Make Fortune Selling Water

In Land Where Nature Neglected to Install Sufficient Plumbing

After our baggage had finally arrived in Khartoum and our battered motorcycles were soldered and wired up in as good condition as possible we were ready to push on again. It looked as though there would be plenty of pushing too, for there remained yet another desert and a mountain range to cross.

We decided that if the waters of the Red Sea should part we would go on through to Arabia and thus continue our way eastward around the world. If they didn't we would go somewhere else—just where, we couldn't decide. The principal highway in that part of Africa is the Nile River, and the logical thing for us to do was to follow that—either north or south—instead of trying to struggle on eastward where the roads were few and furious and there was nothing to see after we reached there.

We discussed going up the Nile, to the south, either by river steamer or some cruder little craft which we might man and propel ourselves. This route would take us along the big game trails of East Africa, through the vast jungles and mighty forests of the Livingstone country and eventually, on down to the more civilized lands of South Africa with its huge farms, its diamond mines, and its mixtures of many races.

Or we could proceed down the Nile, toward the north. We could probably float in our own little boat above the backs of the clumsy crocodiles down the flat and lazy Nile, past the pyramids and the ancient tombs of Egypt to Cairo, the gateway to Africa, Europe and Asia. From there the whole world would lie before us, with Syria, the Holy Land, and Arabia, in the nearer foreground, and India, Singapore, and China on beyond—all these between us and the home we had left so many months before.

But first we must turn our backs on this great travel route, the Nile, and make for the nearest Red Sea port if for no other reason than to complete the transcontinental trip we had began. We had come many hundreds of miles through the black heart of Africa, here nothing on wheels had ever been before. A few hundred miles remained and we would have been the first ever to drive motorcycles across the Dark Continent. We meant to do it, the Red Sea, whether we wanted to or not.

There is a road, we were told, that swings far to the south and then comes back toward the border between the Sudan and the little Italian colony of Eritrea that fringes the Red Sea Coast. But we decided to scoot straight across the top of the "V". It would save two hundred miles, and since there were very few miles left in our battered old machines that at least was an item. The fact that the trail was faint, if there were any trail at all, made little difference to us. We were not used to roads anyway.

East of Khartoum we found the flattest and most barren land we had found anywhere on our entire trip so far. It was here that I saw so extremely simple a phenomenon that I had never seen it before and never expect to find it duplicated again wherever I may go. We stopped one blistering afternoon to point out to each other that in that entire blue dome above us, north, south, east and west, from rim of the round horizon to the zenith way above there was not one single cloud. Sounds simple, but have you seen it?

Nor was that all. Not a building, not a tree, not a person, not a hill, not one little leaf or blade of grass, not even a shade relieved the view about us. Exactly in the centre of that enormous circle, regular and round as the horizon, stood the hems in the mirror of the desert, stood Jim and I. The world stood still around us. Time itself had been turned off. Beyond the edge, no doubt, the world began again, but in that one blind spot of creation, I creation by nature and by man, the earth and the heavens themselves were alike unadornished and unadorned. We were just a few miles beyond the jumping off place, the empty spare room of the universe.

In such a country as that, where Nature has forgotten everything else, one would naturally suppose that she would also neglect the plumbing—and she has. There is no water except in occasional oasis basins perhaps a hundred miles apart along the caravan trails. In these basins are many wells. Half the entire population of these oases is in the water business. They have inherited from their ancestors who drew water from these ancient wells a thousand years ago exclusive, unwritten concessions to operate it family well and to sell water to their neighbors and to the flocks and families of the caravan travelers who are always camping near.

During the rush watering hours of the day every available wife and slave of the owner of the well is gathered about the top, drawing up water hand under hand, and pouring it into the mud-walled "tanks" that are dyked up with dirt nearby. Some of these wells are deep, so deep that hand drawing is impracticable. If small skin buckets are used, nearly all the water leaks out before it reaches the top. Larger buckets cannot be drawn up by hand. In these cases, camels are used to draw the water up.

We found one enterprising young black with a camel, a pretty little slave girl, and a well. That combination would be his fortune, unless the slaveor the camel should die, for the well would never run dry. Out and back, like the stacker tea min the hay field, all day long marched the camel an dthe little girl. I stepped off the distance from the well to the end of he camel's march and it was 160 feet. Pretty deep for a rope and bucket dug well I thought.

Little happened to us after we left Khartoum until we reached the international border between the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and the little Italian colony of Eritrea which fringes the coast of that part of the Red Sea. In fact, all that we had seen were a few hundred miles of perfectly flat and arid lands and a few oases. But at the border we had the Italian language to learn, and we had mountains to cross and mountain trails to follow. Each was an equally uphill job for us.

The first thing we did on those mountain goat trails was to break completely in two one of the braces which originally held Jim's side car to his machine. The net thing was to tie the side car back onto the bike with some pieces of native rope and go on. The next thing we did was to crack the main frame of my motorcycle and since we couldn't fix it with anything at all we just went on anyway. It was laborious and hazardous traveling.

Somewhere in the interior as we were worrying along under our heavy loads of baggage expecting our machines to collapse on the roads at any time, we found an Italian who possessed three most admirable qualities: He was driving a truck in our direction; he understood enough French so that we could explain our situation; and he was good-natured enough to offer to carry all our baggage to the nearest railroad town some fifty miles away. He would meet us at "Thotel" in the little town of Aaordat.

Bad luck came with every turn in the road—and it was a crooked trail. We finally climbed the last steep hill into the sleeping mountain town of Agordat at three o'clock in the morning. Not a soul was on the streets. We roared up one avenue and down the other hoping to alarm the police so they could either point out the hotel to us or invite us to sleep in their jail. But neither light nor person could we find in that entire city that sprawled across the tops of the little mountain range.

Finally we saw the flickering firelight of a black hostler celebrating the night feast of Ramadan in the stables of the royal hounted. We dared to knock upon his door, and then spent fully half an hour trying to make him understand that we not only wanted to find a hotel but that we also wanted him to conduct us there. It is one thing to be lost in a lonely land in the desert or jungle for there one expects to live by his own wits alone with no co-operation from anyone else. But in a city the size of Agordat, "Eritrea," we could not simply roll out our blankets and sleep on the ground, especially since all our blankets were in the track of our friend, and in that high altitude of 5,000 feet it was far too cold to sleep without them.

The first hotel keeper that awoke told us that there was no room left. He said it in Italian but it was easy to understand, and considering the hour of the night and the way we looked I don't blame him either. The next hotel we handled differently. We made no effort to find the manager an thus to run the risk of being ordered away. We simply started down the hall. The door of the first room was locked. We peered in the second and saw by the light of our flashlight one olive colored elbow sticking out from under the blankets. Someone was snoring in the third. The forth room was empty and the door was unlocked. We locked it from the inside. That was our reservation.

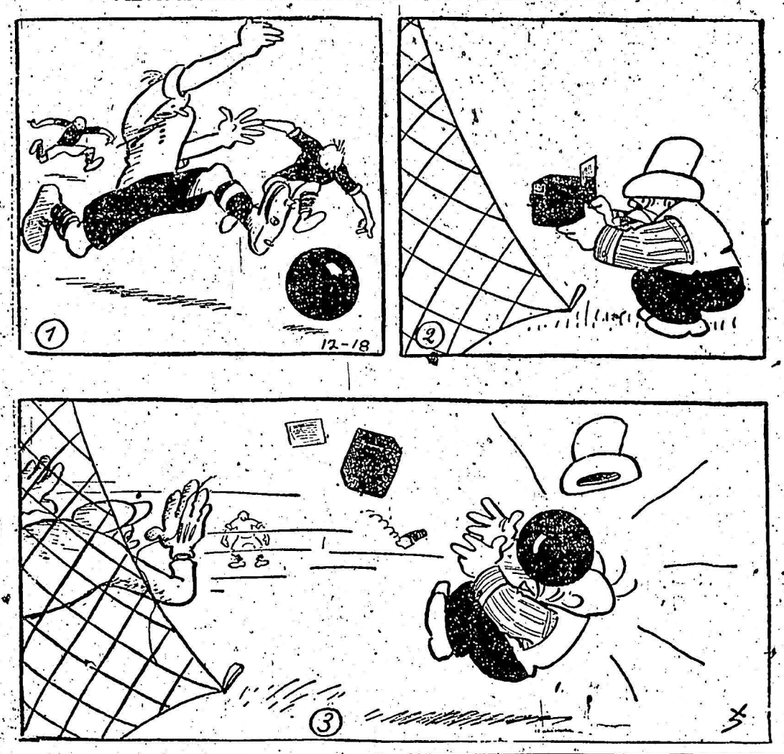
If I had not been so utterly dead tired and sleepy I might have worried about the irregularity of our action. I might have known, even if it had been home, that it would be hard to explain in the morning. But since this was in Eritrea I knew that we would have no explaining to do—because we couldn't talk their language.

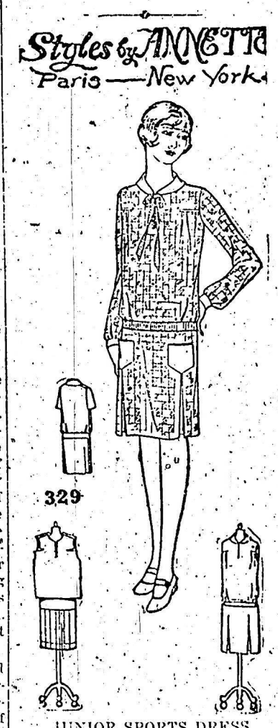
The next morning the hotel keeper surprised us in two ways: He could speak French and thus could ask us to explain, and, second, he wanted no explanations at all, only 20 lire rent instead. Since a lire is worth about a nickel and lais was for bed and breakfast for two we thought we had selected our hotel very wisely indeed.

We finally located our truck driver who broke the news that his machine had fared no better on those tortuous mountain roads than our own motorcycles and it had faltered to a stop some twelve miles back. Our good Samaritan himself had walked the twelve miles in to town and stumbled into the hotel just a few minues before ourselves. We left at noon for Asmara, the mountain capitol of Eritrea, upon the promise of our Italian friend to get our baggage into Agordat some way during the day and ship it up to us by rail.

Those Italian engineers have built a wonderful railroad from the coast of the Red Sea into the interior of their little colony of Eritrea. And then they have paralleled it with a highway whose surface is about as rough as the surface of the railroad right-of-way but whose grades and curves are a match for almost any mountain highway in the United States. They were almost a match for our bruised and battered bikes, but we made it and the few days spent in Asmara, the picturesque capitol of this comic opera colony in Africa, were well worth the effort.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.





JUNIOR SPORTS DRESS

A practical sports dress of modernistic printed jersey, with plain jersey turn-over collar, cuffs and patch pockets. The front of blouse forms a yoke effect by cutting along perforated line, in from armhole, and gathering lower edge, and joining to upper edge with piping of the plain jersey. The two-piece skirt has inset inverted plaits at each side of front, below patch pockets. It is most effective in flannel with ombre horizontal stripes, bright red kasha, navy blue wool crepe, cocoa brown homespun, bottle green velveteen, tweed in coppery red and printed sateen. Style No. 329 is designed in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

"Burglars often quarrel about the division of the spoils," says a detective.—The rift about the loot.

Irvin Cobb is said to have stated recently that it was unfortunate that some of his best stories couldn't be printed.

Use of the Canal Puts Pitcairn Island Near Ship Routes

Conditions Made Camplex by Visitor's Piano, Wireless and Motor Engine

Auckland, N.Z.—Before the Panama Canal was cut the world did not give a thought to remote Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific, where dwelt a small community descended from the mutineers of H.M.S. Bounty. It was right off the regular tracks of shipping. But the opening of the canal put the island on the route between New Zealand and Panama, which was then taken by the direct liners that used to go round Cape Horn. Liners stop at Pitcairn Island for a short while, and the islanders put off in boats to sell fruit and articles they have made to the passengers. The break is welcomed on the long three week's run.

Surprisingly little, however, has been written about life on the island. Recently a New Zealand family of eight spent some time there, and have returned to New Zealand with an interesting story. A. Hare of Wellington touched at the island in a sailing ship 36 years ago, and made up his mind to go back some day. When he did it was to be put off a liner with a wife and six children. The islanders, who hardly ever have a visitor, welcomed them most warmly. Mr. Hare says the population of the island is about 200, and the village, which is called Adamstown, after one of the Bounty mutineers, has 52 houses, a church, a school and a courthouse.

The island is under the jurisdiction of the commissioner of the Western Pacific, whose headquarters are in distant Fiji, but apparently it causes him little trouble. There is a jail, but it is seldom used. The island is governed by a council of five, elected annually and presided over by a man called the chief magistrate. The present head bears the name of another Bounty mutineer, Christian. Under their direction the islanders do the necessary public work, and anybody who fails to furnish his share is fined £1 or compelled to do five days' extra work. The people neither drink nor smoke, and are deeply religious.

The soil is very fertile and food grows in abundance. The oranges are said to be among the finest in the world, but for these and other tropical fruits the only market is the passing ships. There are few insects and no pests to spoil the crops. According to Mr. Hare, the people are happy in their simple life. He tried to make it rather more complex by taking with him a piano, the first to be seen there, a motor engine and a wireless receiving and transmitting set. The engine was fitted to one of the boats and enabled the islanders to go out several miles and intercept a ship.

Behind this life lies a mystery similar to that of another remote Pacific spot, Easter Island. Relics of a bygone race are found on Pitcairn, and Mr. Hare brought back stone implements and photographs of rock paintings. Apparently this aspect of Pitcairn Island has never been properly investigated. Mr. Hare says he is going back, probably to stay two years, and two of his sons are going to teach the children. Possibly in years to come Pitcairn Island will be a haven of refuge for New Zealanders.

Warmer Homes

Insulate Your Home Now From Wintry Blasts

Before the cold winds of winter blow through the crevices in your house make a careful survey and take all needed precautions

Plaster a molding of cement on the inside sill where the house rests on the foundation walls if it is a frame structure. The cellar should be made as air tight as possible. Make the cellar tight against air currents and heat oosses. Then insulate your heating plant and hot-water tank against heat losses. Keep the cellar at least a few degrees cooler than the living quarters of the house.

Checking up on windows that rattle will also obstruct the entrance of air currents. By merely prying off the stop and placing it nearer the window sash the rattle is eliminated and the crevice closed. In the attic the lattice openings should be closed during the winter months. The sill opening where the roof sets on the walls of the house should be insulated if that has been neglected in building.

Easily Satisfied

The veteran English playwright, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who recently celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, has a big budget of theatrical yarns.

One of the best concerns a manager of one of the old-time touring companies, who, on arriving at the local theatre on a Monday morning, was asked by the stage manager how many "supers" he would require that evening.

"Let me see," he replied. "Let me see, laddie. We want a posse of police up the centre of the stage and some soldiers on the prompt side in the first act. In the second we shall require two groups of villagers and a London mob. How many supers can you get?"

"Two," was the reply.

"Two, laddie, two? Why, that will do splendidly."

The Best of a Bad Business.

New York Sun: (The prevalence of bootleg spirits in Peru has caused the Government to declare contraband all whiskey under three-years old offered for public consumption.) Strong men in every speakeasy from the Battery to Harlem weep into their needle beer as they reflect upon what this may mean to Peruvian drinkers. No synthetic gin, no rectified paint, no dainty bouquet of wood alcohol and iron rust, no white mule bounding down from the mountains, no Scotch that never saw Scotland, no rye taht never saw a rye field, no bacardi that was never nearer Cuba than the Brooklyn water front. How can any nation expect to grow strong and great by coddling its stomachs with three-year-old hard stuff?

Get right down to business and you won't get left in the lurch.

Stone Age Traces Found in Asia, American Explorer Tells London

London.—The fossil remains of strange prehistoric animals and traces of people who lived thousands of miles from the present-day civilization in the heart of Central Asia 25,500 years ago, are described in an interview with Roy Chapman Andrews, who has arrived here en route to the United States from explorations in the Gobi Desert, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History.

"I have been trying to ascertain whether Central Asia was, as has been supposed, a great center of distribution for animal and reptilian life," said Mr. Andrews. "We found the remains of an entirely new prehistoric mammal, the largest yet known. It roamed through the world 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 years ago, was 25 feet long, 14 feet high at the shoulders, had a neck 12 foot high, was as big as a freight car and weighed over 10 tons. It was related to the rhinoceros family, but had a long neck and fed on leaves from tree tops."

Another discovery was the great mastodon, or prehistoric elephant, probably six million years old.

In the same district the party found traces of a great colony of people of the Stone Age. "Millions of our prehistoric ancestors," he said, "must have lived there."

Mr. Andrews was the first to introduce motorcars into the Gobi Desert, and by using them, in combination with camel transport, was able to do in one car work which would have taken ten otherwise.

Andrews, who is on his way to the United States [illegible] spent eight [illegible] proving that [illegible] centre of distribution [illegible] and reptilian life. In addition to [illegible] lous animals, the expedition found [illegible] habitation in [illegible] said.

Evidence [illegible] that Stone Age [illegible] tated parts of [illegible] sisted chiefly [illegible] human bones [illegible] many implements [illegible] work found [illegible] scrapers, spear [illegible] knives, arrow [illegible] crudely decorated [illegible]

Perished Desert

The expedition [illegible] erless tracks [illegible] in motor cars [illegible] a thousand miles [illegible]

Strange Monsters

The expedition [illegible] remains of a [illegible] rhinoceros, [illegible] the castle of an [illegible] The horse was [illegible] of a trumpeter.

Andrews [illegible] eggs in which [illegible] tons of prehistoric [illegible] distinguished.

Andrews [illegible] enough material [illegible] complete skeleton [illegible] Museum of Natural History.

[illegible] the expedition [illegible] in the Gobi Desert [illegible] Mongolia was the great [illegible] for the animal [illegible] prehistoric ages [illegible] remains of marvellous size, the [illegible] traces of human [illegible] Stone Age, Andrews said.

[illegible] ted, he revealed [illegible] en densely inhabitated [illegible] desert. They subsisted [illegible] birds and frogs. No [illegible] were discovered, but [illegible] of the Stone Age [illegible] included bone [illegible] scrapers, jasper and stone [illegible] knives and pieces of crudely decorated pottery.

[illegible] ed Desert

The expedition [illegible] penetrated the waterless [illegible] desert of Central Asia [illegible] working in a district [illegible] west of Pekin.

[illegible] Monsters

[illegible] discovered the remains [illegible] there resembling a [illegible] skull shaped like [illegible] American pack-saddle. [illegible] turned in the form [illegible]

[illegible] he found dinosaur [illegible] the embryonic skeletons [illegible] monsters could be distinguished.

Andrews [illegible] he hoped to have enough material [illegible] bones to present a complete skeleton [illegible] to the New York Museum of Natural History.

Winter Aconite

One of the first flowers to break the monotony of winter with their cheery buttercup-yellow cups framed in quaint little frills of green leaves, are the winter aconites (Eranthis Hyemalis), which do not seem to be as widely grown as they deserve. When picked with short stems and floated in shallow bowls of water, they make a charming and distinctive centrepiece for a dinner table.

Another and more lasting method of utilizing them, however, for indoor decoration, is to lift a dozen or two from the open ground when they are coming into flower, and replant them in a large flat earthenware saucer, or shallow bowl, filled with sifted earth and a little sand, just covering them with soil, and putting them about two inches apart. A covering of moss improves the appearance of the bowl or saucer.

After flowering they may be replanted in the garden.

When increasing the stock of winter aconites, the small tubers should be planted two inches deep and two inches apart in October, November, or December, in shady borders, beds or lawns.

Old Friends

By A. MUIR

O sure am I, when I come to die,
And through Death's portals go,
Those cats, and dogs, and little white mice,

And birds I used to know
Shall all come rushing to welcome me,
Their friend of long ago.

And the cast will cry, "We've missed you, sir,
We know you missed us, too."
And the dogs will bark, "Good morning, friend,
We've waited long for you."
And the little white mice shall squeak with joy,
And the birds will chirp and coo.

And happen what may on the Judgment day,
I shall not affrighted be,
If the cats, and dogs, and all weak dumb things
That on earth were dear to me,
Should receive from God, the gift of speech,
For I know they'll plead for me.

—G. K's Weekly.

She: I'm going to make you a cake.

He: Fine. I'm used to hardships. I'm still a Freshman at college.

Physical Decide[illegible] Make-Up by Glands

Secretions [illegible] Used [illegible] Cases [illegible] Have [illegible] Insufficient [illegible]

Animal Glands Success in [illegible] ere Patients [illegible]

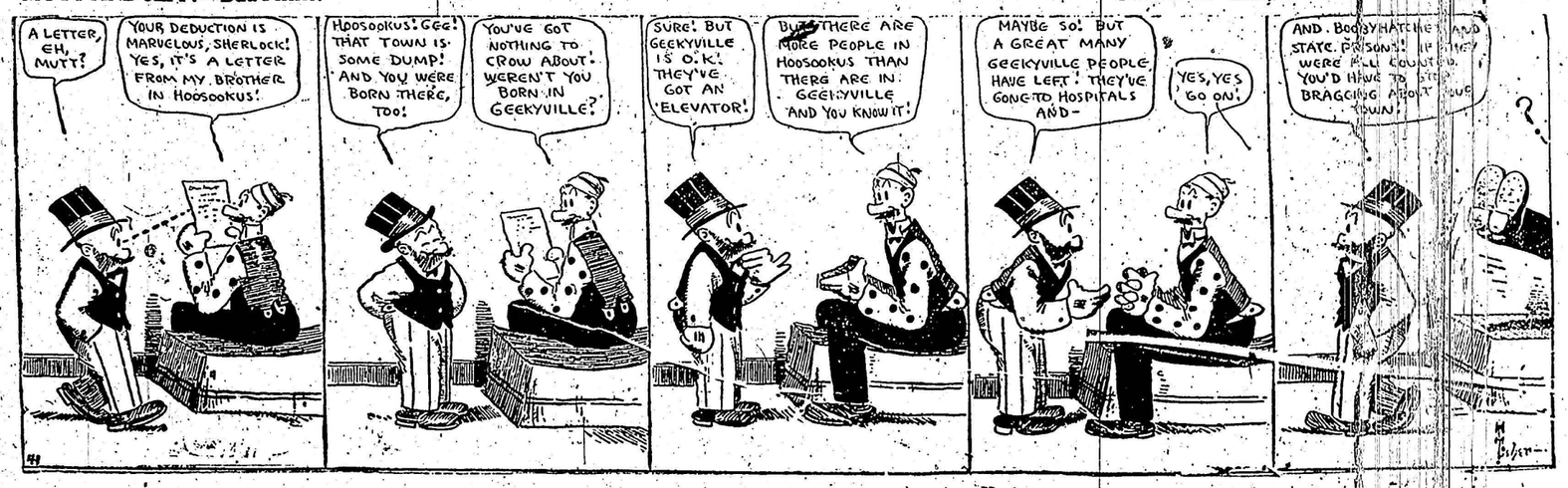
[illegible] Yates, M.D.)

[illegible] ck off whether [illegible] or short, fat or [illegible] jaw bone or recedi[illegible] rapid or a slow heart [illegible] rends upon some li[illegible] secret parts of the [illegible] nce, the thyroid, the [illegible] the cells of the body [illegible] a little better and a [illegible] chis to destiny. [illegible] substances in [illegible] the growth of the [illegible] on more energy or [illegible] popularly called [illegible] the little adrenal [illegible] on top of each [illegible] work in harmony [illegible] doing many of the [illegible] in the case of the [illegible] more strength, [illegible] the little pituitary [illegible] gl. It has a special [illegible] growth of the bones, [illegible] up the vegetables [illegible] the body. It also [illegible] upon certain mus[illegible] those not under the [illegible] ill.

[illegible] appens when these [illegible] too much work, or [illegible] the case of the thy[illegible] doing too much, the [illegible] ster palpitates. You [illegible] easily lose weight, [illegible] suffer with indigestion [illegible] would digest do en[illegible] skin may become [illegible] mental dullness and [illegible] of fat deposited [illegible] body. Where the [illegible] too much there is [illegible] strength, a keen [illegible] an increase in the [illegible] corpuscles in the [illegible] blood vessels are not [illegible] there is loss of [illegible] and slow growth [illegible] ary gland is too a[illegible] may grow to a [illegible] and features, be[illegible] enlarged.

[illegible] ledge has been at[illegible] ch man they have [illegible] of ani[illegible] where patients [illegible] at amount and have [illegible] very gratifying results. [illegible] of the use of thy[illegible] the thyroid, adrenal glands, pituitary body, and in[illegible] ereas, we can ex[illegible] next few years will [illegible] benefits to mankind [illegible] ration of the ductless glands.

[illegible] ne communication be[illegible] Alberta and the cities [illegible] British Columbia was [illegible] ished. Previously this [illegible] had to be made [illegible] through Great Falls, Montana, Spokane and Seattle, Washington, to Vancouver [illegible] other points along the B. C. coast.

MUTT AND JEFF.—Bud Fisher.

Outside of That, Jeff's Native Town is O.K.