



BILL BUNK AND HIS CARGO OF MONKEYS



W'd just as lief as not bring you all back a monkey next trip," remarked William Bunk, A. B. benevolently, "but th' fact is I ain't so over an' above prejudice in favor o' 'em as pets as wot I used to be. You see th' trouble is they're th' least little bit too human fer comfort. Now, I've seen some purty smart animals in my time," continued the old man as he spat reflectively at a sand dragon. "Fer instance, there was th' Missin' Link, wot used to be th' ship's monkey on th' old Rovin' Bee. That critter was a sure wonder when it come to downlight hard sense, an' besides swearin' an' chowin' 'backey like th' rest o' us, he worked his way up from cabin boy to— But then, I might as well sail in an' spin th' yarn from th' beginnin'.

"We'd put out o' San Francisco, I reckon, on a tradin' 'sige, an' was short handed, as usual. Old Cap Barnacle made a great fuss about bein' disappointed at th' last minit by th' other hands he'd hired, and so fourth, but me and Sam was used to that dodge an' knowed well enough it was only because he was too stingy to man th' ship, an' the same bein' agin th' law, we made so bold as to menishun the fact. The skipper could put up a purty strong argument, howsomever, if they was a marlinpike layin' handy, and arter a few words we decided t' let th' matter drop fer th' time bein', 'specially arter he'd promised us extra pay if we was brisk an' willin'.

"That night th' crew (that's t' say, me an' Sam) got 'together in th' fo'c'sle t' talk th' thing over, an' finally, at my suggestion, we decided t' give th' Missin' a chance to show wot he was made out of. You see, I figured th' scamp, bein' a purty fair sailor to begin with, an' a natural born climber, could save us a lot o' trips aloft, an' besides that, he had a extry pair o' sea legs wot he could use in a pinch an' ort to have no trouble qualifyin' if he looked sharp an' obeyed orders.

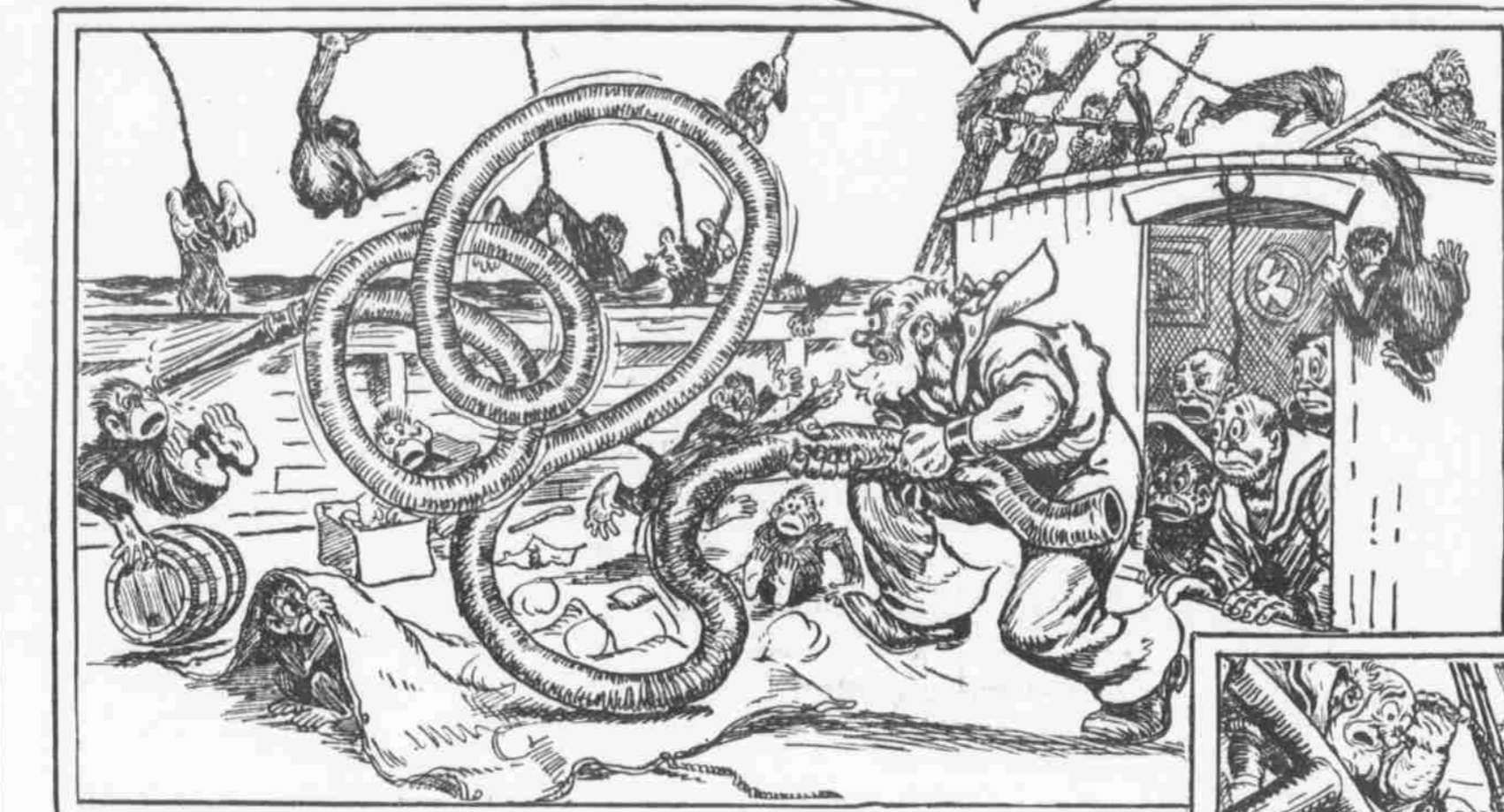
"Th' old man was down on th' scheme at first, but when I drawed his attention to th' savin' in wages it would be if Missin' got to be an A. B., he brightened up an' fell in heartier than any of us. You might have thort he'd give me some credit fer th' suggestion, but not him, no, sir!

"Why, 'ses he, 'tangle my shrouds, but it's funny I never thort o' that idy afore. Here I been workin' along fer years with a couple o' blockheads like you an' Sam there, wot calls yourself seamen, w'en I might just as well been workin' th' old Bee with a crew o' monkeys wot would ship fer nothin'. Bilester my sides! he sed, 'but that's a gran' scheme o' mine!' an' with that th' old hypocrite went off chucklin' an' let me kicken myself like th' blockhead wot he'd called me.

"From then on th' old man used t' spend hours at a time settin' out on deck teachin' th' Missin' Link how to make sailor knots an' things, an' in th' meantime me an' Sam instructed th' critter aloft. You'd be surprized wot headway he made, an' it was no time most afore he could fut a sail an' close an' quick as we could, besides bein' much more nimble in th' riggin', an' by th' time we crossed th' line he was standin' his trick at th' wheel right along with th' rest o' us.

"We'd got strick orders from Barnacle t' humor th' critter, no matter wot happened, but one night Sam caught th' Missin' Link sheatin' in a friendly game o' pinochle an' so far forgot himself as t' correct him with a b'layin' pin, an' wot does that upstart do but run an' blab t' old Barnacle. That started th' trouble in good earnest, fer th' old man didn't only take Sam for an aft, but wot was fer makin' th' Missin' Link first mate then an' thar.

"Sam weren't wot you might call proud, have'n been knocked about a good bit, but when it come t' a-dressin' that hombly monk as 'Mr. Link, sir,' it kind o' went agin his grain. I could see he'd took th' matter t' heart, th' critter bein' Sam's own property t' begin with, you understand, an' th' skipper'd hardly gone b'low an' turned in afore Sam challenged th' new first mate to a fair fist fight.



WIGGLED THE HOSE AND MADE A NOISE LIKE A BOA CONSTRICTOR—

lowed on shipboard. That monk knowed th' rules, all right, an' his bluff went too. "I finally got Sam cammed down enough t' listen to reason, but his dander was up an' th' parrot wot had got jealous at th' Missin' Link's rise in th' world kep' exg'in' him on t' do violence.

"Th' joke seemed to be on us, all right, from then on, fer th' Missin' took advantage o' his p'sition t' make life a burden fer me an' Sam's gait' around, as he did, with a marlinpike in his hand half th' time an' ready t' let fly at any minit an' without notice. That tickled th' old man fit t' kill, as you might b'lieve, fer wot he couldn't think o' th' Missin' could, an' b'tween th' two we was kep' a-jumpin' this way an' a-dodgin' that.

"Talk about addin' insult t' injury, though; you'd a thort that was about th' limit, but it was only just b'ginnin', fer when, next day, th' parrot was appointed spehkal lookout t' make me berth rigged up in th' crew's nest, do you s'pose she'd locate with me an' Sam no more? No, sir-ee! Not by a sea mile would she, but it was her takin' of her meals at th' cap'tain's table erlong o' the first mate an' struttin' around like a real ossifer t' th' good brade.

"As I told Sam, th' whole pervadin' was ornatural, an' t' mark my word, they'd be no good come o' it all; but in th' meantime I sed, they was only two things fer a self-respectin' seaman t' do; first, find a way o' 'escape an' then d'art th' ship. From then on we kep' a bright lookout fer islands, but when one day a little group was sighted on our lee quarter, imagine our s'prize t' notice a lot more excitement among th' ossifers than there

was among us who was preparin' to escape. "We couldn't make it out no way, 'specially as th' group seemed uninhabited by humans an' th' ship stood in no need o' water or provisions, but first th' cap'tain an' then the Missin' 'd take a squint through th' glass, till finally th' ship was ordered hove to an' th' parrot directed t' fly ashore an' reconnoitre th' place.

"All this time they didn't pay no more attention t' me an' Bill than if we was stowed away, an' arter th' parrot come back they went b'low fer a long plaver. "Finally up comes all three o' 'em lookin' mighty mysterious, an' arter lowerin' th' small boat th' Missin' shook hands goodby t' th' old man, an', pickin' up a bag o' tin lookin'-glasses, climbed over th' side an' rowed ashore.

"I had to pinch Sam t' see if I was awake or only dreamin'. "Between tryin' t' figger out wot was up an' listenin' to th' old man pacin' th' deck overhead, you can bet we didn't sleep much that night. We hadn't long to wait after daylight, howsomever, an' while I was b'low fixin' up some provisions wot I'd laid by unbeknowshin', in case th' worst come to th' worst, I heard Sam's voice whisperin' down th' companion ladder, an' from th' way it shook I knowed they was breakers ahead. I stowed th' grub, you'd better think, an' was on deck in a jiffy, prepared fer most anythin' else but th' sight wot met my eyes. I'm surely dreamin' this time, I sed to Sam as I looked over th' side, but he edged away too quick.

"I might as well out with it, though, an' you can shiver my deadlights if thar

didn't come th' first mate rowin' alongside with such another chatterin' crew o' fillers an' apes as t' make your hair stand on end.

"I'd like t' fergit that day aboard ship," sighed the old seaman, "but I s'pose it was no more nor less than a special act o' Providence t' punish old man Barnacle fer tryin' t' interfere with th' laws o' nature by advancin' animals beyond th' proper standin'.

"Yes, it all came out arter I'd cleared th' ship an' we'd put to sea ag'in, that when th' skipper met Missin' ashore t' shanght that crew o' monkeys he'd plotted t' do away with me an' Sam, as I'll always b'lieve, which accounted fer th' presentiments o' evil wot I'd had. Fer my part I'll always think th' scheme would ha' worked all shipshape if th' first mate hadn't laid it on too thick to them ancestors o' own, but you see he'd spread th' story over th' island that th' ship was loaded with toys an' good things t' eat 'till th' whole tribe was crazy t' go aboard. Th' consequence was th' soreheads wot was left behind held a meetin' an' decided t' take th' ship. Yes, sir; Missin' had scarcely landed his crew afore th' whole troop (about five hundred, I should say) jumped in an' swam out t' board us where we lay.

"As soon as th' old man saw in what quarter th' wind was he shouted orders t' get under way, but by that time it was too late, an' th' best we could do was t' race fer our lives t' th' cabin and bar ourselves in. I'd allers been a friend t' th' lower animals up t' that time, but I hadn't been wot you might call fascinated with no fur bearin' v'riety since then twenty-four hours o' bedlam wot followed, an' frum

THREATENED TO HAVE BILL THROWN IN IRONS

th' way ol' Barnacle played football with th' first mate whenever he'd git his breath back I concluded he'd made up his mind t' worry along with common, everyday two-legged seamen for a while yet."

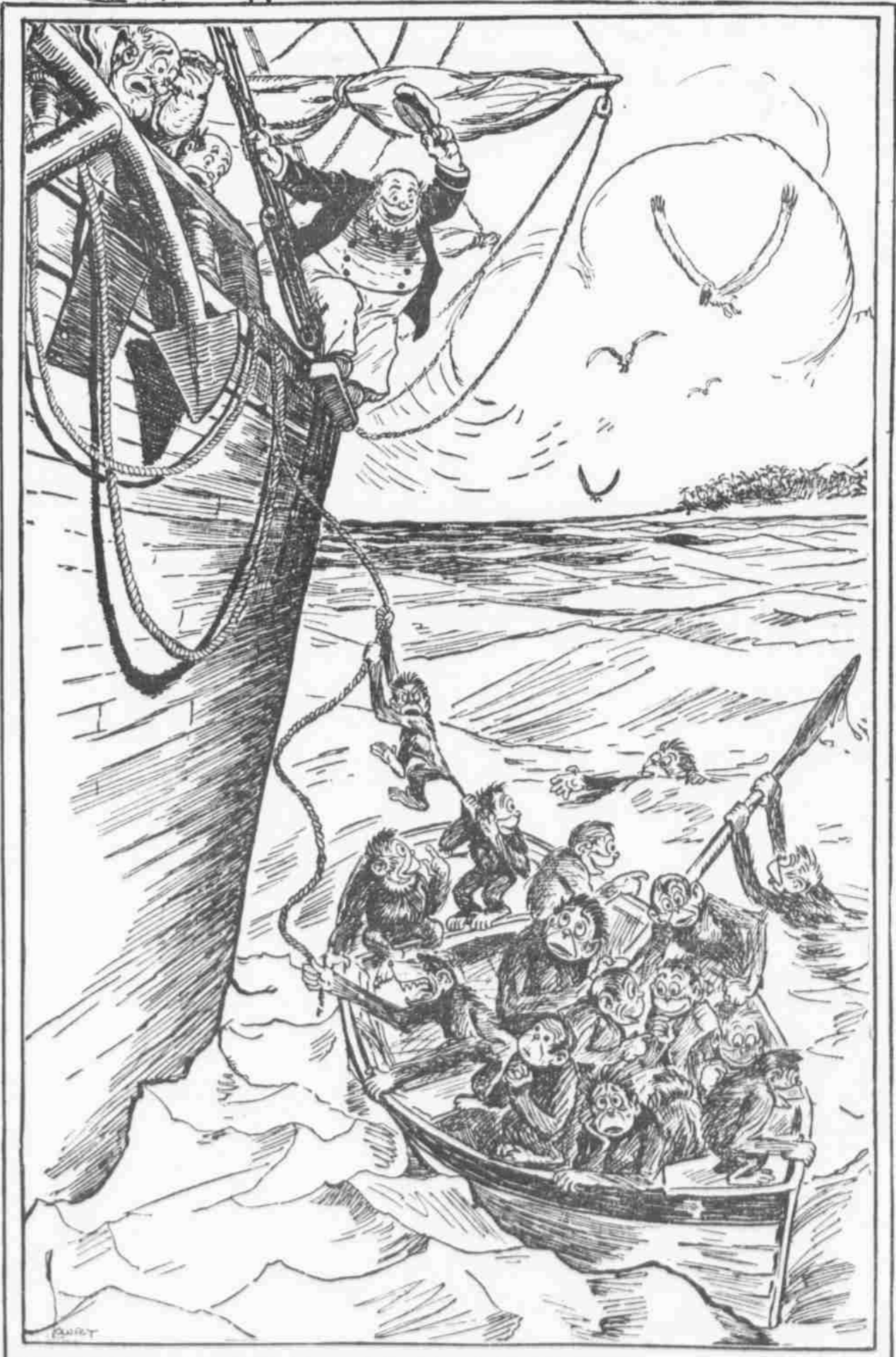
"It was merely a question o' time afore they reached us, an' th' cap'tain an' Sam was beginnin' t' feel mighty sorry they'd ever run away t' sea, when I happened t' think o' a scheme fer our d'liverance. It was an old trick wot I'd learned in Ingly, but it come in mighty handy on that particular occasion, an' it was like this:—

"You see th' cap'tain had laid in a twenty-foot section o' five-inch rubber hose, t' be used in pumpin' out th' hold or in case o' fire, wot he was terrible afraid on, an' it was a mighty forchintin' thing it was in th' cabin locker there. Well, there was no time t' spare, an' afore th' rest o' 'em

knowed wot I was up to I grabbed that hose an' throtted th' whole coil out on th' deck, and gettin' ahold o' one end, begin t' thrash an' wriggle it around at th' same time makin' a noise like a boy constructor.

"That done the business, fer you know they hain't nothin' a monkey's so afraid of as a reptile, an' them lads didn't stop to reason it out, but set up a yelp 't I found out from the Missin' meant 'snake' in their languitch, an' begun to scatter in all directions.

"Arter the last one had jumped overboard, though, an' I see wot I done, do you know I felt kind o' sorry—not so much fer the monkeys, you understand, but it just so happened 't a school o' sharks had come swimmin' up just then, an' I detest sharks on general principles. I axually begrudged 'em every mouthful."



PREPARED FOR ANYTHING BUT THE SIGHT WOT MET MY EYES—

HINDOO IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is a growing sentiment among the coolies of India to get out into the Occidental world for the purpose of earning higher wages. They have been arriving in large numbers in British Columbia, though the Canadians object to their presence. Mr. Michael writes from Calcutta and says:—

"Ten sturdy looking Punjab Mohammedans, some of whom could talk English so as to be understood, called on me recently to ascertain whether they would be admitted into the United States if they should go there to find employment on farms. They said they had each 100 rupees (\$25.00) with which to pay their passage and other expenses. I told them that with that amount of money they would better not undertake the journey. They said that some of their friends were in America working on dairy farms and that they thought they could do well in America, as they understood the care of cows and the work of a dairy. But they returned to the Punjab

with the purpose of earning more money, and when they had sufficient to justify the venture they would go to the 'great country,' which they called the United States.

"There is a good deal of discontent in India among the laboring classes, especially the capable and more intelligent laborers. A good many Indians have gone to Natal, where they earn from \$20 to \$25 per month, whereas they would not be able to earn more than \$6 or \$7 per month at home. Indeed, in most localities the average wage per month is not more than \$2 to \$4. It is little wonder that there are discontent and a growing desire on the part of Indian laborers to go away from their own country in the hope of finding better wages and better opportunities.

"The question of labor supply for the tea gardens in Assam has become so serious that it is engaging the attention of the government of India, which has come to look upon the scarcity of labor in Assam and its necessary consequences with some

degree of alarm. An investigation committee was appointed to discover the causes and to provide a remedy. Some have ascribed the cause to the penal contract system, which authorizes a contract for the period of four years and gives to the employer the right of private arrest. Under the operation of the law, which prescribes four years and confers the right of private arrest, the laborers are bound up tight and placed almost wholly at the mercy of their employers. To be sure, the new law of 1901 limits contracts to four years and prescribes the following minimum monthly wage schedule:—For the first year, \$1.50 for a man and \$1.25 for a woman; for the second and third years, \$1.51 and \$1.31; for the fourth year, \$1.52 and \$1.26, respectively."

Too True.

Ah, in these ashes of the fires of youth I find the pathos of a cold, sad truth; That we pile on the wood in early days The less to warm ourselves than see it blaze.

LEW FAIRCHILD.