

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, and, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Oh, but Mr. Blake, I am sure it must be a mistake; I am sure that it is explained to papa—"
"Yes; we'll cable papa to-night. Meantime, we've something else to do. Suppose you two get a hustle on yourselves, and scrape up something to eat. I'm going out to see what's left of that blamed old tub."
"Surely you'll not venture to swim out so far!" protested Winthrop. "I saw the steamer sink as we cast off."
"Looks like a mast sticking up out there. Maybe some of the rigging is loose."
"But the sharks! These waters swarm with the vile creatures. You must not risk your life!"
"Cause why? If I do, the babes in the woods will be left without even the robins to cover them, poor things! But cheer up!—maybe the mudhens will do it with lovely water-lilies."
"Please, Mr. Blake, do not be so cruel!" sobbed Miss Leslie, her tears starting afresh. "The sun makes my head ache dreadfully, and I have no hat or shade, and I'm becoming so thirsty!"
"And you think you've only to wait, and half a dozen stewards will come running with parasols and ice water. Neither you nor Winthrop seem to 've got your eyes open. Just suppose you get busy and do something. Winthrop, chase yourself over the mast, and get together a mess of fish that are not too dead. Must be dozens, after the blow. As for you, Miss Jenny, I guess you can pick up some reeds and rig a headgear out of this handkerchief—Wait a moment. Put on my coat, if you don't want to be broiled alive through the holes of that peek-a-boo."
"But I say, Blake—" began Winthrop.
"Don't say—do!" rejoined Blake; and he started down the muddy shore.
Though the tide was at flood, there was now no cyclone to drive the sea above the beach, and Blake walked a quarter of a mile before he reached the water's edge. There was little surf, and he paused only a few moments to peer out across the low swells before he commenced to strip. Winthrop and Miss Leslie had been watching his movements; now the girl rose in a little flurry of haste, and set to gathering reeds. Winthrop would have spoken, but, seeing her embarrassment, smiled to himself, and began strolling about in search of fish. It was no difficult search. The marshy ground was strewn with dead sea-creatures, many of which were already shriveling and drying in the sun. Some of the fish had a familiar look, and Winthrop turned them over with the tip of his shoe. He even went so far as to stoop to pick up a large mullet; but shrunk back, repulsed by its stiffness and the unnatural shape into which the sun was warping it.
He found himself near the beach, and stood for half an hour or more watching the black dot far out in the water—all that was to be seen of Blake. The American, after wading off-shore another quarter of a mile, had reached swimming depth, and was heading out among the reefs with steady, vigorous strokes. Half a mile or so beyond him Winthrop could now make out the goal for which he was aiming—the one remaining top-mast of the steamer.
"By Jove, these waters are full of sharks!" murmured Winthrop, staring at the steadily receding dot until it disappeared behind the wall of surf which spumed up over one of the outer reefs.
A call from Miss Leslie interrupted his watch, and he hastened to rejoin her. After several failures, she had contrived to knot Blake's handkerchief to three or four reeds in the form of a little sunshade. Her shoulders were protected by Blake's coat. It made a heavy wrap, but it shut out the blistering sun rays, which, as Blake had foreseen, had quickly begun to burn the girl's delicate skin through her open-work bodice.
Thus protected, she was fairly safe from the sun. But the sun was by no means the worst feature of the situation. While Winthrop was yet several yards distant, the girl began to complain to him. "I'm so thirsty, Mr. Winthrop! Where is there any water? Please get me a drink at once, Mr. Winthrop!"
"But, my dear Miss Leslie, there is no water. These pools are all sea-water. I must say, I'm deuced dry myself. I can't see why that cad should go off and leave us like this. 'Indeed, it is a shame—Oh, I'm so thirsty! Do you think it would help if we ate something?'"
"Make it all the worse. Besides, how could we cook anything? All these reeds are green."
"But Mr. Blake said to gather some fish. Had you not best—"
"He can pick up all he wants. I shall not touch the beastly things."
"Then I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for him."
"Yes, if the sharks do not get him." Miss Leslie uttered a little moan, and Winthrop, seeing that she was on the verge of tears, hastened to reassure her. "Don't worry about it, Miss Genevieve! He'll soon return, with nothing worse than a blistered back. Follows of that sort are born to hang, you know."
"But if he should be—if anything should happen to him!"



Two or Three Small Fish Lay Faintly Wriggling on the Surface.

Winthrop shrugged his shoulders, and drew out his silver cigarette case. It was more than half-full, and he was highly gratified to find that neither the cigarettes nor the vesta matches in the cover had been reached by the wet.
"By Jove, here's luck!" he exclaimed, and he bowed to Miss Leslie. "Pardon me, but if you have no objections—"
The girl nodded as a matter of form, and Winthrop hastened to light the cigarette already in his fingers. The smoke by no means tended to lessen the dryness of his mouth; yet it put him in a reflective mood, and in thinking over what he had read of shipwrecked parties, he remembered that a pebble held in the mouth is supposed to ease one's thirst.
To be sure, there was not a sign of a pebble within miles of where they sat; but after some reflection, it occurred to him that one of his steel keys might do as well. At first Miss Leslie was reluctant to try the experiment, and only the increasing dryness of her mouth forced her to seek the promised relief. Though it failed to quench her thirst, she was agreeably surprised to find that the little flat bar of metal eased her craving to a marked degree.
Winthrop now thought to rig a shade as Miss Leslie had done, out of reeds and his handkerchief, for the sun was scorching his unprotected head. Thus sheltered, the two crouched as comfortably as they could upon the half-dried crest of the hummock and waited impatiently for the return of Blake.
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sprang to catch it as it dropped from between Winthrop's fingers. But he was too far away. It fell among the damp rushes, spluttered, and flared out.
For a moment Blake knelt, staring at the rushes as though stupefied; then he sprang up before Winthrop, his bronzed face purple with anger.
"Where's your matchbox? Got any more?" he demanded.
"Last one, I fancy—yes; last one, and there are still two cigarettes. But look here, Blake, I can't tolerate your talking so democally—"
"You idiot! you—you—Hell! and every one for cigarettes!"
From a growl Blake's voice burst into a roar of fury, and sprang upon Winthrop like a wild beast. His hands closed upon the Englishman's throat, and he began to shake him about, paying no heed to the blows his victim showered upon his face and body, blows which soon began to lessen in force.
"Terror-stricken, Miss Leslie put her hands over her eyes, and began to scream—the piercing shriek that will unnerve the strongest man. Blake paused as though transfixed, and as the half-suffocated Englishman struggled in his grasp, he flung him on the ground and turned to the screaming girl.
"Stop that squawking!" he said. The girl cowered down. "So; that's better. Next time keep your mouth shut."
"You—you brute!"
"Good! You've got a little spunk, eh?"
"You coward to attack a man not half your strength!"
"Steady, steady, young lady! I'm warm enough yet; I've still half a mind to wring his fool neck."
"But why should you be so angry? What has he done, that you—"
"Why—why? Lord! what hasn't he done? This coast fairly swarms with beasts. We've not the smell of a gun; and now this idiot—this dough-head—has gone and thrown away our only chance—fire—and on his measly cigarette!" Blake choked with returning rage.
Winthrop, still panting for breath, began to creep away, at the same time unclasping a small penknife. He was white with fear; but his gray eyes— which on shipboard Blake had never seen other than offensively supercilious—now glinted in a manner that served to alter the American's mood.
"That'll do," he said. "Come here and show me that knife."
"I'll show it you where it will do the most good," muttered Winthrop, ris-

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THOUGH the sea within the reefs was fast smoothing to a glassy plain in the dead calm, they did not see Blake on his return until he struck shallow water and stood up to wade ashore. The tide had begun to ebb before he started landward, and though he was a powerful swimmer, the long pull against the current had so tired him that when he took to wading he moved at a tortoise-like gait.
"The bloomin' loafer!" commented Winthrop. He glanced quickly about, and at sight of Miss Leslie's arching brows, hastened to add: "Beg pardon! He—ah—reminds me so much of a navy, you know."
Miss Leslie made no reply.
At last Blake was out of the water and toting up the muddy beach to the spot where he had left his clothes. While dressing he seemed to recover from his exertions in the water, for the moment he had finished he sprang to his feet and came forward at a brisk pace.
As he approached, Winthrop waved his fifth cigarette at him with languid enthusiasm, and called out as heartily as his dry lips would permit: "I say, Blake, deuced glad the sharks didn't get you!"
"Sharks?—bah! All you have to do is to splash a little, and they haul off."
"How about the steamer, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie, turning to face him.
"All under but the mainmast—course! It—wire rigging at that! Couldn't even get a bolt."
"A bolt?"
"Not a bolt; and here we are as good as naked on this infernal—Hey, you! what you doing with that match? Light your cigarette—light it!—Damnation!"
Heedless of Blake's warning cry, Winthrop had struck his last vesta, and now, angry and bewildered, he stood staring while the little taper burned itself out. With an oath, Blake

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ing hastily to repel the expected attack.
"So you've got a little sand, too," said Blake, almost good-naturedly. "Say, that's not so bad. We'll call it quits on the matches. Though how you could go and throw them away—"
"Deuce take it, man! How should I know? I've never before been in a wreck."
"Neither have I—this kind. But I tell you, we've got to keep our think tanks going. It's a guess if we see tomorrow, and that's no joke. Now do you wonder I got hot?"
"Indeed, no! I've been an ass, and here's my hand to it—if you really mean it's quits."
"It's quits all right, long as you don't run out of sand," responded Blake, and he gripped the other's soft hand until the Englishman winced.
"So; that's settled. I've got a hot temper, but I don't hold grudges. Now, where're your fish?"
"—well, they were all spoiled."
"Spoiled?"
"The sun had shriveled them."
"And you call that spoiled! We're like to eat them rotten before we're through with this picnic. How about the pools?"
"Pools? Do you know, Blake, I never thought of the pools. I stopped to watch you, and then we were so anxious about you—"
Blake grunted and turned on his heel to wade into the half-dried pool in whose midst he had been deposited by the hurricane.
Two or three small fish lay faintly wriggling on the surface. As Blake splashed through the water to seize them his foot struck against a living body which splundered violently and flashed a brilliant forked tail above the muddy water. Blake sprang over the reeds, and with a kick flung it clear out upon the ground.
"A coryphene!" cried Winthrop, and he ran forward to stare at the gorgeously colored prize.
"Coryphene?" repeated Blake, following his example. "Good to eat!"
"Fine as salmon. This is only a small one, but—"
"Fifteen pounds if an ounce!" cried Blake, and he thrust his hand in his pocket. There was a moment's silence, and Winthrop, glancing up, saw the other staring in blank dismay.
"What's up?" he asked.
"Lost my knife."
"When?—in the pool? If we felt about—"
"No; aboard ship, or in the surf—"
"Here is my knife."
"Yes; almost big enough to whittle a match! Mine would have done us some good."
"It is the best steel."
"All right; let's see you cut up the fish."
"But you know, Blake, I shouldn't know how to go about it. I never did such a thing."
"And you, Miss Jenny? Girls are supposed to know about cooking."
"I never cooked anything in all my life, Mr. Blake, and it's alive—and I am very thirsty, Mr. Blake!"
"Lord!" commented Blake. "Give me that knife."
Though the blade was so small, the American's hand was strong. After some little haggling, the coryphene was killed and dressed. Blake washed both it and his hands in the pool, and began to cut slices of flesh from the fish's tail.
"We have no fire," Winthrop reminded him, flushing at the word.
"That's true," assented Blake, in a cheerful tone, and he offered Winthrop two of the pieces of raw fish. "Here's your breakfast. The trimmed piece is for Miss Leslie."
"But it's raw! Really, I could not think of eating raw fish. Could you, Miss Leslie?"
Miss Leslie shuddered. "Oh, no!—and I'm so thirsty I could not eat anything."
"You bet you can!" replied Blake. "Both of you take that fish and go to chewing. It's the stuff to ease your thirst while we look for water. Good Lord!—in a week you'll be glad to eat raw snake. Fimicky over clean fish, when you swallow canvas-back all but raw, and best running blood, and raw oysters with their stomachs full of disintegrated animal matter, to put it politely. You couldn't tell rattlesnake broth from chicken, and dog makes first-rate veal—when you've got to eat it. I've had it straight from them that knows that fish over in France they eat snails and fish-worms. It's all a matter of custom or the style."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE REAL AMERICAN HEIRESS

A Worthy Standard of Conduct the Only Imperishable Heritage.
To know that one's forebears were people of refinement, of culture, of genteel breeding, instead of inspiring arrogance should challenge the best that is in one, lest he fall short as a representative of those in whose persons these graces once flowered, writes Ruth McEnry Stuart in Harper's Bazar.
An inherited standard of life—let us put that down in our list of blessings. And for all inherent good which has come down to us as a benediction, without the asking, and which may be held only in trust as a sacred responsibility, let us delight to give thanks.
We American women, then, will tell to our children any true story of prowess, of chivalry, of long patience and reverent waiting—of any great qual-

For the Hostess

Chat on Topics of Many Kinds, by a Recognized Authority

Color Schemes.
"When in doubt use pink," so said a successful hostess upon being asked the best color scheme. Pink bears both the daylight and the artificial light equally well, and is always becoming, a fact not to be overlooked by a thoughtful hostess.
Blue changes to green at night, but under certain conditions it is a rather good scheme to use it. Yellow is not a satisfactory color to have at night, as it is apt to look faded from the sunlight. Violet is not good at night, but at present is much in favor for spring luncheons, with corsage bouquets at each place for the guests.
Red is rarely used in warm weather, but is always delightful in winter time, carrying with a suggestion of warmth and welcome that is grateful. A North side hostess invariably uses red the year round, as it harmonizes with her furnishings and service, so that the color has come to be recognized as her own individually and her red dinners are noted.
Green alone and combined with white is always pleasing and is a summer time favorite.
Ferns are always good and may be kept fresh a long time if placed one over the other on a flat board, then immersed in cold water and kept in a cool, dry place. It is in good form to use the flower that is in season, and the Japanese method of using flowers is being adopted more and more, as the flower holders are on sale now at nearly all of the department stores.
Carnival of Merry Lovers.
A young woman who wished to announce her engagement in a unique manner issued invitations for a fancy dress party in which the guests were requested to come dressed as "famous lovers." Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, maids and their favorite swains came together and great was the fun trying to guess who was who. There were John Alden and Priscilla, Hiawatha and Minnehaha, Paul and Virginia, Queen Elizabeth and Essex, Dante and Beatrice, Napoleon and Josephine, etc. All characters were kept secret and the host asked the following questions:
Are you fact or fiction?
Are you living or dead? (If left alive in the story they are supposed to be living.)
Did your love lead to marriage?
Either. What prevented?
Or, Did you live happy ever after?
What influence had the man's love on the woman?
What influence had the woman's love on the man?
What was the most stirring event of your history?
The young hostess was dressed in a becoming evening gown, and her brother, who acted as host, was not disguised. There was one man whom no one could guess, as he wore a masquerade and black domino. After a lively time guessing, and when nearly every one was discovered, the mysterious stranger was found beside the hostess, and her brother in the following words broke the news to the merry lovers:
As you, dear friends, are fact and not fiction, living and not dead; as your love led to marriage, and you have lived happily ever after, we wish to-night to offer our congratulations and our good wishes for the future to our hostess and her fiancé, Mr. John Blank.
It is needless to say that hearty congratulations were in order and a jolly dance followed. The refreshments were simply ice cream in the shape of double hearts, one pink, one white, and small heart cakes. A fruit frappe was served from a bowl surrounded by a wreath of pink roses, and each guest was given a rose as a souvenir.
MADAME MERRI.
The Hip Yoke.
The cutress or princess hip yoke effect which has been conspicuous in imported gowns since the first openings of the season is being brought out in many unexpected ways. One of the newest is the entire princess gown with the lower part of the bodice and the hip portion of the skirt covered with embroidery, which makes them one in line and treatment.
In this way it is possible to turn a two-piece gown into a princess, the simple process of covering the waist seam with embroidery or braid being all that is needed. Some of the trimmings of this kind are put on in jacket or coat shapes.
Lingerie Ribbons.
Lingerie ribbons are wider than formerly. Some an inch or even two in width are employed through heading proportionately wide. Ribbons of this kind thread the tops of flounces in lingerie and lace petticoats and are used in corset covers, chemises, etc. The tying of the soft long loop bow is one of the important items.



Youth (at a bun emporium)—I say, you know, this milk is sour.
Sweet Thing—Well, there's plenty of sugar on the table, ain't there?
Nothing in the Name.
Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont is on good terms with the senate pages, all because his name is Page. Apropos of this, he tells the story that when he was governor of Vermont he went to the chamber of the senate of the state legislature one day and about a dozen pages flocked around him just as a friend of his from the rural districts walked in.
"Governor," inquired the friend from the country, "who are all these little boys?"
"They are little pages."
"Well, I'll be darned, governor," observed the rural visitor; "I never knew you had so many children."
Joke Angers the Judge.
Judge Balcom was talking to a crowd on the street a few days ago, telling them the proper way to put shingles on a house. He said:
"The old rule was to allow six inches of the shingles to show to the weather," but that is too much. You should allow not more than four inches to show."
Some was remarked in a matter of fact tone to the judge: "How would it do not let any show?" The judge replied: "I've seen roofs made that way; but it takes a great many shingles."
Then the judge wanted to get mad when the crowd laughed.—Twigg County (Ga.) Citizen.
Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.
Hypothetical.
"Let me," said the stranger at the baseball gate, "ask you a hypothetical question."
"Go ahead."
"Supposing that I had ten cents, and desired to witness an exhibition of the manly sport football, and supposing that I were to approach you for 15 cents necessary to fruition of my hopes, what would you say?"
"That's easy. I'd say: 'Lend me the 15 cents as I have just 15 myself, and am a rabid fan.'"
Thus, after all this subtle eloquence, there was nothing doing.
The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. It great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.
His Stomach Rebelled.
A dyspeptic Atechian man went into a restaurant the other day and ordered fried catfish. "Fried cat!" bawled the waiter to the cook. Instantly the weak stomach rebelled. "Cancel that order," the customer said, "and give me an order of country sausage." "Sidetrack the cat and make it dog!" yelled the waiter, and he is wondering yet why the man grabbed his hat and left.—Exchange.
Just as Well She Didn't Know.
Palmit (to man and his wife passing)—Have your future told, sir.
The Man (whispering)—I'll be around later. I don't want my wife to know it.—Life.

FOR OUTDOORS



WALKING COSTUME—A costume of this description would look well if carried out in silk and cloth. The high-waisted skirt is in fawn finely corded silk, and has a deep hem of a darker shade of face cloth. The coat, which reaches to just below the bust in front, and nearly to the cloth hem at back, is made in cloth and has revers, cuffs and covered buttons of silk; a white lawn ruffle finishes the wrists and neck. Hat of fawn straw, trimmed with a silk band and three shaded fawn feathers.
Materials required: 5 yards silk 42 inches wide, 4 yards cloth 54 inches wide, 4 buttons, 6 yards silk for coat lining.
USEFUL COAT—A really useful coat that can be worn as a water-proof, and yet look suitable when it does not rain, is made from cravenette material, which can now be procured in many colors and various textures; the coat shown here is bottle green, it is double-breasted, and has a high collar that can be turned up or down; one wide tuck is made on each shoulder and continued down the front.

IN VOGUE

Many long coats are seen in white serge.
For run-around frocks nothing is more popular than serge.
Navy blue velvets with dots in velvet are a feature of the season.
Black collars on white serge suits are not so often seen as earlier in the season.
Frocks of silk, crepe and other unlined materials are weighted down by broadcloth facings.
Double motor belts, joined only at the edges, are being made up in green, brown, or blue over white.
Strings, usually not serving any practical purpose, but caught up and knotted in some graceful fashion, appear upon a number of the most picturesque broad brigmied hats this season.
Should the Louis XVI. modes return to favor, it is likely that the high coif-

PARMER'S COFFEE 20¢
Vellie Wrought Iron Vehicles
TYPEWRITERS
Woodward's Fine Candies
M. Spiesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery
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