.

The ride home was even more memorable.

Dark came thick and impenetrable and with it sheets
of rain. At this moment it transpired that the native chauffeur had undertaken the drive with his lamps out of order. He had known that he would be without lights, but, with the strange warped mind of the Malay, had not dared to mention the fact.

In Celebes the roads are narrow, thronged with traffic, and quite unlighted. We crawled along and the rain poured down on us through the hood of the car, which, far from serving as any protection, was merely a scoop which gathered the water together, and shot it in solid volumes over us. Trees, buffaloes, carts, and natives appeared suddenly before us, mere shadows in the pitch black, and on either side of the road as we strove to avoid these obstructions were deep ditches.

And the rain poured down.

Of a sudden, under the long strain, the driver's nerve gave way, and he started to blunder hopelessly about the narrow road. Our host had to take the wheel, and on we went through the darkness, passing open native houses where in the bright glimmer of fires the bronze people sat in groups gossiping together.

We were glad to reach the ferry of the Talor River and know that we were nearly home. This ferry is a fascinating thing. The flat-bottomed punt is worked across by nimble-toed natives walking upon a great chain, and here in the daylight each load is a study in colour.

On this sheet of water flanked by mangroves there is good crocodile shooting. This is a strange business. You push out across the gloom-wrapped mystery of the oily water in a tiny outrigger canoe. When a suit-
able position is reached a torch is lit and the great burst
of flame sputters and blazes in the heavy air. The still
water is suddenly broken like a pane of glass and with
wide-open mouth and gleaming teeth a great crocodile,
say ten feet in length, comes rushing toward the glare.

"Wah-wah!" he grunts, on a dreadful deep note,
which is almost a shout.

Rifles bark and he stops suddenly, turns over once
or twice, and sinks, while the white-eyed natives chatter
their relief.

We attended a dance at the societeit, and though it
was the social event of the week, it served merely to
show how solemnly the Dutch take their pleasures. The
large serious men rotated solemnly with their own large
serious wives while a very serious orchestra made fu-
nereal music.

"It is always thus," said our British and American
hosts. "They are the stoldest people in the world
when they make merry. Only once have we seen
them show any feeling, and then the whole town was
shocked."

It seems that there came to Makassar a dashing
Blue Devil—an officer of the French Foreign Legion.
His ways were the ways of Paris and his steps were the
steps of Paris. There was nothing stolid about either
his ways or his steps. There was only one attractive
girl in the room, the wife of the then commandant.
He secured an introduction and danced with her.

The good folk of Makassar opened their eyes at those
steps which their sister followed with such ease. It was
a dreadful display, they felt, though the British and Americans avowed it was the only dancing worthy of the name they had ever seen in Celebes.

For a while the husband watched in blank astonishment, but presently his stolidity went to pieces. He could stand it no longer.

He rushed out and seized the couple by the arm.

“Off the floor, shameless ones,” he shouted with a great Dutch oath.

And stolid heads nodded and plump hands were folded upon plump laps in entire support of the protest.

But our friends loved the Blue Devil and bought him many drinks.
Water-carriers of Bali. “The Balinese are a beautiful and artistic race. The girls are famed for their charm, and there are a score of pictures at every well and along every road. They carry themselves with the grace of poplars, or of slim reed.”
One of the numerous little canals of Buleleng, the only city on the Island of Bali.
CHAPTER X

Winsome Dancers before Goggling Gods

"It's a good thing," shouted Callaghan, "that we make Bali to-morrow." He clung on to the hatch with both hands, and jammed his feet against the funnel as he spoke. Only like that could he retain his position.

"Boy," replied Bill as he picked himself up cautiously from the deck on which he had been flung,"you certainly have said a mouthful!"

We had all been looking forward to seeing Bali the Beautiful but never more so than at that moment. We had been running through a soothing night of smooth sea and smooth air, a night of stars and laughing water, when suddenly a great wind came shouting down on us, driving us over to the gunwale. A sea rose to make you sad. The waters were shallow and the yacht was thrown about by the huge ground-swell which was on our beam. With each wave she rolled over until the water lapped over the rail. To and fro she went as though on a pendulum, and the rollers crashing against her broke in a cloud of spray over the deck. Usually in rough weather we ran a strong rope round the stanchions between the low rails and the awning, and several times that rope proved the means of saving one of us from being swept overboard. To-night, how-
ever, the blow came with such abruptness that we were unprepared. To pass along the deck you crawled cautiously from one point of safety to another.

Those who had their night watches early were fortunate. For the rest of us it was a sad time clinging to the wheel and trying to keep our feet as the boat rolled heavily, accompanied by the noise of everything which was not lashed down sliding from side to side.

There was no sleep that night, for it was almost impossible to stay in bunk or on hatch. Below with everything battened down it was stifling and on deck the drenching spray drove across. No matter how you wedged yourself in you were flung down on the deck the moment the muscles relaxed in sleep.

Ahead, however, a lighthouse appeared winking encouragingly, and dawn found us staggering in to where the twin volcanic peaks of Bali stood sentinel against the bright sky.

Bali was worth the travail of that night. It is a wonderful place of girls who are fit models for a sculptor, of great rice fields hewn in the hillsides and magic in their beauty, of pictures without end, of goggling gods, and the funniest little dancers in all the world. Bali grips you with a lure beyond words, and every step takes you deeper into an Oriental fairyland.

Unlike Java, Bali has remained untouched and unspoiled. It is as it had always been, but it cannot remain so much longer. The world will come trampling in.

We spent happy days motoring through Bali with
Mr. C. G. Edgar, a local merchant, and here for the first time in many months we spent nights ashore. Grown accustomed as we had to sleeping rocked in the arms of the sea with the kiss of the breeze on our faces, it seemed to us quite strange to find ourselves beneath mosquito netting in an ordinary room in the simple rest-houses which the Dutch have erected and which take the place of hotels. We fell to talking it over and discovered that in more than four months we had not slept upon shore.

The Balinese are a beautiful and artistic race. The girls are famed for their charm, and there are a score of pictures at every well and along every road. They carry themselves with the grace of poplars, or of slim reeds. From early childhood they walk balancing weights upon their heads—no Balinese carries anything in her arms—and this gives them a wonderfully erect carriage. They look like statuettes modelled in gold, with their neat regular features, their great dark eyes, and their hair dressed so smoothly that no strand is ever out of place.

They embroider wonderful fabrics with gold and silver thread, the intricate patterns being woven with real art. These cloths are rich and handsome, and it would be difficult to improve upon the workmanship. The art is restricted to Bali. They are also fine carvers in wood and stone, and as Bali has remained true to the Hindu religion the island is inhabited by the strangest goggling gods. Java and all the other islands of the Indies became Mohammedan centuries ago, forsaking
the goggling gods, but for some unknown reason this little corner remained true to the old faith. And surely no religion save the worship of these absurd monstrosities would be a fitting thing for Bali. Once a Christian missionary came who laboured for a lifetime here. He made one convert as a result.

The villages are hemmed about by old gray stone walls, and you find inside a strange jumble of huts and babies and stalks of green or golden rice, and fowls and dogs and pigs. It was in such a scene that we came upon Bangoes Ktoot Mantra, a native artist whose work had in it a strange note of Gauguin, though, of course, he has never heard of the painter of Tahiti.

He was sitting upon his veranda when we called upon him and screening him from the sun was a hand-painted curtain. On it he had depicted two girls bathing with a swan. The figures and the colouring were strangely reminiscent of Gauguin. Ktoot, who had never been out of Bali, spoke no English or Dutch, but his manners were perfect. Before him as he worked was a plaster caste of the Venus of Milo, but otherwise his home was pure native.

When we arrived he was carving a fan on flat pieces of bamboo. Fascinated, we watched his unerring fingers as they guided a clumsy knife. The pattern was an intricate one depicting a girl in a bamboo glade, yet he had not even traced in a design. He was carving straight from his head, and the entire space upon which he worked did not exceed two square inches.

He showed us much of his work, including a book
which might well have been termed, *A Gallery of Delirium Gods*. Here were all the tusked, many-armed, fat-paunched, goggling gods of Hindu and Buddhist mythology limned in brilliant colours and with a clear, clean line. Also he showed us book upon book of designs the nature of which must not be written here, but which indicated that behind those dreamy eyes lay a naughty brain!

They are a practical people, too, these Balinese. Many years before the Dutch came they had built up their system of irrigation for the rice fields. There are hundreds of miles of channels and conduits, and by their aid even the highest slopes can be watered. I shall never forget the glory of the rice fields of Bali. They rose terrace upon terrace to the blue heavens. Here was only a succession of pools golden in the sunshine, here the surface was broken by the fresh green of an army of young shoots, here were the waving green battalions of the grown plant. About the terraces, ploughing with big water-buffaloes, planting laboriously by hand, tending the precious crops, worked the industrious, cheerful people.

You would think, running through these spreading fields for hour upon hour, that here was enough rice to feed the whole of the East. But the Balinese live upon it almost entirely and there are over two million of them. They have just about enough for their own needs.

It is no casual business, the cultivation of this great harvest. The natives have worked out for themselves
a system of control by committee. Each village has its governing body which decides upon what days the various fields shall be watered, and imposes and collects taxes for the maintenance of the channels and constructional work.

There are also committees which look to the improvement of villages and impose a tax, native town councils. To these bodies were due such improvements as the bathing place at Tedjakoela. A big spring gushed from the hillside in this village and it was dammed, the water being carried down stone channels into a series of bathing places separated by green stone walls and ornamented with the inevitable grotesque gods. The people flocked to stand beneath the cooling spouts, and outside was a special bathing place for the tiny ponies which were very loath to move from underneath the sprays.

These golden girls and men splashing beneath the crystal waters made a picture not to be forgotten.

Cock-fighting is still the vogue here. Every house has its red-eyed birds in their circular bamboo cages. There is a lot of betting on the contests, and the crowds flock from all parts to witness the fights, the place being revealed by a great stream of tiny dog carts and hurrying people, flowing like a miniature Derby throng.

You must never be surprised at anything in Bali.

Entering a temple to inspect a great wall of absurd divinities we found two gentlemen squatting before the altar with their birds between them. There had been a discussion about the relative merits of their champions,
and they had withdrawn to the peace of the shrine to decide the point.

How the red eyes of those uncanny birds flashed fire as they flew at each other with ruffled feathers, striking savage blows with their spurs while their owners hissed them on. Presently one lay crumpled up and bloody in the afternoon sunshine, and the other lifted its devil eyes to the grinning gods and crowed its triumph.

Our drive across the island to the most interesting southern portion was a very fascinating progress through a hilly land of wonder. We passed children with white wands driving great flocks of geese, reed-like girls washing in the golden streams far below, grave old men walking thoughtfully with sparkling krises thrust through their belts, and groups of men carrying huge trussed pigs, since the great feast of the Hindu New Year was at hand.

By night we stayed in the rest-houses which were managed by Balinese, and where the food was very Dutch. They were primitive places of three bedrooms and a central dining room where lizards sported in scores upon the walls, and where the bathing arrangements consisted of a tub of water, the contents of which you poured over yourself with a bucket.

We climbed 4,000 feet to see the twin volcanoes of Batoer and Kintamani. After our months in the tropics it was a strange thing to feel cold again, to stand shivering on the bare slope, the biting breeze of dusk setting its sharp teeth in our veins through which flowed blood thinned by the tropics. We looked out
across a great basin in which was a steely blue lake. The shores were flanked with great waves of lava, and the volcano reared its high head 10,000 feet amid clouds, looking like some great old battle-scarred man who hid his wounds in fleecy swathings, and puffed at a giant pipe the while.

In these cold altitudes the natives were of a somewhat lower type, resembling South American Indians. They wore the same clothes as their brothers on the rich plains below, and as we stood and shivered there we wondered to see them going about wrapped only in a few yards of cotton.

Up to the crest came a travelling family, a man, a wife, and a daughter. Each was laden with rice and other goods, and the burden of the child alone was so heavy that we had difficulty in lifting it. They led a tiny pony which was also carrying a great weight. They had come twenty miles and in order to reach their home at the foot of Kintamani it would be necessary for them to travel all night, using torches to pick their way across the sea of sharp lava waves.

They started down into the depths as the purple dusk flooded down coldly from the mountains, and there was something in the patient perseverance of that little family which printed their picture very vividly. I can see them now as they scrambled down that steep hillside, dumb and silent as suffering animals, while their little pony struggled and slipped behind them. Presently they were drowned in the purple pool of night.

Their village is a proud one, for is it not known
Dancers and gogling gods—Bali.
Mr. A. Y. Gowen, of the Speejacks, with Balinese dancing girls
throughout Bali that although they are poor their gods are powerful?

Upon the last time that Batoer’s rumblings and boilings bubbled over, the great stream of death-dealing lava poured straight down the mountainside upon the village. It seemed that nothing could stop it, but in the path stood a temple. When the red tide reached the wall of the sacred place it stopped suddenly, and the village was saved. The citizens offered great sacrifices.

There is a strange temple at Goa-Lowa, too. This place is by the sea shore, and behind the altar is a great cave, which, tradition says, leads back through the hillside and runs out into the sea some miles away. An uncanny smell hangs over the place, and the ears are tormented with vague twitterings. You look farther into that grinning cavern and discover that the whole roof is black with bats. A stone flung into the dim recesses makes the air turn suddenly black with a living mass of bats. They swirl and dart and twitter everywhere, and the gods grin openly at your astonishment.

This southern portion of Bali was conquered by the Dutch only as recently as 1906. The higher-class natives put up a good fight, but they were no match for the guns and warships of the Europeans. Ultimately, after sustaining heavy losses and inflicting only four casualties upon the invaders, they gave up the unequal fight. The northern half was occupied fifty years ago.
Strange things happen here.

One night, for instance, the dogs in the vicinity of the rest-house raised a dreadful clamour. One of our Balinese boys crept into the comforting glow of the lights with his eyes very large and round with fear. He explained that prowling through the kampong was a dreadful creature of the night with the body of a dog, the face of a monkey, and eyes like lamps. We offered him a guilder if he would go out and catch it, but he shook all over at the suggestion.

Nor are supernatural happenings the only ones that surprise you.

Frightened by the approach of our car, a great buffalo attached to a clumsy wooden-wheeled wagon backed over the side of an abrupt ravine quite fifty feet in depth.

Breathless, we stopped the car and stepped over to the brink to look at the remains.

Far below in a chuckling stream the wagon lay on top of the buffalo with its wheels turned to the sky. The driver had escaped unhurt and seemed not one whit the worse for his headlong plunge. Already he was hard at work trying to salvage his big load of coffee beans, sodden bags of which were scattered about in all directions. The buffalo lay very still in the mud, but we were so relieved to find the man alive that we had no pity to waste on the beast. Imagine our surprise, however, when the animal gave a convulsive plunge and struggled out from beneath the cart. His owner looked over the beast and shouted up that he was uninjured.
Why the deaths of both were not on our heads is beyond comprehension.

The Hindu New Year came and Bali put on its gayest clothes and walked in beauty. Every village was decorated with most beautiful ornaments carved from green bamboo. At the end of the graceful bending canes floated bannerets and designs cut from the green leaves with infinite patience. Some of these were in the form of chandeliers and lamp shades, and they gave the streets a wonderful gala effect which was far more pleasing than our flags and ribbons.

I have said that in normal times the roads of this dear island abound in pictures, but at this holiday season they became a source of unending joy. Every few yards you passed streams of girls in their gayest sarongs, their hair neatly dressed, wearing holiday smiles. On their heads they carried graceful brown wicker baskets piled high with cleverly arranged fruits. These were offerings to the goggling gods, and one envied them on their carved altars when those pretty little worshippers tripped in on their trim feet, and, bowing graceful bodies, placed their beautiful tribute before them.

Everywhere were happy throngs all dressed in their best, the villages had been cleaned and swept, and there were great feastings, the food for which had been in preparation for weeks.

A great time this for theatres and dances.

Passing along beneath the velvet sky and the nodding palms we came suddenly upon a theatrical troupe on its way to give a show. They made a fantastic picture.
Enormous, grotesque, almost fearful huge figures nodded and swayed against the stars, made more gigantic by the fitful flares of scores of torches. Small boys rushed along making shrill clamour—just in the manner of small boys the world over—and the voice of the gamelan orchestra sounded quaint and whimsical, tugging at the heartstrings.

To the magic of that music in an old, old temple beneath the stars, we saw the dancing of little elf-girls—girls who seemed not human in their beauty, but rather the embodiment of the calm night and the crying music.

You must try and picture the scene first.

This is a little temple built of red stone inlaid with china. Perched high among the stars sat Shiva and a host of other strange gods, many arms flung out, fat stomachs resting on knees, eyes a-goggle, riding upon weird beasts. On segments of coconut husks before them burnt little offerings of rice and meats and fish, the smoke rising in a blue plume straight into the still air. A lean dog crept from behind an altar and snapped up a dainty morsel, and the even leaner hag who was tending them cried shrilly and struck at it with a stick.

Round about clustered a half-seen audience of Balinese, chattering and, now and then, raising their voices in a wild cry which blended with the music.

It is impossible to describe adequately a gamelan orchestra. When I say that it consists of xylophones of wood, a drum, mellow gongs, and silver bells, it leaves you with no idea of the beauty of their music. It rose and fell gently like a baby breathing, it blared into
A dancer at Bali, Java, and at the right, the gamelan orchestra.
One of the placid, picturesque by-ways of Bali.
The strolling musicians of Bali.
Itinerant performers supply roadside entertainment in Bali.
violence with dramatic suddenness, it sobbed and laughed and sang. I cannot say in what lay the magic, but much of it was due to the time, which varied and yet was always the same. With each note you had a sense that there was inevitably only one particular note which could follow with the right effect—and yet you could not have said what that note would be. Above all it was plaintive, even when it laughed. There were tears in it, tears of pearl. It ebbed and paused, it rose again as the sea does on a white beach. It sang the anthem of the witch we call the East.

You felt a sudden lump in your throat, you suddenly saw wonderful ghosts of fancy, you suddenly smiled—and all because of the art of twenty Balinese squatting on the ground before instruments from which a European orchestra could have made nothing.

Who, then, could fittingly dance to such an accompaniment?

Only these little elf-girls whom we had seen being swathed in yard upon yard of ribbon, bound tightly in a cocoon of silk, over which were fitted gay sarongs and embroidered jackets. Their little powdered immobile faces looked out from beneath pagoda-like headdresses of gold and many colours, on their ankles and arms were bracelets, on their fingers rings, and in their lithe young bodies all the ease and native grace which deer have and reeds have and the palms have against the stars.

The gamelan wept and called for them.

They stepped out into the open space beneath the goggling eyes of the high gods and danced. The music
became suddenly a thing of flesh and blood. It seemed that the actual sounds danced there before you. With supple bodies, weaving arms, tiny hands and feet, they postured and bent and swayed, they fluttered their fans, they lived the music.

These child-women seemed calm and aloof. Their faces were pale, and at rest looked as if they were carved in ivory; their big eyes did not look at the audience but seemed to be seeing the music in the heavy air. They were creatures of another world dancing for us but unconscious of our presence.

There is a wonderful charm about immobility. We Westerners cannot express it. It takes the East to show a face which is devoid of all feeling and of all passion, a mask as much at peace as the mask of death, a mask which does not even betray a soul. It is as soothing as rain on a parched land.

So these elf-girls danced. There was action in plenty, but it always mirrored and expressed the im-passive, the negative, the shedding of the vigours of the flesh.

Never a smile, never a frown, never an emotion; only peace without monotony and the gamelan making mournful love to these spiritual mistresses.

I don’t think I overrate the charm of that performance. I have not tried to gild the lily. In the bright light of sunshine, when we had the dance repeated to take photographs, some of the charm was lost, but there in the starlight in the temple it was all wonder.

Back to their seats before the orchestra fluttered
those elf-girls, and sat, still aloof and distant, their fans flitting fast as the wings of bats.

A story followed in pantomime.

A screen of batik cloth was drawn before them, and when it was removed one of those elf-girls had become a little warrior. Her costume was unchanged, but her mood was entirely different. In her hand was a kris, in her bearing bravado, a challenge. The thing she challenged was humped up mysteriously beneath a cloth. There was something strangely sinister about that hidden figure around which she stepped so cautiously, but with such an air of heroism. Suddenly she closed with it and wrested away the draping.

Out stepped grotesquerie triumphant. A monstrous great head with flowing white locks, bulging red eyes, and great tusks swayed and nodded on the shoulder of her elfin sister. If such a monster could have lived, its actions, you felt, would be exactly those which followed. It blundered and rolled and minced, the great head wagged from side to side, it lurched down upon that tiny champion.

She stepped aside with haughtily uplifted arm as one who shuns something unclean, and the gamelan shuddered.

With the air which David must have worn when he attacked Goliath she stepped before it, and the gamelan shouted encouragement. You read in her every gesture her very thoughts, the impudent confidence of youth fighting a thing it feared in its heart; but her face remained a mask.
Suddenly—and now the voice of the gamelan swept up—she closed with that gibbering nightmare and struck it down with quick blows of the flashing kris. She struck it down, and the dreadful shape fell at her feet in the shroud of its own white hair.

Her dainty feet trod the ground with the light pride of the conqueror.

Here was a perfect piece of pantomime, a triumph of shades of meaning, of feeling, conveyed by gesture.

Ah, little elf dancers of Bali, yours was the clean-cut beauty of a cameo, the grace of Nature, the embodiment of the untrammelled youth. You were perfection packed in the neatest of parcels, precious goods.

We saw other dances in Bali in some of which were many dancing girls and clowns and men. But most vivid of all stand the impressions of this first performance, though through them all ran the sweet magic of the gamelan sobbing and laughing.

Yes, Bali fulfilled all our hopes. It is a wonder isle. Its rice-terraced hills, its verdant lowlands, its purple cloud-wrapped mountains, its unspoiled beautiful people, its temples and its gods, its wonderful jungle country—all these things make it a place of enchantment, a place of primitive beauty.

But the world is reaching out its hands to make even this sanctuary commonplace.

At the port of Boeleleng I read the first signs of invasion in a newly erected picture show. The usual gaudy posters were outside and the film advertised was called "Her Husband's Friend." There were hand-
Cock-fighting is still the vogue in Bali. "You must never be surprised at anything in Bali. Entering a temple to inspect a great wall of absurd divinities, we found two gentlemen squatting before the altar with their birds between them."
A native worker of the rice fields, Bali.
some gentlemen in dress suits firing revolvers and a beautiful lady was fainting in coils in the background. And the great god Shiva grinned on the other side of the road, while a group of Balinese stood staring at the glaring poster.

Down on the breeze came the sobbing of a gamelan played in some house.

But the Balinese still stared at the unpleasant circumstance of the passing of "Her Husband’s Friend."

My heart was sad for Bali which the world—the noisy, dusty, horribly ordinary world—will not let be. Presently, I am afraid, a brass band will replace the gamelan and bunting will flaunt in place of carved bamboo leaves.

And people in heavy boots will trample down the individual beauty of that little island of delight.
CHAPTER XI

Colliding with a Junk and Climbing a Volcano

To-morrow, we said, we will get the mail. You can hardly appreciate what that phrase meant to us. It was our anthem as we turned our bow for Java. At Sourabaya we looked forward to a record mail. It was six months since we had had any word from home. During that time, you must remember, we were out of touch with the world; seeing no newspapers, save those printed in Dutch, and hearing nothing. We had been hemmed in by a wall of hundreds of miles of sea.

To-morrow, we said, we will get the mail.

I repeat the statement because I have heard it so many times. It was on everybody's lips and we reckoned up the letters which would be waiting for us. So many from home, so many from girls, so many from chaps—we were like children on their way to their first picnic.

Have you noticed that whenever anything exciting happened I always was at the wheel? I assure you that this is not due to the fact that I chance to be the teller of the story. It was pure bad luck, and I could have done without the thrills. That night something happened, and, of course——!

It was pitch black, one of those nights when the ship seemed to be boring through solid gloom. I had just
COLLIDING WITH A JUNK

relieved Jay and he had gone up forward looking out into the inky depths. I could just make out his figure in the weird cotton kimono in which he slept. Without a second’s warning a tall stick came spinning out of the night, and at the same moment Jay shouted.

I put the wheel hard over to starboard, but too late. There was a nerve-shaking crash. In that second’s glance the spar looked more like the top of one of the big wooden fishing cages which the natives build in shallow waters, so, dreading a reef, I kept the wheel over. The captain sprang to his feet with an oath, and I am sure that first bound of his took him right through the wheelhouse and onto the deck. The junk bumped its way along the side, its mast crashed into the dinghy on the davits, and heeled right over. For a breath it seemed to those on deck that she was going, and then she righted herself and swept away astern.

The whole thing happened in a second, quicker than thought. She was not showing a glimmer of light, the sail was furled, and as far as we could gather nobody was awake on board.

We escaped with scratches and some damage to the dinghy, and the junk bobbed away into the night apparently none the worse for the collision. But if the crew could have heard the things we said of them even their Oriental placidity would have been disturbed.

Navigators to whom we mentioned the occurrence said that the junks were a continual menace in these seas. It was the exception for one to carry a light, and lookouts were never posted. As they were strongly
built though clumsy craft, they constituted a grave
danger to shipping, even apart from the risks they ran
themselves.

With the knowledge that there might be a score of
other junks in the immediate vicinity the rest of that
watch was far from enjoyable, and "tricks" were held
in great disfavour for the rest of the night. On the
skipper's watch another junk, in complete darkness,
drifted by quite close at hand, and it was entirely a
matter of good fortune that we did not have another
collision.

What we think of junks—but there!

From the old gunboat which has been converted into
a lightship a pilot came out and took us in to Soura-
baya, a place of many ships where we were dwarfed to
the insignificance of a picket boat. He brought us our
first bad news. It seemed that Java was celebrating
another New Year, the Mohammedans' this time, and
the post office was closed.

This was a disappointment, but we collected a little
mail through the American Consul and at our banking
address, and were cheered by the report of the scores
of letters which awaited us at the post office. You can
be sure we were there at 9 o'clock next morning but
what bitter moments awaited us!

There is a Dutch law that no letters may lie at a post
office for longer than thirty days. Practically our entire
mail had been returned to senders! There was no
record of the ordinary letters, but receipts for a score
of registered packets which had been sent back indi-
cated the size of the general mail. At the request of our bank the post office had agreed to waive the rule, but the memo to this effect had been overlooked by the clerk responsible.

Some few registered packets had not yet left and these we recovered, but, for the rest, there was nothing to be done save adjourn to the hotel and drink the longest gin sling available. It tasted like poison.

So we didn't like Sourabaya. We could find nothing good about the place. It is a noisy, greedy, straggling commercial port, and the jam of traffic in its streets was surprising. How accidents were not more frequent was a mystery, since the control was vested in absurd Keystone policemen, Javanese who stood and waggled little batons, but really did nothing of any value. In an effort to avoid trouble there was an incessant noise of bells and motor horns—a marked feature of all the towns in Java—and shouts and yells, and through the babel rushed an antiquated steam train which made day and night hideous with its warnings.

Everybody in Sourabaya seemed to own a motor car, but the town, which grew very wealthy in the sugar boom, was experiencing a slump, and many owners of fine cars had them running on the streets as taxis in the charge of native drivers.

On all hands you heard stories of financial difficulties, but in Java, as indeed all through the East, the impression left upon the visitor is that the good times have been so good that the bad times are not so very bad. It is rather like the poverty of a millionaire who
misses a quarterly dividend—annoying, but a long way from bringing the sufferer to the bread-line. This optimistic view was not appreciated by the local inhabitants, however. They looked at you more in sorrow than in anger when you voiced it—but they continued to stay in the most expensive rooms in the most expensive hotels, to run their cars, to entertain as much as they felt inclined, drink as much as they felt inclined, and gamble for stakes as high as they felt inclined. Somehow they failed to impress you in the rôle of paupers.

We docked our little sea-battered home, and decided that we liked Sourabaya less than ever. You can have no idea of the discomfort of having anything to do with a boat which is in dry dock. At the very moment when you wish to go aboard the dock is always flooded, and you have to make a perilous journey on a crazy raft of pieces of wood loosely lashed together and intended only for the supple, bare feet of natives. It is hotter than the nether regions shut in by those high walls, and the biggest mosquitoes known to man infest the locality.

By day the ship is occupied by a swarm of brown devils who squat everywhere and trample to and fro chattering. About is the incessant row of steam hammers and other devices of the Fiend, and the usually spotless decks are littered with rubbish.

No, if you love a yacht, never have any dealings with her when she is in dry dock.

The skipper and the engineers were driven to frenzy by those casual workers. They would stand in blank
despair on the dirty decks while they watched the workmen sneaking away for a spell, or falling asleep over their tasks. As an example of the methods employed, consider the cleansing of the varnish from a rail. The workers arrived armed with tiny pieces of glass. They sat down on their haunches and stared at the rail for ten minutes. Several of them started to smoke and all spat with great vigour. They showed no inclination to move at all, until they were rudely awakened by harsh words spoken by indignant Americans and Australians. Then they started. With infinite slowness they fiddled with their absurd fragments of glass, never by any chance moving their hands a fraction faster than was necessary to avoid complete inaction. They fiddled thus for days before the task was done, and it was only the fact that they were so numerous which enabled the whole job to be put through in reasonable time. Numbers, not individual effort, were responsible.

There was a lot to be done. Our little ship had not come unscathed through those thousands of miles of foam. Deep round her sides showed the marks of the cradle used in towing her across the Pacific, her bows were splintered by sundry chance encounters, including one with a wharf which was inflicted upon us by a fully qualified pilot who did not understand her tricky ways, there were traces of a thousand strange craft and canoes which had been beside her in half the seas of the world.

The copper bottom had to be scraped, a new propeller and shaft fitted in the place of the one damaged
off New Guinea, the valves in the engine had to be taken out and cleaned, and the ship had to be fumigated and polished up inside and out.

But when you thought of the 20,000 miles she had come, and all the trials and tribulations she had been through, her condition was a fine tribute to her builders, and the state of her engine, overhauled for the first time, was little short of a miracle. She was as good as new still.

She looked very small in that great dock, and a small tug behind her loomed up like a liner. In the next dock was a great Dutch steamer with a gaping hole in her bows. She had struck an uncharted rock in the very waters through which we had come. Looking at her we thanked the stars that gave us luck.

But we fled from our floating home in the possession of a thousand devils, leaving the less-fortunate crew to look to her. And, oh! their eyes were envious as they saw us escaping from the pandemonium.

"Of course, you must see Tosari—that is Java's greatest health resort!"

This statement was so unanimous that we went to Tosari, setting out with hearts glad to leave behind our demon-possessed home and the noise and dirt of Sourabaya. We went, I say, with light hearts, but observe what follows!

On the way to Tosari you climb 6,000 feet in twenty-six miles, and you experience the novel sensation of motoring up a wall. You pass in a few hours from heat and glare to dampness and an unending curtain of
The graven miracle of Boro-Budur, at Djokja, Java—a great mountain of stone built by unknown craftsmen in the days when Java was Hindu, long centuries ago.
An intricate stone carving on the temple of Borobudur, Java. "The stonework is graphic, speaking. . . . There are, I fancy, six miles of these pictures in stone."
cloud. There are films of mist everywhere, and from the veranda of the rambling hotel you look out into white nothingness. For half an hour at sunrise the curtain lifts somewhat and you get hints of a wonderful panorama, but for the rest of the time you are blind—and the chill clouds creep down into your lungs.

The transition from the palm to the pine was rather a strain. We began to wonder whether, despite our efforts to take the good advice, we should ever be able to “see” Tosari.

The hotel swarmed with naughty Dutch children—surely the naughtiest children in all the world. Driven in by the fog and the cold there was only one living room and this was always in the possession of a swarm of spoilt, brawling, petulant blonde youngsters, who made talk impossible and sleep a dim ghost of another world.

Outside the fog flung its gray arms about in weird dances.

Bromo, that sullen giant volcano, was the one redeeming feature of Tosari, and even to see that you had to rise at 4 A. M. We set out on stocky Javanese ponies in the cold darkness, wearing every stitch of clothing we had brought with us, even to our pyjamas. Despite the fact that we looked like swollen bundles of second-hand attire the chill struck through to our very marrow as we rode through sleeping villages, along tree-clad hillsides, and up slopes terraced in steps.

Coming to a bold promontory we halted, and the panting coolies who carried our breakfast of hard-
boiled eggs, our cameras, and other equipment, caught up with us. Then over a serried range of purple peaks came the sun, and you held your breath for the wonder of the scene. Below was a great sea of cloud, shot with many varying tints, and away across, rising like an island, was the mud cone of Bromo, with the even higher peak of Smeroe smoking in the distance.

The sun and the mist battled with each other, and presently the warm beams conquered and the gray ghosts went stealing away, revealing a vast stretch of sand, the sand sea, shimmering in the sunshine.

We went down to this sand sea by a precipitous path, and a wonderful gallop over its smooth surface followed, with the brisk air beating on our faces and the light dust from the giant throat ahead falling like snow upon us. Away in the rear the coolies followed at a brisk trot, tireless and unflagging, though their thin legs and poor physique suggested that they should have been inmates of a sanatorium.

We left our ponies at the base of the peak and scrambled up the flight of stairs hewn in the mud by the natives who come to worship the dread spirit which dwells inside. The top seemed far away, but we made it eventually, and looked down into hell.

Steam, bubblings, rumblings, vague swirls and bursts of flung-up mud were properties in that devils' carnival which went on 500 feet down in that perfect amphitheatre. The narrow crest upon which you stood trembled at the labours of the giant, and the dust fell thickly. Far below across the shimmering sea came
the little black dots of the coolies, still running, still unflagging. Away on every hand great peaks rose to the sky, and above was a great canopy of smoke and steam.

One could not blame the natives for making sacrifice. Here was a god of terror who might belch hell upon those who offended. Here the thunder and lightning and the tongues of flame were in hiding. Here was a grim giant of death.

We fled from him back to the coolies and cold tea, and scampered across the sand sea to the hills again where the green bamboo mingled with growths of a strangely Northern appearance, though branded with the luxuriance of the tropics.

It was 10 o’clock before we returned to the hotel, and though we had cantered for the greater part of the way the coolies arrived before us. For their morning’s work they received the fabulous sum of one guilder, about forty cents, or 1/10 each. We blushed when we handed it to them, remembering what they had done, but they were well satisfied and jogged away chattering together.

Having seen Bromo and having all developed colds of high calibre, we found little to detain us.

A typical English-lady-travelling and her equally typical husband came into the one living room. They looked depressed and damp.

“John,” said she, “I suppose this must be a beautiful place, but when do you think we shall see something of it? When will the weather clear?”
Her husband coughed hoarsely.

“How should I know, m’dear?” he grunted. “Boy, a whiskey and soda!”

They were new arrivals, and we could have given them a word of warning as to what to expect from Tosari. Instead we smiled cunningly behind our hands and left them to find out. And the naughty Dutch children pelted each other with the billiard balls, and screamed at the top of their voices.

The Englishman shuddered and gulped down his drink.

We went away, leaving them to their fate. We went down coughing and sneezing to the gold of the sunshine again. Even Sourabaya was better than Tosari at that season.
A native artist at Djokja, Java, applying the wax "resist" of a batik pattern before the dyeing process.
A Javanese woman dyeing batik fabric.
CHAPTER XII

Through the Green Heart of Java

The ship was still an inferno. The time had not yet come when the evil spirits could be exorcised.

Again we fled, and it was arranged that the yacht should be taken round to Batavia, where we would rejoin it after a trip through Java.

We left in the dirtiest little train in all the world—a train which puffed its slow way through a wonderful countryside where rice and sugar-cane fields, green mountains and villages, flickered by. Having seen Bali, however, we were rather blasé to Java’s scenic beauties.

A dirty, crowded little train this, swarming with Dutchmen and natives. Javanese, Chinese, and Malays surged in and out amid great excitement at every stop, and there was an unceasing stream of people passing up and down the carriages apparently with the malicious intent of tripping over your feet at the very moment when you were on the point of going asleep.

As a matter of fact, the “best people” do not travel by train in Java. We did, however, because we wanted to get to know the people—and you don’t accomplish that by sitting in aloofness in a motor car. The Man-You-Meet-in-the-Train is one of the most informative persons of any country. At times he may be a bore or
a nuisance, but if you are fortunate you may learn a lot as he chatters to an accompaniment of the clickety-click of the wheels.

We gathered much from him and all manner of people from the highest officials down, but of this more anon.

Travel for us was a sorry trial owing to the number of cinematograph and other cameras with which we moved about. It was fortunate that we usually took our home with us. The making of moving pictures is a great trial even apart from this. I have often pitied Jay perspiring in the hot sun as he fussed about to get just the picture he desired in the way he desired it.

One always imagines the taking of a cinematograph picture to be a matter of merely cranking the handle. Would that it were!

You must have an artistic eye, a painstaking disposition, an unfailing temper, and much energy to do the task right. You must not stand and swear when the film runs out just at the very vital point and the whole intricate business of reloading has to be gone through; you must watch the light and not be content to risk a bad effect by continuing when the sun goes behind a cloud; you must learn to lead white folk and brown to do as you wish in a manner that suits you.

Often we fidgeted while Jay set up his camera, looked at the picture this way and that, shifted his position and otherwise took elaborate care, which, though most admirable, meant that we, too, had to linger in the hot sun far longer than was desirable.

There was a consolation, however. One of these
days when we are all old we will be able to sit in carpet slippers and a nice round smoking cap, and see the story of those brave days lived again for our benefit and that of our children. The parlour wall will give us back our youth.

"Ah, me," we'll say, "when I was young——!"

And though the youngsters may wink and yawn behind our backs we shall be well content.

None too soon the train halted at Djokja, and grime-stained we crept like stokers to one of the best hotels in Java. These Dutch hotels are strange places, almost villages. They are built in long wings, so that each bedroom can have its own private veranda, and they cover a vast area for their accommodation. However, the plan makes for coolness and privacy, and that compensates for having to walk several hundred yards through the open air to the dining room.

The bathing facilities are always most primitive. Here for the first time since leaving British territory we discovered a shower-bath. It was a welcome change from the dipper and the tub of water which always suggested that the person before you might not have known the etiquette of the country and probably stepped into the water instead of pouring some over himself.

Djokja proved to be very interesting. It is a centre of the sugar, batik, and brass industries, set in picturesque lands, and with the famed Boro-Budur Temple near at hand our days there were fascinating. You must go to Java sometime!
A German spent twenty years writing a treatise upon Boro-Budur, and staying in the same hotel with us was a professor from Boston, Mass., who might have stepped straight from the pages of a comic paper. He was complete even to a black umbrella which he carried with him everywhere he went. I fancy he was giving three years to his task.

But being neither German nor hailing from Boston, I am not going to attempt a detailed description of this wonder which was built by unknown craftsmen in the days when Java was Hindu long centuries ago; which covers an area greater than that of the Pyramid; which was lost until the nineteenth century; and which stands to-day a miracle in stone.

I can only confess my love for this work of dead hands, a love which came when I saw it in the moonlight. That is how you should see Boro-Budur first. Then its galleries are silent save for the patter of the ghostly feet of worshippers long turned to dust, and the echo of the tinkle of the chisels which carved these miles of bas-reliefs guided by cunning hands.

In the moonlight the great graven mountain of stone—stone brought from no man knows where—stands dim and ghostly. A thousand Buddhas sit calm and pensive looking out across the moonlit countryside to the surrounding hills. These thoughtful gods are wonderfully wrought, with their broad foreheads, their calm set mouths, their dreaming eyes, and their fine hands folded on their knees. It is a good thing to dream there in the quiet night beside this god who is so calm
Tan Kong Tien and his wife, of Djokja, Java, with Mr. Gowen, owner of the Speejacks. Tan Kong Tien is one of the wealthiest manufacturers of Java, employing 1,200 girls in the making of batik in their own homes.
Rice culture results in curious landscape effects in Java.
and cold and still, so just and so old. In that mad light you could almost fancy you saw those great shoulders move in breath, and you waited with hushed heart to hear the wisdom of those chiselled lips.

But Buddha does not speak. His eyes stare out across the fair land which once bowed down to him but which knows him no more. Perhaps the ghostly tinkle of the chisels soothes him. But, glancing at him sideways, you realize that there is no regret in him at the loss of a kingdom. His only sorrow is for the whole wide world. A sad, silent sorrow, a strong sorrow. Here again, as in the faces of the elf-girls of Bali, you feel that magic of the East which is expressed in immobility.

Very calm he sits and meditates, and he has balm for the harried Western soul.

I rested upon the knees of Buddha there in the moonlight, but here was no act of sacrilege. Looking into his face I read there that he understood, that he appreciated the closeness of this live thing who was fascinated by his still wisdom, and who wished to rest his head upon that strong broad shoulder. Strange thoughts he breathed to me then.

You go through the four galleries, which are surmounted by three open terraces, and on both walls in high relief are carved incidents from the life of Buddha. The stonework is graphic, speaking. Buddha gives his body to the tigress for her hungry cubs, sits in meditation beneath the sacred tree—lives all his lives again. There are, I fancy, six miles of these pictures in stone,
but if you would have the facts accurately you must turn to the gentleman from Boston with the black umbrella.

This shrine is not a place which inclines the mind to statistics. You wonder rather what manner of lives these artists led and what loves they had, these artists who in their short spans built this thing which has outlived their very memory; you steal quietly along the green old galleries where the lizards frisk with the moonbeams, hoping, perhaps, to chance upon some dim ghost come back to stand in the quiet night and look upon the stone which his hands wrought so lovingly, and which placed him all unknown among the immortals.

And up on the open galleries where the life-sized Buddhas sit beneath the bell-shaped stupas of stone, the wind runs whispering of dead days, and wherever you look the fixed, unreadable eyes of Buddha are upon you.

“You, too, young friend, are only passing on,” muse the thoughtful lips. The breeze runs sighing down to the warm heart of the sugar canes and the green of the rice fields where life wanes and springs again.

He would be a fortunate man who would rest on the topmost terrace of Boro-Budur with his only love and see the sunrise. The sky above the mountains flushes to pink, the dim stone shapes about take more distant form; the spreading cup of green country flings off the mists of night; Buddha’s features turn to stone; the light grows and glories; the triumphant sun stalks up the heavens, looking down upon Boro-Budur with a
friendly eye as one with whom he has had long acquaintance. Down below a bullock wagon goes by with a tinkle of a bronze bell. The ghostly builders and worshippers fade like the mists, and there is a hush broken only by the twittering of birds.

Ah, then, flee! flee!

Take your only love, and flee away before the shrine is invaded.

With the sun come bustling Americans, somewhat bored Englishmen, loud-voiced, strident Dutch women, chattering Chinese. They will rob you of your dreams. They will make Boro-Budur a thing of miles of stone. You know why, with the daylight, Buddha’s face grew set and dead again.

Flee! Flee!

Going home through that sunny countryside we came upon a troupe of travelling players, who staged their performance for us in the middle of the road while all the queer jumble of Java poured past. Motor cars went by, honking their disfavour of the proceedings; great wooden-wheeled wagons groaned along, drawn by lazy humped oxen; in the background a man ploughed in a paddy field with a muddy buffalo; the sugar canes clapped their hands; old women on their way to market stopped by the roadside to watch the show and bandy words with the players and gossip, and the army of the Small Boy—the most mobile force in the world—acting on the advice of infallible and omnipotent scouts, sprang up as if by magic.

A gamelan orchestra made sweet music and the
weirdly attired dancers went through their performance with an absurd grace which was fascinating. Most of them wore black goggles and they were mounted upon tiny horses cut from wood and richly tinselled. On these they fought a cavalry pitched battle with sticks.

It was all very childish, and yet there was something about it which we cannot catch. A note of something beyond the fooling—of the strange.

"Tink—pause—tinkle tinkle—pause—pause—boom-m-m!" went the orchestra, and with marionette movements and arms which spoke the dancers stepped in the dust of the road.

The small boys stood round-eyed, and a clown flung jokes at one shrewd-faced old woman. To judge by the laughter—quick and gusty—the jokes were not altogether nice, but there was no pause in that exchange of repartee. He impudently stole fruit from the women and they shook their fists at him but dared not say him nay.

Your Harlequin is the world's free man, and only Columbine may hurt his heart.

There are 35,000,000 people in Java, and that is a good thing for the prosperity of the island. The Javanese believes in taking his time, and it is only by reason of his numbers, as we had learned by experience on the yacht, that the work gets done. We were taught the same lesson by the glimpse we had of the industries of the country at Djokja.

No native does much, but the grand total is amazing.

Consider the making of batik—that cloth figured with
strange mythical personages which is the national dress of the Javanese and which has enjoyed much popularity in the world outside.

Tan Kong Tien, a wealthy Chinese, is one of the largest manufacturers. Outside, his house is not prepossessing, but inside we found a beautiful home to the luxury of which East and West had contributed. Priceless bronze and china were put beside a Cutler desk and a telephone, and in the marble courtyard, roofed with blue sky, round which the house was built, brilliant parrots strutted amid ferns and orchids.

Tan, a small and courteous man, dwelt here with his beautiful wife whose fingers were loaded with diamonds. His numerous sons lounged about the cool rooms in spotless pyjamas, and the eldest told you in perfect English that he was leaving for Holland shortly to study medicine. Tan had been born in Java and neither he nor his father had seen China.

He employs 1,200 girls in the making of batik in their own homes.

We saw the various stages in the long and difficult process. Taking a piece of white calico, a small and serious maid traced upon it with infinite care a portion of an intricate pattern. She used a crude fountain pen from which flowed melted wax, and she worked without any preliminary tracing with her difficult material. Gradually, as her quick brown fingers moved, she covered the cloth with a thick coating of wax, leaving bare only the portion which was to be dyed a certain colour.

The cloth was then immersed in a vat of vivid blue,
blue which had captured the strong tints of the sea. This operation was repeated twenty-nine times, under the sharp eyes of the gray old Javanese whose high breeding was indicated by the kris thrust through the back of his belt. Finally, when the unwaxed portion had taken the colour properly, the cloth was dried, and the wax removed. Other portions, including that already dyed, were then coated, and the cloth was immersed in a rich brown. Its entire surface with the exception of the small area remaining to be stained in still another colour was then covered, and with a further dipping and drying the piece was completed.

Of course all this cannot be done in a day, a month may elapse in the process. But—and herein lies Java’s strength—there is no lack of girls with the skill to do this laborious and delicate task. They receive less than a shilling a day.

Batik making fascinates you by the skill with which the quiet brown girls work. It is a difficult thing to block out everything save the particular section of an elaborate pattern which you wish to dye on a cloth, and, when you realize the clumsiness as a medium of the wax in which they paint, there is fascination in watching those unerring fingers which work so well.

European and American mills are turning out shoddy imitation batik which is on sale even in Java. But the real native work is a joy. Having seen the process by which it is produced you would expect to pay fabulous sums for it, but for ten shillings or £1 you can buy fine pieces. The local people pay less.
I have a great pity in my heart for us travellers in the East. We pay the highest price and usually depart in pride with goods which have been made by whirring machines in Birmingham.

We haggle cunningly for hours and ultimately make a bargain at a price still three times above what would be just. We walk proudly away beneath our enormous sun helmets, and the East smiles blandly and sees us go.

Java grew very rich when you and I were paying "boom" price for sugar. Walking in the blazing sunshine amid the towering stalks twelve feet high we heard loud lamentations from plump Dutchmen upon the fall in prices.

We heard of a company which had paid a dividend of 300 per cent. after the biggest year, and which had averaged 50 per cent. over seasons.

"And this year," sighed the manager, "it will be a bare 12 per cent!"

Naturally enough you cannot buy the stock of that company. It is all held by half-a-dozen families, and even though they are bravely facing starvation on a dividend of 12 per cent. they show no particular inclination to sell. Perhaps it is a worthy spirit similar to that which compels a captain to stick to his ship when she founders!

There are worse positions than that of a manager of one of these prosperous companies. He receives a handsome salary, a bonus of 10 per cent. on the net profits, has many months' leave in the off season, and is provided with a house. And what a house! We saw
one built of white stones and floored throughout in white marble. The rooms, eighteen feet high, were as cool and gracious as those of a palace, and were panelled with Java teak—a beautiful wood. Furniture to match was supplied, and throughout were many curios and fine specimens of native work. Electricity, a water service, a motor car and garage, servant and guest quarters separate from the rest of the house—these were other items which a thoughtful company had given him.

"It is a good enough life in its way!" said the manager with placid content as he stroked the hand of his half-caste wife, and boys dashed about setting iced drinks before us.

We were inclined to agree with him.

On the sugar plantations Java was at work with just the same spirit that we had seen everywhere else. The work of one man was done by ten, but with millions to draw upon that mattered little. Out in the fields we saw the planting of miles of cane being done by hand, the cane full grown a year later being cut by hand and piled upon crazy trucks which were drawn by protesting bullocks along crude wooden rails. There was no attempt at labour-saving. Labour was the only thing that was cheap. The pagoda straw hats of the coolies dotted the fields like huge mushrooms. Each of those men costs slightly less than 6½d., about 13 cents, for a day of eight hours.

It was all very primitive, until the moment when the laden truck arrived at the door of the great white
"Tahiti Louis" of the Speejacks crew was also a painter.
Home of the Governor at Beitenzorg, Java, about forty miles from Batavia.
cement fabriek, or mill. Here, clashing strangely with the rest of the picture, were great modern machines which shouted a loud song in the heavy air—air which was absolutely sticky to the nostrils, so heavily was it laden with the smell of sugar. Giant crushing mills ground the cane, driving from it rivers of dark molasses which were purified and refined at last to great mountains of gleaming crystal. Nothing was wasted. Even the barren husks fed the oxen and made fuel for the great furnaces. Very modern and efficient were these giant plants which seemed so out of place in that green countryside.

While we were at Djokja the Chinese gave a Passermalen, or Charity Bazaar, to assist the work of Dr. Yap Hong Tjoen, who, after a striking career in Europe, is doing splendid service for the people of the district. Its interest lay in its quick and illuminating revelation of the similarity of human hearts the world over when the fair is on. Walking amid those crowded rows of stalls where the "spruiikers" made noises you might have been at Coney Island, at White City. There were just the same tired mothers trailing behind them a stream of dusty, tearful children; there were the same sweethearts walking hand in hand or sitting at tiny tables sipping amazingly hued soft drinks; there were the same eager vendors of wares which nobody wanted; there were the same sellers of balloons for which small hands stretched longingly.

In no sense was the Passermalen anything but native. There was no attempt to copy the fairs of the world
outside. It was just the natural expression of the fair spirit, and it inevitably took a familiar trend. There was one new note, however, for above the noise rose always the mellow boom of brass. Now we make noises with brass also, but we do not get the Eastern effect. We do not catch the soft depth, the richness, the air-quivering throb which the Orient achieves.

And that is only fitting, since brass is the voice of the East, it is her own special form of expression. She speaks thus, through a soft-voiced gong.

But human nature remained the same, and the weary Javanese mothers, looking dubiously into their purses, had their exact counterparts in the Western world; and the keen, hoarse salesmen; and the Small Boy.

Particularly the Small Boy. He is the everlasting, unchangeable unit in the human cosmos. He never varies. He is always grubby, always noisy, always on hand when anything happens, and always thrusting his way between the legs of the grown-up world to see what is to be seen. And wherever there is a paradise for small boys from Pole to Pole—a fair, a circus, anything —there are the representatives of the breed, standing wistful and hopelessly hopeful outside the magic portal, envious, despairing, lacking the wherewithal to gain admittance to the magic show.

If you have an eye for colour you could sit for hours on the broad piazza of the Societeit de Vereeninging looking out across the thronged streets to the purple-shadowed banyan tree which covers a vast area upon
the farther side. All about you at little tables the Dutchmen sip their drinks and chatter loudly, a band plays, and inside in the picture hall, which has accommodation for 500 members, a show is in progress.

But better far the unceasing film of that busy street. Javanese in their bright sarongs, burly Indians, green uniformed soldiers, high-class ladies with brown aristocratic features riding in tiny carriages with brown footmen, grave Chinese, an occasional Arab, a fat Dutch boy on a bicycle—his plump legs made absurd by his short stockings held up by suspenders—a creaking, high-built wagon drawn by humped oxen, an unceasing string of tiny jaunting carts drawn by tiny ponies and making clamour, big motor cars forcing a way through the human river—a never-pausing surge of colour and humanity.

This club sees great times in the racing season. When a Dutchman gambles he does it with zest. Baccarat is the favourite game, and it is played for high stakes. One man lost 250,000 guilders in a week-end, and left for his plantation again without a cent, having saved only enough from the wreck to pay his hotel bill.

It was at the big native village of Wonotjatoor that we met the nightmare family—the most dreadful family in all the world.

Though Wonotjatoor is close to Djokja it is entirely native. There are not even Chinese there. Though it has 20,000 inhabitants the place boasts only one road. Communication is by means of thousands of clean-
swept paths which radiate off this street in all directions. These were strange little paths, not more than a couple of feet in width, and lined by the brown huts of the people. The sticks which formed the rough fences had begun to sprout, and they flung green hands across your head so that you walked down a leafy tunnel.

Presently we came to a rambling old stone house where we saw the brass workers at their task in a tree-guarded courtyard, musical with the sound of blows struck upon metal. They were seated cross-legged upon the ground, and they beat quaint and elaborate patterns upon the brass vases and other ornaments which they cast themselves.

Here, again, we saw the unfailing accuracy of the native hand and eye. There was no tracery upon those moulds, and yet they chiselled delicate lines with never a blunder.

Others bent low over the carving and shaping of tortoise shell and horn, polishing them with infinite patience. About the yards and sheds doves in wicker cages cooed, and the clinking hammers laughed. Palms flung spidery shadows upon the ground, and the sunbeams danced upon the great piles of beautiful metal things. A fat-paunched brass god sat mutely in a corner while a small rooster perching upon his noble brow crowed defiance at the universe.

This was a native workshop untouched by years of European rule—untouched save for two glaring lithographs which hung upon a wall. In these King Edward VII smiled gravely out over the small brown workers,
A bit of the waterfront at Singapore, Straits Settlements. “All the world that travels passes through Singapore at some time.”
Native traffic on the waterfront of Singapore. "The broad windswept roadstead before her is filled with ships; great rust-red tramps, towering towers, crazy lopsided schooners which carry throngs of coolies from China and give off strange odours, huge lumbering junks, trim-sparred sailers, new Diesel boats, old ships converted to steam, and fleets of sampans."
and President Woodrow Wilson's school teacher's features seemed a little saddened by them.

We asked how they came there, but the proprietor shook his head. It seemed that he had found them wrapped up in brown paper upon the roadside years before. He didn't know who they were nor did he seem to care greatly. In a country where the portrait of the Queen of The Netherlands seems to be the only one used for decorative purposes their presence came as a relief.

And, you ask, what of the nightmare family?

Alas, they were real enough! You came upon the first suddenly as you swing round a corner in those clean, fresh alleys of leaves. It stood by the fence, mewing horribly, a shocking horror of a body, a thing which had stepped from the grave. It had no face, no hands, it was blind, and dumb save for that ghastly mewing. Eyes, nose, ears gone, wits eaten away, it stood there begging in the shadow-dappled sunshine, like some awful horror of a mad mind.

You dropped coins and fled, but your shocked senses were still shuddering when you came suddenly upon another—so suddenly that you had to spring aside to avoid a collision with living death. You fled again, and found another.

It was like a nightmare, and presently you found yourself running down that long way with the quick steps of fear, listening, like a scared child in a wood at night, for the sound of steps behind you, for the breath of pursuit on your neck.
And when you reached the car there was another mewing in your path, led by a little native girl not more than two feet tall who sang a cheerful little song as she held out a hat for coins. It was a picture to haunt you.

The natives regard this nightmare family without any particular feeling. They accept them. There are twenty-three of them and we were told that clean girls had been known to marry them. Diamond sellers come to Wonotjatoor, and they offered a pension to these living deaths if they would keep to their homes on the days when they were to visit the village. But the offer was refused.

From that family of disease which haunted the clean paths as the very embodiment of pestilence it was good to escape back to the normal world which flowed along the highway.

From Djokja we went to Bandoeng, a pretty, healthful little hill town, which will soon be the administrative capital of Java. Here for the only time since we had been in Dutch territory we found a real hotel, where there were suites with baths attached, and where the table was good and the management excellent. It was the exception to the rule as far as Dutch hotels were concerned.

We went on and on by car through this greenest of green islands, with here the fresh green of rice fields, there the blue-green of bamboo, golden water, and cloud-wreathed mountains, villages beyond counting at every turn in the road, and babies and scurrying fowls
fleeing across the road as our car passed. There is no monotony about motoring in Java. Every turn of the wheels brings a new picture, and the eye is fed by an ever-changing pattern of beauty.

And so we came to old Batavia.
CHAPTER XIII

A Glance Astern and a Sailorman’s Jewelled Girl

Beneath us again is the lift of the sea. Maybe you are tired as we were of Dutch towns and the noise and bustle; of sleepy, unchanging mountains and sun-dappled rice fields. Beautiful, interesting, are all these things, but there is no mistress like the moodful, elusive sea. Therefore let us regard Java in retrospect, from out here on the cool waters where the lighthouse winks good-bye to us, and the lamps of Batavia twinkle against the sombre sky.

We are out here in the heart of the cool and mysterious night again. The lightning is playing hide and seek at the windows of the towering castles of the clouds, the sea is soft and dim, lifting us gently up and down in its strong arms. And we are happy as schoolboys to be back on the Speejacks again, ridiculously happy, although there have been many moments when we have longed for such a respite ashore.

The yacht is new again. The woodwork gleams whitely, everything is polished and cleaned, the little jar of the bent propeller shaft is no more, and down below are no cockroaches.

It seems quite lonely without them!

Where now are Clarence and Cuthbert, the two big agile fellows who evaded all capture in the top left-hand
At the docks in Singapore. "There is never a time when a ship is not sliding in from the ocean or going to the waves again. The rattle of anchor chains makes incessant music, and there is a constant feeling of movement in the air."
Mrs. Lee Choon Guan, wife of a Chinese tin magnate of Singapore. "This sweet-faced, gracious hostess blazed and glistened with the glorious lights of countless diamonds."
drawer? Where is the family of seventeen which scampered about in the boot locker? Where are the three sturdy fellows who always nested in the old helmet beneath the starboard port in our cabin, and who raced away so nippily whenever their home was disturbed?

Gone! All gone! sigh the ocean breezes.

Often as we tried to kill them in vain, often as we hated them when they ate our swimming costumes into holes or devoured the bone buttons upon our shirts, we miss them now. They have been with us so long that it seems strange to be without them. In their place is the reek of sulphur fumigation which has not yet cleared away. Locks and brass work show signs of those fumes and guns are corroded.

But there remains the strange exultation which has descended upon us with our return to our floating home.

“Good to be back, isn’t it?” We go about asking each other the question.

Only Louis is not disturbed.

“One port, another, all the same to me, sir,” he says. “There is always another port and more sea. Always more sea, sir.”

But if he is philosophical about that he is very red and abashed when he comes aft to present to A. Y. a framed painting of a barque in full sail upon which he has been labouring for many weeks. It is a fine thing, no daub. The ship is living against the sunset. Looking upon it we recall how we discovered Louis painting that background months before ’way back in the Trobriands. Though he has never had any lessons he has talent.
"Not so good, sir," said he, "but better because I did her here on leetle boat. Very hard to work here, sir."

He goes up to take his wheel, very proud of the compliments lavished on his work. And the lights of Java wink astern.

How noisy and crowded it is back there! That is one very strong impression you carry away from Java. The streets are long avenues of unceasing noise. The tiny carts jingle bells, motor car horns of devilish design sound unceasingly, there is a babel of voices. And even in Batavia there is a street train. It is a unique affair. They call it "the tea kettle train," and that just describes it. The engine is nothing more than a thermos flask which is filled with steam from a pipe at each end of its run. It adds merrily to the noise.

Through the heart of Batavia runs a broad river which has been walled in, forming a canal. In its dark golden waters women wash clothes all day. You would say that the only effect would be to stain the garments brown, for the stream is laden with mud and great islands of refuse float upon its surface. But there they stand upon the dirty stone steps and beat the clothes in dirt, and the ultimate result is to make them spotless. This is one of Java's mysteries.

The Javanese are the most persistent people in the world in quest of cleanliness. All day you see them pouring mud over themselves, and by the same magic which enables them to wash clothes it does not transform them into clay statues, but seems to be quite effective. I have seen natives washing in the thick waters
of "paddy" fields, pouring the soupy stuff over them with evident relish. And all along the canals they wash, wearing their clothes meanwhile. I should never be surprised to learn that the Javanese have washed themselves into their copper hue.

Batavia, along with its smaller brothers, is quieter in the afternoon than at night.

The noise of the traffic ebbs between 2 P. M. and 4 P. M. to a far greater extent than it does between 2 A. M. and 4 A. M. The city sleeps, though the native life goes on to a large extent. At the hotel at 4 o'clock your boy brings you afternoon tea in tiny cups, and down below other boys sweep up the leaves with rough brooms. Yawning Dutchmen appear on their verandas, and presently there is a renewed hooting of motor cars and a refreshed gush of traffic in the crowded streets.

Then it is time to go to the club for a gin.

I have said that in our progress into the Indies we saw things growing gradually, each town being upon a larger scale. At Batavia you cannot go into the principal clubs without feeling that you are entering a cathedral, and when you order a whiskey and soda you wonder if it is quite a proper thing for a bishop to do.

They dance in these great palaces of marble floors, high roofs and pillars, to a huge orchestra which plays music of a vintage of some years ago to a time which suggests that every member has recently suffered a bereavement. It is the girls with the touch of the native blood in them who are the most sought after for partners. They have a dark, slim grace in strong con-
trast to their Dutch sisters. The Dutch girls usually grow amazingly plump after attaining twenty summers, and a long arm would be needed to encircle their waists.

But here, as indeed throughout the East, all girls are in demand. There are so many men that an ordinary maid has her court, and one with any claims to charm becomes a queen.

If you have a sister whose single blessedness is becoming rather a serious matter there are good chances for her east of Suez. The competition is delightfully slack there. Husbands, it seemed to us, were going begging, and the main qualification of a tropical wife seems to be that she shall be able to stand the climate.

"Wonderful girl, my wife, stands the climate well!" That is the greatest of compliments and it often covers a multitude of imperfections and, sometimes, sins!

You leave Java behind with a feeling that, in company with the rest of the Orient, there is a growing unrest here. Gandhi's preachers from India have made their appearance, and there is much talk of Java for the Javanese. It is the same problem which Britain is facing, but the Dutch have neither the power nor the prestige of Britain with which to stem the tide. They have no easy task in the management of this small island with a population of 35,000,000, but they seem to be fair and far-sighted rulers.

No European may buy freehold in Java, but he can take out a long lease. There is always a clause, however, that, in the case of plantations and so on, half the land shall be for the use of the natives for the purpose
of growing rice. How, otherwise, could 35,000,000 be fed? And so the sugar estates rotate crops of sugar and rice on equal halves of their properties, and everybody else has to make the necessary provision for the food of the multitude. There is a ready recognition of the fact that the Javanese are the true owners of the island. But despite all this there is unrest. The millions have grown conscious of their strength.

"We have educated the Javanese, and now he has learned too much," said a man who has dwelt among them for many years. "There were wise men who said, 'If you would rule brown men keep them primitive,' but other counsels prevailed. We sowed in the kindness of our hearts, and now we reap a harvest of trouble."

While we were in Java an interesting example of the new spirit occurred. On the advice of a native regent twenty tax collectors were appointed by a resident, who represented the Dutch Government. Finding the whole crew dishonest he sacked them.

"Put those men back, or there will be trouble through Java," said the regent. The men went back.

"Once upon a time," complained a trim military officer, "if you killed a native with reasonable excuse that was the end of the matter. To-day you will be fined twenty guilders if you slap one in the face. Once we ordered, to-day we beg. There is trouble coming."

We were told that the day was not far distant when still another peace offering would be made to Javanese. At present the nominal control is vested in the regents,
but overlooking every action are their "big brothers"—the residents. A plan is now being considered for abolishing the residents and leaving the control in the hands of three governors who will rule the three main districts of the island; thus placing much more direct power in the hands of the natives.

The agitators have ample opportunity for their work among the natives, who, however, are apt to forget their preachings when the meeting is over. They go back to sit in the sunshine. It is hard to be a staunch and determined rebel when the sun is warm and it is so pleasant sitting about.

Sometimes the audience is a little puzzled.

At one meeting, after an impassioned address pointing out that the day was arriving when the Javanese would come into the good things of the world which were his rightful heritage, the orator concluded on a more personal note.

"Now that I have shown you the way to freedom you will each contribute a guider," he said, and the natives paid, wondering a little at this introduction to the new day when everything should be theirs. The Dutch are not happy in the Indies to-day.

But Java, with its noise and troubles, lies behind us, already lost and dim before the benediction of the sea.

We had good news for our send-off from that busy port. Even as the screws churned up the muddy waters of the dock a hot-foot bearer of glad tidings came to us.

Ahead of us lies the long trip across the Indian Ocean into the teeth of the monsoon. Experienced sailors
tell us that it is a practical impossibility for our little
craft to beat her way through those tremendous head
winds and sea. But down near the Equator the mon-
soon blows itself out, and so after long studyings of the
charts we decided to run from Singapore by way of
Colombo and the Seychelles Islands, away off the coast
of Africa, then making up the coast, in a certain degree
of shelter, for Aden and the Red Sea.

But the Seychelles are out-of-the-way dots on the face
of the waters, and for weeks it seemed that all efforts
of the Vacuum Oil Company to get us supplies of petrol
there were going to be unavailing. No ships were call-
ing from Africa with space for our shipment.

Then, just when we had abandoned hope and were
looking forward to the long and uncomfortable run
from Colombo to Aden direct, there came news that a
shipment had been despatched from Mauritius by sail-
ing schooner. It was a wonderful stroke of luck.
Without it, the crossing of the Indian Ocean might have
been long delayed, since it would have been impossible
to be towed through such seas. There would have
been nothing to do but to wait until the monsoon season
was over, and that in turn would have made us too late
for the voyage across the Atlantic.

But the luck held. Even as the ropes were cast off
the news came.

We are a cheerful ship's company, indeed, and even
the sea seems to be in our mood. It chuckles and whis-
pers absurdities as it slides past our clean sides.

Up for'ard a song is raised and it goes romping away
into the gloom which grows so heavy that it actually seems to weigh upon the eyelids. The face of the waters is hidden, as dim and mysterious as the face of a Mohammedan woman seen through her veil. Again comes that eerie sensation of sailing through a wall.

There followed a day of flat calm, many big oil tankers and passenger steamers passing us, all very interested in this queer little craft which bobbed along across the broad seas. The sunlight sparkled upon scores of glasses levelled at us. We became a marine curiosity.

In the evening we passed through the tortuous channel of Banka Straits, which even boats plying regularly in the vicinity prefer to negotiate by daylight. To port and starboard lighthouses guided us, flashing warning of shoals and curves. Buoys swam out of the gloom and vanished again. After our months of sailing in dark seas we felt bewildered as a countryman does when he walks the brilliant streets of a city by night. We were unaccustomed to this luxury of watchful eyes.

The captain did not stand his wheel that night, he had quite enough to do with the navigating. He slept for only ten minutes, and even in that brief period we succeeded in nearly colliding with a huge buoy, which at one moment seemed to be miles ahead and the next was right on our bow.

But we came through, and dawn found us out on the light green waters of the China Sea. And here ill-fortune flung a black wing over the sunny decks.

Bert, the cook, had had enough. He was always sick
Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federated Malay States. "White was the prevailing tone of this capital of charm. The stately Government buildings carried on the note of the palatial, and the mosque was a dream in stone."
The railway station at Kuala Lumpur. "Kuala Lumpur was a surprise. It was white and glistening and beautiful. Even its railway station, in white concrete and built to a beautiful design, suggested a palace rather than a terminus."
when at sea, and to be expected to cook large and tempting meals for hungry men when you are in the grip of that misery is a black thing indeed. I have seen him emerge from his tiny galley where he had been standing-by all through the morning to catch the pots and pans as they tried to fly off the stove. Dreadful odours, which normally would have been tempting, had assailed his nostrils all this time, and he had to look upon such terrors as melted butter and fat and boiled pork.

His face would rise from that little hell like a green moon beaded with deathly dew. He would signal that lunch was ready, and would lie limply on the hatch while we ate the food which he had cooked with such soul-travail.

With long, rough runs ahead of him his spirit quailed. He wrote a formal letter to A. Y. announcing his decision to depart at Singapore. He had evidently laboured under the production of that screed, which had been written with a stub of pencil upon a long piece of packing paper.

"Dear Mr. Gowen, sir," it said, "it is with much regret that I wish to formally denounce my position."

His "denunciation" was quite understandable.

That night we crossed the Equator for the second time, and after a day of driving monsoonal rain which swept in across the deck and made life miserable we came, as all the ships in the world must come, to the witching lady, Singapore.

With our gramophone playing a wireless concert to the shore station, our little white bird fluttered into that
great sea junction with another 7,500-mile stage of her long trail ended since we had left Australia. We had returned to civilization again. Ahead lay well-worn ways.

Singapore is a port with a soul, with a personality. There is something feminine about the fascination of this city upon a small island at the cross-roads of the sea. You think of a witching Oriental girl with diamonds on her fingers and diamonds in her hair standing on the seashore and beckoning in the sailormen from all the seven seas.

The broad, wind-swept roadstead before her is filled with ships; great, rust-red tramps, towering liners, crazy, lopsided steamers which carry throngs of coolies from China and give off strange odours, huge lumbering junks, trim-sparred sailers, new Diesel boats, old ships converted to steam, and fleets of sampans.

The flags of all the world flutter out to the breeze which comes romping in freshly from the ocean and lifts the white pennants from the dancing waves. The ships steal in and out, having paid tribute to the jewelled girl. There is never a time when a ship is not sliding in from the ocean or going to the waves again. The rattle of anchor chains makes incessant music, and there is a constant feeling of movement in the air. There is no stagnation in this busy court of hers.

It is by night that you see the Oriental girl at her best. Then she is all aglow, palpitating, a thing of desire. The lights upon her gown twinkle and move. The ships on the dark waters glisten with a thousand points of light; red flares blaze where the work of unloading into
A GLANCE ASTERN

sampans goes on; the shoreline is lit as for a carnival with strings of diamonds, and a great clock keeps solemn guard.

When you go ashore she is still all glitter. The streets are thronged with the lights of countless rickshaws, all the open shops are solid gold against purple, motor cars become dragons with burning eyes. Looking down a long street it seems that it is alive, that it breathes, that it is a shimmering limb, studded with diamonds to lure the hungry eyes of sailormen.

When you land, unless you give instructions, the cheerful rickshaw boys dart away with you to Malay Street as a matter of course. In Malay Street there is the music of strange instruments, and sloe-eyed girls beckon in another votary whom the sea has brought to the witching lady. There is the sound of loud laughter from the high, crowded houses which seem to lean down over the narrow ways as though they grudged the small breathing space. Still-faced Chinese go by with a clackety-clack of wooden sandals; Indians watch with their keen black eyes, the street is a living mass of humanity of all shades and colours speaking all the languages of the East. It is a way of Babel. It is hot and quick with the sense of crowds.

From the eating houses come strange, sweet smells; vendors of sweets and soft drinks pass with high, quavering cries; and a dozen rickshaws dart toward you should you try to walk six paces.

Inside those leaning, jumbled houses big Dutch sailors sit with Chinese or Malay girls upon their knees, and
stokers find solace for the dreary hell of their lives in long draughts of Japanese beer.

Here in Malay Street is the tawdry heart of this Oriental girl, but though you smile at the falseness of the glitter it fascinates you still. Sailormen’s loves indulge in tinsel, but here is a new brand. She may be a “pretty lady,” this Singapore of the Seas, but she is unusual. She has wild, warm kisses and her throat is good to see. Her eyes hold real desire.

There is individuality about the streets of Singapore.

Consider Arab Street. Along this thronged way the fat, fezzed Arabs sit, like waiting spiders in nests of silks and cloths of brilliant hues. The air is heavy with the breath of incense which small boys fan idly in tiny braziers, and with the scent of smouldering joss sticks. Thin-nosed and quick of eye, the traders pounce upon you like hawks, they haggle and protest, they lift bony hands to heaven to witness that at such a price they will be robbing themselves, and then, brazenly, as you move away they reduce the price quoted by 100 per cent.

Their keenness is to be felt in the very air.

There is a statue near the seafront of Raffles who made Singapore. He stands looking out across the crowded harbour, and I wonder sometimes if in the quiet night that wise Empire-builder does not pass his hand across his eyes in wonder at this miracle which he fathered; this big, busy metropolis of the East which is free to all men.

It was good to return to English-speaking territory
The hotel at Brastagi, Sumatra, 4,800 feet above sea level. "Brastagi was a place of coolness and beauty which refreshed body and soul after the blaze of the lands below."
A sugar plantation near Deli-Medan, in Sumatra.
A street in Sabang, Sumatra, the home of the cigar wrapper.
The Seychelles Islands were reached after an eighteen-day trip across the Indian Ocean. "It was the praiseworthy intention of the few white residents of this lovely British outpost to out-vie all our friends about the world in hospitality. In the neat bungalows among the palms and up in the hills we were entertained lavishly."
again, to read English street names and see slim young English and American girls. Here, too, was activity. Men played cricket and golf instead of sleeping; the clubs were not cathedrals; the bands played real music. We felt that we had come home.

In Singapore we found again the Girl who Danced with the Prince. She was welcomed as an old friend. She had come to be one of the show things of every English-speaking town. She is always young and pretty, her hair is always clubbed, she always has the reputation for being a bright and fearless talker, seldom is she one of the “best” people—“And fancy only a subaltern’s flapper-wife, m’dear, a nobody, and there was the Colonel’s wife standing there waiting to be asked!”—She is hated by her sisters.

To belong to her ranks is to attain the crowning glory of the modern girl. You can’t help liking her. She enjoys the triumph of youth. In the ballroom of the Hotel De L’Europe we had her pointed out to us, and she knew that we were being told of her fame. It pleased her immensely. It renewed her triumph.

The type is wonderfully alike.

All the world that travels passes through Singapore at some time. The cool rooms of the Singapore Club, where decorum is blended with wondrous gin slings, have been a shrine to half the wanderers of the globe. The Raffles and Europe labels are found on every battered cabin trunk. Busy Raffles’ Square, and the hospitable rooms of the Swimming Club, where lying in a long chair you look out over that haunting harbour,
the botanic gardens on the hillside where wax-white babies play in the charge of native nurses, the constant stream of rickshaws and cars—all these things are Singapore. You think of one of them, and there is magic to conjure up again the picture of the jewelled girl who waits with her toes in the blue waves where the ocean roads meet.

It is good to sit upon the broad veranda of the Europe with a whiskey-stingah—which is half a whiskey and soda—before you and watch the cosmopolitan crowd in this clearing house of the East. There is always plenty to see. Snake charmers and jugglers appear and give their entertainment, a rope walker and his troupe solemnly chip holes in the roadway to erect the poles for their entertainment, and gentlemen drift up who beg to be allowed to remove your corns.

Sitting thus one sunny morning we found ourselves the unwilling possessors of a large stuffed turtle.

"Only fifty dollars, master," said the hawker.

And at that we laughed.

"I'll give you five dollars," said Jay, to demonstrate our utter contempt for his wares.

"Sold!" said the merchant promptly.

The story of our trip appeared in the local newspapers, and after that we paid the penalty for having a millionaire aboard. Out to the yacht flocked a great fleet of sampans, and the occupants streamed aboard. They had for sale silks and curios, precious stones of amazing size and suspiciously low prices, ivory elephants, and packets of cigarettes There were hundreds of them.
Tailors, animal dealers who wished to dispose of snakes, women who did mending and sewed on buttons sitting undisturbed on their tiny stools amid all the row, and gentlemen who removed corns by suction. There was even a dentist, who came with all his gear. His zeal was great, but his skill lacked something. He replaced a tooth which had come off a bridge. Jack was the victim. We found him in the morning sitting thoughtfully upon the hatch regarding the tooth. He had found it on his pillow on awakening. But the professional gentleman had vanished again, into the seething heart of Singapore, and Jack had neither address nor redress.

We looked a very small item in that busy harbour, but the traders thought otherwise. They bombarded us. They almost drove us off our own yacht.

Near at hand, anchored quite close to us, was another American yacht, Captain Salisbury's *Wisdom II*, a graceful little schooner. She had been anchored there for six months, the owner having returned to America, and her future movements were uncertain. The Tahitian crew were still abroad, and heedless of the sharks which abounded they swam across several hundred yards of water to inspect us.

Louis and they were soon firm friends.

"Very nice people are Tahitians, and I will go back to my sail-shop there some day," said he. "And a very nice town is Singapore. We are enjoying ourselves ashore at the picture shows, sir, but the girls here have not the kind hearts of the Tahitians."
Now that may be as it may, but I noticed that when Louis joined his friends in their shore-bound sampan he always wore his cleanest and best sailor suit.

I fancy the jewelled girl has a wide embrace for men who come in from the sea.
A native belle poses for a close-up in the Seychelles.
CHAPTER XIV

Nights with Chinese Millionaires and an Unserene Sultan

Suddenly the door opened and we found ourselves ushered into a Chinese Nights’ Entertainment. We were whirled up in a round of feasts with millionaires for hosts, and we learned something of the wealth and lavish hospitality of the high-caste Chinese.

There were sing-sing girls, and shark’s fin soup, and opium.

It started strangely enough.

A registered letter arrived on the letter-paper of the Ho Hong Bank.

“Honoured Sir,” it read, “in view of your great adventure I shall be very glad if you will receive my invitation extended whole-heartedly to your good self, your captain, as well as your many attachés to attend to a Chinese feast and after which we will pay a visit to a Chinese theatre or a Malay one.”

We accepted in the belief that here was some wealthy banker in a hospitable mood. However, when we attended at the appointed rendezvous we found our host to be very youthful for the rôle. He ushered us into a car, and as we drove through the twinkling streets he confessed that he was a clerk in the bank earning less than £10 a month. However, when he and several of his fellow clerks read of our trip they decided that
they would pool the cost of the banquet—probably £20—and entertain us.

We went with him to a three-storied Chinese café on the walls of which goggled many dragons. From the upstairs window we looked down upon a street which was crammed with yellow people. We wondered how that congested stream found room to flow, but it did, with a constant accompaniment of cries, jabber, and a murmur like the sea. There were fruit stalls, old women crouching in the thoroughfare eating rice, the sound of twanging stringed instruments. Here was a living artery of the East in which we were the only white shadows.

We met our other hosts, courteous young men full of respect and very anxious that we should enjoy ourselves. They spoke English fluently and there was one who had been educated at Ohio University. Needless to say he favoured tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles.

Waiters brought hot, scented towels for us to wipe our faces, and the feast began. The dish containing each course was set in the middle of the table and into this everybody dived with their chop-sticks, lifting the fare into small basins.

There were many strange dishes. Gelatinous shark’s fin, crab, lotus seeds, sweet-tasting chrysanthemum tea, and soup served last. It was very novel, but we were yet only at the portal of our Chinese Nights. We became connoisseurs of weird food before the week was out.

The talk was interesting.
"You must have patience with China," said he of Ohio. "When one form of government goes down a country must find itself again before you can have peace. France had to find herself, Russia is now in the throes—why, then, expect China to become a peaceful, established republic in but a few years?"

"What are a few years in the life of China?" said an older man. "For centuries an empire, we shall become a strong republic presently. We have lost our steady-rudder now, but the ship will right herself. There are many centuries ahead."

When the long meal came to an end we went to a Chinese theatre, a great dingy barn of a place only half filled.

"The picture shows have killed the Chinese theatre," said our hosts. "Even we prefer them."

That story of the pictures killing the theatre had a familiar ring, but it was not hard to see that in the Chinese article their conquest was a walk-over.

The play we saw was entitled, "How the Honest General Fought the Bad Barbarians."

So full of strife was it that no actresses appeared, the women's parts being portrayed by men who spoke in shrill voices but acted well.

It was an entertainment of bedlam.

Up in the wings an orchestra made an indescribable noise. Every move was accompanied by a clash of brass which deafened, every sentence was preceded by clamour. Stage hands, in ordinary clothes, walked across the stage handing properties to the actors, and
the families of all concerned seemed to be sitting behind
the scenes, for at intervals a naked brown baby or a
couple of youngsters would wander on to the stage to
be removed, protesting vigorously, by calm parents.

Here was much symbolism.

The good general viewed his troops engaged in a
bitter battle on the plains below. His mountain look-
out was attained by the simple process of climbing upon
an undisguised table. The armies were represented by
four very emaciated gentlemen who seemed to be in
imminent peril of real collapse as a result of their con-

flict.

The barbarians, distinguishable by their painted
faces, seemed to have the better of most of the fights,
and the good general spent most of his time lamenting
at the receipt of bad news, lamenting in a shrill chant
to an accompaniment of ear-splitting pandemonium
from the orchestra.

Dead men were scattered all about the stage, but
they rose time and again and strolled off. The armies
mounted horses by drawing sticks from their sleeves
and carrying them in their right hands. The good
general wept and the barbarian raised his fists to heaven.

And meanwhile the greater part of the audience slept
peacefully amid the din, and the other half chattered.
Nobody paid any attention to the mummers. Boys
brought tiny dishes of dried melon seeds and bananas
and set them on the arms of our chairs.

"There are many, many dialects in China," explained
our hosts. "We do not understand what these people
are saying, but it is an old story from Chinese history."

By the time the good general had suffered his tenth defeat and been captured for the third time we were quite deaf and nearly stifled. We left without learning in what manner Right was ultimately recompensed for its many reverses. You could hardly blame us. The play was a serial, and three more nights would elapse before the grand climax. It was a dreadful thought to consider the number of battles which the emaciated chorus would have to fight, and the fearful frenzy of the orchestra when at last the crowning moment arrived.

On our way to the dock we stopped our rickshaws to purchase some cigarettes from a wayside stall. Though its shelves were ranged with tins of well-known brands the owner declined to sell more than a dozen cigarettes, contending that any more would deplete his stock.

Such an attitude struck us as being absurd. We laid down a dollar and seized a tin. It was empty! Then he explained the mystery. His entire stock was the dozen cigarettes, and the rest only empty show.

They gave us an interesting evening, and they were very proud young men.

"We shall be famous among our friends," said they. "We have been honoured."

They deserved to be famous for their pluck and enterprise.

When a good friend asked if we would mind some of the Chinese merchant princes of Singapore inspecting the yacht we agreed readily for his sake. We did not realize what was to follow. We did not know that by
this simple act we would find a key to open the doors of palaces.

All the world knows the culture of the Chinese, and yet, no matter how you may school the brain, a reference to a Chinaman usually conjures up a laundryman.

Of course, we didn’t expect that, but neither were we prepared for the suave polish, the genial courtesy, and the quick intellects of these Eastern gentlemen. The younger men had all been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, the elders had been polished by much travel and by wide experience. Their wives were subtle little beauties carved in ivory. Their homes were palaces.

We lunched at the Raffles’ Square rooms of the Garden Club and then rode in fine cars—everybody owned one—to the house of Mr. Lee Choon Guan, by the seashore. It was a two-storied house, standing in a beautiful garden looking out over the sparkling waters across spreading green lawns, stunted trees, and well-kept beds. Approached by a marble causeway was a pavilion built over the sea. It contained three bedrooms and living quarters and was a delightful place of coolness and singing waves.

Inside, the house itself was crowded with rare Chinese work, with souvenirs of many trips round the world, and with a thousand things of luxury and art. There were photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Lee in their court dresses when they were presented to the King, of Clemenceau taken on the lawn of their home when the Lees entertained the French Premier, of their sons at
Oxford or Cambridge, and of Mrs. Lee receiving her O. B. E. for war work.

"If you would be interested, my wife would show you her diamonds," said Mr. Lee. And then with a note of apology, "It is not that she wishes to make display of them but——"

We would be delighted, of course!

Mrs. Lee disappeared for a time and when she returned we caught our breath. It was as though Aladdin's cave had been plundered. This sweet-faced, gracious hostess blazed and glistened with the glorious lights of countless diamonds. With European dress the display would have been dazzling, too brilliant, too rich—but on the handsome blue silk mandarin dress she wore it was in keeping.

On her smooth black hair glistened great circular combs, on her bosom were great round shields, about her neck was a wide collar. Diamonds glittered on her fingers, and her dress was pinned with diamond brooches.

As she stood before us smiling amid all that blaze of glory she became of a sudden a symbol for the riches of the oldest of races, for the sumptuousness of the East.

Then she opened boxes and we ran our fingers through stones beyond counting, made up into many ornaments. She had three complete sets, and her daughters had their own. There was one great blue diamond as big as a pigeon's egg, literally, which had been exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, where she had seen and bought it; there were diamonds clear white and diamonds showing
strange, illusive lights; there were—but who shall de-
scribe the cold, sharp beauty of those trays of gems?
They made up one of the finest private collections in
the world, and were worth a king’s ransom. The eyes
ached with their wonder.

We had tea served in the garden and the sunlight
glistened on those stones, striking from them the hard
light of the eyes of sirens. Here was a pretty picture.
Our hostess sat with three pretty Chinese girls admiring
an ingenious toy. Their dark eyes were alight with
interest, their slim fingers made play, their neat little
feet peeped from beneath their rich silk Chinese dresses.

Prettiest of all was Mrs. S. Q. Wong, a reed-like girl
with a smile like summer rain, and soft deep eyes be-
neath delicate brows. A schoolgirl, you would have
said, and yet she had been married ten years and was
the mother of six children. We were unbelieving until
we saw those children in the flesh. It seemed incredible.

I know many a white wife who would give all she
possessed for the secret of youth which this ivory girl
possessed.

Her husband—quick, modern, witty, keen, and the
best of fellows—you might have imagined had just left
Cambridge. He looked only a lad. It is some years,
however, since he returned to Singapore, and to-day he
is one of the political influences in the Federated Malay
States, representing the strong body of his countrymen
in a hundred ways.

The toy which formed the centre of the group was
interesting in itself. Mrs. Lee set down a small jew-
Rickshaw riding on a shore road in the Seychelles.
A camel train at Aden, the gateway to Arabia. "Aden, sitting sizzling in the sun, did not seem as much like Hades as reports had suggested. True, there had been no rain for seven years, its background was arid sand and rock ... but here, as everywhere, there were kindly, hospitable folk."
elled box, and the lid suddenly sprang up. Out popped a bird not more than half an inch in length, but a perfect piece of modelling complete to every feather. This tiny thing opened its beak and burst into song as clear and loud as that of a canary. Its wings flapped naturally, it raised its head—the thing was alive. Then as suddenly as it had popped out, it finished on a crystal note and popped down beneath the lid again.

No wonder those slim hands were clapped in glee.

The toy came into Mr. Lee’s possession from a friend who had occupied a house of his for twenty years without having the rent raised. When the tenant left to go to England it was estimated that Mr. Lee had saved him more than £2,000. He gave the wonderful toy, which is 100 years old, to Mr. Lee in recognition of the fact.

“We were more than repaid,” said our host.

With pins we carved our names on the broad leaves of a cactus which forms a living autograph book and which bears many well-known signatures, and then we went on to the seaside quarters of the Garden Club.

Here was a garden club, indeed, and not one of us had seen anything of its kind more perfect.

Picture a house of marble, gleaming white and cool as moonshine, with before it terraced velvet lawns stretching down to that blue sea over which was a white pagoda pavilion; all the fences made of coral and seashells; orchids flinging painted hands to the gentle breeze; great crystal globes catching the late sunshine here and there; palms walling the sky on either hand;
over all the deep glamour which is in tropic atmosphere, a note of vivid fierceness in all the tinting. Picture these things, and you have some idea of the Garden Club. But you would need to know the members to complete the scene.

There was the genial old soul whom you were convinced was merrily intoxicated when you met him first, a round ball of a man, a Chinese Bacchus. He had an inexhaustible stock of good-humour, it exuded from him, and he played the quaintest tricks with pronunciation.

"Mr. Goo-en," he said. "And Mr. Coo-lins, and Mr. 'Terri-bul' Ro-gers."

So, with much solemnity he gave us toasts, and having consumed brandies beyond counting he was not one whit different. Liquor seemed to have no effect upon him, and whenever you met him he was the same.

There were large placid merchants with moon faces wreathed in smiles, there were thin, parchment-skinned bankers, there were crisp, alert thinkers and politicians.

There were also many dainty, winsome, highborn wives and daughters, the consul’s beautiful wife who had been educated at Columbia University, shy little maids and wise matrons, and much dancing and chatter.

We ate a many-course dinner with chop-sticks. There were shark’s fin, bird’s nest soup, boiled squid (twenty-four hours in being cooked), rice boiled in lotus leaves, and other dainties, each little more than a snack, but making an imposing total which we found played havoc with digestions accustomed to simpler things.
Our Chinese Nights went on.

On the following evening we were entertained at dinner at the palace of Mr. Eu Tong Sen, generally admitted to be one of the finest homes ever built by a Chinese.

You arrived by way of a drive guarded by statues at a beautiful portico, and you exhausted your adjectives in the marble reception hall where cocktails waited. After that you walked through those four floors of magnificence bereft of words.

On the ground floor was a complete barber's shop where one little slant-eyed maid shaved you and another made sweet music. There was an automatic electric lift, and to each bedroom was attached a bathroom larger than the living rooms of most big houses. There was a ballroom, and music, card, billiard, and writing rooms which could only be described as "stately," and from the broad marble veranda you looked out across the jewelled beauty of Singapore to the harbour and the dim ocean.

Everything was marble, stairs and walls and floors. European paintings were hung amid priceless Chinese curios, and wherever you moved silent-footed attendants appeared and lights and fans were switched on even if you were only in the room for a minute. A London expert was brought out specially to plan the furniture, which was all made in England.

Mr. Eu, genial and courteous, smiled proudly in the midst of his glory.

His hospitality matched his home, and twenty-eight
people sat down to a dinner which was a triumph. The table was perfection and a score of boys brought us clear soup, shark's fin, roast chicken, white mushroom, fried brains, bamboo shoots, shellfish, stuffed pigeon, boiled pudding, and ice cream.

The chatter which ran round the table was considerably more interesting and brighter than you would expect at a similar European function.

The dancing which followed was made enjoyable by many good partners, while the amount of refreshment consumed was astounding. We had a wonderful evening the memory of which will linger always and we left in cars provided by Mr. Eu, feeling that we had enjoyed a glimpse into an Oriental fairyland.

Mr. Eu has four other houses like this in the Straits and China. They may not be quite as magnificent, but they are all palaces. The convenience of this, as he explained gravely, is that when he travels he can do so without luggage. He simply motors from one to the other—each is complete with its own staff and is in full running order.

They told us that nobody knew how much money Mr. Eu was worth—and that was not hard to believe. I fancy he is far too busy to have found time to count it himself.

How different was the life of these merchant princes compared with the ordinary "tourist" view of Chinese life. We saw the other side at a banquet which we had arranged to take at a restaurant before we knew the wonderful hospitality which was to be showered upon us.
The lower city of Aden, Arabia, at the entrance to the Red Sea.
An aqueduct at "Crater Town," the upper city of Aden.
Truth to tell we would have been glad to cancel the arrangement, but that was out of the question.

Again the scene was set in a garish, dirty, dragon-decorated café in the heart of the Chinese quarter, and we ate with chop-sticks the strange food with which we had become familiar. But there was a new note on this occasion in the presence of the sing-sing girls.

These girls are a class by themselves. Their business is to entertain with music, and, as far as foreigners go, they move not a step further.

They sit behind your chair at dinner on a tiny stool, and are allowed to drink and smoke, but not to eat. They ply your glass and light matches for you, but they are as frightened as deer of white men. They shrink away even while they are performing these duties.

And yet there is a charm about them.

They wear little straight skirts reaching to their ankles, and little straight jackets with a collar which buttons straight up the neck, and they have that haunting immobility of the East. While a fiendish orchestra deafened us, they sang endless chants in a high-pitched, monotonous voice. They broke off and started again without rhyme or reason as far as we could judge, but they held you as they sat there gazing fixedly before them, the red lips in the ivory faces repeating the words as though they were hypnotized, their almond eyes beneath their pencilled brows gazing through the wall into nothingness.

But they were poor flirts!

These girls may make four or five visits to banquets
in a night, and they are paid 11/6 (nearly three dollars) for each visit.

Some of the most popular ones make £100 a month.

They accompany themselves at times upon Chinese harps which they play with thin pieces of stick; and they drift in and out, vaguely as ghosts.

Also they fill opium pipes.

Now Rogers and I wanted a new sensation. Chinese dinners were right enough, but it seemed, by this time, that we had never eaten anything else. On either side of the room were lounges, canopied over with silk and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. From all about came the crash of brass and the tinkle of beaten strings, in the café across the road another banquet was in progress and the two bands of musicians made wild discords. From below came the throb of the busy street.

“This is the moment to try opium,” said we.

The Chinese advised us that five pipes each would be ample, and so with a sing-sing girl sitting cross-legged beside us on the couch we set about the task.

Let me say immediately, that opium-smoking for the novice is not a vice which he will long to indulge in again in a hurry.

The solemn-eyed little girl, aloof and far away, took a long pin and dipped the end into a small jar of the treacle-like substance. This she heated over the lamp, twisting it the while into a ball.

She inserted this in a hole in the side of the big bamboo pipe and handed it to us. We had been instructed to inhale hard, and we did so. The taste of the smoke
was as that of tobacco slightly tinged with a smell of burning rubber, and we puffed blue clouds to the ceiling, lying there with bamboo pillows beneath our heads waiting for the wonderful dreams to begin.

Three puffs at the pipe, and the whole process of reloading had to be gone through. This constant interruption and fussing was distinctly discouraging, particularly as five pipes had had no effect upon us.

With the enthusiasm of discoverers we persevered. We watched each other’s faces for signs of blissful sleep. We went to twelve pipes before we wearied of the foolishness, and then we left those couches, which refused to be haunted with dreams, sadly disappointed. The only effect of the blue smoke which we had inhaled with such labour was to remove entirely any effects of whiskey and soda which might have been upon us.

There was no “kick” in opium, we decided.

But next morning we knew otherwise. Next morning we discovered that the pipe had a kick like a mule. Our heads sang, our interiors burned, and bright stars buzzed before our eyes. We were sick, sad, and sorry. We hated opium.

That morning I was in a bank when an Indian “doctor” entered. He handed us a letter setting forth that he spoke no English but could cure any disease by simple methods. Perhaps he saw how ill we were.

“There is no need for you to believe, but your chance is here,” ran his introduction.

He was quite an ingenious fellow, and we watched
with amusement while he shook his head sadly over a native who was apparently in a very bad way. He had told the boy to hold in his hand a glass containing a chemical mixture which rose when the heat affected it. The patient's face blanched in terror. He prescribed for a dollar.

Then he turned to us.

Learnedly he pushed the end of my second finger and then tapped the knuckle. Quick as a flash he produced a trick book, containing a number of pages which he flicked rapidly. On each was scrawled a sentence in four languages.

"You are very sick!"
Flick!
"Your lungs are hot!"
Flick!
"The hot has gone to your head!"
Flick!
"You must take three of my pills."

It really was not a bad diagnosis, for, though I declined the pills, there could be no denying that my lungs were hot and that my head had been affected.

By this time we were in danger of being entertained to death, but still another engagement lay ahead. We were asked to dinner at the Chinese Singapore Club. Only A. Y. and I felt strong enough to attend. Rogers and Jay were limp with strange food and drink and late hours. For them a lullaby in the yacht's arms.

Our hosts, with nice judgment, gave us a fine European dinner, but otherwise the night was very Chinese.
Tanks in the water system of Aden
One of the ancient Tawalla tanks of Aden, Arabia. This old water supply system was discovered and restored in 1895.
Here we saw them in their Bohemia where you did as you liked and where wives did not. It was a busy evening. And here, too, we saw sing-sing girls, of the highest type, before whom our poor ordinary wenches of the previous night grew dim and pale as the stars at dawn.

They were very dainty and primly gay, diamonds glistened on their fingers, and their smiles were slow and enigmatic as they sang their little songs.

We had a cheery evening, but nobody drank too much save one Chinese with an Irish face who crept into every conversation with the persistence of a bee.

"It does not follow!" was all he would say, but there were few sentences which were not rounded off in that way. His energy was amazing.

We shall certainly not forget our Chinese Nights. They were a wonderful experience. They wrote bright pages of Singapore in the book of memory.

There enters now, with a great schoolboy bellow, His Serene Highness, Sir Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., and holder of a half-a-dozen native honours.

He enters in this fashion because it is his habit, because he is anything but "serene."

I was introduced to him at luncheon at the Raffles, where he was being entertained by two oil men whom he treated as brothers. He shouted a greeting, and when I recovered my breath after his handshake I tried to take in this potentate. He stood at least six feet four inches and he was broad in proportion. He wore a
khaki uniform. His big bold black eyes roved everywhere, his dark face was commanding and full of a jovial arrogance, his big hands drummed with nervous energy.

He was a great bull of a man, a sultan of romance.

"Come, I can’t be sitting here all day," he cried to the boy. "Lekas!"

That is Malay for "hurry." It is the most-used word in the Sultan’s rich vocabulary. It is on his lips day and night. Everybody hears it.

The frightened boy fled up with a rum omelet. Sir Ibrahim ate some and then started to his feet.

"Want to come to Johore?" he cried.

He passed through the dining room like a gale, he cried out for his helmet and stick, he cried out for his motor car. And white-eyed Malays fled in all directions to do his bidding.

The Sultan owns twelve of the most expensive cars money can buy. To-day he was using his Vauxhall, and from what we saw on that drive across the island his native chauffeur must have had all his nerves removed when he entered the Sultan’s service.

First we halted at a livery stable where a typical Australian horse dealer came out and was hailed by his Christian name.

"Yes, Sultan," he said, "the stallion’s gone across. He’s a knock-out!"

"Send the account to-day, Bill, or you won’t be paid," shouted His Serene Highness.

And he meant it, too.
He insists upon prompt rendering of accounts and pays immediately they are received. One of the biggest stores in Singapore was instructed to submit its reckoning on the first of each month. On one occasion it was not sent until the fourth, and the Sultan, backed by legal advice, declined to pay. That three-day delay cost the store a few thousand dollars.

The big car purred along the crowded road, the speedometer showing fifty miles an hour.

"Lekas!" yelled His Serene Highness, prodding the driver in the back with his swagger-stick.

The speedometer crept up to seventy miles an hour.

"Lekas!"

It wavered up to seventy-three and stayed in that vicinity for the greater part of the run. The chauffeur drove wonderfully. We missed lumbering carts and heavy-laden coolies by matters of inches, we swung round corners on two wheels, and ultimately we bounded on to a waiting punt at a speed of thirty miles an hour, the brakes going on with a jar at the very moment when it seemed that nothing could stop us from flying on into the water.

Johore is situated on the mainland, and is separated from the island on which Singapore stands by a narrow strait across which a causeway is being built. Over this the train which connects Singapore with the mainland will run.

It was a fascinating, happy little kingdom, this, as far as one could judge. For all his boisterous, boyish ways this Sultan is a clever business man. When he suc-
ceed to the throne, Johore was on the verge of bankruptcy. By building up tin and rubber enterprises the Sultan has reestablished the fortunes of his country, and his personal wealth is valued at £1,000,000. It is not a bad record for a man who has also found time to enjoy life to the full.

But the man, at fifty, is a ball of living energy. He is keen upon horses, upon cattle, upon his army, upon hunting. He lives hard and at a pace that would kill most people. He plays with equal zest. He has killed forty-five tigers, and is a fine shot. He plays polo. He rules with a strong hand.

The car passed along neat, well-made streets—drives would be a better description—and pulled up with a jerk before a bungalow.

"Daud, Daud, where the—are you, Daud?" shouted His Highness. Out on to the veranda came a small, dry Malay, the only person in all the world who would be a fit private secretary and right-hand man to this burly Sultan. Major Dato Daud is older than the Sultan but looks a mere boy. He is a very high-caste Malay, indeed, and a cynical humourist and the best of fellows. His eyes sparkle brightly behind his horn-rimmed glasses.

The Sultan treats him appallingy and loves him like a brother. Daud speaks his mind quite plainly to his ruler and loves the ground he walks upon though he has resigned a hundred times. The bigness of his master makes up for his schoolboy bullying. Daud is a hero worshipper, and Sir Ibrahim is his hero.
“Don’t like your wrist-watch,” said the Sultan one day.
He pulled it off the wrist of his aide and flung it into the sea.
“There is no harm in it—he is so impetuous,” said Daud with a smile, when the story was brought up.
Daud, then, thus rudely awakened from his afternoon siesta, dressed with lightning rapidity, while from the car the Royal Voice demanded in tones of thunder that he should “Lekas!” and inquired if he were not dead what he was doing.
He emerged in a matter of seconds, unruffled and smiling blandly, the threats of a terrible death glancing off his imperturbable good-nature and understanding.
And all the time His Serene Highness joked and laughed and talked in his great voice until you felt as though you sat with a dynamo. He was neither still nor silent for a moment, and his great white teeth flashed continually.
We had a drink, and then he was off again.
“Show ’em everything,” he told Daud. “I’m too busy to be walking about looking at things. Have those bulls come in? And what are the boys doing with the new horses?”

He was off like a shot from a gun.
“Lekas!” we heard him yelling.
“He is very energetic, the Sultan,” said Daud gravely.
There were many wonderful things in this little kingdom.
We went to the old palace which had been turned into a museum. It had been locked up for the night, but at a word from Daud the whole place was reopened for us. The value of the contents is estimated at £250,000. In guarded strong rooms we saw many treasures, including a complete table service in gold for 100 people. Even the salt cellars were of gold. There was a similar service in silver, swords of gold with diamond-studded hilts, and ornaments and trophies beyond number.

You were struck by the seemingly casual nature of the guard until you learned that by an ingenious arrangement of mirrors the movements of visitors were watched with care.

The whole house was a storeroom of wonders. All the curtains were of fine tapestry, there were giant chandeliers ten feet in height of the finest cut glass, and room after room of examples of native art which would have made a connoisseur green with envy.

Though it is a museum the house remains a palace which can be used for entertaining. The bedrooms retain their tremendous four-posters, the living rooms are all ready for occupation, and there is a huge marble banqueting hall of beautiful design which seats 100 people at a single long table.

When this hall is set for a feast with the gold service and the Sultan’s orchestra of ninety pieces plays on the marble dais the scene is the embodiment of the gorgeous East.

Johore has an army of 2,000 men. They wear a neat uniform of "shorts" and a tunic with a red fez, and
we saw them drilling on a fine parade ground with a precision which was notable. An officers' mess—containing a photograph of King George when, as a midshipman, he visited Johore and was entertained by the present Sultan's father—and barracks are part of the military establishment.

There is a race course one and one half miles in length close to the palace. No races are held, but the Sultan keeps the course in good order as a hobby. Here we found his three sons playing a game of polo. They were big lads, just back from being educated in England, and it was strange to hear these sons of a dusky sultan in their own domain speaking the modern vernacular of a young man about town.

The resemblance to their father is marked, and they seem to have inherited plenty of his energy. Each has his appointed task. Thus one is a veterinary surgeon and has charge of the horses, another is an electrician with many duties, and the third is interested in the clerical side of managing the kingdom and businesses involved in its prosperity. They were nice boys.

Singapore—which has all a tropical town's propensity for gossip—rings with stories of the Sultan. His wildness forms the subject for terrible tales, and people who talk of his temper do so with bated breath as though they spoke of the devil. But it is noteworthy that those who know him best like him best. They do not paint him as a saint, but they claim that his virtues more than compensate for his vices. They say he is a man, and a big man at that.
He is head of all the Mohammedans in this part of the world, and as such wields even greater power than as Sultan. During the wartime rebellion when Singapore was in a sorry strait he proved his loyalty in many ways, notably by capturing thirty men unarmed, using as his only weapon his religious power.

Daud was equally energetic, and one of the smiling little major’s most prized possessions is a silver cup sent to him anonymously by “an unknown admirer for his service to the Empire during the rising.” Even before that, however, he values the title which his Sultan has bestowed upon him. “The Order of the Sultan’s Well Beloved” is its designation, and such he is beyond doubt even if he does live to a constant accompaniment of “Lekas!”

We met Sir Ibrahim again before we left.

“I shall go to England soon to tell the King that I am his man,” he said ere we parted. There are worse subjects than Sir Ibrahim, despite all the gossip of the Singapore busybodies.

And so we left Johore carrying with us a feeling of having been in touch with an electric disturbance, a feeling of being somewhat dazed akin to that which follows a struggle with the elements. The mind was filled with this picture of these two strong, contrasted characters living and playing hard, cursed at and cursing, big man and small, making a success of a kingdom, shooting tigers and selling rubber, and always alive—very much alive.

And as the punt carried us back through the dusk to
A crowd gathered to investigate the movies in “Crater Town,” upper Aden, Arabia.
"The curb market" in Aden, Arabia.
WITH CHINESE MILLIONAIRES

Singapore's island where a car awaited us, we heard the voice of Sir Ibrahim floating through the calm of the evening with a deep note like the bellow of a bull.

"Lekas, damn, Lekas!" was the order which His Serene Highness was giving to a subject.

How that bullying schoolboy who is a fearless man must trouble his casual Malayan subjects!

And yet they love him.
CHAPTER XV

Odd Ports and Across an Ocean

The night was black as death, and the lights of Singapore winked at us no longer. As is the way of those who go down to the sea we had left behind our jewelled girl, and sought new loves.

The waves welcomed us back with a growl and a shout, and tossed us hither and thither, at a time when we would have appreciated a little more tenderness. Our round of banquets had left us in poor condition for such handling.

For this reason, though Port Swettenham looked dull enough it was hailed with joy. Twenty-eight miles inland lay Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federated Malay States, and that promised to be more attractive.

The train which took us there panted through a succession of rubber plantations, the trees standing ranged for mile upon mile in well-drilled army corps. These estates, we learned, were owned by Europeans and worked with Indian labour, but beyond Kuala Lumpur were as many acres again which were the property of Chinese employing their own countrymen. A planter who journeyed with us shook his head over the state of the rubber industry, and explained that though their coolies were paid twice as much as the
Indians they worked so much better that the Chinese production costs were kept lower in times when every cent counted.

Kuala Lumpur was a surprise.

It was white and glistening and beautiful. Even its railway station, in white concrete and cement and built to a beautiful design, suggested a palace rather than a terminus. It was in Eastern style, and its minarets and turrets gleamed with a beauty novel in such a utilitarian structure.

White was the prevailing tone of this capital of charm.

The stately Government buildings carried on the note of the palatial, and the mosque was a dream in stone—graceful and chaste against the vivid blue of the sky and the rich greens of the trees. The club was a handsome place, and it was rivalled by the quarters of the Young Men’s Christian Association which were a gift to the town from a wealthy Chinese.

Mr. Eu Tong Sen, that bland and hospitable merchant prince of Singapore, had placed his Kuala Lumpur residence at our disposal.

“I only use it when I visit there,” he had said, “and it is in full working order. Make yourselves at home there!”

We stayed at a hotel, however—there must be limits even to the hospitality of the East—and telephoned to Mr. Eu’s secretary. He appeared promptly, a smiling and courteous little man who reëchoed his employer’s invitation. When he found that we had made up our
minds not to impose further upon his kindly master, he suggested that he should take us to the tin mines.

This offer was accepted gladly, and out in a sun-baked wound in the earth we saw the precious soil being compelled to yield up its harvest of tin—a harvest which ran as high as 73 per cent.!

It was a primitive business, for the methods were those of the East where flesh and blood are cheaper than machinery. Coolies were everywhere. The mine looked like a disturbed ant-hill. Men dug, men dragged the tiny trolleys, men shouted, men chattered. The European mind was staggered by this outpouring of unaided human effort.

Machinery entered only into the crushing and washing. After crushing, the soil, mixed with water, gushed down an incline in which were “stops” over which the water and mud flowed, but the tin ore fell to the bottom. The operation was repeated twelve times, until little of value was left in that stream of dirt, and the tin was sent to Singapore to be smelted.

But here again was the sad story of tropic enterprises: the price was so low that only the richest mines were operating at a profit.

We returned to Mr. Eu’s house, and though it did not rival his Singapore palace many a millionaire of the Western world would covet it for his principal residence. It was cool, stately, and comfortable, and housed a valuable collection of Eastern treasures. The place was fully staffed, and we saw that the claim of his friends that Mr. Eu could go to any of his homes and
Firewood carried in from the Arabian desert for sale in the open market at Aden.
enter into immediate occupation was well founded. There was even a motor car in the garage, and in this we journeyed back to Port Swettenham and the yacht.

To port lay the great island of Sumatra and we headed for it, reaching Belewan Deli, the nearest harbour to Medan, the capital. The ways of the Dutch authorities are strange. We found our way into the port, and though we flew the signal for a pilot none appeared. Eventually we took up an anchorage of our own selection, and waited until a launch came off with the pilot who explained that the doctor had left for the day.

He bowed, he was polite, but he assured us that it would be impossible to land until the following morning after the medical examination had been made.

At an earlier stage of the trip we would have accepted the decision, but the shore beckoned to us, and we had grown wise in the handling of white-clad men who board ships from launches.

The visitor was shown over the boat, A. Y. presented him with one of his best cigars, and we drank to The Netherlands, making sure on the several occasions that his glass held a giant's "tot"!

After that he bowed the more, grew more polite, and finally thought it might be permissible for us to land without further formality.

We did so, and piled into a motor car to go to Medan. But another official sprang up. He was not nearly as suave as the other—in fact, he was hot and bothered. He poured out a tumultuous torrent of Dutch at us,
he tried to make us understand by signs, but it was all to no effect. Vaguely we wondered what we could have done. We had visions of a night in the cells.

A passing citizen explained the position.

"He tells you," said he, "that you must not carry deadly weapons ashore under pain of death!"

Hastily we explained the innocence of our stock of photographic apparatus, and all was well.

Heralding the approach of a town, shops sprang up along the roadside. They were such as we had seen all through the Indies—the tiny, open places with strangely varied stocks, among which the proprietors sat waiting with infinite patience for the customers who came so seldom. The manner in which these Oriental traders contrive to grow rich is hidden forever from the eyes of mere white men.

There was nothing in this to prepare us for the beauty and richness of Medan. The car swerved suddenly, and the scene was changed as completely as it would have been in a revue. We were in a thronged, busy thoroughfare, lined on either side with fine stone buildings, and we halted before a hotel as splendid as any we had seen.

It came as a shock. For some reason Sumatra had sounded wild and mysterious, suggestive of oily rivers and Malays armed with krises. We had imagined that we had gone back to the backyard of the world.

But the Dutchman believes in comfort, solid comfort, and he sees that he gets it. Boys in neat uniforms sprang up in legions, our bags were snatched away, and we sat again round a marble table on a marble veranda
with cool drinks before us, and the busy river of the East flowing by. The scene was similar to many we had seen, unchanging yet never the same, but it retained its glamour. In a large field opposite hundreds of natives were playing football, and down the road thronged Asia. Stout Dutch matrons, bearded Arabs, immobile Chinese, pedalled gayly along as though Medan still dwelt in the "craze days" of the 'nineties.

There were 90,000 people in this place which we had pictured as an "outpost in the wilderness."

Remembering our experience of Tosari we were a little dubious regarding Dutch mountain resorts, but we were persuaded to visit Brastagi, some forty miles back in the ranges. This trip was quite another story. We drove along a perfect motor road mounting higher and higher between walls of dense, lush jungle. At intervals the sea could be seen, faint and blue and fading into a distant, misty horizon. Monkeys swung from bough to bough. It was unreal, fantastic, dream-like. We were in the green heart of a primeval world.

At about 4,000 feet trees became trees again, rather than bulging mounds of green, and as we climbed to our destination at a height of 4,800 feet the tremendous sweep of fertile valleys opened out below us, green and magical in beauty. The whole island appeared as a succession of swelling waves of jungle-green.

Up on the roof of Sumatra we found a group of small cottages, and a comfortable wooden hostelry where we were made welcome, despite the fact that the place was full.
“It is so strange,” cried the manager. “Everybody seems to have decided that it is well to spend this week-end at Brastagi!”

There was nothing strange in it at all, for Brastagi was a place of coolness and beauty which refreshed body and soul after the blaze of the lands below. We realized that our disappointment in Tosari, after all, might have been due to nothing but a spell of bad weather.

On our way down it rained, and there should be no need to dwell further upon the intensity of these tropic downpours. We floated down from the heights. In the course of our mountain voyage a drenched Hollander told us that since the war the rainy and dry seasons had lost their identity. He attributed this to the effects of the heavy firing in France, but when we pointed out that Java was still marking her weather by the monsoons he could not say why the sister island had not been similarly affected.

“I cannot explain him,” was his reply, “but can you either explain this strangeness of which I tell you?”

We couldn’t, and so we were silent while the rain beat in.

The sea’s kindness seemed to have gone. Our run along the coast of Sumatra was a trying experience. The weather was heavy, and there was scant comfort aboard. The coaling station of Sabang, off the northern point of Sumatra, gave us a needed respite.

The stage before us was the long voyage to Colombo into the teeth of the monsoon. Our hearts sank at the thought of the great waves of the Indian Ocean sweeping
A street vendor makes a sale in Alexandria, Egypt
across thousands of miles, lashed by that steady "blow," and piling into mountains.

Many conferences were held, but at all of them the captain shook his head.

"The men who know these waters are right," said he. "It can't be done. We must go back to Batavia and run to the Seychelles along the Line. The monsoon is too much for us."

That, however, was a long, unbroken run and we decided to make an attempt to reach Ceylon.

Out from that snug harbour we went into a wild and grim sea. All hands clung tightly to stanchions and anything else which gave a comfortably firm grip. The great wind rushed at us head-on, the giant seas charged in endless succession, each roller carrying a host of smaller waves on its broad shoulders.

For four hours we plugged into it, tossing and pitching and sliding up and down that "Himalayan" sea. Waves broke over us, and we made scant progress. It was obvious that there was no possibility of making Colombo. The force of the monsoon would increase as we journeyed west, and, battered and bruised, our little sea-bird would not have been able to complete the flight.

The ocean had settled all our discussions and surmisings.

A. Y. nodded, the captain took the wheel, the wind shrieked. There were moments of terrific rolling and bitter suspense as we turned broadside on to the seas, and then we were round and scooting back to Sabang
with the great waves chasing after us as though they would snatch us back and compel us to do battle.

For the first time we had admitted defeat and turned in our tracks.

Singapore had not expected to see the Speejacks any more, but we went back to our jewelled girl; Batavia had not expected to see the Speejacks any more, but we went back to Batavia, also.

So, after all, it was from Java that we started out in the freshness of the morning on our long journey across the Indian Ocean.

Never had the little ship been more heavily burdened. There were 3,200 gallons of fuel in the tanks and 300 cases lashed on deck, making a total of 6,200 gallons. Conditions aboard were always cramped, and this deck cargo did not add to comfort, but it was a necessity with 3,100 miles of ocean to be crossed and doubtful weather ahead. Five tons of water filled the tanks, and the pantry was stocked with food to carry us over any eventuality.

The crowd of well-wishers on the pier raised a cheer as we pushed out on our long journey, running on one engine to conserve fuel. The day was golden, and we gave a hoot on our siren to show that we were in the best of spirits.

Aboard were three passengers.

They were very amusing folks. There was Fleurette Finnigan, Peggy O’Neill, and Michael, and their antics were a never-ending source of amusement. Fleurette and Peggy were dainty ladies, and Mike was a great
upstanding fellow—and the three were monkeys, presented to us by friends.

They scampered all over the ship, running up the rigging with enviable agility, and playing the maddest pranks.

The ladies were slightly less boisterous than Mike. It was his habit to stand upright and beat upon his hairy chest when he was annoyed. Also he would walk the rail when the ship was rolling heavily. Just as the rail swung high into the air he would let go with his hands and feet and there would be a shout as he dropped down apparently to be snatched by the sea.

Quick as a flash his great arm would shoot out, and he would catch the rail neatly, and swing himself inboard, chattering gleefully at us.

“Ah, sir,” Louis remarked many times, “they are so like us—are they not? So very human!”

Louis was the one man aboard they really trusted, and he would play with them for hours. Charlie, the Chinese cook, came next in favour. Charlie had replaced Bert down in the galley, and proved a great success. His English was scant and he had little to say for himself, but his good-humour was unfailing and his efforts in the face of difficulties were most praiseworthy. It was well for Bert that he did not have to spend those long weeks cooped up in his torture chamber.

We had studied the ocean meteorological charts with care. All the little arrows which told of winds and currents pointed in the direction in which we sailed, and we found the truth was in them.
A strong and steady breeze—the Southeast Trade—helped us on our way, and the sea was quarterly. Though both wind and wave grew rather too boisterous at times, we were running before them, and that took the sting out of them. We rigged the tiny sail, and with a good current in our favour bowled along gayly, using only a gallon and a half of fuel to the mile. The days were slightly overcast, but pleasant, though an occasional sea breaking over the deck made it advisable to sleep below. There was too much motion for comfort, but compared with the lot which would have been ours farther north conditions were ideal.

Once the wind freshened to something approaching a gale, and with a crack and a snap the handkerchief of sail was torn to shreds, but we rigged another when the weather became normal.

We chased the sun across the world, rotating, as it were, on our own axis the while. It was queer and uncanny, to be out there on the broad face of the waters in that tiny craft. The gray circle of the horizon ringed us about, and every turn of the screw drove her farther into the wilderness of the waves.

This sensation of ours may not be captured on a liner—other people are responsible and you dwell in a floating city. We, however, took our little craft across every mile of foam ourselves, we were close down among the waves, hearing their voices day and night and feeling the spray on our faces. We were never steady for a moment, but rolled along, rolled along, rolled along.
Sitting amidships one night when all the sea was turned to moving hills of silver by the moon, Callaghan, who usually led our "sing-songs," broke into that lilting chanty which goes:

"Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea!"

That expressed our feelings, and we took it up and shouted it, the sound of our voices ringing out strangely across the empty waste of ocean. We were less than a dozen all told on ninety-eight feet of timber driving across the leagues, and we recaptured something of the spirit which must have been in the early navigators when they found their ways about the world in their tiny craft.

There were moments of revelation such as this, and the day turned to night and the night to day with peaceful regularity. Games, flirtations, and cards must be called in to fight the monotony of an ordinary voyage, but we needed none of these things. Watches to be kept and sleep to be enjoyed passed the time with surprising speed. "Tricks" followed close upon each other, and it was fascinating to handle the smooth spokes of the wheel with the knowledge that the lifting bow ahead was cleaving its way through an ocean which even on our charts seemed unending.

Gradually we came to realize that there had been wisdom in the old, unhonoured law forbidding pets aboard.

The monkeys had made themselves so thoroughly at home that they had developed into a nuisance. They
took to springing into the saloon and knocking the water-jug over or breaking the glasses, and frenzied engineers were usually too busy to prevent them from making dangerous experiments with their softly singing "babies." It was not safe to leave anything about the deck for a moment.

In a small ship on an ocean run conditions are trying on tempers and nerves. Even the minor foibles of your fellow men which would pass unnoticed in other circumstances stand out in strong relief. You are liable to lose patience at the slightest provocation.

The monkeys went too far.

A drum-head court martial was held, and it was decided that they had to go. They had turned from pets into pests—we were sorry, but the fact remained. Disposing of them presented difficulties.

"We'll have to put 'em overboard," said one.

That, of course, was the obvious thing to do, but the idea did not meet with favour. After much debate Fleurette Finnigan, Peggy O'Neil, and Michael were tactfully chloroformed out of this world, and their bodies were committed to the deep. It was a gloomy ceremony, but there was no other way.

We lost count of dates and days of the week. The world of men might have been upon another planet. It was impossible to conjure up the picture of big cities noisy with life. A new flood seemed to have come upon the globe, blotting out the dry land. Always astern the log spun, and the yacht rose and fell, forging ahead and leaving her white trail on the waves. We yearned and
smoked and stood our watches at wheel or engines, and were all alone in that universe of leaping sea and gray-blue sky. The memory of it lingers as a queer, eventless gap in the business of living.

Only one ship was sighted on that long run—a great liner ploughing majestically through the waves which tossed us about. We focussed our glasses upon her, and believed her to be the Moreton Bay outward bound to Australia. We smiled at the thought of what the people aboard might be thinking of the Speejacks, so tiny, and seemingly so frail, going about her lawful occasions in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

Far away to starboard the Chagos Group drifted by, low-lying islands wallowing in the sea and crowned with palms. Thus reassured of the fact that we had ample supplies of fuel for the remainder of the trip, both engines were started and we spurted forward like a runner who gets his "second wind."

On the morning of the eighteenth day the sky-line was broken by the hilly shapes of the Seychelles, showing clear and green. We were not sorry, for with the passing of the days our world seemed to have gradually grown smaller.

"Say," said Bill, when we were discussing the phenomenon, "if this craft had to go on much longer without a rest the salt water would shrink her into a dinghy!"

It was only by reference to the log-book that we knew how many days we had been on the passage. We had averaged 175 miles a day, and it was greatly to the
credit of our navigator that he had brought the yacht across that long sea road on a course which was practically a straight line. We picked up the group in the very place and at the very hour he had predicted. There are easier things to do, when you are working with amateur helmsmen and in such a cockleshell.

In truth, we were prepared to enjoy the Seychelles, and those lonely little isles in the wide ocean seemed very like fairyland. Ships were not frequent callers, and our yacht was greeted as though she had been the flagship of a friendly power. We anchored in the picturesque little harbour, and feasted our eyes on the tall, firm hills, on the white roads and the nodding palms.

Then we tumbled into the launch which had come out to meet us, and ah! but it was good to feel the dry earth underfoot and stretch cramped legs along the paths. We were as schoolboys freed from lessons.

The coloured population was an odd collection of peoples from Africa. They were of the typical negroid type, and contrasted strongly with the peoples of those other lands left so far behind. Again we had sailed into a new world. There were a number of important prisoners on the islands, including chiefs from the mainland who had been sent into exile for their own or their country's good. Their wives and retainers had accompanied them, and in the little, healthful settlement they seemed well content.

It was the praiseworthy intention of the few white residents of this lonely British outpost to out-vie all
An Egyptian soda fountain in a Cairo street bazaar.
An Egyptian cottage colony under the Pyramids.
our friends about the world in hospitality. In the neat bungalows among the palms and up in the hills we were entertained lavishly. They fèted us with feastings and dancing, their homes were at our disposal, and far up in a cool mountain pool set in glorious vegetation we had such bathing as might fittingly be reserved for gods.

It will be seen that the Seychelles met our mood with delightful completeness. There is every possibility that we would have been there still, but the summons of the thousands of miles ahead and the knowledge that the Atlantic had to be crossed before December called us on. The tanks were refilled with fuel—so good had been our crossing that we had arrived with a margin of 1,000 gallons—the shipment having arrived from Mauritius some time before we put in, and the anchor came up again, dripping and slimy. We knew that more rough weather awaited us outside, and we were sorry to go, but it was idle to repine. The good folk of the Seychelles will remember our appreciation of their kindness whenever the gramophone sings to them. They were fond of music and dancing, but lacked the device which is the joy of all dwellers in the wilderness. Our gramophone which had played for us in many strange ports and on three oceans left us to stay with them.

After shore rejoicing the sea always seemed particularly eager to snatch the Speejacks back again.

It was rough and unpleasant outside, but we held our course for day upon day and presently the bow swung north and we were running along the east coast of
Africa. The breeze had been growing steadily, and it increased to a strong southerly gale which piled up great seas until it seemed that every following wave must crash down upon the tiny deck in a smother of water. In a single day 240 miles slid behind us, as she drove along whipped by the wind and in the grip of a five-knot current. In the late afternoon through the spindrift we sighted the bold cape of Ras Hafun. The gale blew with redoubled fury, and a portion of the awning carried away. The air seemed to be full of fiends shrieking and flapping their dark wings. There followed moments of wild struggling and the damage was repaired but it became evident that shelter was badly needed.

"I have only a large-scale chart," said the captain, "but we'll see if we can find an anchorage."

We ran in behind Ras Hafun. Darkness was near, and we sought blindly for some place where we might lie snug. It was a sinister, ominous inlet, the sea was high even in there, and the black shores were perilously close. Reefs might have been all about us. It would have been a fine thing to have lain snug that night and slept in peace, but there was no safety and no sleep for us behind Ras Hafun.

The stubby bow of the gallant little craft turned out to the wild sea again.

The night swept down, and through the gloom the shadows of the great waves showed, leaping with white plumes above us. The ship staggered and trembled as each wave struck her, and in the glow of the lights from
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the wheelhouse the water about showed boiling and angry as the heart of a whirlpool. The decks were awash and sleep was out of the question on deck or below.

We held tight, shivered, and sought consolation in the knowledge that, with luck, by the following evening we would lie at peace off Aden.

There was no breath to spare for talk, the night was full of the voices of wind and sea.

On the stroke of midnight when he was to be relieved Jay shouted from the wheelhouse, and the yacht veered strangely.

The captain was beside him in a moment, and all hands used dark words in that dark night off the dark continent.

The engine-room signal tinkled.

"We'll have to rig the emergency tiller—the steering cable carried away!"

The hand tiller was lashed aft for such eventualities as this. For the second time on the trip it was un-shipped and rigged—no easy task with the ship rolling in a manner past belief as she lay in the trough of the seas.

The rain beat in, the wind yelled, and lifting the entire tops off waves flung them in-board.

The compass was carried aft and set on the hatch and at slow speed we crept ahead, Rogers and Jay, soaked to the skin, holding her on her course as well as they could and in imminent peril of being swept over-board.
Meanwhile the rest discovered the break in the chain, and, also greatly handicapped by the weather, succeeded in repairing it. Time lagged by, no one taking account of it, but when we were free to consider it again we were surprised to discover that what had seemed like hours had only been a matter of minutes. The decks were awash, and all hands were wet and cold, but the Speejacks staggered on undaunted.

The captain took a star sight, and was relieved to discover that in spite of the odds against us we were still on our course.

The gale seemed to realize that though we were small we were a hard nut to crack, and its efforts to smash us to pieces lost some of their enthusiasm. The dawn revealed Cape Guardafui on the port bow, and by the time the sun rose low above the sands the long voyage ended and the yacht slept at anchor off sun-baked, arid Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea.

People will tell you that Aden is the last port in the world. It is dirty, it is sinful, it is a monotone of rock and sand, but there came to it that evening seastained voyagers who looked upon it with kind and uncritical eyes as the “haven where they would be.”
A native Egyptian tried to sell Mr. Rogers one of the pyramids.
A vista on one of the narrow old streets of Cairo.
A bit of the ornate interior of Mohammed Ali's Mosque at Cairo.
Another interior view of Mohammed Ali's Mosque at Cairo.
CHAPTER XVI

Mediterranean Days, a Bullfight, and the Last Ocean

A YACHTING cruise in the Mediterranean is an experience many have sighed for, and, in truth, there are wonder and interest in plenty in the lands which frame the sea where history was born. But, after her long wanderings, the Speejacks seemed to have returned to home waters again. She was back on the tourists' ways, and our long wandering in seas less travelled makes it well that the story of these latter days should be told more briefly.

We saw what all the world sees along the Mediterranean, and only the unusual memories shall be set down here.

Aden, sitting sizzling in the sun, did not seem as much like Hades as reports had suggested. True, there had been no rain for seven years, its background was arid sand and rock and the parched air could not be described as bracing, but here, as everywhere, there were kindly, hospitable folk.

The people of this "last port for lost souls"—which is one of its most polite names—seemed like their brothers elsewhere, and just as happy. They played tennis and football, lived in comfortable homes, and though few of them professed to love the place, circumstances had set them there and they made the best of it. We saw
an Arab wedding, and the ancient tanks in which Aden’s stock of water from the hills was stored, and down the long, dusty street lumbered strings of camels bringing in the goods of Arabia through deserts in which Bedouin marauders roamed. We were told that it would not be safe for a white man to journey alone nine miles out into that waste—and here were we considering ourselves back in the heart of civilization again.

The Red Sea looked promising on the charts.

“It should be just like a big lake,” said Burney, after a glance at its portrait as the course was plotted in the wheelhouse. The run of 1,400 miles was regarded without apprehension, beyond a fear that it would be warm.

It was warm, and also—which was hardly fair—very rough.

The Speejacks left Aden at 4 o’clock, and midnight found her staggering into one of the most uncomfortable seas experienced on the whole trip. The wind blew from the north with vicious fury, and flung up short, sharp waves which battered and shook the yacht. She laboured in them as she never had in the honest storms of wider seas. Day followed day in perpetual conflict.

Despite the strong headwind the air was as hot as that of an oven. It laid dry hands of fever on the skin and parched and burned. The deck temperature, under the double awnings, lingered about 114 degrees, and through hot darkness and fiery sunshine the nightmare went on.

Once Jean essayed to take the wheel for an hour, but
conditions were too trying and in a few minutes she fainted.

The sun glowed like a ball of molten brass, and the leaden waves flung back its rays.

The Red Sea is a great trade route, but it is no place in which to be stranded, as its barren shores are infested with tribes hungry for plunder. The petrol consumption was heavier than at any other stage of the trip, and, knowing the reputation of the coasts on either hand, it seemed poor policy to run short of fuel. Port Sudan, on the African side, offered a chance to replenish supplies and enjoy a respite from the burning gale.

But Port Sudan is not a place in which to enjoy a respite—or anything else. It was a tiny place of Arabs, sand, sorrow, and dust, and it had sprung up about the terminus of the line which connects the Sudan with the sea. Faced by its cheerless monotony the gale outside seemed preferable, and, having taken fuel aboard, the Speejacks went out again to that sea of sorrow.

Big liners swept by—one ran over to the strange little craft wallowing along, thinking she must be in distress—and the passengers on those high decks were regarded with envy. The days were sun-baked skeletons in which the hours gleamed like dry, white ribs, and even in the night the demons of the gale seemed to have stolen away all the good moisture and relief which the stars should bring.

But let the Red Sea be forgotten. The followers of Moses were fortunate to have had it made dry for them.

Those 1,400 miles occupied eleven days and burned
up 4,700 gallons of gasoline and nearly as much patience.

With a pilot in charge she stole through the Suez Canal, that straight, wide ditch cut through the sand which offered such a contrast to the even greater feat of Panama. There were no locks here, but a silver, sluggish path of water along which the Speejacks swam like a white water-beetle.

We were on the steamer ways again with a vengeance, and at Port Said the yacht seemed to be lost amid the mass of shipping. The keen-eyed Arabs and Egyptians did not overlook her, however. They swarmed out in their boats, offering for sale all the treasures of the East (made in Birmingham).

“Genuine” scarabs were going cheap, along with boxes made from wood taken from the Mount of Olives —everything being accompanied by the personal word of honour of hawk-nosed gentlemen that their authenticity was above question.

Port Said is the grand climax and the last splendid lie of the sack of the gentle tourist by the wily East.

“My name Mr. McPherson, me Irishman, master, sahib, colonel! Me very poor; no fathers, no mothers, Miss Nightingale!”

That is the song of Port Said.

The yacht left for Alexandria while the party paid a flying visit to Cairo. Egypt, the wise and the ancient, was fascinating but Mr. Baedeker has written about all the things seen in those brief days. Suffice it to say that Mr. Baedeker, not having travelled on the Spee-
Beyond the eastern wall of the city of Cairo are the tombs of the Circassian Mamelukes. They are partly in ruins, as are the once splendid mosques attached to them.
A street in the sparsely populated section of Cairo, on the outskirts of the city.
jacks, may not be aware that there is one motion worse than that of a camel in a hurry.

The widening belt of sea astern let down a curtain of cool and quiet between the yacht and Egypt, and with the last glimpse of the brown sails of the native craft the East was lost as the yacht drove on around the world.

At the moment, however, she was not driving very fast. These inland seas were less kind than the noble oceans. The Mediterranean met the yacht with unceasing blows—short, fierce uppercuts—and in four days only 300 miles showed on the log. The storm grew worse, and the Island of Crete offering shelter, an anchorage was sought where, beneath the shadow of bold cliffs, the tired sea-bird lay snugly.

Ashore life was still in the primitive. The islanders were simple folk who watched their flocks and wove the wool with hand looms. There was good partridge shooting, but the haven was not exciting otherwise, and nobody was sorry to push on after three days.

The repentant sea smiled beneath the kisses of the sun. Green islands floated on it, with little villages sleeping in the folds of the hills beneath the deep tones of the olive groves. It was a wonderful run to Piraeus, the port of Athens. The harbour was in a state of turmoil, for while the "navy"—two uncared-for craft of the vintage of '42—stood guard refugees from Smyrna poured in, fleeing from the conquering Turk.

The waterfront and the streets presented tragic pictures at every step. They were thronged with pitiful
figures, who stood numb and dumb with sorrow, or ges-
ticulated and mourned with low cries for all that they had lost. There were children who had become sepa-
rated from their parents, there were husbands who had lost their wives, there were white-faced mothers sitting listless, utterly weary and broken. Some had bundles containing all their worldly goods—and some had noth-
ing. The town was a camp of woe garrisoned by 400,000 homeless ones.

As the yacht lay at anchor rusted tramps staggered by in constant procession heavy-laden with their freight of human souls.

The hungry wept.

Wonderful work was being done by the American relief organization, but though the cafés were crowded with prosperous citizens little local effort was made on behalf of the sufferers.

"It is better to wait," explained one. "America will aid them!"

Others expressed the same view with the same de-
lightful candour, and one was set wondering on the charity which does not begin at home.

A Greek subject of British descent who had owned a house stocked with art treasures in Smyrna dined with A. Y. one evening. On the night the Turks entered the town he had returned to his home and found it occupied by the invaders. They invited him to walk upstairs and take a look round.

"But," he explained, "they looked like spiders and I felt like the fly. I do not think I should ever have
come down again. I left my home in their hands, taking nothing from it save my overcoat!”

The cheerfulness of this cultured man—he was an Oxford graduate—made a strong impression. He did not know what had happened to his home or his business, but he smiled and explained philosophically that war meant such things.

Despite all the country’s trials, the cost of living in Greece was very low. A. Y.’s dinner party for seven, including champagne, only cost the equivalent of $3.86. Provisions, gasoline, and everything else were correspondingly low in price when you dealt in dollars. Greece was the cheapest country visited.

The revolution happened during the stay of the Speejacks, but it was hard for strangers to believe that it had taken place. Groups of soldiery made their appearance, there was a little cheering, but the usual life went on undisturbed. The abdication of Constantine caused no excitement. A. Y. and Jay seemed to be more interested than most. They waited patiently for hours to secure a picture of his departure from his summer palace, but the light went before the dethroned king chose to do so.

Old Athens and the turmoil of new Athens were interesting and afforded endless scope for the cinematographer, but Old Man Schedule cried, “Move on!”

Obediently, the engines awakened and by way of the Corinth Canal the Speejacks headed for Italy. Big ships seldom use this route, for between the sheer walls of the canal the currents are dangerous, but the
little yacht paid no heed to such reports. Nero started
to hew that four-mile channel through the solid rock
in A. D. 67, but he gave up the task and it was not
until 1800 years later that the narrow lane of water
flowed across the Greek peninsula.

At 5 o'clock on the following morning came a grinding
-crash, which woke all hands. It was a sound that had
been heard aboard before. It signalled trouble. Louis
had been at the wheel, and Louis could be trusted to
be on his course. The charts showed rocks everywhere,
and there were moments of consternation. She seemed
to have struck hard, and there was fear in every heart
that, after coming so far, the wanderings of the little
craft were over.

There was no time for musing, however, and all was
activity. A sounding taken astern and at the bow re-
vealed a miracle. Amid all the reefs the Speejacks
had contrived to go aground on a sandbank. The en-
gines were set astern and after some breathless mo-
ments she slipped back into deep water again not
one whit the worse. It was another example of Spee-
jacks luck. She might well have struck anywhere, for
it was discovered later that owing to magnetic attrac-
tion the compass was no less than two points out—and
two points is an appalling deviation.

The Adriatic was blue and wonderful, and by way of
Sicily the yacht came to Naples, passing Scylla and
Charybdis, where, though we scanned the rocks, there
was no sign of any monster sucking in the sea three
times a day, or of its mate with six heads and twelve
feet and the friendly habit of snatching mariners from passing ships. Ulysses was more favoured than we were.

Walking in Naples, A. Y. observed a 40 h. p. Fiat for sale for a fabulous sum when stated in lira but at a bargain price when you bought the lira with dollars. He purchased it on the condition that it should be ready for the road with a chauffeur in charge by 4 P.M. on the morrow. The astonished Latin manager raised his hands in blank amaze at the “madness of the American” but the car was delivered, and while the yacht proceeded to Marseilles, A. Y., Jean, and Jay went by road through Rome, Florence, and Genoa and thence to the Riviera. It was a delightful trip, but it passes unchronicled save for the story of Speejacks luck at Monte Carlo.

A. Y. did the wagering and as he sat at the tables losing steadily people drifted away from him. A kindly English lady advised him not to woo fortune further.

Such a run of ill-luck could not continue, and he kept on increasing his bets on 35 and 26—the latter finding favour because the Standard Oil Company’s main office is at 26 Broadway.

Twenty-six won, and a pile of francs came to him. The crowd flocked back as he distributed all the money equally between the two figures. Twenty-six repeated! The mountain of notes was split as before and he became a centre of attraction.

“Come quickly,” cried an excited spectator to Jean, “your husband breaks the bank!”
"Please give me that little 'fish'!" sighed a beauteous damsel, pointing to a 50-franc note, but A. Y., absorbed in the game, referred her to his wife, and she did not press the claim.

Thirty-five won!

At that psychological moment Mr. A. Y. Gowen of Chicago decided he had had enough, and with his pockets bulging with notes returned to his hotel, where the party spent a happy hour counting up the spoils. He had won enough to pay for the car and the trip through Italy and still have a margin. But, being a married man, the margin soon vanished. Jean went to Paris and sauntered along the Rue de la Paix!

It was the old story of our games of poker in the little saloon at the other end of the world—but upon a larger scale. There was consolation in the thought that it would have been worse if we had had a roulette wheel on the Speejacks.

The road had proved delightful after the long months at sea, and on arrival at Marseilles the intention was to go on to Gibraltar. A glimpse of the Spanish roads killed that. They were impassable and impossible. A gentleman had just come through, but he was an ingenious gentleman and he had made the journey for a bet. He was accompanied by another light car in which a mule rode in state. The mule's task was to help both cars over the worst stretches. As there was not much room in the Fiat for a mule the car was shipped to America, and the Speejacks was rejoined.

Down the coast of Spain the yacht ran, and dis-
covered that although the world doesn’t hear much of Barcelona it was a very fine city and the richest and most lively in Spain. Its wide avenues bright with the rows of flower-sellers and arched above with trees; its beautiful women; its marriage market where at noonday mothers walked with their daughters that eligible young men might note their charms; its fine shops—these things made it a Paris in miniature with an added note of colour.

But Barcelona is remembered above all else for the bullfight.

Jean and A. Y. were made guests of honour, and Jay was given special privileges as a result of which he secured a film record of the occasion which is probably unique.

The spectacle was a queer pattern of blood and gold, of thrills and disgust, of bravery and butchery. While 23,000 people yelled themselves hoarse with delight, the Americans, more accustomed to the less blood-stained sport of baseball, sat bewildered and a little sick.

But it was a good example of the sport of a nation, and the manner of it shall be told.

They kill six bulls—six great, upstanding bulls specially bred for the purpose—in Barcelona every Sunday, and there is seldom a vacant seat in the vast amphitheatre. To mark the gala occasion eight bulls were killed that day.

Before proceedings began the matadores were presented to the Speejacks party. The most notable was Del Monte, idol of Barcelona, known throughout Spain
for his courage and skill. He was a little bit of a man, still in his twenties, and keen-eyed and dapper. He moved swiftly and with supple grace, and his steps were as light and sure as those of a cat. His hands were brown and steady. In his short jacket and knee breeches of satin richly embroidered with gold and silver, silk stockings and light shoes, his hair worn in a short pig-tail which is the distinguishing mark of his profession, he might have stepped straight from a romance by Ibañez.

The ring was cleared and the President signed for proceedings to begin.

There was a blare of trumpets, and the gates were flung wide. As the crowd applauded, the matadores, followed by their staffs of picadores, chulos, and banderilleros, paraded round the ring. They made bows to the President and his guests and to the assemblage at large, and as they withdrew the first bull—kept in the darkness for hours and already taunted into a state of madness—charged into the ring.

The picadores were in position. They were in yellow, and their legs were protected by armour. Their task was not an enviable one, and we were told that they were made drunk before they were sent to execute it, so that they were content although they were poorly paid and seemed to have the most dangerous and unpleasant part to play.

Mounted on the sorriest old hacks, which had come to the end of their working days and were doomed to death, the picadores rode about the bull, thrusting at
Mrs. Gowen on a "desert taxi" near the Pyramids.
On the sands of the Sahara, between the Pyramids and Luxor.
him with short pikes, and maddening him to frenzy. When he charged they made no attempt to escape, but let him gore the unfortunate, blind-folded horses. The more horses a bull killed the better he was rated as a fighter, but this was the part which made foreigners feel most nauseated.

The great horns stabbed and thrust at the helpless crocks, and when the beasts went down the riders lay still so that the bull confined his attention to the struggling animal, and was ultimately drawn away by other picadores to start a new attack.

The bull was maddened by the blood, and so, it seemed, was the crowd. The great, sun-baked arena buzzed with excitement as the infuriated animal plunged to and fro in its blood lust.

The picadores gave place to the banderilleros, who were on foot and who tormented the beast by flinging darts eighteen inches in length into its shoulders.

A great, sobbing cry of delight went up from the crowd as Del Monte entered. He walked across the ring to a position before the President, and in the formal phrases of custom announced that he would kill this bull for the American lady. He sent his hat and gorgeous scarlet cloak up to her, and tradition lays down that should he fall in the conflict the articles are retained by the recipient, but if he conquers both are returned to him, the hat being filled with money.

The fight turned into a personal battle between the bull and the dapper figure. Del Monte, keen and alert, waved his red cape at the animal which charged
down upon him, an avalanche of living death. Del Monte did not appear to move. He swayed back on his heels ever so slightly, like a reed blown by a passing wind, and his lips smiled coolly. The horns, all stained with blood, seemed to graze him, but he had judged his position with perfect accuracy.

So it went on, a conflict between raging, uncontrolled brute force and coolness, agility, and nerve. The small figure seemed to dance before the lumbering animal, now here, now there, but never flustered or excited. It was as though a child played with a leviathan—a cat-like step aside at the last breath and death was avoided by a matter of inches.

All the time the crowd yelled encouragement to man and beast, urging each to fresh attacks and fresh daring. They loved the sight, and drank in every movement with keen appreciation.

The bull grew weary at last, and with wondrous skill Del Monte manoeuvred so that he had the animal immediately before the President’s place. Then he took a short, broad sword from an attendant and concealing it behind the cape waited calmly while the bull charged down for the last time.

He seemed literally to fling himself between those terrible horns, and quick as light the blade flashed out, striking over the head into the neck and down to the heart. It was a blow requiring the steadiest of hands and nerves and much training. In that critical moment it was necessary to find the exact target or meet death. Del Monte’s blow went home, neatly and with precision,
and he stepped gracefully aside. The bull halted in its tracks, stood trembling for a second, and went down in a crumpled heap.

The fight was over, and the throng gave their homage to the conqueror. They shouted themselves hoarse, women flung him kisses, men tossed money and hats into the ring, and the tiny figure, as little disturbed by the tremendous ovation as by the conflict, smiled and bowed.

Jean sent his hat filled with the reward spinning down to him in the prescribed fashion, and he picked it up and saluted her. An attendant collected his cloak. Men and horses entered the ring and drew away the bodies of bull and horses, hiding the blood beneath a blanket of sand. The next fight began.

The sun blazing down seemed to have lit wild fires in the hearts of the Spanish crowd so that this spectacle of blood and killing was the one thing their hearts desired. The dust rose from the arena, hoarse voices cried encouragement, trumpets sounded, and Spain enjoyed herself in her own way.

There was an untoward climax to one battle. The matador noticed Jay grinding away at his camera and decided to play for him. He worked the bull into position before the machine, and played with it in a manner which made even the habitués gasp. He took amazing risks, and then knelt before it, every bit of him a taunt. The bull charged down, and the matador’s movement was a fraction of a second too late. The great head swept him over and the horns drove at him.
He was badly gored before the beast could be drawn off. The man escaped with severe injuries, and he certainly provided a remarkable thrill for the screen.

The sun was sinking low before the last bull was dispatched, and the crowd, chattering excitedly, flocked homeward after a fine afternoon's sport to their way of thinking. The Anglo-Saxons, while full of admiration for the nerve and science of the matadores and the rest of that picturesque company, were saddened by the memory of the blood of beasts and men mingling with the sand.

From Barcelona the yacht ran on to the other gateway of the Mediterranean, where that great rock, Gibraltar, with its terraced galleries of guns, stands guard. British "Tommies," sailors of the navies of Britain and America, tourists, Moors, Spaniards, Arabs, and a dozen other races rubbed shoulders in its crowded streets. The cruiser Pittsburgh, under Admiral Long, was in port and there was much entertaining between the two ships which flew "Old Glory."

A new atmosphere was evident aboard when the Speejacks danced out to the first waves of the Atlantic. "Home!" the engines sang, "Home!" The ocean—the crossing of which in a 64-ton yacht might have been regarded in other circumstances as an experience—was nothing but a span of water flung between Europe and America for the special purpose of taking the Speejacks—home!

"Say," said Bill to Jack, "let those babies of yours turn over just as fast as they want to!"
The majestic entrance to the bull fight arena at Barcelona.
The bull fight at Barcelona, Spain.
“Boy,” Jack answered, “I’ll say they don’t need any telling that we’re getting home!”

But the ocean was not in the mood to help us, and buffeted the little craft badly, so that the 700-mile run down the west coast of Africa took five days instead of three, as a result of which the American papers again announced the Speejacks lost at sea.

Her arrival at the Canary Islands disproved the story. The group has a well-earned reputation for beauty and the people were delightful, but the cry was Home!

The Atlantic, having shown its strength, was content to let the Speejacks skurry on. Wind and waves ceased their threats for the 1,500-mile run to Cape Verde Islands which was only just, since we were going a long way round to avoid the worst of the gales. The barren coaling station had no charm at the moment. Six thousand gallons of gasoline were put aboard, and as this meant carrying between twelve and fifteen tons on the deck of a 64-tonner it will be understood that joss-sticks were burnt at the shrine of Speejacks luck for calm weather. A gale with such a deck cargo would have been a serious matter.

The luck held as usual, and the Atlantic was as mild as a dove. The 2,600 miles to Porto Rico were covered in twelve days, and though the Ancient Mariners would have had us believe that such a thing was impossible, conditions were perfect. Jean sewed and wrote letters, and all hands revelled in the good run the while they talked of home. The sea-bird became a homing pigeon, fluttering swiftly back to its cote.
Before leaving Cape Verde the remainder of the whiskey stocks had been given away, for there was a general desire not to have the homecoming held up by any debate with officials. Ten days out, however, another case was discovered, and the bulk of it was consigned to the deep amid a hushed silence. There was something tremendously saddening in this sea burial of John Barleycorn, and as the case bobbed away astern hopes were expressed that currents might carry it to some unfortunate castaway upon a desert island who would appreciate it fully.

At San Juan on beautiful Porto Rico the pleasant business of coming home began. It was the first American territory the yacht had touched since leaving Pago Pago long months before, and a warm welcome was extended to her. Scores of letters and telegrams told of friends eagerly expecting her return, and though the charms of the Indies urged a longer stay the hospitality of the people could only be enjoyed for a few days.

Home! sang the engines, Home!
CHAPTER XVII

Home Again

SIXTEEN months before, Miami's lights had winked au revoir to the Speejacks, and now, with the long trick nearly over, it was into Miami she flitted again, lifting to the ground swell gayly, and quite spick-and-span for all her buffeting about the seven seas.

Yarning in the little saloon while the yacht swung at anchor on the glassy waters of a New Guinea harbour many months before and across the world, it had been decided that Thanksgiving Day dinner would be eaten in America, and it was on Thanksgiving Day that the Speejacks came home. This, in itself, was an achievement, for—after the human beings—there is nobody more difficult to handle on a yacht than Old Man Schedule. The Speejacks held to time-table with remarkable success.

At Gibraltar, with 5,000 miles of the Atlantic ahead, A. Y. had cabled to a friend, Mr. Carl G. Fisher of Miami, offering to bet him that the Speejacks would arrive at the Florida resort on Thanksgiving Day within an hour of 10 A.M. He also cabled to New York that she would be alongside there at 11 A.M. on December 11. At Porto Rico a letter was received from Mr. Fisher assuring A. Y. and the yacht of the heartiest of welcomes, but omitting to take up the bet.

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Before sailing from the Indies, A. Y., feeling lyrical with joy at the thought of Home, cabled again:

"Have turkey, barber, bath and band
Ready for us when we land
Thanksgiving Morn at ten o'clock!"

It seemed a trifle too definite with the thousand miles of sea between, but only rank misfortune prevented the accomplishment of the feat. Thick weather wrapped the little craft about, and she battled with the heavy seas for five days. The log was fouled by driftwood and did not register the run. The result was that on the appointed morning she was off the coast of Florida, but somewhat out of position. By the time it had cleared sufficiently to run in and take bearings she had overshot the mark and had to turn back on her tracks, plugging into the Gulf Stream. Had it not been for this she would have arrived well ahead of time for, even as it was, she was berthed at 11.15. If the bet had been taken up, Speejacks luck, for once, would have been out of commission, but the bet was not made, so, in that way the luck held.

Among the fleet of welcoming craft was the Shadow F. with Commodore Fisher aboard. He, it seemed, had not been prepared to bet against A. Y.—he knew him—but had made a considerable wager that the arrival would be punctual. Through an ill chance, he lost by fifteen minutes.

Escorted in by all the cruisers and yachts of the Southern harbour, the Speejacks came to Flamingo
Dock. Sirens, whistles, and cheers; fluttering bunting and waving handkerchiefs gave a regal welcome. A. Y. and Jean were overwhelmed by that reception. They were snowed under with telegrams and letters and flowers. Battalions of reporters captured the ship and friends poured aboard in waves which a typhoon might have envied. There were handshakes and interviews and photographs. It was dazing and bewilderling after the long run at sea and the months of comparative solitude.

Looking at the clean and dapper little craft, people could hardly believe that the Speejacks had been "right round." It was a triumph of modern shipbuilding that a motor boat should come through such a testing and look no worse than if she had been on a run to the West Indies. Her cruise had lifted the power boat from a useful toy to a place among the real ships of the world.

But all this has been said in the newspapers—they said it on their front pages with huge headlines, and they told the story of the trip in brief again and again. Jean became the "dauntless girl," A. Y. the "modern Columbus." Dictionaries were searched for adjectives. It was an exciting, amazing homecoming, and Thanksgiving Day dinner, 1922, had a real meaning for the complement of the Speejacks.

There remained the thousand-mile run to New York, and, with our wake girdling the world, it scarcely seemed worth putting the log over for such a trifle. On this occasion, despite heavy seas and bitter weather, the boast of our power to arrive on time was justified.
Eleven o’clock on December 11th had been named, and at that hour to the moment the Speejacks was alongside and the last rope had been made fast.

The reception at New York echoed and multiplied that of Miami. In far waters those who had been aboard the yacht throughout had often conjured up that return, but they had never anticipated such enthusiasm. A. Y. and Jean, Ira J. Ingraham, the cinematographer, Jack Lewis, chief engineer, and Bill Soulby, steward, were the only veterans remaining of those who had sailed from New York sixteen months before. The rest had dropped off at ports along the way, and there had been a score of other changes.

The siren tooted joyously, the engines ceased their purr and the task was accomplished.

“Fineesh!” said Louis.

There was a moment’s hush aboard, and though the envious onlookers might not have believed it, all hands, down to the Chinese cook who had the trip back to Singapore before him, breathed a sigh of relief.

This sensation was expressed with candour to the press.

“I wouldn’t do it again for a king’s ransom,” said A. Y., “and I wouldn’t have missed it for anything in the world!”

Jean endorsed the statement with warmth. Jay turned his crank for the last time aboard and nodded in assent, though he had taken 93,000 feet of film which had been sent home to be developed and he was happy in the knowledge that only 300 feet had been spoiled.
Listeners smiled politely, but did not believe.

Yet the truth had been spoken. The trip had been a wonderful experience: we had gone where we willed in the little-known corners of the world—our minds were soaked with colour and crammed with memories—but to be set against these things were many trials and tribulations, discomforts and perils. They have not been dwelt upon unnecessarily here, lest it should be thought that we were trying to pose as martyrs and to “colour” the tale of our adventure, but it may be said with all frankness that such an undertaking is not a picnic. A cruise round the world in a small boat is a test of grit and perseverance and luck, even as it is a test of the boat herself.

Man was never meant to dwell for a year and a half in a world measuring 98 feet by 16 feet, and if he sets out to do so he must be prepared to pay a price for the happy memories which will be his reward for the foolhardiness.

The total mileage covered was over 34,000, and the petrol consumed amounted to 73,000 gallons at prices ranging from 31 cents up to $1.24 in places where shipments had to be sent specially by schooners from ports thousands of miles away. I have often been asked what such a trip would cost, but not being accustomed to thinking in thousands I merely shake my head.

I put the question to A. Y.

“How much did it cost?” I asked.

He looked thoughtful and a little sad.

“Why go into that?” he replied. “Tell them that it
costs a good deal more than they'd think—and a great deal more than I expected."

To set out to mention details of the manner in which the various fittings and parts stood the strain would be to turn these last pages into an advertising catalogue. Suffice to say that in every respect the yacht seemed to be in as good condition when she sailed into New York as she was when she sailed out. Her heart—the twin motors—had done wonders. In all the months they had driven us along they had never missed, and beyond scraping the carbon and grinding the valves they had not been touched. Replacement costs on them made up a grand total of 15 cents—for one hard leather washer!

Well, there she lay alongside the New York Yacht Club's dock with three ocean crossings behind her. The flag fluttered down. It was over.

Among the most precious things aboard her was the Visitors' Book, which contained the names of good-hearted, generous, hospitable folk in a hundred corners of the world. To glance through it was to conjure up face after face, well remembered and much esteemed. If the trip had done nothing else for us it had taught us that the world is full of friends, and their acquaintance was a more precious thing than all the spears and gods and carvings and all else besides which we brought home with us.

Looking back over the sea-tracks of the Speejacks from a quiet room where the noises of the city are faintly heard, they already seem dear, dim, and dreamlike.
It is hard to believe that those days of blazing sunshine and nights of silvered ocean were ever shown on a real calendar. The tricks on the wheel in the warm heart of the tropic midnight, dawns breaking over islands only mentioned vaguely on the charts, green waves curling tall to swoop down and fling us into high heaven, the throbbing drums of cannibal peoples and the sudden white smother of foam on the reef that should not have been there—these things are set in the memory as spray-jewelled, romantic pages recalled from a boy’s adventure book.

Surely, we respectable citizens in tweed suits could never have been shaven-headed, khaki-clad, sunburned wanderers about the magic seas which wash The Line?

Many said it couldn’t be done, and Ancient Mariners in a hundred ports shook their heads over us and mourned to think of bright young lives sacrificed on such foolishness, but the anchor came up—whether it was typhoon, hurricane, or mere gale which shouted threats—and while the Mariner was still muttering his warnings we were bucking out into it. The plans made in New York when the trip seemed a simple thing had been adhered to.

I don’t expect another motor boat party to complete a world cruise in the immediate future—though they may start out. Even if they had what we had—as staunch a little craft as ever sailed, able navigators, and a complement as good-spirited as any—they might lack the one essential on which our success rested.

They might lack luck—and it’s luck you need when
the oceans are wide and the craft is small, when the seas are thick with uncharted reefs and the shores are the homes of savages.

We were happy and we were miserable, we were thrilled and we were weary—but above all we were lucky. That was our fortune. Without it there would have been no log of the Speejacks to write.

THE END