



DO NOT tell this story because either the memory or the relation of the events is pleasant to me. Indeed, it the record of the most distressing and humiliating experience in my life. But am impelled to relate it as a protest against the prevalent idea that the existence of a castaway on a tropic island is one of comparative comfort and ease. In my younger days I was

in the employ of a firm of merchants at Apla, Samoa, who had established in business in the fillice istands a young man of the name of Symonds, son of a well-known missionary. His beadquarters were at Funafuti, and after sevtral successful years he had purchased from the "King" of Valtupu the small, deserted island of Nuulakita-"Little Land." It lies some one hundred and fifty miles southeast of Ponafori, alone amidst extensive shoals. Symonds' ambition was to people and plant it, but not a native could be induce to make his home there, for the Ellice Islanders firmly believed the place was haunted by evil spirits. Not long after this, Symonds died suddenly, and I was sent to Funafuti in the company's schooper to install a new manager, with instructions to stop at Nuulakita on the homeward voyage, inspect the little island and set a value on it as an asset of Symonds' estate.

We left Funafuti with a southeast tradewind that soon died away, and for days we drifted over a glassy sea in intolerable heat. Finally, on the last day of February, we reached Nuulakita and sailed slowly along its boast, searching for an anchorage and landing.

in a short time we came to anchor in seven fathoms of water, in a convenient place on the west side of the island where we could see an avening through the reef. Four of the ship's crew and I made an easy landing, but, finding a strong shore current running, we were compelled to haul our boat up on the sands, for I intended to take at least two hours to inspect the place.

The captain advised me to examine the place hastily, for his barometer warned him of a change that was imminent, and this was the dangerous season in these latitudes.

Above the sand beach, where had formerly been a settlement, a few jackfruit trees were deteriorating, being overgrown with clinging vines and other parasites. Here I discovered nome native sepulchers which, beside a well that I found later on, were the only actual signs of man's handiwork upon the island.

Pandanus, which seems to delight in sterile soil and in opposition to the elements, now predominated, stretching forth its weird branches and standing upon its singular stiltlike roots, an omen of desolation. Here and there I penetrated the bush, observing the nature of the soil and noting it in my book.

I must have been nearly opposite where our vessel lay, when I came to a beautiful lagoon, with charming vistas and lovely glades leading in various directions.

I was about to return to the beach and continue my circuit around the island, when I heard a musket shot-a signal for my return, for the sky bad darkened and I felt sure that the glass had gone lower. I started directly

was, I wasted several of those precious matches before I lighted my damp tobacco. It was well on in the afternoon when the pangs of hunger drove me forth to seek provender of some sort. Though the force of the gale was quite strong enough to impede me greatly, I managed to struggle through the torn shrubbery and tangled vines until I once more gained the open beach, and stood appalled before the ocean's sublime fury. Great seas hurled themselves at the triffing island, and actually threatened to engulf it.

cording to my calculation I had now been e forty hours without food. Worn out by the wretched weather, and quite famished, I grasped a stick to aid my injured leg, and set out to discover food and shelter.

After a painful effort I came to the second patch of cocoanuts, and was not disappointed, for most of the fruit lay scattered on the ground, shaken down by the storm. After a bit of hard work in removing the outer husk, I regaled myself upon a ripe cocoanut and its firmer and more matured flesh, and this had to serve me, for I saw nothing else that was eatable at this time.

Night came on while I still painfully wandered in search of shelter, and I would have been glad to occupy the pit again had the difficulty of returning there been less formidable. The night proved a wild one, and I lay stretched out to leeward of a giant tree, whose out-of-ground roots and buttresses gave me just a little protection from the chilling blast. Here in this miserable situation I passed the tedious hours till day appeared.

My injured leg had grown worse and swelled to a considerable size, throbbing and alarming me thoroughly. Hunger and thirst more assailed me, and painfully I dragonce ged myself forward in the hope of finding some sort of sustenance. If the brigantine had been lost in the hurricane there was very little chance of another vessel's coming to Nuulakita for months and months. Possibly it might be years before the place was visited. Such despairing thoughts as these produced a sort of sinking of the soul, an apathetic sadness. Why struggle farther? But still I wriggled forward over the soft sands, which seemed barren enough. A soldier crab crossed my path, and I devoured him raw without a qualm

Even at this early stage of my imprisonment I must have been a bit delirious, for I began to imagine I heard voices calling me, and at length I fancied I saw people quickly flitting about as if to avoid my vision.

The pain in my wounded leg was very great, but I sometimes forgot this because of mental tortures far more acute. Another horrid night, and another boisterous day without the smallest comfort, left me still more helpless. Reason, I believe, was on the verge of collapse, when my remaining physical strength suddenly gave way. Sleep, delirium, or probably prolonged unconsciousness, at length relieved me.

I awakened at last to behold the splendors of a tropic sunrise, the great orb soon, shining directly in my face. My leg was much better for the enforced rest it had had, and, strangest of all, I was not so hungry as I had been. Melancholy forehodings that perhaps I was fated to die there like a dog and lie unburied, a feast for crabs and noxious vermin, spurred to further effort. Pride and eve instinct urged me forward, and at length, exhausfed with fatigue and in great pain, I reached the region of the fallen cocoanuts and after resting sufficiently, food and drink were again my portion, and later in the day I was enabled to stagger along the deserted beach upon a rude crutch which I had improvised. Onward, painfuly onward, I went, craving satisfying food and rest. Eventually I passed a sandy place marked all about by turtles' flippers-a depression where eggs had surely been deposited. More than a hundred eggs were in the nest, all closely packed together and covered from marauders. Gathering some dry wood and bark, I built a little pile and drew forth my treasured matches. What an appalling disappointment I was to suffer! The box in which they were contained was crushed quite flat, and the matches themselves were loose in my pocket. Some, being wet, had lost their black heads. I must dry the matches carefully before one of them should be risked. I did not dare to take any chances of failure, and always afterward I would have to keep a smoldering fire or lose this great necessity. A flat coral stone exposed to the sun was selected, and my treasure was spread out in the genial warmth. The ignition papers from the dilapidated box were turned and turned until quite crisp, while each individual match was given careful attention. When all was ready I tried to strike a lighttried and tried again until the whole stock was done, and this with never a glimmer of success! Raw turtle eggs are not to be commended as a steady diet, but they will serve a turn. In due course I was able to get to the rookery. but most of the birds were gone, dispersed no doubt by the violence of the gale. None of their eggs that I could find were eatable.

thatched house. After many failures I at length owned a weatherproof roof, and was much pleased with my performance. Salt, in small

quantities and mixed with sand. I found in several spots, and the need of this mineral seemed so great that I set about its manufacture from sea-water. by evaporation. In this work I was fairly successful, but even this could not make me content with the raw food I

> was compelled to eat. Now strongly suspecting the fate of our ship, I might have despaired, but a new idea entered my

brain and for some time claimed my careful attention. Many young gannets were by this time occupying nests by the lagoon shore, and I decided to adopt several of these, bringing thehm up by hand, and afterward employ thehm to carry away letters describing my deplorable situation and praying for relief. But my first efforts were unsuccessful, and all three of my adoptions were dead birds within a few days. This set me to thinking that perhaps the food I was providing was unsuited to their immature digestions-that raw turtle meat, which they ate with avidity, was a dangerous diet

I now enlisted another family of birds, and by stoning up several small basins near the reef at high water. I was enabled to catch a small supply of little fish, when the tides had fallen and the water had drained away into the sea. With a supply of what appeared a suitable food, I was at length able to bring up a brood of promising birds, who were taught by me to rest on the usual sort of perch provided at the other islands. When my proteges had grown, they were not long in learning to provide for themselves.

The hopelessness of my situation and my constant longing to be with my family often quite unnerved me, and surely left me less thankful than I should have been for benefits received and unacknowledged. My mind, at times thoroughly discouraged, recoiled before such an existence. Several months had elapsed and my situation was still unpromising.

The feeding of my pets had provided a certain amount of occupation, and as the birds rapidly approached maturity. I noted approvingly their greater proficiency in flight. At last all of them were able to make extended excursions. I easily taught them to return at the call of the flag. My tattered pajama coat answered as a signal.



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Converse was out with a scouting est shadows and that her eyes were party when he came upon the little dusky pools set in the marble palethatched hut half hidden in the chap- ness of her face. arral. In the light of a full moon sift-"Who is there?" he asked sharply.

ing down through the foliage he was A quick drawn breath and a frightinclined to believe that the hut was ened sob instantly suppressed, ana creation of his fancy and the white swered him. Then the white gown gowned form that vanished at his ap- moved away from the rock as if to proach was of the same illusive mate- escape him. Converse followed swiftrial.

his side. "Thought I saw a hut-or roundness of her arm. is it this confounded moonlight that's deceiving me?" He peered toward the hut with his near-sighted eyes.

What was it that prompted Converse to deny the presence of the hut? his own language. Heretofore he had been most zealous and untiring in his search for Mexi- in his ear. "A better right than you can sharpshooters on the border. have!" Something held his tongue from admitting that he, too, had seen the hut, you know the American troops are. and more.

"You're seeing double tonight, Murphy." he laughed. "Move along to the know? Have I not been avoiding east and let us thrash out that their prowling bands for three days." thicket."

"Then you better duck if you see me shootin'!" retorted the Irishman grimly. "With these deceivin' eyes of mine I'll be takin' myself for one of them little woolly burros and commit ders where there is continual fightsuicide!"

verse leading the way in the opposite an undertone of kindness. direction.

pletion of this labor and a contemplation of its through the mesquite growth, pushing

at every step. arms. After this bloodless skirmish with a defiant gesture. "Do what you

ended and so they returned to camp. when the sentry's steps had dimin- reach El Paso at once."

ness of Her Arm.

the adjacent hill.

arms free.



ly and overtook her at the door of the "What's that?" muttered Murphy at hut. His hand closed on the warm

"I am sorry, but you must tell me who you are and what you are doing here," he said in a firm tone. She surprised him by replying in

"I have a right here!" she breathed

"I hope so," he said fervently; "but camped below here on the plain?"

"Ah!" she cried bitterly, "do I not "You are Mexican?" asked Converse.

"And if I am,"

"If you are Mexican you are in a dangerous situation here on the boring. You are not alone?" He spoke "I'll take the risk," assured Con- in a brisk, matter-of-fact way, with

"No, I am not alone," she answered Together they moved noiselessly calmly. "My grandfather is withinhe is sick, perhaps dying. When they the long thorns that scraped skin and stroyed and we fled. We hoped to clothing and retarded their progress cross the river into the states. We have relatives in El Paso, but we have When the two men returned to the had to avoid the rebels as well as the American camp the moon was still American troops. We lost our way bright. Between them they escorted a and have hidden in this ruined hut prisoner, a surly, half-breed Mexican since yesterday morning. My grandwho had leaped at them from behind father has had little to eat-I came superior numbers and swiftly moving that is all!" She threw out her hand

"The first thing to do is to get some-Instead of seeking the rest his thing to eat," said Converse decisive weary body demanded, Blake Converse | ly. "After that, if you will trust to waited until the confusion incident my guidance I will escort you into the upon their arrival had died away and American camp and see that you

"You are very kind, sir," said the scout quietly rolled under a loose flap girl brokenly. "I am afraid I am alarmed and harassed and earlier this evening our retreat was almost discovered."

> "I was the one who startled you then-that is why I came back again." said Converse in awkward explanation.

> "How did you know-how did you guess that we were not sharpshooters?" she asked, surprised. "Why did you not investigate?"

"I don't know!" he replied slowly. "It is well for us that you waited, until you were alone," she said in low thrilling tones that stirred him strangely. "Another might not have been so kind as you have shown yourself to be." "It is nothing," declared Converse bruskly. "May I see your grandfather?" "Certainly-he is within, very sick." She led the way to the tiny hut whose roof was half torn away. Through this great aperture the moonlight flowed brightly, lighting up a grass bed on the ground whereon an old man lay covered carefully with several blankets. Converse bent over the old man and addressed him in halting Spanish. To his surprise the refugee answered him in fluent English and in a few words substantiated the words of his granddaughter and added a brief explanation. His name was Juan Barros, a retired merchant of Juarez. He was a widower with this one granddaughter His Hand Closed on the Warm Roundwho had been educated in the United States. They had lived happily topeared in the dense shadow cast by gether until the revolution had brought hostilities to their doors. The Now he was impatient of the detainloss of their home followed and now ing fingers put forth by the mesquite he was on his way to El Paso where thicket. More than once he heard he had a brother; once there he the ripping of flannel as he pulled his would make a home for himself and Almeda, If the kindly Americano At last he stood forth in a little would help them-the old man's voice open space that seemed familiar. had failed here. Strong contrasts of moonlight and Blake Converse did help them black shadows produced grotesque across the border and delivered them effects. What he had supposed to be into the hands of an escort which the mysterious hut for which he was would see that they reached El Paso. searching proved to be a huge rock It was not surprising that the patched with moonlight and when he young soldier should obtain leave of proceeded to touch the white surface absence and hurry to El Paso to make it moved and shrank away from him. a ceremonious inquiry concerning the He rubbed his eyes and looked health of Almeda's grandfather, and closely. The rock was there immov- such was Blake's solicitude for the able. Against its surface and blend- old Mexican and so warm were the ing with the moonlight cowered the greetings that he received from both form of a woman dressed in white. the refugees that he was encouraged When he spoke her face turned to- to repeat these calls until old Juan ward him and the light fell full upon Barros smiled into his beard and was it revealing her to be young and beau- ready with his blessing upon them tiful. In that swift glance he saw long before Blake found courage to that her hair was black as the deep ask it.

time success crowned my efforts. change of diet, and I may say that in the comresults to me I was happier-at any rate calmer aside the shrubs with hands wary of shelled the city our home was de--than I had been since my arrival on the island.

My misery was soon deepened, aye, made insupportable, by the loss of my precious knife, the one invaluable treasure that yet remained. As I was stooping over my turtle cage to observe the welfare of its occupants it slipped from my pocket and dropped into the water.

For some time I had been of opinion that a tree only to fall a victim to their out now to seek something. There, the bad weather would soon have its ending. and that probably a gale of wind would mark its exit. The accuracy of my calculations was their thorough search of the hill was will!" justified, for after several days of great heat and unexampled calm, one of those sudden convulsions of tropic violence assailed the island with cyclonic force. My frail hut was bodily lifted by the blast as if it were a feather's weight, and no portion of it or its contents ever met my eye again. Torrential rain in blinding ished to a distant shuffle the young sheets, almost suffocating in its profusion, utterly drenched me, and the great ocean, lashed of canvas beside his bed and disap-severe-rude-but we have been into a wild fury, seemed bent on submerging the little island, as it had done on previous oc-

casions From the ending of this storm, my days were spent in searching for food and praying to the fiend, and my nights were troubled with such realistic dreams and phantoms-if such they were-as wholly to wreck my reason. Naked and unkempt, I roamed over the limited extent the land afforded; attached now to no particular place, and heedless of any attempts at rescue, I no longer kept a lookout. Like a wild man that I was, I gleaned such food as the place afforded, untroubled by

qualms of any sort.

I had at least acquired some experience. This From this moment I date a comfortable

For the post-isnding.

Towards the center of the island the trees mew less vigorously, and were fawer in number, and many old trunks lay prone on the carth The walking became exceedingly difficult, for it was hard to penetrate this broadleafed, stout-stemmed vinery,

I had already had several nasty falls, but had escaped actual injury, until at last I stepped on what appeared a sound tree-trunk crossing a vine-covered chasm and felt myself swiftly descending into space, clutching wildly at the vines as I passed through them.

My head having come into violent contact with a jutting coral, I lay huddled and senseless at the bottom of a deep pit which in former years had been used as a well and now was partly filled by the action of the elements.

When I revived all was darkness, and rain was falling in torrents. In fact, it must have been the cool drenching I had had which brought me to my senses.

I tried to raise my arms and found them fortunately uninjured, but one knee had been severely bruised and my back was badly wrenched, while my head ached as if it were about to split in two, and a great lump explained why I had wasted hours in this situa-11000

Though it was very dark, with occasional finshes of lightning, I found no great difficulty. except from my own injuries, in getting upward as these native wells are so constructed that the owners may walk down one side to dip the water with their shells. When I approached the mouth of the pit and thrust my head through the sopping vines, it seeed as if the world were at an end. I could hear the screaming wind rush through the now leafless branches, and great boughs and missiles of many sorts were flying through the air, making it hazardous to rise above the level.

I thought of our brigantine and hoped she had got away without losing her anchors. At that moment, though the tempest roared. I did not tear for her safety, for from the direction of the wind I was sure she had not been blown ashore. Such a gale would inevitably drive her far away to westward, and her return to this region of frequent calms was quite sure to be slow and tedious. And here I was, all unprovided for, and destined to pass some days in utter loneliness. In time they would come back-again, and I must contrive to exist till they turned up. This would be an adventure to recount to my children as they gathered round me in the evening.

How was I then to know that this raging cyclone had utterly destroyed our ship, and that, while I sat shivering in my hole, my brave companions were in their watery graves? Never a word was ever heard from them again, and no fragment of our poor vessel was discovered to mark her loss.

When the light returned the sun was not whilble it was not safe to make my exit yet. but, thank God! I had my pipe and tebacco with me, and some matches that were not yet spoiled. Fool! Fool! Everlasting fool that I

Jome Guests Would Have Submitted

to Inconvenience, But Not for

This Youth!

clety woman, "how different people

if nothing had happened.

Was Fully Equal to the Occasion

"It is funny," said a well known so- giving a dinner party.

I now tried ineffectually to produce fire by rubbing two sticks together as I had often seen the Samoan natives do. No, I could not do the trick.

I began to think of preparing myself some sort of shelter-at least a lodgment where I might sleep in comparative comfort. My earliest effort produced a kind of windbreak only.

Raw turtle eggs when steadily adhered to become absolutely disgusting as a diet, and on the recovery of my leg I sought many expedients that might serve my turn. Raw unsalted meat I could not abide, even when 1 knew that it was sweet and wholesome. So now when I caught a bird or turtle, I cut the flesh into thin strips and hung them in the sun, or placed them on heated rocks until they received a sort of natural cooking.

Dressed in a worn-out suit of thin pajamas, my only other possessions were a pocketknife, a note-book and pencil, and a useless pipe, for the small fragment of tobacco I had been possessed of had been nibbled away as a makeshift stimulant.

A spell of wet weather set before me urgently the problem of constructing a

"I never see anyone embarrassed

One day while experimenting with my own birds, I called from the skies an utter stranger, who calmly perched himself and squawked loudly for attention. With avidity I searched him for communications, but evidently the animal was off on leave, for he bore no letters. I fed him slowly, and between whiles I wrote what I thought would have been anywhere construed as a touching appeal for assistance. Tearing the leaf out of my note-book I fastened the missive so that it laid flatly underneath the feathers of the back.

For several days the new bird continued to resort to my perch, always returning with my message, and it was not until I refused him food continuously that I was able to get rid of him. Then, some days later, having fastened missives to all three of my birds, I took down the perch and refused to notice them at all-a treatment they could not understand, for from their earliest recollections I had been their only parent.

Within a week after the birds had deserted the island, I re-erected the perch, and thenceforth every afternoon I waved my rotting garment, hoping that some intelligible answer would reach me. But days and weeks passed without any sign whatever and I again grew utierly despondent.

The turtle season had come and gone, and the extent of my depredations had so alarmed the island birds that I was now forced to trap those which I would use for provender, or climb the trees at night and secure my victims quietly.

One day, observing a troop of newly-hatched turtles painfully dragging themselves towards the salt water, it occurred to me that if I were to place these in the lagoon and feed them, a plentiful brood could be raised, and turtles would ever after be obtainable at all seasons. Once more I decided to entice the distant birds to a renewed perch, and they returned upon my signals of a welcome. At last I found a bird with a letter written in the Samoan tongue and addressed to one of the teachers. Though I could not write grammatically and with precision in the native language, I was able to road sufficiently well. After divesting the missive of its religious commonplaces, which begin and end every native communication in these latitudes, I saw that the writer. living on a distant island, had no knowledge or care for me, for by addressed a fellow worker in the mission field on topics of mutual interest.

Detaining the bird for some time by such entertainment as was sure to please him and his comrades, I now prepared several messages in such Samoan as I could muster, and then, having neglected the animals to induce them to set out, I once more resumed work upon a construction somewhat resembling a monstrous top, which I proposed should spin continuously in a groove of soft dry wood until ignition would follow. It must not be supposed that this was my first effort in this line, for I can recollect at least four other constructions which were wholly useless. By my repeated failures

One day while drowsily musing, new sounds assailed my ears-more intelligible, more harmonlous they seemed, than the others I had been accustomed to. Though they evidently came from behind, I expected the new breed of infernals to deploy suddenly in front, as thehir predecessors had always done, therefore I did not turn until one of them laid a rough hand on me. This was a new experience, for till now the busy imps had under close inspection seemed intangible.

Turning to the touch, a number of figures in white garb met my astonished gaze, and though their countenances seemed pitying and beneficent, I knew them for their deceitful worth, and cursed their uncalled-for interference. I would have chased them from the island. Till now all goblins and little inquisitive imps had fled before my rage, but these new-comers closed in around me, seizing my weapon and overpowering my fiercest efforts. until I lay fast in bonds, and quite insensible.

The end had come. I had been rescued by an adventurous and devoted party of Samoan missionaries and their Ellice Island followers Strange to say, nearly if not all of my messages had safely reached some inhabited island, but unfortunately none could read and understand the English words.

Paulo, the teacher on Nanomea, sent message after message through the group, and these timely explanations came to the south ern teachers, enlightening them as to the real meaning of my misspelled and almost unintelligible Samoan notes which they had been getting from time to time by bird posta letter-delivery service which was soon ac tively employed in my behalf.

As soon as the defective system would al low, the teachers consulted, and one bold spirit, an aged man, brave old Alamoa-jour neyed from Nicutao to Vaitupu, and on to Funafuti, in an open boat, to give direction to the work of rescue.

As an example of infinite unselfishness, of noble devotion to high convictions of duty, 1 think that the work of my difficult rescue can be favorably compared with many other shin ing records of Christian endeavor.

The original party of thirteen adventurers set out from Funafuti in an ordinary open boat, three cars on a side, and using a bat tered compass as their only guide. After a rest of several days on Nukulailai, and with increased stores of food and water, the perilous journey to Nuulakita was successfully at tempted.

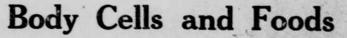
Who can with pen or type recount the raptures of a return such as mine turned out to be?

By kindness and generosity, my employers sought to reward the good teachers and the workers who had saved me from a living death at the imminent risk of their own lives, and my good wife and children set down in feeling men of science, Prof. Emil Abderhalterms the heavy obligations under which they lay; but I, who more immediately knew the case, felt that a long life of thankfulness to and respect for the good people of the Ellice Group no more than paid my score.

of the body. Complex carbohydrates are resolved into sugar; fats are split Causes Havoc, into glycerol and fatty acids; proteins

"Have rivalries arisen among the

"Some," replied Mrs. Baring-Banners. "I fear we may yet develop the hat pin that knows no sister."



"The cells of our body never learn | their duty-Journal of the American what the character of the food which Medical Association. we eat really is." With this sentence,

delivered at a recent meeting of Swiss Not an Absolute Embargo. The expert burglar, disdaining the den has concisely defined a modern use of explosives, had attacked the viewpoint of nutrition which is rapidlock itself. "This may be a combinaly becoming prominent. Before they tion somewhat in restraint of my leave the alimentary tract the foodtrade," he muttered, turning the knob stuffs which we eat are broken up into slowly to the right again and listening intently, "but you couldn't call it a case of unreasonable restraint." Apparently his view was correct, for presently he was engaged in the unrestricted pursuit of his trade, and reaping large profits.

Visitor-Now, Willie, let's see how much you know of the physiology you are studying. What part of the anisimilar digestion fragments, so long you're an old hen and mom Says

versation with one of the debutantes and did not notice the chocolate was hot. He took one gulp, and then what happened I will never forget. "He merely turned his head to one

at my home one evening when I was new wall paper. Not in the least em-"We had almost reached the final remarked: act under embarrassing circumstances. course when hot chocolate was served "'Now, don't you know that some

You will notice that some people stam- my guests. It was steaming hot, but mer and stutter and act like fools. the whipped cream gave it a different this others will act as composed as appearance. The young man of whom so funny that we were all forced to sheep and a mule, which the same is I am speaking was engrossed in con; laugh."

barrassed he turned to the guests and three widders, two school ma'ams, a

Comprehensive Census. A blank crop report was sent out by fill out, and the other day one of them came back with the following written

that I do not think of what happened side and spat the chocolate on the on the blank side in pencil: "All we've got in this neighborhood is identical."

patch of wheat, the hog cholera, too much rain, about fifty acres of 'taters, and a durn fool who married a crossfools would have swallowed it.' It was eyed gal because she owns eighty me, and no more at present. "

"And that is?"

suffragettes?"

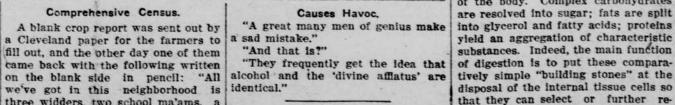
ter of indifference, for they all furnish

Fear.

that they can select or further rearrange them as the special functions

Unclassed. require. Whether it is meat or cereals that we eat is, after all, largely a mat- mal kingdom do I belong to?

Willie-1 don't know. Pop says as the digestive processes perform you're an old cat.



fragments that serve as the real food

yield an aggregation of characteristic substances. Indeed, the main function

tively simple "building stones" at the disposal of the internal tissue cells so