

# VAGABONDS OF THE EARTH

—BY—  
ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH



I HAVE often wished that I could bring those six men together, and yet, on the face of it, the wish is impossible of fulfillment. They are scattered to the corners of the earth. Some I have heard from through round-about channels, but most have passed beyond my ken. All but two were chance acquaintances, with whom I spent an hour or so.

There was Helmslund for instance. His line is birds—sea-birds, although, as far as that goes, anything wild and unknown attracts Helmslund. I dare say you never heard of Helmslund. You would soon enough, though, if you undertook to collect rare birds as a hobby. Helmslund is indispensable to scores of collectors in this country and Europe.

I met him one Sunday afternoon at the house of a friend who possesses a really remarkable collection of North American birds.

"Odd sort of fellow—Helmslund," our host later remarked. "I've known him several years, now, and he's just getting to the point where he gives me a sketchy account of the main incidents of interest in his trips."

"What trips?" I asked.

"After birds," replied my host. "That's Helmslund's work. He gets birds, not for the feather people—he would regard that as sacrilege—but for collectors like myself. He goes everywhere to get them. I don't suppose there's a country he hasn't been to in search of some particular specimen."

And that was how I happened to hear the story of Helmslund's battle for life on the wretched waters of Lake Kibushka, far up by the Arctic circle in the grim desolation of the Siberian steppes. It had happened the summer before, on a trip he had taken to secure some specimens of the rosy gull for a European collector.

With a single companion and a couple of dog-teams, he was working around the country, paying especial attention to the marshy tracts bordering several large lakes, which are the habitat of various species of water fowl. There is probably no more desolate country in the world than this portion of the steppes.

Helmslund soon found that the rosy gulls had deserted the shores of Lake Kibushka, and he determined to cross the lake, which was about twenty miles wide, and try his luck in the country beyond. So he secured a craft which he called a dingy and which was large enough to hold his companion and three of the dogs, besides himself, and the party set out early in the morning. They propelled the craft by paddling, and it was slow work. At first, everything went well. Then a brisk breeze sprang up, agitating the surface of the lake until the waves became as large as those of the open sea. To add to the confusion, the dogs became frightened and started to quarrel among themselves.

Before they realized the danger, the boat had capsized and the two men and three dogs were struggling in the water. Helmslund kept his wits about him and helped his companion to swim to the overturned dingy. The dogs had already clustered about it and were fighting desperately in the water to climb on the bottom, but Helmslund pushed through them ruthlessly and helped the other man to get a boat, before he followed him. Luckily, he had retained possession of his paddle and he used it to beat off the dogs, crazy with fear as they felt the steady increasing weight of their heavy water-soaked fur. Snarling fiercely, the beasts attacked the boat again and again, snapping at the men's legs and leaping out of the water in wild attempts to seize their throats.

Early in the afternoon, Helmslund's companion fainted and dropped off. My friend said that the tears stood in the little man's eyes as he told of this occurrence. He told it quite simply, as he told the whole story, indeed—without any straining for effect. It was only by direct questioning that my friend discovered that Helmslund had fallen off the boat himself in his efforts to save the other man, who had sunk like a stone. When Helmslund gained the boat a second time he was utterly exhausted and barely able to crawl on to its bottom. He had lost his paddle and had no means of directing his progress or even of determining in which direction he was going.

Fortunately for him, the wind was on-shore, and late in the afternoon he drifted within sight of land. The sight gave him renewed energy to strip off his shirt and use it to signal to a village of natives.

Whenever I smell the sickly-sweet scent of South American orchids a vision rises before me of another one of the six—a fever-racked specter whom I met toiling down the gang-plank of a fruit-steamer from La Guayra. His name was Grayson, and he belonged to that legion of reckless adventurers, the orchid hunters.

Grayson had gone to Venezuela some months before, with a vague determination to strike into the jungle country in the direction of the Guian-

as. In a cafe in Caracas, however, he heard a tale which caused him to change all his plans.

This tale, or, rather, legend, had filtered into the city through the medium of up-country planters, and had been imparted to them by tame Indians, who in turn, had heard it from their wild brethren of the jungle. It had to do with a mysterious place known as "El Lugar de los Flores Venenosos" (The Place of the Poisonous Flowers), a great clump of weirdly beautiful flowers, exhaling a deadly perfume, which was said to be located in the dense wilderness that lies about the headwaters of the Orinoco. This perfume was noticeable two days off; within a day's march it was sickening; and by the time a man was within sight of the flowers, he was overcome by the intense smell.

With the instinct of the orchid-hunter, Grayson divined that the legend implied the presence of his quarry. He scouted the melodramatic features of the tale, setting them down to the imagination of the countless untutored individuals through whom it had passed, and without more ado he set to work organizing an expedition.

Strange to say, he preferred to be the only white man, although he took with him an old half-breed who had been his companion on several other expeditions, and a large train of Indian porters.

One morning there was a perceptible odor of flowers in the air; by noon it had increased considerably. When they camped that night, the jungle-smells had been entirely supplanted. Their nostrils were filled with the cloying scent. A number of the Indians refused to go any farther, but Grayson, the half-breed and a half dozen of the stanchest porters pushed on in the morning. The perfume grew heavier and heavier as they advanced.

Finally, one of the porters collapsed in his tracks. Another went down, and another. Grayson could feel his senses leaving him, although he struggled on. He said he had never smoked opium, but he imagined that his sen-

Another one of the six was Carriere. He was big and quiet, with a deceptive placidity—not at all the sort of man you expected to meet if you had ever heard of him.

Like many other adventurers, Carriere ran away at sea. Like all who have ever done so, he paid for his fun in sweat and agony. He was a sailor before the mast for several years, on coasting vessels, tramp steamers, trading schooners in the Far East. He was in the Philippines when the war broke out, and he was captured by the insurgents and held prisoner for several months. He was engaged in vague, ill-formed revolutionary plots; he joined secret societies that have for their aim the emancipation of British India; and he did many other things in many other places that took him down into the depths of life.

Finally, he drifted to the Balkans, about the time Macedonia was in the throes of the terrible revolt against Turkish rule. Carriere became intensely interested in this blind struggle of a Christian people for freedom, and he determined to let the world know some of the inside details of prevailing conditions. He believed, too, that he could be of help to the revolutionary chiefs in perfecting their organization in the villages and towns of the five vilayets.

In the course of nearly two years' work he had carried out his entire plan of organization, except in Salonika and some of the territory around that city. He left that to the last, because it was the most difficult task, and he thought that, with the prestige of what he had accomplished, success would be more easy. The chief of the local committee in Salonika had rather a sinister reputation. It had never been proved against him, but there were rumors of blackmail.

For several weeks, Carriere lay in hiding in one of the suburbs of the city, receiving prominent members of the committee and talking over the new schemes he advocated. He had no suspicions at first, although he did not like the local voivode, and it came as a wholly unexpected shock when his secretary was shot down on the streets at night, after he had ventured out for a brief walk. The local committee claimed that a Greek had done it, but Carriere was suspicious.

Two nights passed, and then the old woman in whose house he was hiding came to him with a scared look on her face. She had heard two men talking in her garden about askares and the approaches to the house. One of these men was the local voivode.

not hear the full story of his wanderings for many months. We knew he had sailed from England for Rio in the cabin de luxe of an English packet boat. From week to week, for possibly two months, we received letters from him. Then came the silence.

The silence continued for six months, until one morning I received a note written on American Line paper and postmarked Southampton. It was signed by Ford.

"Shall arrive on Philadelphia within 48 hours after you receive this. short of cash. Do you remember that ten dollars you owe me?"

"That was impudence for you! I should have known who wrote that note, without a signature. However, I clapped a ten-dollar bill in an envelope and mailed it promptly. A week later Ford dropped in to see me.

"Much obliged for the cash, old man," he said. "It came in handy. You see, they trimmed me beautifully in Paris, and I started out for Rio with my steamship ticket and barely enough coin to last me three weeks. In fact, when I got to the Chilean frontier town across the Andes, I was strapped. That made me sick of the whole job, and I decided it was time to head for home. There was a prince of a British consul there, who loaned me a ten-spot and got me a pass for donkey transportation across the mountains to the Argentine railroad.

"Just by blind luck, I'd chipped acquaintance with the chief engineer of the construction gang on the Argentine side, and so when I hit him for a pass to Buenos Ayres, he ponied up like a good one.

"I was feeling pretty disconsolate and I went into a cafe near the waterfront to forget myself for an hour or two. That was the time when Brazil and the Argentine were seeing which could build warships the quickest, you know, and there was a big Brazilliano sitting in the place, with his feet up, passing remarks to the occupants in general. As soon as he saw me, he concentrated his attention, apparently on the supposition that because I was small I must be easy. I stood about two sentences and then I went for him. We were rolling promiscuously around the restaurant, and I was getting a bit the worse of it, when a little man with an arm like a steam-flail came through the door. After he got through with my Brazilian friend there were no scraps to be picked up.

"Well, we shook hands and told each other we'd always been longing to meet, and afterwards we had a drink. The little man was a Britisher, captain of a tramp steamer due to sail the next afternoon, and when I told him of my troubles he clapped me on the back and offered me free passage to Rotterdam. 'I'll have to put you down on the books as cabin boy or steward,' he said. 'But you'll do no work. Come as my guest; I'll be glad to have you.' He was a prince, that skipper. Fed me at his own table, gave me his own cigars and wine, and when we reached Rotterdam he staked me to Paris.

"Aunt Jane was in Paris, fortunately for me, and I think she was so glad at the prospect of getting me back to America that she divided up without any side remarks."

I never really knew Chatton, the fifth of my vagabonds. I had been dining at a club in Piccadilly with an engineering friend, and as we were passing out through the club parlors my friend drew me aside to make room for a big, broad shouldered man wearing big spectacles. "That's Chatton," he whispered. "He was one of the principal assistants in the construction of the new trans-Andean line. He's always had bad eyes, and the doctor told me he ought not to work above the snow line, but that wouldn't do for Chatton. He wants to be where the fun is. You see, engineering as a science means little to him. It's the game he likes—the fight to overmaster some problem. Poor Chatton! Whenever there was a desperate job to be done, he was bound to be on it—and all for a beggarly six or seven pounds a week, I suppose."

"Why do you say 'Poor Chatton'?" I asked.

"Because he'll never get over this latest eye trouble. He got it from the snow glare, just as the doctors said he would.

"But what will the man do?" I exclaimed. "How is he going to live?"

"He'll live—survive, rather," rejoined my friend, bitterly. "His people have money. But he'll never work again. Every one who knows him is always cut up. And he feels it, too, although he's deuced plucky about it."

If you have been in the habit of frequenting police courts or cheap lodging houses it is possible that you have met John Kelly.

As near as I could make out from stray admissions Kelly made to me, he gave up a reputable position in life to undertake a study of the psychology of tramps and thieves. He used to speak with genuine pride of his researches, and he was particularly proud of what he termed "his life work"—the compilation of a dictionary of thieves' slang, together with a compendium of the rules of house-breaking and safe-cracking. Nobody was ever permitted to get an extended view of this. For a dollar or two, now and then, when the man was hard up, he would permit one to copy out a few stray phrases; but he was very suspicious, as a rule, and believed that every one was in a conspiracy to tear the fruit of his years of labor away from him.

What became of him I never heard. He drifted away, his manuscript with him, to the end steadily refusing the propositions that he regarded as little less than insulting.



STRIPPED OFF HIS SHIRT and USED IT TO SIGNAL TO A VILLAGE OF NATIVES

sations must have resembled those of an habitual user. He was sure that he could see the flowers, huge, colorful, many-hued clusters of them, the most magnificent collection of orchids in the world, gleaming enticingly through the jungle trees; and then he, himself, collapsed. When he regained consciousness they were back at the camp where they had left the rest of the porters. Two of the men who had accompanied him were dead; another was mad. He and the rest, who had brought him off, were horribly sick.

With the madness of despair, he begged his men to try again with him. But they refused. The continued effect of the scent was almost intoxicating, so they turned back.

Their way thither had been fraught with perils. It was a Sunday excursion compared with the march onward. The baleful influence of the flowers followed close at their heels. It was always with them, like a human vengeance. They were persecuted by fever; jaguars and serpents took their toll; the blow-guns of the Indians, the stunted people of the woods, slew with poisoned arrows. In the end, a handful staggered out on the banks of the Orinoco and sought their way toward the frontier of civilization. Grayson was sick for months after he reached Caracas. He was still sick when he reached New York.

That was enough for Carriere. He left the house in broad daylight, trusting entirely to luck; and on his way out of the city he met a detachment of troops marching to surround his hiding place. They halted him, but a Bulgarian girl, a friend of his future wife, who was standing near by, claimed him as her brother, and he was allowed to go on.

In Bulgaria he married the Russian girl who had been his principal helper and incentive, and cast about for some new task.

Young Ford was as different from Carriere or the others as a man well could be. I have known Ford for some years, and I think he is, without exception, the cheekiest man I have ever encountered. For one thing, he is a newspaper man—when he is anything, that is. Ford never works unless he has to, and he always makes sure that any position he accepts does not entail undue effort, mental or physical.

It was several years ago that Ford came to me and said he was going to South America. By means unknown he had got together about \$2,000, and he fancied that he could make at least as much as he spent by doing special descriptive articles of his travels.

His one mistake was in electing to go by way of Europe, more especially, by way of Paris. I knew the hold Paris had on Ford, so I was not surprised at the outcome—although I did

# Health & Beauty Hints

By Katherine Morton

A becoming arrangement for the hair is a very important feature of the bride's altar getup, and this naturally includes the right draping of the veil; so it would be ridiculous to claim that any one style of coiffure is to be used, for the lines of hairdressing must conform to the size of the head, the cut of the features and the height of the bride. But, for the most part, hairdressing is done on a very elaborate scale, and to accomplish the vast structures piled upon heads many false pieces are needed. These go under names too numerous to mention, but the bang, the switch, the psyche puff, the cluster puff, the transformation and the pin curl are some familiar titles. In buying any of these pieces by mail, the bit is matched to a lock of hair from that part of the head where the false piece would be worn. Thus bangs and transformations are matched to the front hair, switches are judged by the tints of the back hair, and so on. The reason for this particularity is that naturally colored hair is of many tones, and these seem to dispose themselves over the hair as they see fit; wherefore it is easy enough to tell dyed false hair at a glance, for the changing tones of the natural color cannot be imitated. So dyed false hair is without the commercial value of the false pieces in natural colors, and when the tint required is a rare one the false fixing is still dearer. All those shades of brown which have a drablike tint, Titian red, reddish gold and golden and white blonde are dearer than other colors.

A very handsome hair arrangement for the bride who is not too tall—that is, much taller than the average woman—is called the "coronation," this lending itself most charmingly to the lace veil put on in cap fashion, as is shown by the bride of the fashion pictures. For this style, which is rather intended to give a little height to the figure, the hair is parted in the middle, and two braids are carried around the head to form a large knot, showing from the front view of the head. This knot gives the support needed for the mop arrangement of the veil, which is fastened to it with a wreath of orange blossoms, the lace border of the veil falling about the face in a shaped frill. Such veils, be it understood—those with lace borders—are more widely trimmed at the bottom and sides than at the top, so the lightly trimmed and narrower end is shaped as it should be for a pretty fall about the sides of the face. With the "coronation" coiffure a ribbon is often worn about the braided knot, this ending in a bow without ends at the side. For classic, statuesque types lace veils are far more becoming than those of tulle, which seem rather to belong to youthful brides of saucy or demure types.

For the bride who is much below the average height, the hair is always piled at the top of the head, the knot often taking a pointed form, which is, of course, emphasized by a cunning massing of the lace or tulle veil worn.

The bang will be a salient feature of the coiffure of every girl who can wear the forehead fringe, but the bang is the merest cobweb, and it is slightly waved or left straight, as suits the face. The fringe is also quite short, and when it seems unadvisable to cut the natural hair for it, the little piece, delicately woven to a silk thread, is bought in false shape for about seventy-five cents. A narrow, ventilated and naturally curly bang of "convent hair" in every shade is sold for a dollar and a half, and where the forehead is very high, and the face thin, this is very softening to the features.

The smartest tendency of all coiffures is toward a distinct flatness of the top of the head, where the hair is parted at the middle or at one side; from the parting, wherever disposed, the side locks go back with a light waving, and the large knot of braids, or puffs and curls is placed high enough to show all the nape of the neck, and besides, elongates the back of the head to a great extent. This flatness of the top and rear extension gives the head a very lovely contour, and if the face needs the softening of little curls they are put in many places—at the nape of the neck, below or above the ears, or else in the round or pointed rear knot. As to the deep waving once done at the sides and under the back hair, it is still a feature of the coiffure of the waxen ladies, but is by no means so conspicuous on human heads. The undulations admired are wide and loose, as if the waving were natural, for this method certainly gives a very legitimate look to the artificiality.

Ornaments for the bride's coiffure are numerous enough, some very splendid bandeaux of pearls being seen, as well as pearl combs and barrettes and pins. But if the veil is to cover the whole head, as it generally does, the ornaments had better be of shell in the color of the hair, as in this way they will not conflict with the half of whole wreaths and the separate knots of orange blossoms, used upon pins, for fastening on the veil.

# Social Forms and Entertainments



**For Club Entertainment.**  
I belong to a ladies' club. The ages of the members are from twenty-five to fifty. Will you please suggest some way of entertaining them? I would like something in which all might take part.—Violet.

A number of ladies spent a most enjoyable afternoon in this manner: Each one was asked to dress her hair to represent some famous woman. It was surprising what a change was wrought in the appearance, and it was a jolly crowd, I assure you. Some of the personages were Martha Washington, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, Frances E. Willard, Frisclilla, etc. Old pictures furnished the ideas. Programs and pencils were passed and a prize was given to the lady who guessed the most and one to the person who remained the longest unguessed. I should think this would furnish entertainment for your club.

**Regarding Mourning.**  
Would it be proper for me to receive a gentleman caller while I am still wearing black and my mourning veil? I have worn it a year. I would not go driving Sunday because I didn't know whether it was proper. How long does one usually wear the mourning veil? Would it do for me to wear it with all white dress? In taking off mourning is it necessary to wear black and white a while before you get out in white?—M. B.

There is no harm in receiving calls while you are in mourning. About the driving, you must be guided by your own feelings. All white is considered mourning and black and white half mourning. A year is long enough to wear a heavy veil.

**Duties of Bridal Attendant.**  
Will you please tell me what the duties of the bridesmaid and groomsmen are, also at a home wedding who should receive the guests at the door?—Mabel.

At a home wedding the mother and father of the bride receive the guests; in other words, those who issue the invitations are the host and hostess of the occasion. A bridesmaid, if there is no maid of honor, immediately precedes the bride, stands beside her and holds her bouquet. The groomsmen supports the groom, enters with him, produces the ring at the critical moment and relieves him in all possible ways of the details of the preparation.

**Compensation for Organist.**  
Is it the custom to pay the organist at a wedding for her services, if you are well acquainted with her; if so, what compensation would you give her?—Blanche.

If you are well acquainted with the young woman and hesitate to offer her money, give her something to equal what she would receive in money from a stranger, for an organist is always paid for a wedding. I cannot set the amount, not knowing her terms.

**For a Scotch Entertainment.**  
Will you please give me some suggestions as to representing some Scottish character or books for an entertainment.—Lassie.

"The Heart of Midlothian," "Annie Laurie," "Scottish Chiefs," "The Monastery," "A Highland Laddie," "Ivanhoe" (carry a small hoe). If you go to the library doubtless many others will be suggested.

**For a Dinner Dessert.**  
Is maple mousse suitable for a dinner dessert? How is it pronounced.—M. E.

Maple mousse is delicious for dessert and always acceptable to every one, as maple flavoring is a general favorite. Mousse is pronounced exactly like moose, a deer.

**Making the First Call.**  
In making a first call, if the maid takes my card at the door, when and where do I leave my husband's cards?—D. E.

Hand your husband's cards, with yours, to the maid, the courtesy is understood, as no one expects men to make daytime calls.

**Picnic Invitation.**  
Here is the invitation sent out for our club picnic that you helped us with when I wrote you a few days ago:  
(To be sung to the tune of "Annie Laurie.")  
You are cordially invited our picnic to attend.  
—delighted this message now to send.  
(Individuals can put "I surely am delighted."  
Next Tuesday morn's the time, and — the place;  
And so we send this little rhyme to help "way bloom to chase."  
The dashes can be filled in as desired.  
—Sarah.

MADAME MERRI