



MISS FORTUNE or misfortune—which? Harry A. Greenlee faced a ticklish problem. "Miss Fortune" meant a bride and \$75,000. "Misfortune" meant death, perhaps, at any rate, failure and five years' work for nothing.

But now it's to be neither the one nor the other. "Miss Fortune," true to her promise, is to become "Mrs. Greenlee," and "misfortune" is no more—young Greenlee is even now on his way back to Australia to claim not only the hand of the girl he loves, but the \$75,000 prize offered there for walking wholly around the world!

He has done it in five short years. In that time he has been in every country but one on the face of the earth; he has set foot on every continent and great island. He has fought, starved, thirsted, bled, sickened—everything but died. But it's all forgotten now. He has won all because he has dared all, according to a writer in the New York World.

And in daring he says he has seen over a hundred men die—of them three were the chums and traveling mates who set out with him. The others were men they fought and killed to save their own lives in different places on the face of the globe. But who offered \$75,000 for this globe-trotting and why did Miss Fortune promise her hand to anyone? Read and you shall learn.

Of chums there were four when this story began, five years ago in far-away Australia—Jack Jones, Dennis McCluskey, Fred Ryan and Harry Greenlee. All young—Greenlee is but 24 now—they were filled with the spirit of do and dare; they loved excitement; they wanted to see the world. Not that Greenlee wasn't quite a veteran at that sort of thing already. As a youngster he had run away from home to be a bugler boy in the Boer war, but even this wasn't enough for him.

The Bushmen's league of Australia is a very powerful and wealthy organization. Some of the richest men of that island, which is a continent of itself, belong to it. A few of them got together one day and offered a prize for a feat which no one ever yet had accomplished.

"Fifteen thousand guineas for the man who walks around the world, visiting every country, without begging, borrowing or stealing."

Two Fortunes to Win.

That, says Greenlee, was the Bushmen's offer. The quartet of young fellows noted it. And 15,000 guineas is \$75,000—a fortune. And when their girl chum and schoolmate, Miss Mary Smith Fortune, now a beauty of New South Wales, offered to marry the one who could do it, that made two fortunes, didn't it? At least those Australian fellows thought it did, any way, because all four loved the girl more than any one would have confessed to the other three, friends as they were. Greenlee says he was willing. He is still willing.

And so all four determined to make the try, each resolving to finish, each one hoping the other three would drop out, but all four firmly resolved to stick together and share their common danger as long as they stuck to their self-appointed task. They started from Melbourne on June 1, 1904. With them they carried the itinerary prepared for them by John Rutherford, president of the Bushmen's league. All four wore brass badges of identification and carried on their persons Masonic emblems—all four had attained the thirty-second degree in the craft.

"It was the one thing that put me through," said Greenlee, earnestly, referring to his Masonic connections, when he arrived in New York, his 33,000 mile journey of more than five years at an end.

Tasmania was the first stage of the globe encircling trip, and it proved an easy one for these hardy young fellows from Australia. Their letters

home were full of confidence. Crossing that island without any more adventure than would befall a man crossing the state of New York on foot they took ship for German South Africa. And then their real dangers began.

In fact, it was all off as far as Miss Fortune was concerned. Time and again she wrote to the four begging them to come home, after she had heard what was happening, oftentimes months afterward, but it was no use. Their minds were made up.

The four had to fight their way through wilderness teeming with savage tribes, even cannibals; Kafirs and Sissaculis attacked them over and over again. Hunger and thirst were ever present, but on and on and on they tramped through jungle and morass, hoping, ever hoping, and journeying always to the north.

Is Paying the Penalty.

To-day, because of his experiences, young Greenlee is not the enthusiast he used to be. In fact, his sufferings have made him all but a physical wreck. And when one listens to his tale, it is hard to realize how he could have done all this and come out of it alive.

"We went on north," said young Greenlee, while he was in New York, "from German South Africa up through the Congo Free State and through British East Africa to Aden. A short time before we left Aden, Jones and Ryan went ahead a bit, and it was a few days before we came up with them—they were in a fight with a band of tribesmen. Neither had guns because of their religious scruples. We were too late.

"The moment we came up we started firing on our common foes, but the assegais of the natives killed both poor Jones and poor Ryan before we got the range with our rifles. Then we had to fight to save ourselves. When at last the tribesmen fed—no match for our long range rifles—we counted 52 dead bodies. We had to burn the bodies of our friends to keep the savages from eating them after we were gone.

"After that it was pretty gloomy, you can bet. When we got to the coast at last—we took boat to the Canary islands and thence to Queens-town, Ireland. We walked about 300 miles around Ireland, then went to Scotland and England. In London I called at the war office and showed my badges and my Victoria Cross, which I won when a bugler boy in the Boer war. I knew Buller and French and Kitchener, and the king gave me this ring."

Not Attracted by Kaiser.

Young Greenlee showed a Masonic ring almost hidden by other rings of diamonds and precious stones given him by various personages all over the world.

"We went to Germany after that and met the kaiser," he continued. "I don't care much for him, he is so sarcastic looking and conceited. We might have been monkeys the way he looked at us. But I liked the empress. She gave me a beautiful diamond brooch, which has since been stolen.

"It would take six months at least to tell all the places we visited, and it's hard to know which to leave in and which to leave out. Most of it was just a case of walking, day after day. In short, we visited every country in the world with the exception of Tibet, 'the Forbidden Land.' We had plenty of good fights, but we carried good rifles and revolvers, and always came out best. The Chinese emperor, now dead, gave us a letter which was an open sesame everywhere in his kingdom. But in China, where we spent 3½ months, we got into two serious rows with the Boxers. We crossed over to Vancouver and went down to Mexico and came back through Central America. On leaving California we got lost and were for four days without food, and three without water. That about finished both of us, but McCluskey was the worse off. He contracted fever, and I just managed to get him to Lordsburg, where he died

The Masons there buried him. Then I felt pretty much like giving up. We four had been friends all our lives, but McCluskey and myself were just the same as brothers. Somehow I managed to get across the continent, however, and now my journey is finished."

Greenlee Always a Rover.

And Greenlee looked pretty well finished himself. He is the son of Henry Greenlee, owner of a rich sheep ranch, or as they call them in Australia, sheep station, in Mamonging, New South Wales. There Greenlee, McCluskey, Jones, Ryan and Miss Fortune all grew up together, Miss Fortune always the leader and queen of the little set.

When only a youngster Harry Greenlee was always of a roving disposition. When he joined the forces in South Africa as a bugler he was the youngest soldier at the front. He so distinguished himself at Verining that he won the coveted Victoria Cross, the biggest honor an English soldier can receive, which is bestowed only for exceptional bravery.

The prize which Greenlee now wins represents a pretty large sum and the expenses were nil. Still, none of the young men needed the money—all were sons of well-to-do men in Australia. The winner is the nephew of Greenlee, the millionaire Scotch shoemaker. When young Greenlee was asked how he succeeded in working his way across the world and what sort of work was offered to the party when they went "broke," he explained the system.

How It Was Done.

"When we went to a town or city," he said, "we showed our credentials and the Masons of the different towns and cities looked after us. Maj. W. A. Mensch, the mining expert, is looking after me in New York and is sending me back to Australia. And that was the way all along. We never needed to ask for money. We did not beg. Work was given to us. We were attempting a task that had never been performed, and in the interests of the thing they all helped us out."

Young Greenlee takes back many orders and medals, and his fingers are covered with rings received from friends he made in different parts of the world. Mr. Gier, secretary of the Shriners in Cincinnati, gave him a three-carat diamond ring as a souvenir. Even the pope did not slight young Greenlee; one of his most cher-

It was just about one year ago that some workmen who were making excavations for government work within the reservation of Fort Hancock, at Sandy Hook, uncovered the bones of 14 men, all apparently interred many years ago in the sands of the beach. There was much speculation for a time as to the solution of the riddle.

The skeletons were gathered up respectfully and turned over with military regularity to the custody of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. Then began an investigation, conducted with the usual military red tape, but, after all, with the customary directness of army affairs. Rev. Charles H. Wells, a gentleman with a taste for antique things, wrote a letter in which he suggested that the solution of the puzzle might well be found in the inscription on a mural tablet in the sacristy of Trinity church, which, in the archaic orthography of more than a century ago, was found to read as follows:

"At Sandy Hook Iye interred the bones of the Honourable Hamilton Douglas Hallyburton, son of Sholto Charlz, Earl of Norton, and heir of the ancient family of Hallyburton, of Pitcurr, in Scotland, who perished on the coast with twelve more young gentlemen and one common seaman, in the spirited discharge of duty, on the 30th or 31st of December, 1783.

"Born on the 19th of October, 1763, a youth, who, in contempt of hardship or danger, possessed of an ample fortune, served seven years in the British navy, with a manly courage and deserved a better fate. This plain monumental stone is erected by his unhappy mother, Katherine, Countess Dowager of Norton, to his dear memory and that of his unfortunate companions.

Investigation by the military authorities of the department of the east proved that the solution suggested by Rev. Dr. Wells was correct. Then the question arose what should be done with the bodies of the gallant heir of the Earl of Norton, who had died a hero's death when barely 20 years old, and with the remains of his plucky associates, who had found, with him, unlikely graves in the frozen sands of Sandy Hook. The whole story was finally laid before the war department in Washington in the form of official correspondence, and a few days ago there came to Gen. Leonard Wood,



HARRY GREENLEE

ished possessions is a rosary given him by Pius X.

HONORS TO BRITISH SEAMEN

United States Army to Be Credited with Graceful Act of International Courtesy.

By a graceful act of international courtesy the United States army has given honored sepulture to the bones of a brave and distinguished party of British seamen who lost their lives in a winter storm at Sandy Hook in 1783, soon after the American army had won independence for the colonies after a prolonged and bitter struggle with Great Britain. The United States army has further expressed officially the intention to erect an appropriate monument above the bodies of these long dead heroes of the English navy, and Mr. Bryce, the famous historian and ambassador from the court of St. James to the United States, has expressed his country's appreciation of the graceful act.

commanding the department of the east, with headquarters at Governor's Island, the various documents in the case, together with this memorandum, dated from the office of the quartermaster general, Washington, and subscribed by J. B. Aleshire, quartermaster general, U. S. A.:

"Respectfully returned to the chief of artillery, with the information that the remains within referred to have been reinterred in grave No. 36, Cypress Hills National cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., at which there will be erected by the department a suitable monument, inscribed with the names of the decedents and the circumstances of their death.

"The British ambassador has been informed of the reinterment of the remains, as above, and of the intention of this government to erect a monument at the grave, as indicated."

Thus in the curt phrases of military parlance and officialdom, is sketched, a century and a quarter after the event, the outline of a story of English gallantry, worthy of the best traditions of England's "hearts of oak," and its sequel, worthy of the best instincts of the American soldier.

A Query
She was a merry, mocking maid
And he a shy young man;
Beneath a high, uphanging wreath
Of mistletoe she ran,
Crying the while with roguish smile:
"Pretend that I'm your sister!"
The problem stands like this, I wis—
Should he have kissed her?
—Archie Cronbie.

From Out of the Past
BY CHARLES L. DOYLE

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As the train rolled steadily on its way, Horace Leith leaned upon the car window sill gazing out upon the New England landscape. There was nothing particularly attractive in the prospect, but it was many years since he had taken this route which led to his old village home of Chelsea, and he was endeavoring to recall certain features of the journey which had once been familiar. It was a far cry from those old days to the present, when he had gained recognition as a successful business man in New York.

Suddenly his musings were interrupted by a jerk of the car and the sharp call of the brakeman for another station. He turned around and watched the passengers who were entering and leaving the car. A slight woman with a baby in her arms, attired in black, took the seat directly in front of him and drew his attention for a moment. The train started again and he leaned back in his former position. Presently the baby climbed back on the seat, in one hand a rubber doll and the other clutching the plush cushion. In her efforts to attract Leith's attention the doll fell to the floor and two red little lips issued an imperious command:

"Man, get baby's doll," she hissed, and Leith, reaching down, obeyed the mandate. When he returned the doll the owner smiled rapturously. She was a very attractive child and Leith settled himself to watch her and listen to the prattle she poured out in broken sentences.

Glancing at the mirror in front of him, he became aware that he could obtain a full view of the figure of the baby's mother therein. Her face, however, was partially hidden by a crepe veil. After awhile she appeared to grow restless and threw back the veil, disclosing two flushed cheeks and a pair of dark blue eyes drooping under long lashes. It was a



Her Face Was Partially Hidden by a Veil.

gentle and singularly beautiful face. Almost unconsciously he moved a little closer so as to observe her better. A chord in his memory seemed to have been touched. Surely he had seen her somewhere before. When and where could it have been? Not on the stage or in a picture, he felt certain. He thought long and earnestly, but the riddle remained unsolved. Then by different channels his mind traveled back through the years, to the home of his boyhood, the little village, the river he used to swim in and his farewell to Chelsea.

And at this point memory supplied the missing link. It was she—Lucy Mayburn—the same little girl he had loved so long ago. He mused on, thinking tenderly of the night he left for the great city, when he kissed her good-by and promised some day to claim her as his wife. He even recalled the tears that glistened on her face under the starlight of his last hours at home. A mist obscured his vision and something suspiciously like a sob lingered in his throat. Ten years had passed. How quickly one forgets, and sacred promises are broken, while youthful affection dies in the cold atmosphere of the struggle for fame and riches. A nameless longing oppressed him. How he wished he could talk to her. Perhaps through the baby he might manage it.

The child responded to an invitation to come and bear his watch tick. No persuasion was needed to keep her on his knee, for she was easily amused. Presently the warm atmosphere, combined with the motion of the train, exercised a soothing effect upon her, the blue eyes closed languidly, and baby drifted into the shadowland of slumber. It was a new role for Leith to play, this of nurse to a sleeping infant, but he performed it with a zest which would have astonished his many bachelor associates, had they been witnesses. To the mother's offer to relieve him of his burden he returned a hasty negative and begged to be allowed the pleasure of retaining his charge. He had

turned to converse with the stranger who manifested such admiration of her child, and they discussed the sleeping beauty exhaustively, from her dimpled face to the dress and tiny shoes she wore.

At last Leith casually remarked that his destination was Chelsea, and learned that she was bound for the same place. The conversation drifted into other channels and soon he heard how she had left her home in an eastern city three years before, when her husband died, returning with her baby to the home of her childhood. The village quiet oppressed her, however, she said, and she longed to take her baby and go far away from it.

"I used to live in Chelsea long ago," remarked Leith, when she had finished her story. "So long ago, however," he continued, "that you would hardly be likely to remember me."

She looked at him curiously, but shook her head.

"There was one little girl there," he resumed, "that I was very fond of. Her name was Lucy Mayburn. Poor little Lucy! I shall never forget our farewell. And it was all my fault that we did not meet again. I was false to my vow, selfish and forgetful of all else in the cursed fight to make money in big New York. I wonder if you knew her?"

The woman turned pale and then flushed nervously, controlling her agitation by an evident effort.

"I knew her," she replied, softly, "but she is not there now—she went away."

"So she has gone?" queried Leith; "married, I suppose. Who was the lucky fellow who won her?"

He felt sure that she had recognized him now, but allowed matters to take their course and awaited her reply with a brave show of composure.

"His name was Logan," she said, tremulously. "Lucy Mayburn was true to her promise for seven long years; her promise to you. But she was an orphan, practically alone in the world, and a day came when a good kind man offered her a refuge from her loneliness. She was frank with him and told him the truth about herself, that the best she could offer him was her respect and a broken heart. And he accepted the conditions. When her baby was born she realized that she had found peace, if not actual happiness. Then came sickness and other trials. She had many troubles—"

The voice of the speaker faltered and broke, her eyes filled with tears, and turning away her face, she sobbed bitterly. She had betrayed herself, but she no longer cared.

Leith laid the sleeping child gently beside him and bent over his old sweetheart.

"Don't cry, Lucy," he whispered; "don't cry, dear. I was a brute to play with your feelings this way." She glanced up with startled eyes. "Then you knew me?" she inquired.

"Yes, Lucy, I knew you," he said, softly. "And perhaps, dear, it was ordained by Providence that we should meet like this. Listen, little one. Can't you forget the weary years and let me fulfill the promise, made so long ago? Let the past be as a dream and awaken to the happiness of the present, Lucy. Whatever I may have done, no other woman has ever held the place in my heart occupied by your image. And it isn't too late now. Let me care for your child, and we will take up the broken thread of our lives where it snapped."

The other passengers in the car were watching curiously the two actors in a little drama which they could not understand, but neither Leith nor the woman beside him were conscious of their surroundings, and the baby slumbered peacefully on. The long, warning whistle of the locomotive shrilled through the air, as the train neared Chelsea. Lucy timidly slipped her small hand into Leith's big brown one, smiling through her tears, and he knew that he was forgiven. When the train came to a stop Leith swung the sleeping baby on to his broad shoulder, and with his long-lost love beside him stepped from the car into the purple twilight shadows that brooded over the quiet scenes of his boyhood home.

Close to Nature.

The essential charm of the farm remains and always will remain: the care of crops, and of cattle, and of orchards, bees and fowls; the clearing and improving of the ground; the building of barns and houses; the direct contact with the soil and the elements; the privacies with nature with bird, beast and plant; and the close acquaintance with the heart and virtue of the world.—John Burroughs.

What sweet enjoyment it is to be able to shed a little happiness around us! What an easy and agreeable task is that of trying to render others happy!—Baker.