

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY  
**ROBERT AMES BENNET**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS  
COPYRIGHT, 1928 BY A.C. McCLURG & CO.

## 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 braggart 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 stung 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 scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten-mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roasting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake, they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Blake and Miss Leslie turned to stare at the droves of animals moving about between them and the border of the tall grass. Miss Leslie was the first to speak. "They can't be cattle, Mr. Winthrop. There are some with stripes. I do believe they're zebras!"

"Get down!" commanded Blake. "They're all wild game. Those big ox-like fellows to the left of the zebras are eland. Whee! wouldn't we be in it if we owned that water hole! I'll bet I'd have one of those fat beoves inside three days."

"How I should enjoy a juicy steak!" murmured Miss Leslie.

"Raw or jerked?" questioned Blake.

"What is 'jerked'?"

"Dried."

"Oh, no; I mean broiled—just red inside."

"I prefer mine quite rare," added Winthrop.

"That's the way you'll get it, damned rare—Beg your pardon, Miss Jenny! Without fire, we'll have the choice of raw or jerked."

"Horrors!"

"Jerked meat is all right. You cut your game in strips—"

"With a penknife!" laughed Miss Leslie.

Blake stared at her grimly. "That's so. You've got it back on me—Butcher a beef with a penknife! We'll have to take it raw, and dog-fashion at that."

"Haven't I heard of bamboo knives?" said Winthrop.

"Bamboo?"

"I'm sure I can't say, but as I remember, it seems to me that the varnish-like glaze—"

"Silica? Say, that would cut meat. But where in—where in hades are the bamboos?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Only I remember that I have seen them in other tropical places, you know."

"Meantime I prefer coconuts, until we have a fire to broil our steaks," remarked Miss Leslie.

"Ditto, Miss Jenny, long's we have the nuts and no meat. I'm a vegetarian now—but maybe my mouth ain't watering for something else. Look at all those chops and roasts and stews running around out there!"

"They are making for the grass," observed Winthrop. "Hadn't we better start?"

"Nuts won't weigh so much without the shells. We'll eat right here."

There were only a few nuts left. They were drained and cracked and scooped out, one after another. The last chanced to break evenly across the middle.

"Hello," said Blake, "the lower part of this will do for a bowl, Miss Jenny. When you've eaten the cream, put it in your pocket. Say, Win, have you got the bottle and keys and—"

"All safe—everything."

"Are you sure, Mr. Winthrop?" asked Miss Leslie. "Men's pockets seem so open. Twice I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's locket."

"Locket?" echoed Blake.

"The ivory locket. Women may be curious, Mr. Blake, but I assure you, I did not look inside, though—"

"Let me—give it here—quick!" gasped Blake.

Startled by his tone and look, Miss Leslie caught an oval shaped object from the side pocket of the coat, and thrust it into Blake's outstretched hand. For a moment he stared at it, unable to believe his eyes; then he leaped up, with a yell that sent the droves of zebras and antelope flying into the tall grass.

"Oh! oh!" screamed Miss Leslie. "Is it a snake? Are you bitten?"

"Bitten?—Yes, by John Barleycorn!" Must have been fuzzy drunk to put it in my coat. Always carry it in my fob pocket. What a blasted infernal idiot I've been! Kick me, Win.—kick me hard!"

"I say, Blake, what is it? I don't quite take you. If you would only—"

"Fire!—fire! Can't you see? We've got all hell beat! Look here."

He snapped open the slide of the supposed locket, and before either of his companions could realize what he would be about, was focusing the lens of a surveyor's magnifying-glass upon the back of Winthrop's hand.



"Bitten? Yes, by John Barleycorn!"

The Englishman jerked the hand away—

"Ow! That burns!"

Blake shook the glass in their bewildered faces.

"Look there!" he shouted, "there's fire; there's water; there's birds' eggs and beefsteaks! Here's where we trek on the back trail. We'll smoke out that leopard in short order!"

"You don't mean to say, Blake—"

"No; I mean to do! Don't worry. You can hide with Miss Jenny on the point, while I engineer the deal. Fall in."

The day was still fresh when they found themselves back at the foot of the cliff. Here arose a heated debate between the men. Winthrop, stung by Blake's jeering words, insisted upon sharing the attack, though with no great enthusiasm. Much to Blake's surprise, Miss Leslie came to the support of the Englishman.

"But, Mr. Blake," she argued, "you say it will be perfectly safe for us here. If so, it will be safe for myself alone."

"I can play this game without him."

"No doubt. Yet if, as you say, you expect to keep off the leopard with a torch, would it not be well to have Mr. Winthrop at hand with other torches, should yours burn out?"

"Yes; if I thought he'd be at hand after the first scare."

Winthrop started off almost on a run. At that moment he might have faced the leopard single-handed. Blake chuckled as he swung away after his victim. Within ten paces, however, he paused to call back over his shoulder: "Get around the point, Miss Jenny, and if you want something to do, try braiding the cocoonat fiber."

Miss Leslie made no response; but she stood for some time gazing after the two men. There was so much that was characteristic even in this rear view. For all his anger and his haste, the Englishman bore himself with an air of well-bred nicety. His trim, erect figure needed only a fresh suit to be irreproachable. On the other hand, a careless observer, at first glance, might have mistaken Blake, with his flannel shirt and shouldered club, for a hulking navvy. But there was nothing of the navy in his swinging stride or in the resolute poise of his head as he came up with Winthrop.

Though the girl was not given to reflection, the contrast between the two could not but impress her. How well her countryman—coarse, uneducated, but full of brute strength and courage—fitted in with these primitive surroundings. Whereas Winthrop—and herself—

She fell into a kind of disquieted brown study. Her eyes had an odd look, both startled and meditative—such a look as might be expected of one who for the first time is peering beneath the surface of things, and sees the naked Realities of Life, the real values, bared of masking conventions. It may have been that she was seeking to ponder the meaning of her own existence—that she had caught a glimpse of the vanity and wastefulness, the utter futility of her life. At

the best, it could only have been a glimpse. But was not that enough?

"Of what use are such people as I?" she cried. "That man may be rough and coarse—even a brute; but he at least does things—I'll show him that I can do things, too!"

She hastened out around the corner of the cliff to the spot where they had spent the night. Here she gathered together the cocoonat husks, and seating herself in the shade of the overhanging ledge began to pick at the coarse fiber. It was cruel work for her soft fingers, not yet fully healed from the thorn wounds. At times the pain and an overpowering sense of injury brought tears to her eyes; still more often she dropped the work in despair of her awkwardness. Yet always she returned to the task with renewed energy.

After no little perseverance, she found how to twist the fiber and plait it into cord. At best it was slow work, and she did not see how she should ever make enough cord for a fish-line. Yet, as she caught the knack of the work and her fingers became more nimble she began to enjoy the novel pleasure of producing something. She had quite forgotten to feel injured, and was learning to endure with patience the rasping of the fiber between her fingers, when Winthrop came clambering around the corner of the cliff.

"What is it?" she exclaimed, springing up and hurrying to meet him. He was white and quivering, and the look in his eyes filled her with dread.

Her voice shrilled to a scream: "He's dead!"

Winthrop shook his head.

"Then he's hurt!—he's hurt by that savage creature, and you've run off and left him—"

"No, no, Miss Genevieve, I must insist! The fellow is not even scratched."

"Then why—?"

"It was the horror of it all. It actually made me ill."

"You frightened me almost to death. Did the beast chase you?"

"That would have been better, in a way. Really, it was horrible! I'm still sick over it, Miss Genevieve."

"But tell me about it. Did you set fire to the bushes in the cleft, as Mr. Blake—"

"Yes; after we had fetched what we could carry of that long grass—two big trusses. It grows 10 or 12 feet tall, and is now quite dry. Part of it Blake made into torches, and we fired the bush all across the foot of the cleft. Really, one would not have thought there was that much dry wood in so green a dell. On either side of the hill the grass and brush flared like tinder, and the flames swept up the cleft far quicker than we had expected. We could hear them crackling and roaring louder than ever after the smoke shut out our view."

"Surely, there is nothing so very horrible in that."

"No, oh, no; it was not that. But the beast—the leopard! At first we heard one roar; then it was that dreadful snarling and yelling—most awful squalling! The wretched thing

came leaping and tumbling down the path, all stinged and blinded. Blake fired the big truss of grass, and the brute rolled right into the flames. It was shocking—dreadfully shocking! The wretched creature writhed and leaped about till it plunged into the pool. When it sought to crawl out, all black and hideous, Blake went up and killed it with his club—crashed in its skull—'Ugh!'

Miss Leslie gazed at the unnerved Englishman with calm scrutiny.

"But why should you feel so about it?" she asked. "Was it not the beast's life against ours?"

"But so horrible a death!"

"I'm sure Mr. Blake would have preferred to shoot the creature had he a gun. Having nothing else than fire, I think it was all very brave of him. Now we are sure of water and food. Had we not best be going?"

"It was to fetch you that Blake sent me."

Winthrop spoke with perceptible stiffness. He was chagrined, not only by her commendation of Blake, but by the indifference with which she had met his agitation.

They started at once, Miss Leslie in the lead. As they rounded the point she caught sight of the smoke still rising from the cleft. A little later she noticed the vultures which were streaming down out of the sky from all quarters other than seaward. Their focal point seemed to be the trees at the foot of the cleft. A nearer view showed that they were alighting in the thorn bushes on the south border of the wood.

Of Blake there was nothing to be seen until Miss Leslie, still in the lead, pushed in among the trees. There they found him crouched beside a small fire, near the edge of the pool. He did not look up. His eyes were riveted in a hungry stare upon several pieces of flesh, suspended over the flames on spits of green twigs.

"Hello!" he sang out, as he heard their footsteps. "Just in time, Miss Jenny. Your broiled steak'll be ready in short order."

"Oh, build up the fire! I'm simply ravenous!" she exclaimed, between impatience and delight.

Winthrop was hardly less keen; yet his hunger did not altogether blunt his curiosity.

"I say, Blake," he inquired, "where did you get the meat?"

"Stow it, Win, my boy. This ain't a packing house. The stuff may be tough, but it's not—er—the other thing. Here you are, Miss Jenny. Chew it off the stick."

Though Winthrop had his suspicions, he took the piece of half-burned flesh which Blake handed him in turn and fell to eating without further question. As Blake had surmised, the roast proved far other than tender. Hunger, however, lent it a most appetizing flavor. The repast ended when there was nothing left to devour. Blake threw away his empty spit and rose to stretch. He waited for Miss Leslie to swallow her last mouthful and then began to chuckle.

"What's the joke?" asked Winthrop.

Blake looked at him solemnly.

"Well now, that was downright mean of me," he drawled; "after robbing them, to laugh at it!"

"Robbing who?"

"The buzzards."

"You've fed us on leopard meat! It's—it's disgusting!"

"I found it filling. How about you, Miss Jenny?"

Miss Leslie did not know whether to laugh or to give way to a feeling of nausea. She did neither.

"Can we not find the spring of which you spoke?" she asked. "I am thirsty."

"Well, I guess the fire is about burnt out," assented Blake. "Come on; we'll see."

The cleft now had a far different aspect from what it had presented on their first visit. The largest of the trees, though scorched about the base, still stood with unwithered foliage, little harmed by the fire. But many of their small companions had been killed and partly destroyed by the heat and flames from the burning brush. In places the fire was yet smouldering.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Navigates" His Farm.

A story which almost parallels that told of Capt. Gray, the sailor-farmer of Toddy Pond, who is said to carry a compass on his plow to run the furrows straight, comes from Cranberry Isles. One sea captain, who enjoys the proud distinction of owning one of the very few horses on the island, got alarmed for fear that he would lose his bearings in the recent smoke, and on the voracious accounts of sober citizens took the binnacle from the vessel and strapped it alongside the seat of his wagon, fearing that the weather might become so thick that he would lose his bearings and have to navigate in what was worse than a fog. It is currently reported that he shouts at his team to turn to starboard or port, instead of the more conventional landlubber terms usually employed. —Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

"I love you" lasts longer when it grows from "I like you."

Our mistakes of yesterday are responsible for our worries of today.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars are now smoking Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

When a woman gets really sick she begins to wonder if she will look good in a halo.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Life's Unequal Combat. You, a river, are contending with the ocean.—Latin.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease. "I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Practical Device. "Why don't you mend that large hole in your umbrella?" "I keep it to put my hand through to see if it is still raining."—Megendorfer Blatter.

A Financial Epigram. "H. H. Rogers," said a New York broker, "always advised young men to get hold of capital. He used to point out to them that without capital a man could do nothing, nothing. He used to pack this truth into a very neat epigram. "Fortune," he used to say, 'can't knock at the door of a man who has no house.'"

And Ma Fainted. "Why did she refuse you?" she asked her son, with fine scorn. "Well," the boy replied between his sobs, "she objects to our family. She says pa's a loafer, that you're too fat and that everybody laughs at Daisey Mayme because she's a fool and talks about nothing but the greatness of her family." (Chauncey threw water in his mother's face, but at three o'clock this afternoon she was still in a swoon, with four doctors working on her.)—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

GAVE HER AN IDEA.

Cycle Dealer—Here is a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate; not at all like some cyclometers, which register two miles, perhaps, where you have only ridden one. Miss de Byke—You haven't any of that kind, have you?

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS. Unselfishness in Life is the One Thing That Will Transform All Things to Gold.

The moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold?

It is unselfishness—or, to use a better word, selflessness.

He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his nights set with stars and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

And all his tears shall turn into smiles.—Brooklyn Eagle.

FREE SAMPLES of Champion Washing Tablets. Wash without rubbing. Works wonders, washday. Ask your grocer or write CHAMPION MFG. CO., OAKLAND, CAL.

Aid Fight Against Tuberculosis. At the recent meeting of the National Association of Bill Posters, held in Atlanta, Ga., it was decided to donate to the campaign against tuberculosis \$1,250,000 worth of publicity. The bill posters in all parts of the United States and Canada will fill the vacant spaces on their 3,500 bill boards with large posters illustrating the ways to prevent and cure consumption. The Poster Printers' association has also granted \$200,000 worth of printing and paper for this work. This entire campaign of billboard publicity will be conducted under the direction of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in cooperation with the National Bill Posters' association.

They Were Good Mothers. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is quoted as saying that a woman's first duty is to develop all her powers and possibilities, that she may better guide and serve the next generation. Mrs. Stanton raised seven uncommonly healthy and handsome children, says an admirer of hers, and the children of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe testify to the virtues of the noted woman as a mother. The eagle may be as good a mother as the hen or the goose.

Self-Made. "I might say to you, young men, that I am a self-made man." "In what respect?" asked an impatient youth. "In this respect, if you must know," replied the orator. "I made myself popular, with men who had a pull and thus obtained my present lofty position."

The greatest evils are from within us, and from ourselves also we must look for our greatest good.—Jeremy Taylor.

Ready Cooked. The crisp, brown flakes of Post Toasties. Come to the breakfast table right, and exactly right from the package—no bother; no delay. They have body too; these Post Toasties are firm enough to give you a delicious substantial mouthful before they melt away. "The Taste Lingers." Sold by Grocers. Made by POSTUM CEREAL CO., LIMITED. BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.

Nebraska Directory  
TAFI'S DENTAL ROOMS  
1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.  
Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

M. Spiesberger & Son Co.  
Wholesale Millinery  
The Best in the West OMAHA, NEB.

MARSEILLES GRAIN ELEVATORS  
are the best; insist on having them.  
Ask your local dealer, or  
JOHN DEERE PLOW CO., OMAHA

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES  
to a 50% price. Cash or time payments. Rebuilt, just applied. We ship anywhere for free examination. No charge. Write for the catalogue and offer.  
H. S. Swanson Co., 211 West 10th St., Omaha.

The Roof with the Lap All Nail Heads Protected  
CAREY'S ROOFING  
Hail and Fire Resisting  
Ask your dealer or  
SUNDERLAND ROOFING & SUPPLY CO., Omaha, Neb.

SICK HEADACHE  
Positively cured by these Little Pills.  
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.  
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S GENUINE MUST BEAR FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE  
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.  
PARKER'S HAIR BALM  
Changes and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores Fall-out. Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases. A hair dressing. 25c and 50c per bottle.

FREE SAMPLES of Champion Washing Tablets. Wash without rubbing. Works wonders, washday. Ask your grocer or write CHAMPION MFG. CO., OAKLAND, CAL.

Aid Fight Against Tuberculosis. At the recent meeting of the National Association of Bill Posters, held in Atlanta, Ga., it was decided to donate to the campaign against tuberculosis \$1,250,000 worth of publicity. The bill posters in all parts of the United States and Canada will fill the vacant spaces on their 3,500 bill boards with large posters illustrating the ways to prevent and cure consumption. The Poster Printers' association has also granted \$200,000 worth of printing and paper for this work. This entire campaign of billboard publicity will be conducted under the direction of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis in cooperation with the National Bill Posters' association.

They Were Good Mothers. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is quoted as saying that a woman's first duty is to develop all her powers and possibilities, that she may better guide and serve the next generation. Mrs. Stanton raised seven uncommonly healthy and handsome children, says an admirer of hers, and the children of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe testify to the virtues of the noted woman as a mother. The eagle may be as good a mother as the hen or the goose.

Self-Made. "I might say to you, young men, that I am a self-made man." "In what respect?" asked an impatient youth. "In this respect, if you must know," replied the orator. "I made myself popular, with men who had a pull and thus obtained my present lofty position."

The greatest evils are from within us, and from ourselves also we must look for our greatest good.—Jeremy Taylor.