

# "AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMILE," BUT —



TYLOS SAURUS

OMEWHERE in "Darkest Africa" Capt. L. B. Stevens of England is searching for the prehistoric monster whose reported existence has been disturbing the scientific world more or less since 1903. It is supposed to be some sort of a dinosaur. Inasmuch as the dinosaur is a fifty-foot lizard that dates back to the "Age of Reptiles," which antedates man on this earth by anywhere from 60 to 600 millions of years, the scientists are naturally saying, with the country boy at the circus at sight of his first hippopotamus, "Gosh, there ain't no such animile!"

Still there was such an animal once. And people are saying they have seen such an animal now. Hence Captain Stevens' expedition to Africa.

The earlier reports have been corroborated by two Belgian big-game hunters, who report sighting a huge beast of terrifying proportions and attributes. Mr. Gappelle, one of the Belgians, says his party caught a glimpse of a huge beast rearing his way through the jungle verdure, which defied zoological analogy. He says it was in the general shape of a lizard, probably fifty feet long, with a thick tail like a kangaroo's, a hump on its back, and a terrifying horn on its snout. The monster was covered with scales, which were colored with great blood-red spots from which radiated pale green stripes.

A well-known English naturalist and collector, has written to the press that there is every reason to believe there is such an animal living in the heart of the unexplored jungles, if not great numbers of them. During his stay in Africa he heard the story from so many different sources, he says, that he is convinced there is some truth in it.

"Fifteen years ago, when collecting in the Transvaal, I heard an interesting story of a monster, half snake, half beast. My informant, of the Rhodesian police, who patrolled near Barotseland, said he had approached within a hundred yards of it while it was lying asleep on the border of a swamp. It was, he declared, a hundred feet long, and its strange appearance so frightened him that it awakened and glided into the swamp before he could raise his gun. It traveled noiselessly and with great speed.

"The country round about was quite unexplored. My friend told me that I was the first to whom he had mentioned the story, as he was afraid to tell his comrades because they would have laughed at him.

"Once again when I was on the French Congo seaboard I heard fearful stories from the native hunters of the monster. I also heard the same stories on the way to the Belgian Congo, where the present so-called brontosaurus is supposed to have been seen. When you hear stories from three or four widely different sources I believe there is some truth in them. You must remember that if you travel to Ferman Faz and Sette Cama and go up into the interior, most of the country has never been explored. What creatures live in its vast mysteries we do not know. Whether the so-called brontosaurus is a prehistoric survival or not I would not care to say. I firmly believe the creature exists, but I believe it is an unknown creature of more modern descent.

"The brontosaurus, or whatever the strange creature is, makes use of its legs and its body—it glides. I should imagine it is a very dangerous creature. But that it is not all a fairy-tale I am certain. I have been there, and I have talked with natives who will not pass a certain boundary into an 'evil land' because of the huge monsters which live in its remote solitudes."

Walter Winans, an American living in London, the pistol champion and a big-game hunter, also believes in the existence of this creature.

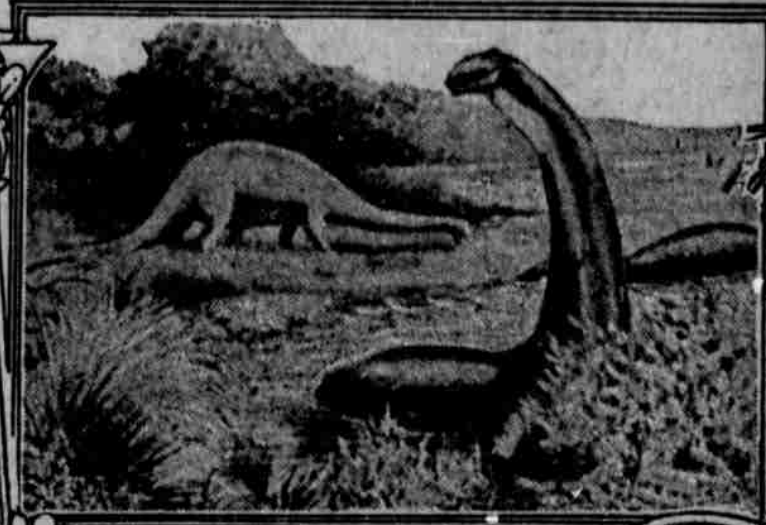
"The late Carl Hagenbeck told me before the war," Mr. Winans said, "that two of his travelers, on different expeditions and in different years, had seen the brontosaurus in swamps in central Africa. I do not think it is impossible that some of the prehistoric animals have survived, and when several explorers have seen glimpses of what they think must be such animals they are most probably right. It is not as if some one not used to recognizing them instantly saw wild animals for the first time. These men are always on the lookout for new species and know all the animals by sight.

"It is possible that the sea-serpent is one of these so-called extinct reptiles, and that the dodo may still exist somewhere not yet explored. The quagga, too, which existed until a few years ago, may still live in some unexplored part of Africa and the mammoth and the cave bear still wander in Siberia."

Mr. Winans went farther to satisfy the English public and drew an outline of what this animal probably looks like. With that picture, which appeared in the Evening News, he appended this bit of descriptive argument:

"The scientists draw this beast standing on its legs, as a mammal would. Now no mammalian animal has the combined heavy tail and long neck this animal has. A kangaroo has the heavy tail, but it is built very light in front, with only short rudimentary legs. It uses its tail as a third leg, in combination with its two hind legs and works on a tripod so formed. The giraffe has a long neck, but it is built light behind, and its tail is so light that it practically has no weight in comparison. The giraffe carries its head high so as not to put a leverage on it.

"Now the brontosaurus is heavy both in the tail and the neck, besides, are both very long. If it stood as the scientists draw it, the tail and neck would overbalance it and a slight puff



BRONTOSAURUS



ALLOSAURUS



STEGOSAURUS

of wind from the side would blow it over. It is ridiculous to think that an animal a hundred feet long would have legs close together in the middle and have three-quarters of its length sticking out in front and behind unsupported in the air. My idea is that the brontosaurus was a reptile, practically a crocodile, with a snake-like neck, and not a mammal, that it carried itself as a crocodile does, that is, crawled on its belly when on land and did not walk on straight legs.

"I think it crawled with its neck drawn back so as to strike like a cobra and most likely had poisonous fangs. In fact, it was a big poisonous lizard, and that it was brilliantly colored, like them, and perhaps discharged poison through its skin like a toad when irritated.

"The best weapon to shoot it with would be the magnified Mauser rifle, such as the Germans used against tanks, with an explosive shell instead of an armor-piercer. If I were younger I should be off after him."

Anyway, the monster is sufficiently real to have set the scientists disputing about his possibility, his identity and his looks. They call him all sorts of names—brontosaurus, triceratops, brolosaurus, tylosaurus and so on. One expert writes to the press:

"The animal in question can not be a bromosaurus, if the illustration in H. G. Wells' book, 'Outlines of History,' are correct. The illustrations show a very different creature from the descriptions in the newspapers of this one. What this one really appears to be is a triceratops, only that animal has two horns."

Another zoologist heaps scorn on the entire idea, asserting that while he believes there are undiscovered animals living in the heart of Africa, he doubts that a dinosaur or any other primeval beast exists anywhere today. He writes:

"The period in which they lived is incredibly remote as man counts time. Their bones are found in the strata of the Eocene period. The brontosaurus was remarkable for his very small head and small brain cavity. His whole skull was no larger than his neck bone. The name means 'thunder beast,' and one species was well over fifty feet in length and weighed probably twenty tons or more."

The evolution of man has been a long process—so long that the geologists and other scientists prefer to dodge the question of the millions of years involved and reckon in eras, an era being anywhere from six to 45 millions of years. They call the first era Archeozoic; it is ancient beyond all knowledge. Then comes the Proterozoic, with its very primitive forms of water life, lasting 33 millions of years. The Paleozoic, with fish, amphibians and land plants, lasted 45 millions. The Mesozoic, the age of reptiles and amphibians and of trees, saw the first mammals; it lasted 16 millions of years. The present era, the Cenozoic, has seen the rise and development of the highest orders of plants and animals and the appearance of man; its duration to date is put at 6 million years.

So that's what we are up against when we talk of there being at large in Africa a survivor of the Age of Reptiles.

Anyway, we know these reptiles actually existed because we find their fossil remains pretty much all over the world. Why, these fossils are so thick out in Utah, U. S. A., that we have the Dinosaur National monument. You see, once upon a time, the waves of an open sea rolled over the spot where now stands Long's peak (14,255 feet), "King of the Rockies." In this sea sported the marine monster of long ago and on its shores lived the grotesque creatures of the Age of Reptiles. Then the Rocky Mountains heaved themselves up and this great inland sea had to run off into the Arctic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific. And then the rains washed down the mountains and filled up the plains with the scourings.

Some of the creatures in this inland sea got mired and their bones are now found petrified in a remarkably perfect state of preservation. And it's no trick for a scientist who knows his business to reconstruct an animal from his bones.



Mr. Gappelle's monster seems to suggest the armored dinosaur, Stegosaurus. If that's the fellow, he isn't dangerous. He's herbivorous. He's scarcely any brains at all; that's why he is armored to protect him from his enemies. He's about 20 feet long and 10 feet high.

The Tylosaurus, "half snake half beast," isn't a Dinosaur, but a Mosasaur, though that probably makes no particular difference. He's a seaserpentine sort of thing and probably requires more water than a morass affords.

The Brontosaurus, according to the restoration herewith reproduced, doesn't look especially formidable, except for his size.

The dinosaur that seems best able to pay his way and keep on going is the Allosaurus. He's got teeth and claws and looks as if he might move rapidly.

However, the fact that the African dinosaur does not seem to be exactly like any of his prehistoric relatives proves nothing. It may be that the fellow Captain Stevens is after has evolved like the rest of the world and is prepared to present something entirely new in dinosaurs. Why should he not have developed? He's had at least six million years in which to improve himself.

"The Outlines of History," H. G. Wells' new book, considers these early monsters quite fully: He says in one place:

"The earliest-known reptiles were beasts with great bellies and not very powerful legs, very like their kindred amphibia, wallowing as the crocodile wallows to this day; but in the Mesozoic they soon began to stand up and go stoutly on all fours, and several great sections of them began to balance themselves on tall and hind legs, rather as the kangaroos do now. Another division was the crocodile branch, and another developed toward the tortoise and the turtles. The Plesiosaurs and the Ichthyosaurs were two groups which left no living representatives. Plesiosaurs measured 300 feet from snout to tail tip—of which half was neck.

"The Mosasaurs were a third group of great porpoise-like marine lizards. But the largest and most diversified group of these Mesozoic reptiles was the group we have spoken of as kangaroo-like, the Dinosaurs, many of which attained enormous proportions. In bigness these greater Dinosaurs have never been exceeded, although the sea can still show in the whales creatures as great. Some of these, and the largest among them, were herbivorous animals; they browsed on rushy vegetation and among the ferns and bushes, or they stood up and grasped trees with their forelegs while they devoured the foliage.

"Among the browsers, for example, were the Diplodocus carnegii, which measured 84 feet in length, and the Atlantosaurus. The Gigantosaurus, disinterred by a German expedition in 1912 from rocks in East Africa, was still more colossal. It measured well over 100 feet! These greater monsters had legs, and they are usually figured as standing up on them; but it is very doubtful if they could have supported their weight in this way out of water. Buoyed up by water or mud they may have got along.

"Another noteworthy type we have figured is the Triceratops. There were also a great number of flesh eaters, who preyed upon these herbivores. Of these, Tyrannosaurus seems almost the last word in 'frightfulness' among living things. Some species of this genus measured 40 feet from snout to tail. Apparently it carried this vast body kangaroo fashion, on its tail and hind legs. Probably it reared itself up. Some authorities even suppose that it leapt through the air. If so, it possessed muscles of a quite miraculous quality. Much more probably it waded, half submerged, in pursuit of the herbivorous river saurians."

And along with these terrible beasts were bat-like creatures. "These bat-lizards were the pterodactyls. But birdlike though they were, they were not birds, nor the ancestors of birds. The structure of their wings was that of a hand with one long finger and a web; the wing of a bird is like an arm with feathers projecting from its hind edge. And these pterodactyls had no feathers."

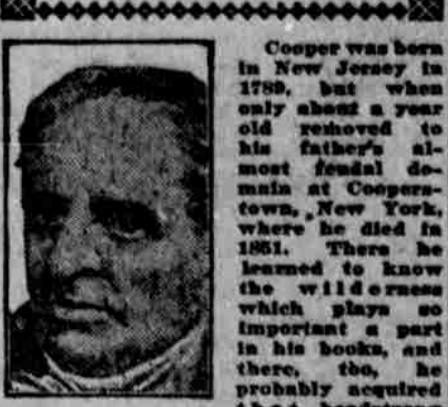
All of these creatures have disappeared from the face of the earth, Wells says. They ended abruptly. They were extinguished, as though by the waving of a magic wand, perhaps in order to make place for man; and Wells says that the ending of the reptiles is beyond all question the most striking revolution in the whole history of the earth before the coming of mankind.

"It is probably connected with the close of a vast period of equable warm conditions and the onset of a new, austerer age, in which the winters were bitterer and the summers brief, but hot."

## CONDENSED CLASSICS

### THE PILOT

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER  
Continuation by Alfred Clark



Cooper was born in New Jersey in 1795, but when only about a year old removed to his father's ancestral domain at Cooperstown, New York, where he died in 1851. There he learned to know the wilderness which plays so important a part in his books, and there, too, he probably acquired that headstrong self-assertiveness and disregard of the opinions of others which made him, while one of the few most widely read authors in the world, one of the most cordially detested individuals to be found. He had a positive genius for setting in hand. While Dickson and Kipling deeply wounded one nation by their American Notes, they were pigmies in his respect compared to Cooper. He could exasperate any and everybody and apparently cultivated with pleasure his habitual aptitude. Lowell wrote of him as "Cooper, who has written six volumes to prove he's as good as a lord." An English magazine described him as a "bilious braggart," a "dilly," a "tall jackass," an "insect," a "screw" and a "faggot." The "New Yorker" pleasantly wrote of him: "He is as proud of blackguarding as a shawm is of billingsgate. It is as natural to him as snarling to a tomcat or growling to a bulldog. He has the scorn and contempt of every well informed American."

On a late afternoon of a winter's day, during the American Revolution, a rakish schooner and a majestic frigate anchored well inside a little bay on the northeastern coast of England. A whaleboat drove shoreward, a young officer scrambled up the steep cliffs and a few minutes later a mysterious stranger was transferred to the frigate's deck. He answered to the name of "Mr. Gray" and was said to be merely a pilot, but he was greeted with surprising deference.

For no ordinary man would these vessels have ventured so near that coast of sandbars and hidden rocks. The wind was a mere ruffle of air. But the incessant mutter of the long, slow waves foretold that a storm was brewing. Ever more fitfully and faintly blew the land-breeze; the mutter of the waters grew deeper. Only here and there did a few stars twinkle between the fast gathering clouds. It was time to beat out to open sea, if it were not even now too late. Men swarmed aloft and hung up the yards; sails fluttered out; the anchor was pulled in; the frigate gathered headway. Then the faint breeze died. The spread of canvas hung useless; the currents drove the ship shoreward.

With a roar the wind came suddenly from the east. White spray dashed from the bow. Yet the Pilot paced the quarter-deck seemingly oblivious to danger. But open water was far ahead and suddenly from the forecastle came that dreaded cry, "Breakers! breakers, dead ahead!" The Pilot shook off his trance of thought. His orders thundered forth, sailors sprang hither and thither at his bidding, the frigate swung about at his cry of "Hold on everything!" Tortuously she picked her way through the twisting channels, in darkness amid the howlings of the great winds.

She shivered from bow to stern as a hundred men loosed the huge mainsail. The jib was torn free with a crash like a cannon's blast, but the big sail held and the frigate bowed like a reed in the wind. White foam showed dimly upon both sides, but the Pilot kept the ship, as by a miracle, within a narrow ribbon of dark water. He took the wheel himself. Time and again the frigate seemed to have reeled free from peril; time and again she plunged anew toward a welter of white water. But she drove ever on and at last she rode the great waves of the open sea.

Not the storm alone had these ships dared. They were American vessels, lurking about an enemy's coast. This little bay had a peculiar fascination for two young lieutenants aboard, Edward Griffith and Richard Barnstable. Not far inland lived Colonel Howard, a Tory who had fled from America when the colonists revolted. With him dwelt his niece, Cecilia Howard, beloved by Griffith, and his ward, Katherine Plowden, betrothed to Barnstable. In St. Ruth's abbey lingered, too, Christopher Dillon, a poor kinsman anxious to better his condition by wedded the wealthy Cecilia. Redcoats lent a picturesqueness to the venerable abbey, for a small garrison under Captain Borroughcliffe had been summoned by the owner. For aught that men knew, John Paul Jones himself might be aboard these ships hovering nearby.

While reconnoitering the next night, "Mr. Gray" and Griffith were captured, but Borroughcliffe's drunkenness enabled them to escape. Griffith was, however, retaken.

The impetuous Barnstable, fretting offshore with his enormous coxswain, Long Tom Coffin, had been nearly cut off from his schooner by an English cutter, but he scrambled aboard safely and the drum beat to quarters. While

broadsides roared and the decks grew slippery with blood, the little fighting ships met and grappled. Before Barnstable could lead his boarders to the enemy's deck, Coffin tumbled into the sea. Shouting "Revenge Long Tom!" the lieutenant rushed with his men upon the foe. It was fighting at close quarters and the issue was in doubt when the drenched and furious coxswain emerged from the sea and with his harpoon pinned the English captain to his mast. In a few minutes the Americans were masters of the cutter. Covering in that scene of bloodshed the victors discovered the crafty Dillon, who pleaded to be sent off as a hostage, promising to return in person or to have Griffith delivered in his stead.

His word of honor was trusted and he was sent away with Long Tom. He luckily overheard Dillon's treacherous plot to entrap Barnstable's waiting party. The resourceful old seaman gagged Borroughcliffe and drove Dillon, at the point of his harpoon, back to the waiting schooner. By this time, however, a battery on the cliff brought down the schooner's mainmast. She was driven from her course by heavy seas. The masts were felled and anchors dropped, but she plunged on like a hobbling cork in rapids. Barnstable would have stayed by his ship, but suddenly Long Tom seized him and hurried him over the bulwarks. "God's will be done with me," Coffin cried, above the wind's roar. Dillon's lifeless body was rolled upon the shore, but Long Tom's stayed with the sea to which he had dedicated his life.

Surprise succeeded surprise at the abbey. Barnstable marched his shipwrecked mariners into the building and they took possession, but they were soon made prisoners by the redcoats. Then the mysterious figure of the Pilot appeared at the door and behind him loomed the marines from the frigate. Colonel Howard, an unwilling prisoner, was marched away with Cecilia and Katherine, who could not be downcast at the triumph of their lovers.

Captain Borroughcliffe was freed, as was another inmate of the abbey, Alice Duscombe. She had recognized the Pilot in his disguise when he was first captured. They had been lovers, but she was so staunch in her love for her king and she so hated bloodshed that she had broken her troth to this "Mr. Gray," whom she addressed as John. She reminded him that did she but once call aloud his true name the whole countryside would ring with it. What that name was is never revealed, but there was but one sea rover who could strike stark terror into all English hearts.

On board the frigate repeated conferences were held between the captain, Griffith and "Mr. Gray." Suddenly out of the fog drove a mountainous ship of the line. The drum beat aboard the frigate, sailors leaped nimbly about the deck, clearing for action. The women were led below and gradually order resolved itself out of the chaos of shouting men. A terrific roar filled the air as three tiers of guns blazed a broadside from the English ship. A few sails and ropes were cut, but the frigate's sailing power was hardly affected. One chance ball struck the captain and hurled him to death. Griffith succeeded to the command and he was appalled as he saw the frigate hemmed about. To the east loomed the great ship of war and far in the northeast the sails of another frigate.

"What are we to do?" cried Griffith. "Fight them! Fight them!" shouted the Pilot. "Let me proclaim your name to the men," Griffith appealed. But the Pilot refused. "Should we come to a grapple," he said, "I will give forth the name as a war-cry and these English will quail before it."

The ship of war was distanced, but she cut off a retreat and the frigate ahead had been re-enforced by two others. The foremost maneuvered with the American frigate for position. Broadside crashed and they grappled. The American guns raked her foe and left her helpless, with useless ropes dangling from shattered masts. The deck was cleared and as another enemy appeared, Griffith shouted, "Hoist away of everything!" Fifty men flew aloft upon the spars and white canvas was spread from every mast. The frigate lunged ahead, but it could not outstrip its rival, and the halt to give battle had enabled the ship of the line to draw up.

Then, for a few breathless moments, the Pilot leaped into command. Breakers loomed ahead, but he drove the vessels straight into the shoals, into narrow passages where white foam bubbled perilously close. The enemy dared not follow, and when night fell pursuit was hopeless.

Colonel Howard, fatally wounded in the battle, lived long enough to see Cecilia Howard and Katherine Plowden wedded by the chaplain to their lovers. His last words were spoken to Griffith. "Perhaps I may have mistaken my duty to America—but I was too old to change my politics or my religion; I—I loved the king—God bless him!"

The frigate drove on to Holland, where the Pilot landed in a small boat that dwindled into a black speck and disappeared in the setting sun. Twelve years later Cecilia Griffith saw her husband's face cloud as he read in the newspaper of the death of a great man, but not even then did he divulge his name. He had promised to keep it secret. He said only, "Our happiness might have been wrecked in the voyage of life had we not met the unknown Pilot of the German ocean."

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