

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY
ROBERT AMES BENNET
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor. Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrop.

"Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokyo. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's 100 to 1 we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the looks of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrop promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed—Say, what's become of that whisky flask? have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her dragged white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other and wrenched off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now, Winthrop, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrop held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrow-heads, if we can get fire."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whisky flask into his hip pocket and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the coryphene.

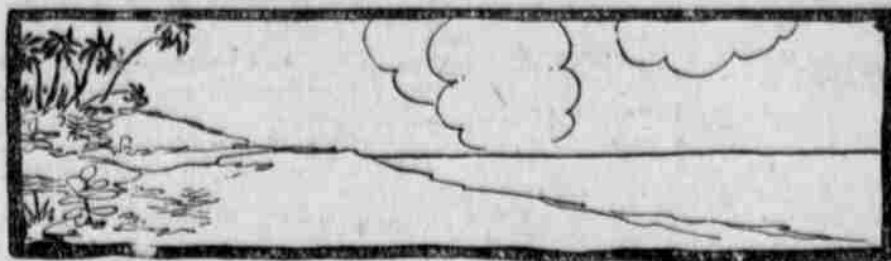
"All ready now," he called. "Let's get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrop. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another source."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool he slung the coryphene



Stopped, Utterly Spent.

on his back and started off without further words.

CHAPTER IV.

A Journey in Desolation.

MORNING was well advanced and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphene flesh.

In a temperate climate ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forthright in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrop, for the American was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll. We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that?" demanded Blake.

"We're not half-way yet!"

Winthrop did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half-fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassify girls!"

Though he spoke to himself the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed and would have risen had not Winthrop put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order juggled me for the winter 'cause I didn't have a job and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only 16 and the other 17. Talk about helpless young girls—Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in

the curse, for when he again spoke there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrop couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long's it's the only way don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrop, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrop.

"Well, we've got to get to water or die; and as the lady can't walk she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrop, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish and lead a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrop nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such as the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrop, though burdened only with the half-eaten coryphene, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jeering at his first tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rosted less than ten minutes; then taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause, though his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrop was no longer following them. For

the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't expect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done to be so treated? Such a brute. Oh, dear!—and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat she soon found herself faltering. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew Blake was splashing her head and face with brackish water out of the whisky flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrop?"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wretched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and, assisted by Blake, managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrop upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrop held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct beat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half-unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm and dragged her forward with a rush in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another 100 yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope and dropping upon his knees plunged his head into the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Faith and Hope.

Mayme—If you don't love him why are you going to marry him?

Maybelle—Oh, I expect to love him after we are married. He has promised that on the morning of our wedding day he will shave off his dinky little French beard.

EVENING GOWNS



These sketches show two of the best models for evening gowns for the summer. The one on the right is after a Paris design. The one on the left is of meteor crepe in apricot color. The trimming is made of bands of dull gold on white net.

MANY USES OF TISSUE PAPER

Especially Is it Valuable When Packing a Trunk—How It May Be Applied.

We cannot overestimate the value of tissue paper if we are of the traveling public. While it is delightfully careful and neat to own a vast array of shoe bags, one to the pair, and bags and slipcovers galore for parasols, hair-brushes and each thing we want to separate from every other, the fact remains that they take up a far too generous proportion of our trunk space. Tissue paper, which is a very good substitute, takes up none of the valuable room and is in no way open to criticism. It is clean, white and dainty; quantities of it are available at any time, and there is no better material for filling sleeves and tucked or puffed gowns to keep them from crushing. Tissue paper should be crumpled and poked into ribbon or lace hat bows and among hat flowers, and should surround the hat itself to keep it from flattening against the sides of the box or trunk lid.

Each pair of dainty gloves and all neckwear should be separately wrapped. Layers of it to separate the varied contents of the trunk will make the terrible business of unpacking less difficult.

Travelers who have packed with tissue paper have been quite won over to its use.

IN SAILOR STYLE.



This dress, made in the ever-favorite sailor style, would look well in cream serge. The skirt is entirely plaited, and is stitched at the foot. The novelty lies in the blouse, which is cut in two pieces, and arranged in a wrapped seam. A box-pleat is made down the center of front, which fastens up to the neck; the pocket sewn at the left side will be found most useful. White silk embroidered collars and cuffs edged with frills are worn and give a pretty effect.

Hat of coarse straw, trimmed with a puffed net crown and roses. Materials required: 4 yards serge; 46 inches wide.

Ribbon Hair Band.

A rather wide band of ribbon brought up round the hair and tied in a broad girlish bow at one side is a French head finish much favored.

Sleeveless Gauze Coats.

Sleeveless coats of gauze or net give a dressy touch to a costume. They are designed primarily for wear indoors.

MAKES A NOVEL NECK PIECE

New Ruch Designed to Be Worn with Soft Summer Silk Is Easily Made.

A rather new little ruch to be worn with soft summer silk or other one-piece frocks is made of liberty satin, or chiffon, with long ends that look almost like a saab.

The material is fastened around a boned collar lining, fastened at the back, and is laid either in flat plaits or is tucked in clusters of thread tucks.

To conceal the opening which comes a little to the left rather than in the middle of the back, is a small rosette of the material, from which hang two long ends that come well below the waist.

Sometimes these ends are finished in a long pendant ornament of jet or silk the color of the stock. Again they have silk fringe, and occasionally they are hemstitched across the end in several rows.

With a gray silk frock a charming stock of this order could be made of tucked net a tone darker than the dress. Each tuck could be run with a line of silver thread. The fluffy rosette could have a flat button in the center darned with the silver thread, and the ends can be accordion-plaited with a deep silver tinsel fringe. If preferred, tiny silver bugles can be sewed to the bottom of the streamers.

Any clever-fingered girl can make herself one of these fashionable new stocks—and use her wits to give old touches and charming color effects.

Upside Down.

Women, indeed, are clever, but the one who saw a hat-brim decoration in her unbecoming lace veil was more than ordinarily farseeing.

Now, the ornate and bordered veil has vied with the real lace fichu a hundred times for a place on the summer hat, but it has not done duty as a face veil and a hat trimming until this unusually resourceful woman turned the straight edge down and then spread the bordered part over the brim of her large leghorn hat. This brought delicately scattered sprays and dots over her face in a more becoming scantiness and gave place on the hat for the full display of the handsome pattern on the border.

Paniers and Crinolines.

Silks, satins and brocades are at once suggested by the newest models, and not the soft, clinging fabrics so wonderfully adapted to the graceful, close fitting designs. Materials that can stand alone, the old-time standard of excellence, will once again be in demand, and unless there is a more concerted plan of action among all women where taste in dress stands for authority, there is really grave danger of paniers and even crinoline being seriously considered. This has been threatened time and again, but has always at the last moment failed to materialize; so it is to be hoped this time again the fashion will be killed before it becomes established.

Princess Hip Yoke.

The cuirass or princess hip yoke effect which has been conspicuous in imported gowns since the first openings of the season is being brought out in many unexpected ways. One of the newest is the entire princess gown with the lower part of the bodice and the hip portion of the skirt covered with embroidery, which makes them one in line and treatment. In this way it is possible to turn a two-piece gown into a princess, the simple process of covering the waist seam with embroidery or braid being all that is needed. Some of the trimmings of this kind are put on in jacket or coat shape.