

# INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY  
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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 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, stunned 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 wanted 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. Their attack on the jungle. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting 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. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

## CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The hot ashes flew up in her face and powdered her hair with their gray dust; yet she persisted, blowing steadily until a shred of bark caught the sparks and flared up in a tiny flame. A little more, and she had a strong fire blazing against the tree trunk.

She rested a short time, relaxing both mentally and physically in the satisfying consciousness that Blake never should know how near she had come to falling in her trust.

Soon she became aware of a keen feeling of thirst and hunger. She rose, piled a fresh supply of sticks on the fire, and hastened back through the cleft toward the spring. Around the baobab she came upon Winthrop, working in the shade of the great tree. The three leopard skins had been stretched upon bamboo frames, and he was resolutely scraping at their inner surfaces with a smooth-edged stone. Miss Leslie did not look too closely at the operation.

"Where is he?" she asked.

Winthrop motioned down the cleft.

"I hope he hasn't gone far. I'm half famished. Aren't you?"

"Really, Miss Genevieve, it is odd, you know. Not an hour since, the very thought of food—"

"And now you're as hungry as I am. Oh, I do wish he had not gone off just at the wrong time!"

"He went to take a dip in the sea. You know, he got so messed up over the nastiest part of the work, which I positively refused to do—"

"What's that beyond the bamboos? There's something alive!"

"Pray, don't be alarmed. It is—er—it's all right, Miss Genevieve, I assure you."

"But what is it? Such queer noises, and I see something alive!"

"Only the vultures, if you must know. Nothing else, I assure you."

"Oh!"

"It is all out of sight from the spring. You are not to go around the bamboos until the—that is, not to-day."

"Did Mr. Blake say that?"

"Why, yes—to be sure. He also said to tell you that the cutlets were on the top shelf."

"You mean—?"

"His way of ordering you to cook our dinner. Really, Miss Genevieve, I should be pleased to take your place, but I have been told to keep to this. It is hard to take orders from a low fellow—very hard for a gentleman, you know."

Miss Leslie gazed at her shapely hands. Three days since she could not have conceived of their being so rough and scratched and dirty. Yet her disgust at their condition was not entirely unqualified.

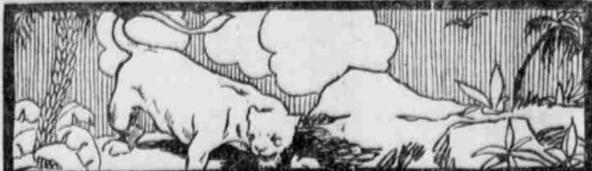
"At least I have something to show for them," she murmured.

"I beg pardon," said Winthrop.

"Just look at my hands—like a servant's! And yet I am not nearly so ashamed of them as I would have fancied. It is very amusing, but do you know, I actually feel proud that I have done something—something useful, I mean."

"Useful?—I call it shocking, Miss Genevieve. It is simply vile that people of our breeding should be compelled to do such menial work. They write no end of romances about castaways; but I fail to see the romance in scraping skins Indian fashion, as this fellow Blake calls it."

"I suppose, though, we should remember how much Mr. Blake is doing for us, and should try to make the best of the situation."



By Evening She Had Her Tree-Cave in a Habitable Condition.

turned to the fire. After some little experimenting, she contrived a way to support the rod beside the fire so that all the meat would roast without burning.

At first, keen as was her hunger, she turned with disgust from the flabby sun-seared flesh; but as it began to roast, the odor restored her appetite to full vigor. Her mouth fairly watered. It seemed as though Winthrop and Blake would never come. She heard their voices, and took the bamboo spit from the fire for the meat to cool. Still they failed to appear, and unable to wait longer, she began to eat. The cub meat proved far more tender than that of the old leopard. She had helped herself to the second piece before the two men appeared.

"Hold on, Miss Jenny; fair play!" sang out Blake. "You've set to without tooting the dinner-horn. I don't blame you, though. That smells mighty good."

Both men caught at the hot meat with eagerness, and Winthrop promptly forgot all else in the animal pleasure of satisfying his hunger. Blake, though no less hungry, only waited to fill his mouth before investigating the condition of the prospective tree ladder. The result of the attempt to burn the trunk did not seem encouraging to the others, and Miss Leslie looked away, that her face might not betray her, should he have an inkling of her neglect. She was relieved by the cheerfulness of his tone.

"Slow work, this fire business—eh? Guess, though, it'll go faster this afternoon. The green wood is killed and is getting dried out. Anyway, we've got to keep at it till the tree goes over. This spring leopard won't last long at the present rate of consumption, and we'll need the eggs to keep us going till we get the hang of our bows."

"What is that smoke back there?" interrupted Miss Leslie. "Can it be that the fire down the cleft has sprung up again?"

"No; it's your fumigation. You had plenty of brush on hand, so I heaved it into the hole and touched it off. While it's burning out you can put in time gathering ring grass and leaves for a bed."

"Would you and Mr. Winthrop mind breaking off some bamboos for me?"

"What for?"

Miss Leslie colored and hesitated. "I—I should like to divide off a corner of the place with a wall or screen."

Winthrop tried to catch Blake's eye; but the American was gazing at Miss Leslie's embarrassed face with a puzzled look. Her meaning dawned upon him, and he hastened to reply.

"All right, Miss Jenny. You can build your wall to suit yourself. But there'll be no hurry over it. Until the rains begin, Win and I'll sleep out in the open. We'll have to take turnabout on watch at night, anyway. If we don't keep up a fire some other spotted kitty will be sure to come nosing up the gully."

"There must also be lions in the vicinity," added Winthrop.

Miss Leslie said nothing until after the last pieces of meat had been

handed around and Blake sprang up to resume work.

"Mr. Blake," she called, in a low tone; "one moment, please. Would it save much bother if a door was made and you and Mr. Winthrop should sleep inside?"

"We'll see about that later," replied Blake, carelessly.

The girl bit her lip, and the tears started to her eyes. Even Winthrop had started off without expressing his appreciation. Yet he at least should have realized how much it had cost her to make such an offer.

By evening she had her tree-cave—house, she preferred to name it to herself—in a habitable condition. When the purifying fire had burnt itself out, leaving the place free from all odors other than the wholesome smell of wood smoke, she had asked Blake how she could rake out the ashes. His advice was to wet them down where they lay.

This was easier said than done. Fortunately the spring was only a few yards distant, and after many trips, with her palm-leaf hat for bowl, the girl carried enough water to sprinkle all the powdery ashes. Over them she strewed the leaves and grass which she had gathered while the fire was burning. The driest of the grass, arranged in a far corner, promised a more comfortable bed than had been her lot for the last three nights.

During this work she had been careful not to forget the fire at the tree. Yet when, near sundown, she called the third meal of leopard meat, Blake grumbled at the tree for being what he termed such a confounded tough proposition.

"Good thing there's lots of wood here, Win," he added. "We'll keep this fire going till the blained thing topples over, if it takes a year."

"Oh, but you surely will not stay so far from the baobab tonight!" exclaimed Miss Leslie.

"Hold hard!" soothed Blake. "You've no license to get the jumps yet a while. We'll have another fire by the baobab. So you needn't worry."

A few minutes later they went back to the baobab, and Winthrop began helping Miss Leslie to construct a bamboo screen in the narrow entrance of the tree-cave, while Blake built the second fire.

As Winthrop was unable to tell time by the stars, Blake took the first watch. At sunset, following the engineer's advice, Winthrop lay down with his feet to the small watch-fire, and was asleep before twilight had deepened into night. Fagged out by the mental and bodily stress of the day, he slept so soundly that it seemed to him he hardly lost consciousness when he was roused by a rough hand on his forehead.

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"Bout one o'clock," said Blake. "Wake up! I ran overtime, 'cause the morning watch is the toughest. But I can't keep 'wake any longer."

"I say, this is a beastly bore," remarked Winthrop, sitting up.

"Um-m," grunted Blake, who was already on his back.

the fire. With this upraised as a torch he peered around into the darkness and advanced towards the spring.

When, having satisfied his thirst, he returned somewhat hurriedly to the fire, he was startled by the sight of a pale face gazing at him from between the leaves of the bamboo screen.

"My dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Hush! Is he asleep?"

"Like a top."

"Thank heaven! Good-night."

"Good-night—er—I say, Miss Genevieve—"

But the girl disappeared, and Winthrop, after a glance at Blake's placid face, hurried along the cleft to stack the other fire. When he returned he noticed two bamboo rods which Blake had begun to shape into bow staves. He looked them over, with a sneer at Blake's seemingly unskillful workmanship; but he made no attempt to finish the bows.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A Despoiled Wardrobe.

SOON after sunrise Miss Leslie was awakened by the snap and dull crash of a falling tree. She made a hasty toilet and ran out around the baobab. The burned tree, eaten half through by the fire, had been pushed over against the cliff by Blake and Winthrop. Both had already climbed up and now stood on the edge of the cliff.

"Hello, Miss Jenny!" shouted Blake. "We've got here at last. Want to come up?"

"Not now, thank you."

"It's easy enough. But you're right. Try your hand again at the cutlets, won't you? While they're frying we'll get some eggs for dessert. How does that strike you?"

"We have no way to cook them."

"Roast 'em in the ashes. So long!"

Miss Leslie cooked breakfast over the watchfire, for the other had been scattered and stamped out by the men when the tree fell. They came back in good time, walking carefully, that they might not break the eggs with which their pockets bulged. Between them, they had brought a round dozen and a half. Blake promptly began stowing all in the hot ashes, while Winthrop related their little adventure with unwonted enthusiasm.

"You should have come" with us, Miss Genevieve," he began. "This time of day it is glorious on the cliff top. Though the rock is bare, there is a fine view—"

"Fine view of grub near the end," interpolated Blake.

"As, yes; the birds—you must take a look at them, Miss Genevieve! The sea end of the cliff is alive with them—hundreds and thousands, all huddled together and fighting for room. They are a sight, I assure you! They're plucky, too. It was well we took sticks with us. As it was, one of the gannets—boobies, Blake calls them—caught me a nasty nip when I went to lift her off the nest."

"Best way is to kick them off," explained Blake. "But the point is that we've hopped over the starvation stile. Understand? The whole blessed cliff end is an omelette waiting for our pan. Pass the leopards, Miss Jenny."

When the last bit of meat had disappeared, Blake raked the eggs from the ashes and began to crack them, solemnly sniffing at each before he laid it on its leaf platter. Some were a trifle "high." None, however, were thrown away.

When it was all over, Winthrop contemplated the scattered shells with a satisfied air.

"Do you know," he remarked, "this is the first time I've felt—er—replenished since we found those coconuts."

"How about one of 'em now to top off on?" questioned Blake.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Why Musicians Wear Long Hair.

"Why do musicians wear long hair?" said the barber. "Pshaw, I thought everybody knew that. They wear long hair to protect their ears, of course—their sensitive ears. All depends, with musicians, on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate, liable to take cold, liable to aches, inflammations and what not. So they protect them with long hair, and you have no more right to laugh at the mane of a pianist or violinist than at the protective shields and pads of your favorite halfback."

### Law.

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admitting her as the mother of their peace and joy.—Richard Hooker.



## ARMY BUMMER HAS BUSY DAY

One of Sherman's Men Relates Exciting Experiences of One Day While Marching North.

In looking over one of my wartime diaries I find the following, written in South Carolina, February 6, 1865, writes W. F. Jenkins, Company I, One hundred and fifth Illinois, First brigade, Third division, Twentieth corps, Arcadia, Neb., in the National Tribune. I copy it word for word, just as it is in my diary:

"I am quite well. Weather fine. I go out foraging and capture one third lieutenant and one sergeant. I get one-half bushel eggs, sausage, butter, flour and hames. I get into camp at dark; march 10 miles."

After I had gone a short distance with the squad of foragers in the morning I concluded to get away by myself and take chances alone. (At this time I had a Henry rifle, a 16-



Dared Not Look.

shooter, the best rifle in the world at that time.) The troops were marching north. I made off west. After going about two miles I found a nice lot of forage and was looking around for some means of transportation for it when an officer and squad of men came up and took possession of the whole business, so I had to go on. I saw the necessity of being prepared to carry whatever I found, so I conscripted three darkies. They were all barefooted and I promised each a pair of shoes when we got within our lines."

We soon came to a large plantation. I went into the house, leaving one darky in the road, with orders to notify me at once if he saw anyone coming. He soon ran in saying, "Massa, a man coming."

Sure enough, there was another lone forager doing business on his own hook. He was riding an old horse and leading another. He had the means of transportation, but had found nothing. He very kindly gave me his led horse to ride and we concluded to go together the rest of the day.

I took all the darkies could carry and two hams on my horse. My chum took two hams on his horse.

Concluding to put in the day by ourselves, we went farther west until we were five or six miles to the left of the road the army was on. Ahead of us, perhaps 50 to 100 rods off, were two horsemen coming slowly towards us. We saw at once that they were rebel cavalrymen.

My companion spoke first. "They are rebels," he said.

"Yes," said I; "we can't run; we must face them and take the chances."

We rode right up to the rebels as though we were their comrades, keeping the road so that they would have to turn out to pass. I noticed the one in front of me make a motion toward his revolver and that instant covered him with my rifle, ordering him to "halt and surrender."

"I mean what I say," said I. "I am a 'Yank' and you are a rebel. Now, dismount and unbuckle your belt, lay it down and march back until I can safely get it."

He did so and I picked it up and buckled it on myself, together with two loaded eight-inch revolvers.

When my friend left me I soon found I had too much to handle—two prisoners ahead of me, three darkies behind me and my knapsack and forage.

According to the custom of the slaves, they kept back and I was afraid they would step one side in the bushes and I might lose all I had. I dared not look around for fear the Johnnies would jump and run. Losing patience with the darkies for lagging behind and seeing that it was getting dark, I yelled at them, and swore I would shoot them if they did not keep up. At this an officer rode up to me whom I recognized as Capt. McWilliams, on Gen. Harrison's staff, and asked me what was the matter. I soon explained matters. "Well," said he, "I guess you've got your hands full and I'll go on with you till you find your regiment." This he did.

The second day after this Gen. Harrison sent an orderly for me and I remained at his headquarters as a "regular bummer" until the war was over.

## NEW SIDELIGHT ON HISTORY

Englishman Has Other Than Accepted Version for Cornwallis' Surrender at Yorktown.

They were commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown with the usual fiery speeches. At the close of the regular program the chairman announced with a wink to those near him:

"We are happy to have with us on this auspicious occasion a representative of King Edward, if not of King George. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to present to you Maj. Arthur Forrester of the First Royal Dragoons, who will now say a few words."

The major looked a little surprised as he strode to the front of the platform, polished his eyeglass, and began with a drawl:

"It has long been a wonder to me how Cornwallis, with the pick of the British army, held Yorktown against a miserable force of militia for only a few weeks. But, ladies and gentlemen, I've seen your town to-day, and my wonder is now that he cared to hold such a forlorn-looking spot for even one day."

"Snake!" broke in the chairman, "the drinks are on me."

### The Ever Changing Waist Line.

Consider the mental agility it takes to keep up with one's waist line. One goes to bed at night in the sweet assurance that it will be under the arms for the next two or three months at any rate, and awakes to learn from the headlines in the morning papers the waist line is positively at the knees. There is absolutely no use in prognosticating anything about it any longer. That the waist line occurred at the waist was an axiom accepted as unquestionably as that the earth revolves on its axis, but in these days of higher criticism it is likely to be anywhere. It bloweth where it listeth.—Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, in American Magazine.

### Gender.

The other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau downstairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, ma'am," cried the quick-witted Martha; "it was only me singing a psalm."

"Very good," returned Miss Y. significantly; "you may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

### From the Life of the Protector.

Cromwell wished to be painted with the war.

"Don't you mean the warhog?" they asked anxiously.

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