

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
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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. 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 served by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weakness. He mounted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roasting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts. The only pronounceable 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 large water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campsite. Blake recovered the surviving magazines, cartridges and knives. He started a jungle fire. Killing a large leopard and smothering several others. In theopard's jaws they built a small home. They gained the cliff by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the ledges. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs.



He at Once Began Experiments in the Art of Pottery.

must be savage beasts in the jungle. "That's my business," growled Blake. He paused a moment, and added, rather less ungraciously: "Well, if you care, it's this way—I'm going to keep on looking for ore. Give me a little iron ore, and we'll mighty soon have a lot of steel knives and arrow-heads that'll amount to something. How're we going to bag anything worth while with bamboo tips on our arrows? Those bear tusks are a fizzle." "So you will continue to risk your life for us? I think that is very brave and generous, Mr. Blake!" "How's that?" demanded Blake, not a little puzzled. He was fully conscious of the risk; but this was the first intimation he had received or conceived that his motives were other than selfish. "Um! So that's the ticket. Getting generous, eh?" "Not getting—you are generous! When I think of all you have done for us! Had it not been for you, I am sure we should have died that first day ashore." "Well, don't blame me. I couldn't have let a dog die that way; and then, a fellow needs a Man Friday for this sort of thing. As for you, I haven't always had the luck to be favored with ladies' company." "Thank you, Mr. Blake. I quite appreciate the compliment. But now, I must put on supper." Blake followed her graceful movements with an interest which, in turn, drew Winthrop's attention to himself. The Englishman smiled in a disagreeable manner, and resumed his work on the loom, with the look of one mentally preoccupied. After supper he found occasion to send some little hint among the bamboos. When at sunset Miss Leslie with drew into the bamboo, Winthrop somewhat officiously insisted upon helping her set up her screen in the entrance. As he did so, he took the opportunity to hand her a bamboo knife, and to draw her attention to several double-pointed bamboo stakes which he had hidden under the litter. "What is it?" she asked, troubled by his furtive glance back at Blake. "Merely precaution, you know," he whispered. "The ground in there is quite soft. It will be no trouble, I fancy, to put up the stakes, with their points inclined toward the entrance." "But why?" "Not so loud, Miss Genevieve! It struck me that if any one should seek to enter in the night, he would find these stakes decidedly unpleasant. Be careful how you handle them. As you see, the sharper points, which are to be set uppermost, run off into a razor edge. Put them up now, before it grows too dark. You know how mine pins are set—that shape. Good-night! You see, with these to guard the entrance, you need not be afraid to go to sleep at ease." "Thank you," she whispered, and began to thrust the stakes into the ground as he had directed. He had not been mistaken. The vague doubts and fears which she already entertained would have kept her awake throughout the night, but thanks to the sense of security afforded by the sword-bayonets of her silent little sentries, the girl was soon able to calm herself, and was fast asleep long before Blake watched Winthrop.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Miss Leslie sighed. "Why did you speak of them? I am still hungry enough to eat more eggs—a dozen—that is, if we had a little salt and butter." "And a silver cup and napkins," added Blake. "About the salt, though, we'll have to get some before long, and some kind of vegetable food. It won't do to keep up this whole meat menu." "If only those little bamboo sprouts were as good as they look—like a kind of asparagus!" murmured Miss Leslie. "I've heard that the Chinese eat them," said Winthrop. "They eat rats, too," commented Blake.

"We might at least try them," persisted Miss Leslie. "How? Raw?" "I have heard papa tell of roasting them when he was a boy." "That's so, and roasting-ears are better than boiled. Win, I guess we'll have a sample of bamboo asparagus a la Leslie!"

Winthrop took the penknife and fetched a handful of young sprouts from the bamboo thicket. They were heated over the coals on a grill of green branches and devoured half raw.

"Say," mumbled Blake as he ruminated on the last shoot, "we're getting on some for this small hole of a coast house, and chicken ranch and vegetables in our front yard. We've got old Bobbie Cruse beat, hands down, on the start off, and he with his shipload of stuff for handiwork!"

"Then you look at that situation looks more hopeful, Mr. Blake!" "Well, we've at least got an extension on our note for a week or two. But I'm not going to coddle you with a lot of lies, Miss Jenny. There's the fever coming, sure as fate. I may strike it off a while, you and Win, ten to one, will be down in a few days—and not a small amount of quinine in our commissary. Then there'll be dysentery and analgesic and wild beasts—No, we're not out of the woods yet, not by a considerable amount."

"By Jove, Blake," muttered Winthrop. "Didn't say I was trying to be." "But, Mr. Blake, I am sure papa will order a large reward when the steamer is reported as lost. There will be ships searching for us—" "We're not in the British channel, and I'll bet what few boats do coast along there don't know about much among these coral reefs." "I fancy it would do no harm to erect a signal," said Winthrop.

"Only thing that would make a show is Miss Leslie's skirt," replied Blake. "There is the big leopard skin," persisted Winthrop. To his surprise the engineer took the suggestion under serious consideration.

I bet you win out on the dressmaking. For needle you can use one of these long, slim thorns—poke a hole, and then slip the thread through, like a shoemaker." "Ah, yes; but the thread?" put in Winthrop.

"The cocoon fiber would hardly do," said Miss Leslie, forgetting to dry her eyes. "No. We could get fairly good fibers out of the palm leaves; but catgut will be a whole lot better. I'll slit up a lot for you, fine enough to sew with. And now, let's get down to tasks. No offense—but did either of you ever learn to do anything useful in all your blessed little lives?"

"Why, Mr. Blake, of course I—" "Of course what?" demanded Blake, as Miss Leslie hesitated. "We know all about your cooking and sewing. What else?"

"I—I see what you meant. I fear that nothing of what I learned would be of service now." "Boarding-school ret, eh? And you Winthrop?" "If you would kindly name over what you have in mind."

"Um!" granted Blake. "Well, it's first of all a question of a practical—practical—mind you—knowledge of metallurgy, ceramics, and how to stick an arrow through a beef roast." "I—ah—I believe I indicated that I have some knowledge of archery. But I doubt—" "Cut it out! You'll have enough else to do. Get busy over those bows and arrows, and don't quit till you've got them in shape. Leave my bow good and stiff. I can pull like a mule can kick. Well, Miss Jenny, what is it?"

"Is not—has not ceramics something to do with burning china?" "Sure!—china, pottery, and all that. Know anything about it?" "Why, I have a friend who amuses herself by painting china, and I know it has to be burned."

But the girl had little time to think of other matters than her work. Winthrop had been gazzeted as hunter in ordinary. His task was to keep Miss Leslie supplied with fresh eggs and each day to kill as many of the boobies and cormorants as he could skin and split for drying. Blake had changed his mind about taking him when he went for coconuts. Instead, he had gone alone on several trips, bringing three or four loads of nuts, then a little salt from the sea-shore, dirty but very welcome, and last of all a great lump of clay, wrapped in palm fronds.

With this clay he at once began experiments in the art of pottery. Having mixed and beaten a small quantity, he molded it into little cups and bowls, and tried burning them over night in the watch-fire. A few came out without crack or flaw. Vastly elated by this success, he fashioned larger vessels from his clay, and within the week could brag of two pots suitable for cooking stews, and four large nondescript pieces which he called plates. What was more, all had a fairly good sand glaze, for he had been quick to observe a glaze on the bottoms of the first pots, and had reasoned out that it was due to the sand which had adhered while they stood drying in the sun.

He next turned his attention to metallurgy. The first move was to search the river bank for the brown ore which he believed he had seen from the farther side. After a dangerous and exhausting day's work in the mire and jungle, he came back with nothing more to show for his pains than an armful of creepers. Late in the afternoon, he had located the haematite, only to find it lying in a streak so thin that he could not hope to collect enough for practical purposes.

"Lucky we've got something to fall back on," he added, after telling of his failure. "Pass over those keys of yours, Win. Good! Now untangle those creepers. To-night we'll take turns knotting them up into some sort of a rope-ladder. I'm getting mighty weary of hoofing it all around the point every time I trot to the river. After this I'll go down the cliff at that end of the gully."

Winthrop, who had become very irritable and depressed during the last two days, turned on his heel, with the look of a fretful child.

To cover this unpropitious rudeness, Miss Leslie spoke somewhat hurriedly. "But why should you return again to the river, Mr. Blake? I'm sure you are risking the fever; and there

"To be continued." Always Light in the Sky. "The sky," says the Scientific American, "is never dark. This, however, is not due to the sun, but to the stars. The Milky Way is above the horizon in summer in our latitude, and it gives a great deal of light by night, enough to make the night sky of that time brighter than when it is not a part of our night sky, as is the case in winter. Then, too, the stars which cannot be seen by the unaided eye give us much light. The stars which are not visible to the eye give more light than those which are visible."

Rice Crop Is Large. Korea's average annual rice crop is placed at 2,569,000,000 pounds.

Spent Much for Embroidery Napoleon I. Had Costly Coronation Robe and Throne. An old Parisian firm which deals in embroideries and supplied artistic needlework to the court of Louis XVI. is still in possession of the accounts of former centuries, and an inspection of these books reveals some interesting facts. Napoleon I. was economical as compared with the Empress Josephine, but his bills were considerable. The embroidery on his coronation robe cost 10,500 francs, and an embroidered coat cost 3,500. This coat became too small for him after he had worn it a year, and he ordered pieces

White Steamers Use Kerosene as Fuel



THE WHITE STEAMER WHICH MADE A SUCCESSFUL PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF KEROSENE AS FUEL ON THE RECENT 2650-MILE GLIDDEN TOUR.

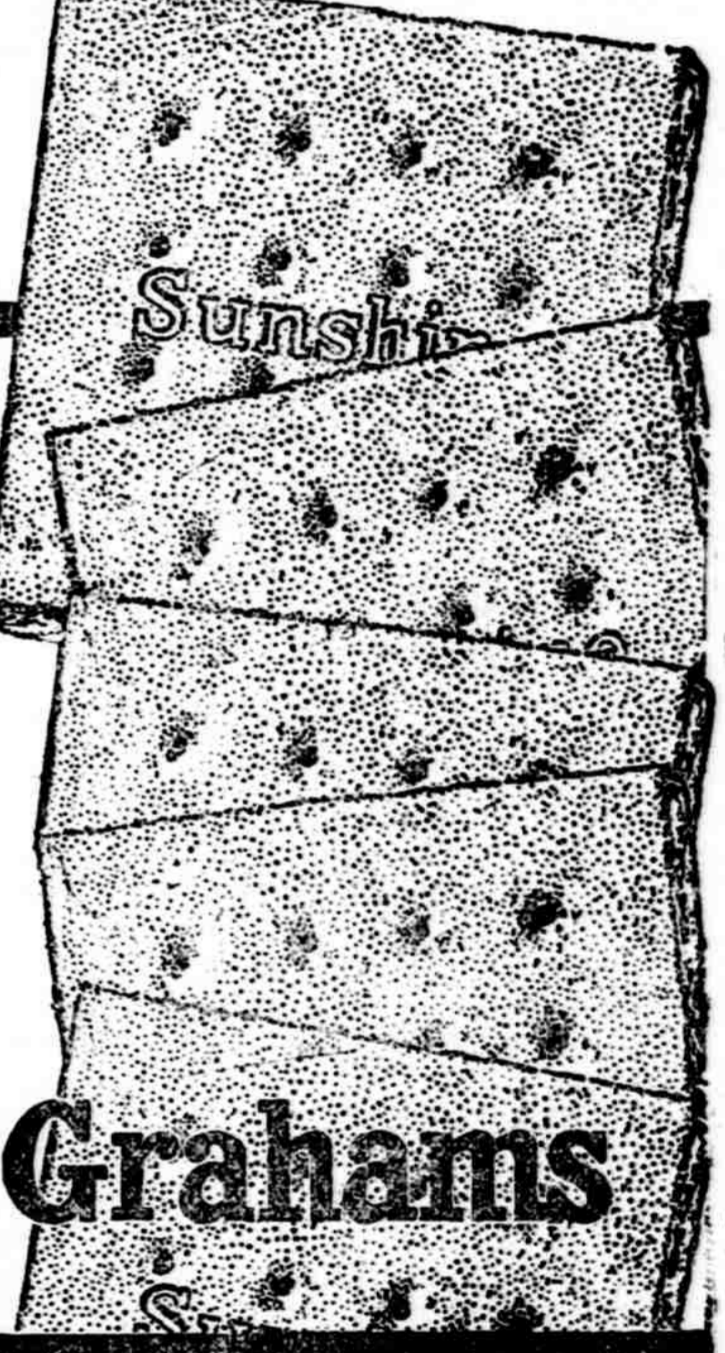
The most interesting announcement of the automobile industry was undoubtedly that the new models of the White Steamers could be run on kerosene, or coal oil, instead of gasoline. Everyone at once recognized that the use of the new fuel would add materially to the advantages which the White already possessed over other types of cars. There were some people, however, who were sceptical as to whether or not the new fuel could be used with complete success, and, therefore, the makers of the White Car, the White Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, determined to make a public demonstration of the new fuel in the 1936 Glidden Tour.

From the standpoint of the public, no test more satisfactory could have been selected. First of all, the distance covered on the Glidden Tour from Detroit to Denver and thence to Kansas City, was 2650 miles. This was certainly more than sufficient to bring out any weaknesses, if such had existed. Still more important was the fact that the car was at all times while on the road under the supervision of observers named by those who entered other contesting cars. Therefore, it would have been impossible for the driver of the White to have even tightened a bolt without the fact being noted and a penalty inflicted. At night the cars were guarded by Pinkerton detectives and could not be approached by any one.

The complete success of the new fuel while on the 2650-mile public test and the advantages gained through its use were well described in the following dispatch which the correspondent of the New York Sun sent to his paper at the conclusion of the tour: "A feature of the tour which was watched with special interest was that the White Steamer used kerosene, or 'coal oil,' as fuel instead of gasoline. The new fuel worked splendidly throughout the 2650-mile journey, and all claims made in its behalf were fully proven. First of all, as regards cheapness, the White driver secured kerosene all along the route from 6 cents to 10 cents cheaper per gallon than was paid for gasoline. Secondly, the new fuel was handled without any precautions, and it was not unusual to see kerosene being poured into the fuel tank while the crew of the car and an interested crowd stood by with lighted cigars and cigarettes. At the finish of the tour, the White was the only car permitted by the authorities to enter Convention Hall, where the technical examination took place, without draining its fuel tank. Thirdly, the new fuel proved to be absolutely without smoke or smell. Fourthly, kerosene could be purchased at whatever part of the route was most convenient, and not once during the trip through the ten States of the Middle West was there found a grocery store where kerosene was not readily and cheaply obtainable. Finally, the amount of fuel used on the trip showed that kerosene is at least fifteen per cent. more efficient, gallon for gallon, than gasoline. The car in other respects made a most creditable showing, and there was the usual rivalry among the observers to be assigned to the White so that they could ride with the maximum of comfort. The only adjustments or repairs charged against the car during the long trip were tightening a lubricator pipe and wiring a damaged mud guard. These penalties were not incurred until more than 2000 miles had been completed with an absolutely perfect score." A particularly interesting feature of the new White Steamer is that either kerosene or gasoline may be used as fuel. The necessary adjustments so that the fuel may be changed from kerosene to gasoline, or vice versa, may be made in a couple of minutes; but so completely successful has kerosene proved to be, that it is not believed that any purchaser will care to use gasoline. The White Company report that the demand for their new steam cars—both the \$2900-model and the \$4900-model—exceed their most sanguine expectations. It is evident that the combination of steam—the power or which everyone understands and has confidence in—with kerosene—the fuel which everyone has on hand and can handle without any danger—is thoroughly appreciated by up-to-date purchasers of automobiles.

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Sunshine Grahams

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CHAPTER XII.

Survival of the Fittest. THE next four days slipped by almost unheeded. Blake saw to it that not only himself but his companions had work to occupy every hour of daylight. When not engaged in cooking and fuel gathering, Miss Leslie was learning by painful experience the rudiments of dressmaking. At the start she had all but ruined the beautiful skin of the mother leopard before Blake chance to see her and took over the task of cutting it into shape for a skirt. But when it came to making a waist of the cub fur, he said that she would have to puzzle out the pattern from her other one. Between cooking three meals a day over an open fire, gathering several armfuls of wood, and making a dress with penknife, thorn, and cat-

gut, the girl had little time to think of other matters than her work. Winthrop had been gazzeted as hunter in ordinary. His task was to keep Miss Leslie supplied with fresh eggs and each day to kill as many of the boobies and cormorants as he could skin and split for drying. Blake had changed his mind about taking him when he went for coconuts. Instead, he had gone alone on several trips, bringing three or four loads of nuts, then a little salt from the sea-shore, dirty but very welcome, and last of all a great lump of clay, wrapped in palm fronds.

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SPOILED.



Riggs—Waiter, this steak is too tough to eat. Take it back. Waiter—Sorry, sir, but I can't; you've bent it.

PATIENT SUFFERING.

Many Women Think They Are Doomed to Backache. It is not right for women to be always ailing with headache, urinary ills, headache and other symptoms of kidney disease. There is a way to end these troubles quickly. Mrs. John H. Wright, 606 East First St., Mitchell, S. D., says: "I suffered ten years with kidney complaint and a doctor told me I would never get more than temporary relief. A dragging pain and lameness in my back almost disabled me. Dizzy spells came and went and the kidney secretions were irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills rid me of these troubles and I feel better than for years past." Sold by all dealers. 50c. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The best treasure among men is a frugal tongue.—Hesiod.

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