The Treasure of the Bucoleon

By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH

SYNOPSIS

Hugh Chesby, on the death of his uncle, becomes Lord Chesby, and shortly thereafter discovers the key to the Treasure of the Bucoleon, which was left by the first Lord Chesby, the Crusader. Hugh sets out in quest of the treasure, which is situated in a house in Constantinople. With him are Watkins, his servant; Jack Nash, and Nikka Zaranko. They are set upon by a band of desperate criminals led by one Toutou, who hope to steal the secret and purloin the treasure. Nikka and Jack gain access to the house where the treasure is hidden and which is occupied by Tokalji, an ally of Toutou's. They are disguised as Gypsies. In order to further their ends they consent to join Tokalji's band of young men. Kara, a beautiful Gypsy girl, is fascinated by Nikka.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)

After supper the young men moved to the courtyard, where they built a fire of driftwood. A buzz of talk arose. The primitive Gypsy fiddles and guitars began to twang softly.

"Kara will dance," they cried. "Let Kara dance for the strangers."

And Kara floated into the circle of firelight like a spirit of the forest. She still wore only the scanty madder-red skirt and torn bodice. The cloud of her hair tumbled below her waist. Her tiny naked feet barely touched the ground. Slowly she whirled, and the Gypsy fiddles caught her time. A man with cymbals clashed an accompaniment. A flute whistled soprano. She increased the tempo; she varied her steps. She was a flower shrinking beneath the grass. She was a dove pursued by a falcon. She was a maiden deserted by her lover. She was a fairy hovering above the world

Crash! boomed a knock on the street door. And rap-rap-rap! it was repeated. Crash! again.

The music stopped.

"Heh!" said Tokalji. "Who can it be in such a hurry at this hour?"

Crash! The door resounded under the battering of a pistol-butt.

Tokalji crossed to the entrance.

"Less noise there!" he shouted threateningly. "This is a peaceful house."

His manner changed the moment he opened the wicket. What he said we could not hear, but we saw him quickly turn the lock and throw back a leaf of the door, salaaming low as he stepped aside. Six men burst in, four of them in European clothes, and Nikka and I exchanged a glance of apprehension as we recognized the broad shoulders of their leader and heard his snarling voice.

Toutou LaFitte had arrived. With him were Hilyer, Serge Vassilievich and Hilmi Bey. The two who brought up the rear, somewhat sulky and fearful, were the spies we had seen in front of the Pera Palace that morning.

"Can't get anybody to fulfill my orders," whined Toutou, striding toward the fire. "I tell you to spare no efforts, and I come to find you singing and dancing around a fire!"

Tokalji, having refastened the door, followed him across the courtyard.

"What could we have done that we have not done?" he retorted. "Was it our fault that you lost track of the two new guests? As for the English lord and his servant, my two men that I set with you have shadowed them day and night."

"Well, he is with them today, as they admit," snarled Toutou. "Lost them for a whole day! Who knows what has happened in that time?"

"You are right there," agreed Tokalji coolly, "and I have just picked two new men to take their places. One of them is a Frank like yourself; the other is a Tziganes."

"Ha, let me see that Frank," exclaimed Toutou. "I know many of the Franks who live with the Tziganes."

"Step hither, Giorgi Bordu and Jakka," called Tokalji.

Nikka took his fingers in my arm in a warning grip, and we stepped forth from the group of Tziganes clustered in front of the fire. There was at least a chance that we should not be identified—but it value was demonstrated the instant the firelight splashed over Nikka's aquiline face and lean, febrile body.

"Surely I have seen that lean fellow before," piped Hilmi Bey, pointing at Nikka.

CHAPTER XV.

Vassilievich pushed in front of the newcomers.

"Is it my imagination," he inquired softly, "or does the stocky one bear a resemblance to the Amerikansky, Nash?"

"By jove, I think you're right!" exclaimed Hilyer, speaking for the first time.

"Be ready," hissed Nikka from the corner of his mouth, without shifting his eyes from our enemies.

His right hand was thrust into his waist-sash.

"I do not like this business," rasped Toutou, pulling a knife from inside his vest.

I felt a pressure between Nikka and myself, and Kara's voice whispered:

"Run, you fools! To the House of the Married!"

Nikka's pistol flashed blue in the firelight.

"Shoot, Jack!" he cried.

A ruddy flame jetted from his muzzle, and the spy Petko dropped dead. Toutou LaFitte pushed Zlacho in the line of fire before himself, and dived into the encircling shadows and Zlacho crumpled up with a broken leg. Tokalji, Hilyer, Vassilievich and Hilmi scattered.

"Run!" I heard Nikka shout.

We pelted for the house on our left, Kara running with us.

We gained the door, dropped the bar into place, and the next minute the framework groaned under a weight of bodies.

"No shooting," yelled Tokalji. "You fools, you'll have the Frank police in here!"

"One hundred Napoleons a head for them," barked Toutou. "Dead or alive."

"Come," Kara said, as a crash sounded outside.

"They have broken in a window. Follow me."

She led us into an adjoining room, where in the thickness of the wall a narrow stairway corkscrewed upward, debouching on the upper floor. She turned to the right and entered one of the rooms. A ladder leaned against the wall below a trap door in the roof. In a corner stood a bedstead, which she stripped of its clothes, revealing the cords that served for springs.

"Cut those with your knife," she said. "When we take to the roofs we will need them to help us down again."

Nikka did as she directed, while I shut the door, and piled the few articles of furniture against it. Tokalji's men were in full cry downstairs.

"There is more than enough rope here," said Nikka, coiling it on his arm. "Some of it I am going to use for you."

"What?"

Passion dawned in her big eyes.

"You cannot go with us, little one. We have no place to take you."

"I tell you I love you," she answered proudly.

"I'm not going to hurt you," pleaded Nikka. "But I must bind you so they will not suspect that you aided us."

He bound her gently, hand and foot, without a word, and laid her on the floor of the bed. We ascended the ladder and pushed back the trap-door.

"Next house," I panted, and we set off across the room. Ahead was a drop of ten feet on to the adjoining roof. We made it without any difficulty. We shuffled on cautiously until we came to the courtyard, which ran clear from the street front to the old sea-wall.

"No choice," grunted Nikka. "Here's a chimney. Knot your rope. It can't be more than twenty-five feet to the ground."

He went down first, and I followed him, scorching my hands, for the rope was thin and had no knots to check one's descent. Nikka pulled the door toward us very slowly, and we peered into the street. Not a figure showed in the direction of Tokalji's house. We sped out into the street, letting the door slam behind us. We had not gone fifty feet when we were seen by Gypsies on the roof of Tokalji's house, and they, with the woman to help them, cried the rest of the pack hot on our trail.

The only thing for us to do in the circumstances was to twist and turn without heed to direction and lose both pursuers and ourselves in the breakneck purlieus of Stamboul. We succeeded in shaking off the Gypsies finally, but we were hopelessly astray, and it was past midnight when we gained our cubicle.

"So far, Jack, you and Mr. Zaranko seem to have had most of the fun," pronounced my cousin Betty, as we sat at luncheon in the King's private sitting room in the Pera Palace.

Nikka and I had just finished relating our adventures of the night before and of our discovery of the treasure's hiding place. Now that we had been discovered there was no more use of disguising ourselves, so we had returned to our street clothes.

"Darn it all," I confessed. "You won't let up, will you? Well, have it your own way. What do you want to do?"

"Run down the Bosphorus after dark for a look at Tokalji's house from the water side," she answered promptly.

"Now tell us some more about the hiding place of the treasure."

"What more can we say?" I answered. "There's the courtyard and the red stone."

"It's not hollow, you said?" spoke up King.

"No."

"That would indicate a task of some difficulty in prying loose the covering of the treasure chamber," he remarked. "We have—or rather, I should say, Betty has—taken precautions to install on board the Curlew an equipment of crowbars, pickaxes, shovels, chisels and other tools—"

Betty excused herself and in quarter of an hour returned dressed in a warm sports suit.

Have you all got your pistols loaded?" she inquired.

If the spies were still watching the hotel, as I have no doubt they were, we gave them the slip. We went downstairs together and shot into a closed car which was in waiting, Watkins sitting beside the chauffeur. Ten minutes later we drew up on the Curlew's dock and went on board.

We chugged slowly through the glut of shipping in the Golden Horn, edging away from the Galata shore toward the picturesque bulk of Stamboul.

(To be continued)

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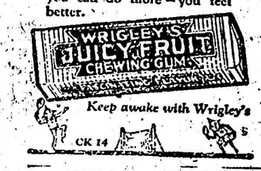

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CK 14

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Diphtheria Can Be Wiped Out

Toronto.—"The doctor has given the public a weapon which will exterminate diphtheria," stated Dr. Gordon Bates recently. "Medical science has evolved a substance which prevents diphtheria so surely, that if its use became universal, this disease would be practically stamped out within five years. The fact that the disease kills about 1200 Canadians a year shows that the teachers of the people must get busy.

"It is up to the public health official and, above all, to the Press of the country to make sure that every Canadian learns and learns again that it is his duty and privilege to help stamp diphtheria out, by having his children made safe from disease. Twelve hundred deaths a year is too serious a drain upon a population-hungry country like Canada, to be treated lightly. Especially when one realizes that those deaths occur out of 13,500 annual cases of the disease.

"Here is a national problem of life and death, of health and of economics. Yet nobody is paying enough attention to it."

Steamer-Chair

Freeze on one side and roast on the other—
On, what a bother!
Sun too hot and breeze too cool—
Oh, what a fool
I am to be always wanting, wanting,
Sides to be equal, lines to be straight,
While the Rule of Three and the Rule of Seven
Prevail in Heaven,
And the Soul of the Blest in forever haunting
Hell for its mate.

From the New Yorker by Marion Canby.

"When a man smells a mouse he should eat limburger and wait with baited breath."

Peacock Courts Disdainful Turtle

That Opposites Attract is Proved Definitely at the Bronx Zoo

Lucifer loves Geraldine.

He does not conceal his affection, but parades it. He woos the lady of his choice under the eyes of any who may chance to be looking.

Lucifer, Donna Risher tells us in the New York Telegram, is "a gorgeous, preening peacock," while Geraldine is "a squat, ugly, black turtle."

The Bronx Zoo in New York is the scene of this strange romance, of which we read fourther:

Lucifer's faithfulness to Geraldine has been marked, park attendants say, over a period of three years.

Ever since his arrival at the park from his native haunts of South America, Lucifer has let it be known at the zoo that he favored Geraldine to the exclusion of all others.

The minute he set eyes on fat, squatty, hard-shelled Geraldine, he switched his beautiful tail, spread it out into a lovely fan and walked out of the peacock lot.

To-day he is where he doesn't belong—in the turtle yard back of the Service House, within a foot's length of Geraldine. There he has been daily for three years.

But while this thing called love is ennobling, it has its drawbacks, too, for Lucifer has discovered that to love well one must suffer. To-day he is an outcast, an object of hate among his own. He has learned that he can not fraternize with a mere bunch of turtles without losing caste.

Once recently the jealous Lucifer had to fight Oswald, his brother peacock, because Oswald entered Geraldines' yard.

Of course, it was an easy matter to lick Oswald. Just one jump and Oswald spread his tail and walked away.

But some lay a bigger and better peacock may come along. Such thoughts as these make Lucifer unhappy.

On the other hand, the fat Geraldine takes Lucifer's devotion with amusement.

She is so thick-skinned and hard-shelled that she doesn't believe in love, even though masculine attentions are flattering.

Seaplanes Carry Gold to Indians

Montreal.—Bearing $25,000 in treaty money, officials of the Department of Indian Affairs next month will visit Indian tribes in the isolated regions of northern Ontario. For many of the natives it is the occasion each year that evidence comes to them of the white man's civilization. Each member of the treaty tribes receives $4 annually, and in the case of two tribes with which treaties are to be consummated this year an additional single payment of $4 is to be paid each Indian as gratuity.

Two seaplanes piloted by Royal Canadian Air Force officers will carry the party into the North country. They leave Ottawa on July 2. The party will be headed by H. N. Awrey, Treaty Commissioner of the Department of Indian Affairs, and W. C. Cain, Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests in the Ontario Government. Flight Lieut. Dave Harding, of Ottawa, will be in charge of the R.C.A.F. detachment. Fifteen stops will be made and thirty-four days will be occupied in the trip.

With the completion of treaties at Fort Severn and Winisk, on the west coast of Hudson Bay, all Indians will have been brought under what is known as "Treaty 9," which was brought into being in 1905.

The program for the flight includes stops at Remi Lake, English River, Ogoki, Fort Hope, Lansdowne House, Osnaburgh, Windigo, Sandy Lake, Trout Lake, Fort Severn, Winisk, Attawapiscat, Albany, Moose Factory and a return visit to Remi Lake.

Cold Meat Salad

Take one thick slice of cold meat cut from a joint. Rub well with salt and cut into small squares. One small head of lettuce—washed well and swung dry in a salad basket—also cut up, a suggestion of onion, and two mint leaves chopped very fine. Mix all together in a bowl, and add a little cold boiled potato. Pour over this one teaspoonful of oil and vinegar mixed. Add one yolk of an egg well beaten into a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and the same of salad oil. Beat well and pour over the meat salad.

Any cold green vegetable can be added to this, and the different varieties will but make this salad more delicious.

After this one might have cheese tarts and a cup of coffee or tea, and I am sure the lunch would be sufficient and appetizing.

Sponge Cake Fritters

This is an easily-prepared, unusual and delicious light sweet. Crumble three or four stale sponge-cakes in a basin. Pour over them half a teacupful of boiling milk and beat thoroughly with a fork. Leave standing until cold, then stir in one tablespoonful of flour. Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately. Stir the yolks into the sponge-cake mixture and beat well again.

Add a few currants, or if you prefer, a few chopped raisins, and lastly the stiffly-beaten whites of egg. Have ready in a frying-pan some very hot lard, drop the mixture in from a tablespoon, and fry until nicely browned. Drain well, pile on a paper doyley, sprinkle castor sugar over and serve at once.

Half a dozen ratafias crumbled with the sponge-cakes give a specially delicious flavor to the fritters.

"Slimming" is now becoming general among the police of Chicago. The weight of the constables was increasing so much that an official "diet" has now been issued.

High Rates

She Was a Vision of Beauty, and She Had Asked Him to Help Her!

Down the Portsmouth Road sped a little, low red, semi-sports car. Reclining in the drivers' seat sat a square-jawed, blue-eyed young man in a belted dustcoat, his brown hands resting lightly but firmly on the gently quivering wheel. From the tiny dickey protruded the heads of a few golf-clubs in their bag and the handle of a tennis-racket. A many-labelled suitcase lay in the boot.

James Trufitt pulled his snap-brimmed felt hat a little lower over his eyes, the better to shield them from the westering sun.

"The little bus goes well," he muttered; "but, by gee, I wish I could afford something bigger."

He passed at speed through Ripley. Beyond lay a stretch of fair and fragrant country. For three miles he saw no sign of a petrol pump—not even an advertisement for anyone's hotel. From the adjoining fields spread a scent of hay. Overhead the sky was flecked with white, woolly clouds. High in the blue a hawk hovered on flapping pinions.

On the rise where a lane forks left for Copley there was a stationary car. Beside it in the road stood a man and a girl. As he approached the man stepped to the centre of the road and waved his arms. James applied a light toe pressure to the right-hand pedal and brought his car to a standstill behind the stranded vehicle. This was, he saw, a dilapidated derelict of ancient vintage, encrusted about the chassis with the mud of many moons.

The arm waver was an elderly man with a straggling, whitish beard and a suit of shining serge. At the moment there was an ingratiating smile upon his face.

"It's very annoying," said he, "but I have had the misfortune to run out of petrol. I wonder if you could—h'm—oblige me with a gallon?"

James eased himself from his red shell. A little breathless he was, for behind the elderly supplicant stood a youthful vision. She had eyes of violet blue, her lips were poppy red, her cheeks the intermingled petals of Gloire de Dijon and Madame Gaulain, her figure as slimly straight as a Madonna lily.

Quite a flower-stall she looked, even though, at the moment, there was a tiny, vexed line between her exquisite eyebrows and her white teeth were nibbling at her lower lip.

"Petrol?" said James. "Ah; yes, petrol." With an effort he withdrew his eyes from Elysium. "It so happens I'm carrying a spare can, though from the size of my steed you might think it impossible." He reached into the boot and withdrew a battered tin. "Allow me to put it in for you."

He of the straggly beard rubbed his hands gratefully.

"This is most kind of you. I was afraid I might have to walk to the nearest petrol station." He unscrewed the cap of a gravity-fed tank in the scuttle dash, the varnish of which had long since disappeared. James upended the can and let its contents drain slowly, very slowly, in. For his eyes were on the beauty.

She was gazing at him with a curious air of annoyance, the reason for which he could not fathom. Possibly his tie was displaced, or maybe he had a smut on his nose.

Slow though he was, the can was at last emptied and the cap replaced. Straggle Beard drew a purse from his pocket, inspected its interior, and finally extracted a pound note.

"I am so sorry I have nothing smaller," said he, with an air of apology. "I wonder if you have change?"

James, still watching the girl, waved his hand deprecatingly. "Oh, don't trouble about that," he said. "Glad to have been of service."

He smiled at the girl hopefully. Surely now she might regard him with a little more approval.

"Well, it's extremely kind of you—" began Straggle Beard, returning the note to his purse with alacrity.

"No, no, I won't have it!" cried the girl suddenly, stamping her foot.

They both started—James pleasurably.

She clenched her little hands.

"I can't stand it any more. I won't—I won't!"

Straggle Beard stepped forward.

"Now, my dear," he began anxiously, "don't be——"

The girl appealed to James. Tears of vexation stood in her beautiful eyes.

"He never meant to pay you for your petrol. He hoped you—you would just look at me like—like the others do, and— and be silly, and generous. He does it every day, and I'm tired of it—sick of it!"

"Ridiculous!" said Straggle Beard, with a snarl hidden in his voice. "You've got a touch of the sun, my dear."

The girl reached into the derelict's dickey and drew out a small, cheap suitcase.

"I'm through," she said, with two shining globules on her lovely cheeks. "You're only my step-father anyway, and I never want to see you again!"

Straggle Beard endeavored to grasp her arm. She threw him off with sudden fury. "Don't touch me, or—or I'll bite you!"

James stood looking on, perplexed. He couldn't quite make out what the trouble was, but his sympathies, of course, were entirely with the girl. Especially when she turned and came close to him, so that the illusion of a flower-stall was rendered more vivid by a faint and adorable perfume.

"I am so sorry to make a scene like this," she said, and her voice now was as murmurous as a summer brook; "but I can't go on with him. I simply can't! Would you—could you possibly take me on with you?"

"I forbid it!" cried Straggle Beard hastily. "Don't listen to her——"

James bowed to the vision. "Of course, I shall be delighted," said he. "Allow me to take your bag." He placed it and the empty petrol can in the boot of the semi-sports, the girl meanwhile slipping into the passenger's seat as if she were accustomed to its small dimensions.

Straggle Beard danced in the roadway.

"Stop! I forbid you——"

James squeezed in miraculously beside the girl, and the semi-sports moved slowly forward, sweeping the expostulating step-parent from its path. James raised his hat.

"I am more than repaid for the petrol," said he.

The last they saw of the bearded man he was cranking savagely at the drowsing derelict, which seemed reluctant to wake from its slumbers.

"He could never catch us anyway," said James, accelerating to a perilous fifty. "I haven't had this little bus all out, but it could beat that old peripatetic perambulator on one cylinder. Er—forgive me, of course."

A sort of cracked laugh escaped the girl's lips. She dried her eyes furtively.

"He's only my step-father," she said. "We were on our way to stop with his sister for as long as she would have us. I think he must be the meanest man in the world. He never buys any petrol. He just pretends to run out, and then stops young men in sporting cars and asks them for a gallon to carry on. Then he offers them a pound note, hoping they won't have the correct change. Most of them just look at me like you did, and—and say they are charmed and don't even bother to see if they have."

"A very happy notion," said James, slowing down the better to hear her.

"I won't live with him any longer. I've been so (sob) unhappy. But now I've a chance to earn my own living, and I won't go back. Without his knowing, I sent a story to 'Hearth and Home,' and they've accepted it. I had a cheque from them this morning."

"Splendid," said James, opening his eyes. "That was quick."

"Of course, I didn't show it to him. He would only have kept it." She turned to him appealingly. "I thought if you would just be kind enough to drop me in Golford, I could cash the cheque at a bank there and then go up to London. I'll find a room somewhere and——"

"I'm afraid you couldn't cash the cheque at a local bank," said James. "It's probably crossed."

She stared at him with sudden apprehension. "Oh, I—I didn't know. I'm so awfully ignorant about business and things." A tear started up in the corner of a lustrous eye. "Oh, what shal I do?"

"Now, you needn't fret," said James soothingly, drawing up at the side of the road. "You can let me have the cheque and I'll cash it for you." He stopped the car and reached in his pocket for a note-case.

"Oh, how kind you are!" said the girl, in thrilling tones.

She opened her handbag, fumbled and drew out a folded slip of paper which she handed to him. It was a pretty thing in pale green, with "Hearth and Home" written across the top. "Southern Counties Bank" across the middle, and two scrawling signatures at the bottom. And it was for £10, payable to Miss Joyce Dabney.

James counted out ten one-pound notes and gave them to her.

"You know," he said, flipping the cheque, "you were really rather lucky to get ten pounds for a first contribution. How many words was it?"

She flushed slightly and closed her bag on the roll of notes.

"Oh—oh, it was quite a lot of words. I don't really know how many."

"About a thousand, do you think?" said James, slipping into gear and driving on.

"Oh, yes, just about that," she said gratefully.

"Well, well, and so now you're going to make your fortune as a writer, eh? You've certainly started well. Ten pounds, by gee!"

"And you're going to take me to the station?" said the girl, blinking at him with long-lashed eyelids.

"Oh, rather," said he, beginning to look right and left as they entered Golford High Street.

Presently he pulled up at a red brick building with sundry white bills in its windows and a blue lamp over its doorway.

"But this isn't the station," said the girl shakily, with a sudden pinched look about the nostrils.

"Oh, yes, it is, my dear," said James, slipping out of the car and putting his arm persuasively through hers. "This is the police station. Let's just go inside and make a few inquiries, shall we?"

The inquiries having elicited the fact that "Hearth and Home" had had no contributor named Joyce Dabney, and further, that several faked cheques purporting to come from them had lately been presented at their bank, "Joyce Dabney" was detained and a constable dispatched in James Trufitt's pillbox to secure the person of one Straggle Beard, who was found with the derelict at Golford Station waiting to pick up his spurious stepdaughter.

"Of course, I'm not really a romanticist," muttered James Trufitt, as the red car proceeded on its way later that afternoon, "or I'd have let the girl go. She was a good looker all right." He pulled his hat lower over his eyes and chuckled. "Still, one has to protect those silly and generous young men she spoke of! Oh, yes—Ten pounds a thousand, by gee! I wish I could have got rates like that when I first started the writing game."—Answers.

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Peasants Devoted To Passion Play

By Sir Henry Lunn

Forty years ago my friend W. T. Stead and I were writing a weekly London letter to twenty English newspapers. He came back from Oberammergau that summer full of enthusiasm for the wonderful power of the Passion Play, which he had just witnessed, and, with his blazing enthusiasm wrote his book, "The Story That Transformed the World." This did much to make the powers of these Bavarian villagers and their devotion to their high task widely known in this country.

I have just returned from witnessing the Play for the fourth time, having been one of the few Englishmen who saw it in 1900, 1910 and 1922. It may, therefore, be of interest to give some impressions of the presentation of this great drama on this occasion.

In the first place, it is important to emphasize the change that has taken place in the conditions under which the spectators pass the seven and a half hours which the Play occupies. The theatre has been rebuilt. The seats are very comfortable, and, excepting for a few 5s. and 10s. seats in the very front, all are now under cover though the people of Oberammergau have wisely preserved the open front of the theatre through which one looks up to the mountain which, when I was there, still carried the remains of the winter's snow. The new theatre, which has cost a million and a half marks, is a triumph of good taste and excellent architecture; its acoustic properties are admirable; and the players can be heard and seen by every member of the audience in every part of the vast building, which will seat 5,400.

The Christus of 1870, '80 and '90, was Josef Mayr, a great genius, and none who saw and heard him will ever forget what a remarkable man he was. When I first saw him he was the Choragus, who gave the Epilogue and led the choir. His place in that capacity has this year been taken by Anton Lang, who also has the remarkable privilege of taking the part of the Christus for three successive Passion Plays, 1900, 1910 and 1922. He also is a great personality, and like Josef Mayer now speaks the Epilogue and acts as Choragus.

Of all those actors in the first plays that I saw the man who was outstandingly a genius from the historic point of view was Hans Zwink, who now takes only a minor part in the Play. Anyone who was at those earlier plays and hears the name of Zwink mentioned will at once respond because of his recollection of the ability of that player. The parts of Mary, the Mother of our Lord, and Mary Magdalene are admirably filled respectively by Anni Rutz and Johanna Preisinter. Gaido Mayr, who took the part of the betrayer, was an excellent actor, and had he not been preceded by Hans Zwink he would have been in the front rank. Melchior Breitsamter made a most effective Pilate.

The highest tribute to the skill and devotion of the players is to be found in the fact that 5,000 people sat 3½ hours in the morning and 3¾ hours in the afternoon, scarcely stirring in their places, and showed a rapt attention—surely the highest tribute which the players could have desired.

During my visit to this first public performance of 1930 I heard a good deal about the burden the peasants had to carry. They had incurred a liability of a million and a half marks for their theatre and half a million marks for the extension and improvement of the roads rendered necessary by the immense increase in motor traffic. An influential man who knows the villagers intimately told me that he assessed their own private mortgages, resulting in large measure from the tremendous losses of the inflation period during which the Play of 1922 took place, at the large sum of a further two million marks, making a total indebtedness of the village collectively and of the people individually amounting to something like four million marks, or £200,000

If the village is to succeed in paying this sum, the current expenses and the small payment to the respective actors to compensate them for their loss of time, out of the receipts of the Play, they will not have much over, and anything that remains will be devoted to public ends. A certain amount has been said about the villagers making a great deal of money out of receiving the visitors for board and lodging. A careful calculation reveals that fact that their remuneration from this source will be very insignificant after they have defrayed the expenses of putting their homes in order and have received any compensation whatever for all the time spent in preparing for the arrival of the visitors and the discomfort that they personally endure in order to give up their rooms to their visitors. Many of the players who are acting for so many hours and undergoing the most terrific strain are sleeping on the floor of their own houses in order that their own beds may be occupied so that they may be able to discharge their debts, debts which have hung over them ever since 1922.

Of course, there is always a grave danger with a great influx of rich people from America and Europe that the simplicity of these villagers should be damaged, and even destroyed, but those who witnessed the Play on Sunday, May 11, will agree with me almost unanimously that there was a devotion which could only be shown by those whose simplicity was as yet untouched. Much is to be hoped that nothing will occur to prevent the villagers clearing themselves and the village of Oberammergau from their oppressive debt. The first Play was performed in the year 1634, and there is a possibility that a centenary Play may be acted in 1934, but the general belief is that the next Play will take place in 1940.

Some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and others just grate.