

TAMED INDIANS BY MUSIC MACHINES

CERTAINLY music has a decided influence on all primitive people, and you will find that the San Blas Indians are fond of it. They have no distinctive music of their own, but they like that of the white man. It is largely to recognition of this fact that the United States owes the increase of its trade along their coast, and by doing what this country could do to stimulate and gratify their desire it has built up a large commerce and has made fast friends of one of the most sulen, suspicious, antagonistic races in the world.

The speaker was Captain Bartling, of the firm of Stern & Bartling. They own a trading station on a little island down in the Caribbean, forty miles from Colon, off that part of the coast of Panama lying between the canal zone and Colombia. While that strip of territory, formerly the property of Colombia, nominally pertains to the Republic of Panama, it actually belongs to and is governed by the tribes of the San Blas, who are its sole inhabitants.

These Indians are peculiar. Living at the edge of the sea, they learn to swim and dive as soon as they can walk. When they are three or four years old their fathers make them canoes, five or six feet long, hollowed out of logs. In these dug-outs they do all of their travelling, using paddles and sails, and become wonderfully expert judges of weather and handlers of boats.

Paddle for Hours.

Naturally, they develop tremendous powers of endurance and can paddle uninteruptedly for many hours.

"I have frequently seen my two boatmen dip paddles at three or four o'clock in the afternoon and never let up, until eight or nine the following morning, excepting for an occasional five minutes in which to take a drink of rum and water or eat a piece of dried fish," said Captain Bartling. "The result is a short, broad shouldered, deep chested, very thin legged race, the males of which all look exactly alike. One of the commonest sights to be seen along the streets of Colon is a party of five or six San Blas men and boys; frequently they are the representatives of four or five generations in a direct line, and the only perceptible differences between the five-year-old, two-foot-high boy and his seventy-five-year-old, five-foot great-grandfather are those of size and age. All are barefooted; all wear long trousers rolled up to their knees, with blue denim shirts hanging outside of trousers; all have narrow rimmed hard-boiled derby hats of the 'bowler' type, or stiff 'trade straws,' made in Germany; and every hat is perched, balanced or gummed on the crest of a cranial dome four sizes larger than itself.

"And each walks with the same swing,



"He Invited Them Aboard to See How the Music Was Made."

watches shop windows with the same blankly curious eyes, expresses opinions or directs attention of his companions in the same monosyllabic gutturals."

Dealings Were Honest.

Mr. Stern and Captain Bartling are the type of Americans one likes to meet in the outer world, particularly if one has come into contact with the other variety of traders and speculators prevalent in Latin America. Shrewd, keen business men, they are nevertheless clean, decent and honest, and to these qualities they owe their success and their friendship with the San Blas, which friendship means control of trade with the tribe. Their trading station, midway between Colon and the first San Blas village as you go down the coast, does a business amounting to more than \$200,000 a year in the store, a building two stories high, covering approximately one hundred feet square. They have a wharf and warehouses and about fifteen schooners and sloops, which equip at the station, called Playa Dama, and trade along the coast.

We were on board one of these little vessels when Captain "Jim" Bartling made the remark with which this narrative began. We were lazily smoking in hammocks swung on deck from the main

boom shortly after dropping anchor in the mouth of the Rio Diablo, on the shores of which was the first San Blas village I ever visited. I had asked Captain "Jim" to tell me which of our great variety of "trade stuff" would be in greatest demand next morning, and, to my astonishment, he replied, "Records for music machines."

Wild About Music.

Noting my surprise, Captain Bartling said: "Surest thing you know, these Indians are wild about music, and we have made ourselves solid with them by furnishing it. They buy flour, meal, lard, cloth and such stuff because they must have it, but they buy canned music because they like it. And in all lines the best profit is on the sale of luxuries." Mr. Stern started the thing. A few years ago

he was down here on one of our sloops. We had some competition then, and another fellow anchored here was getting all the trade. Stern in a fit of molly-grubs put a record on an old gramophone he packed around with him and started the thing. After playing a few rounds he went on deck, and there, in the moonlight, still as grains of sand in the sun, were fifty canoes loaded with San Blas.

"Next day my partner presented the gramophone and three records to the village. Also he took orders for many new records, the profits on which more than covered the cost of the gift machine.

Profit in Music.

"Since then our sales of pressed records, ready to serre, have increased steadily, and we have sold in the last three months thirty-six of the music grinders and three hundred records. Furthermore, our ability and willingness along this line have caused the San Blas to believe that ours is the most progressive of all the trade stations, and that in return for the pleasure we have given by introducing the little music machines, to say nothing of the fairness with which we have treated them, it is rather up to them to sell to and buy from us. I cannot disagree with them. Tomorrow you will have ample opportunity to see whether I am wrong."

At five o'clock the following morning I was launched into one of the most interesting days of my life. My hammock was swung from main boom to starboard rail. Drowsily I realized that I was being swung rather violently. I fully awoke about midway between the surface of the ocean and the rail over which I had been catapulted by Captain Bartling, who struck the water almost simultaneously with me. As I bobbed to the surface I found myself surrounded by grinning, silent San Blas men and boys, armed with bows, arrows, spears and heavy lines, all for fishing. We had anchored directly in the centre of the fishing

grounds, and daylight had brought the fishermen. With grunts of greeting to Bartling, the Indians set about the business of the hour and we climbed back on deck to watch them.

Big Indians and little Indians, big canoes, sixty feet long, manned by a select crew of seven men and four paddlers, contrasted with six-foot piraguas, in each of which sat one small Indian boy. The bow and arrow men stood erect, their boatmen paddling slowly, watching for "rifles" that indicated passage of a big fish, on viewing which they would shoot an arrow upward at an angle.

Wonderfully Accurate Aim.

So accurate was their estimate of the speed of fish and arrow that the latter would usually shoot downward fully seventy-five feet from the shooter, with such force and precision that the fish would be transfixed. Now and then there would sound a subdued shout as one of the boys would harpoon a fish as large as his canoe and would be dragged swiftly about the bay, while his relatives watched and gave directions, but never interfered until his inability to handle his catch became evident.

Later in the morning, after breakfast, trading began. First, the Indians came alongside, bringing cargoes of coconuts, ivory nuts and tortoise shell. These were counted or weighed forward on deck and paid for in cash, after which the Indians would wander ash and go below to make their purchases.

The cabin of our vessel resembled nothing quite so much as the interior of a combination grocery store and ship chandler's shop, excepting that here occupied far greater compactness and neatness. Our stock consisted of crockery, gingham, tinware, drugs, cutlery, rum, slippers, soap, hats, gunpowder, combs, "trade" shotguns, canned bluebird and buck shot, lard, shirts, machetes, hair tonic, grindstones, cotton trousers, hair, handana handkerchiefs and bacon, corn meal, flour and fish hooks, cheap watches, fish line, pipes and tobacco.

cigars, condensed milk, tinned butter and nearly everything else imaginable.

Being very primitive, unable to count above ten except by saying "tea and," the Indians after receiving cash for their products paid cash for each article purchased, thus avoiding complications of addition.

Music Was a Feast.

And each, after haggling over the prices of necessities, went above and seated himself on deck, apparently expectant of something. There they remained for hours, until all of the tribesmen had completed their purchases, after which Captain Bartling had the "music grinding machine" put on deck with a stack of new records. Record after record was run, and at the finish of each the Indians would either "wave it away" or one of them would buy it, handing over the cash each time.

It was a sort of community proposition; they took regular turns around the circle and bought no duplicates. Nor did they attempt to argue about prices, as they had over foodstuffs. At the close of the afternoon the party went ashore, carrying more than sixty new records of "preserved music."

That evening, by invitation, we visited the Cacique in his village and were splendidly entertained at a great supper of boiled fish and crabs with tomatoes and rice, followed by a most delectable fricassee of monkey. Supper over, we gathered around a glowing fire of hardwood and the new music was played.

I have made many voyages along that coast since then, but I shall never forget that evening. The stolid faces of the men shone up in half tones by the firelight, an indistinct murmur in the background, where the women and children were gathered, while the strains of the "Merry Widow Waltz," "My Rainbow Girl," "La Paloma," the "Lucia" sextet, "Cubana," Gounod's "Ave Maria," "A Hot Time in the Old Town" rose from the centre of the circle, echoed from the cliffs and floated over the water. Everything from rag time to opera seemed to appeal and every selection was listened to in such silence, with such interest, that there remained no possibility of doubting that music has a powerful influence on the savage.

E. W. G.

The Inexpensive Two-Horned Rhinoceros

BY DARIUS DALRYMPLE.

HOW do you like to take a ten mile ride on a rhinoceros' tail? That's what I did.

"Yes, sir, it's a fact, though the story is so strange that some folks joke me about it. But if they'd been back in Corning, N. Y., in '78, when my show was playing there, I could prove what I'm going to tell you."

He paused to note the effect of his words and went on:—
"A two-horned rhinoceros was just about as hard to find in this country in those days as it is now. You couldn't get one for love or a reasonable amount of money. The owner of the show I was with, or the old man, as we called him, had his mind set on having a rhino with

four of the canvas men had to go and get into a fight with some of the freshes around town and our men got locked up. So when it came time to load up early in the morning all hands had to turn to and help. The old man was clean discouraged. 'It looks like some one has wished a hoodoo on us, Marty,' he said to me. 'If things don't change pretty soon I'll have to close up.'

"I just then up came a farmerish looking fellow who without any roundabout talk asked the old man if he wanted to buy a two horned rhinoceros. The suddenness of the proposition almost took the old man off his feet, but he said that he might consider the matter if he could see the animal. So the countryman took us to a shed back of the hotel, where, sure enough, he had a rhinoceros, tied up in a stall. We looked the animal over from the tips of her two horns to her feet and she seemed to be all right. The

till we reached Corning. We pitched our tents on a big lot on the outskirts of the place on a blistering hot day in June. The rhino had been featured as a star attraction and there was a big crowd at the afternoon performance. The heat had affected Matilda's skin and it was cracked in several places. The old man had placed me in charge of the animal and I was going to give her a good coating of oil the next day. I thought, though, that a bath in a little stream that flowed along the edge of the town would put the rhino in good condition for her outing.

"We had got along well, the rhino and me. So when I put a rope around her neck and led her toward the water I didn't have any fear of trouble. Just as we crossed the railroad tracks a locomotive came puffing along. Then things began to happen. The man in the cab, out of mischief, I suppose, pulled the

switch in my clothes and ripped most of 'em off my back. I thought she would get tired, but she didn't and she went on. My arms ached till they felt like they would drop off. Ahead of us I saw a farmer starting with a hay rake to head her off. But she didn't head. As soon as she caught sight of the man she galloped madly toward him and he dived head first into a hay stack.

"That seemed to satisfy Matilda, because she lumbered right along without trying to dig him out. Once in a while she turned her head halfway around and glared at me. 'Say, there was so much wicked fury in those eyes of hers that I was tempted to let go of her tail at once. But we were going so fast that I figured I would be as safe in hanging on as dropping off.'

"Across the field we scooted till we came to a road. Matilda bolted up the road, raising so much dust that I was partly blinded and didn't see a wagon till we were within a few feet of the thing. Bump! she went into the wagon, which was loaded with apples. The whole cargo was dumped out into the road and with it two men on the seat. I suppose those men thought I was out for an afternoon of pleasure, because they yelled 'Why don't you stop her?' as we whirled past.

"By this time I had about made up my mind that the rhino was taking a short cut back to her old home in Africa. As long as I had gone so far I reckoned that I might as well go the whole distance with her. While I was wondering if she would stop long enough to give me a chance to write a letter to the old man and tell him that I hadn't stolen Matilda, she suddenly switched off into a path that lead from the road into a patch of woods.

"She lumbered along, not paying any attention to the branches of trees that almost blocked the path, till we came to a foot bridge over a creek. This was where Matilda showed that she was nothing after all but a clumsy brute with no sense, for she tried to walk across that narrow plank. We both went splash into the water and that seemed to bring the brute back to a more quiet state. For five minutes she didn't make a move, and I lay in the water, too far gone to do anything but give thanks that she had halted.

"And now comes the odd part of my story. When the rhino fell into the water she landed against the bottom of the creek, head first. When I got to my feet I felt for my elephant hook and found that I still had it hanging to my belt. I gave Matilda a few jabs and she squealed. Then I happened to glance at her head and almost fell down, for her horns were missing. I looked again, and saw them floating on the water a few feet away.

"Well, I did some thinking and discovered that Matilda's horns had been cemented on. She was no more a two-horned rhinoceros than I am. She had the stump of one horn remaining and that smart fellow in Fremont had given her two to boost her value."

The bull man stopped talking and looked covertly at the sandwich which one of his listeners still held.
"I picked up the rhino's horns and strapped them back on her head again. I didn't have any trouble in getting her back to Corning, and I never told the old man about the horns because I knew it would break his heart if he found out that his two-horned rhinoceros was not a two-horned rhinoceros."

Defying Perils of the Unexplored Colombian-Amazonas

TO explore the dangerous realms of that undiscovered country of South America, the Colombia-Amazonas, Dr. Hamilton Rice, of Boston, is now on the way, under the patronage of Mr. Archer M. Huntington.

He left the United States legation in May and by this time his train is, no doubt, threading the mazes of tropical forests.

Few expeditions have ever gone into this region, and an account of their explorations is as full of tragedy as is the story of the long fight for the North Pole.

The last fatal ending of an expedition was that of Eugene Andre, who perished while on his way to the headwaters of the Cauca in 1904. Mate, Andre's chief guide, lost his reason through starvation and suffering. Before he died he had so hopelessly entangled the expedition in the unknown equatorial jungle that the six remaining members of the party perished before they were discovered by the natives.

Only a short time before four adventurous Colombian youths, Martiniano Mureta, Francisco Cordova, Nasario Janene and Antonio Quintera, were treacherously murdered by the Cudelo Indians while searching for the source of the Rio Itilla, which is the first objective point of Dr. Rice. A few months previously a white man and two Huilote Indians were slain while searching for the legendary lost falls of the Rio Uaupes.

Two Colombians who accompanied Dr. Rice on an earlier expedition to the Rio Uaupes four years ago have since been found dead with by the Indians. Three others returned from that journey only to die as the result of the hardships and fever they had endured.

Dr. Rice's plan is first to ascend the Rio Itilla, a southern affluent of the Rio Uaupes, or, as some believe, its headwaters. This will determine the source and complete the survey made in 1907-1908 of the Rio Uaupes, which is the largest tributary of the Rio Negro, the giant northern tributary of the Amazon.

When he determines the source of the Rio Itilla, he intends to go overland to the Cano Grande in the bosom of Vega de

Cognata. Here, if the source of the Rio Itilla be found, the expedition will descend to where that river, together with the Rio Guaviare, joins the Orinoco at the great island lakes of San Fernando. From there Dr. Rice expects to retrace his steps to some extent and make a detour south until he comes to the Rio Guainia. This river joins the Rio Uaupes, forming the great body of the Rio Negro.

The expedition, however, after finding the source, will not follow the Rio Guainia further than Piedra del Coqui. Here Dr. Rice will march northward over the breakwater of Brazo and hopes to again touch the Orinoco, this time at Esmeralda, two hundred miles southeast of the lakes of San Fernando.

Once the Orinoco is reached an ascent will be attempted to its source. If this is accomplished, the descent will be made eastward with the hope of penetrating to the headwaters of the Parima. Dr. Rice will turn his expedition due south and expects to come upon the Rio Ladavari, or contiguous rivers, which he will follow to where it joins the Rio Negro at Va de Thobari, a village almost on the equator. No reconnoitres will be made after that time and Dr. Rice will lay his course directly for Manaus, Brazil. This he hopes to reach by July 1, 1913.

At present, if Dr. Rice has followed his original plans, he is somewhere on the Rio Itilla about one degree north of the equator. Somewhere five hundred miles to the east, near the headwaters of the Orinoco, is Dr. Koch-Grünberg, the well known German explorer and anthropologist. The German explorer has ascended the Rio Branco and the Uraucora rivers with the expressed intention to cross to the Rio Negro and then go on to Manaus if possible.

Although the German's interests are solely ethnological and the American's topographical, the two explorers have been keen rivals for many years. In 1907, while Dr. Rice descended the Rio Uaupes from the Sierra Patateña mountain, Dr. Grünberg ascended the same river to a tea days' march beyond the last great fall, the Raudal de Yarupari.

While Dr. Rice had been nearly a hundred miles nearer the source than his rival, he received only a monograph of twenty pages, modelled after the two-

chures of Chamless, the intrepid explorer of the Amazonas in the early sixties. Dr. Grünberg wrote a three-hundred page volume. After this the German scientist published a review, comparing his work and Dr. Rice's in a critical spirit. Dr. Rice did not reply or show any resentment of this criticism and the matter ended. Now the two men are again rivals for the same goal.

Mr. Archer M. Huntington is the chief backer of the Rice expedition, although the Harvard Travellers' Club and the National Geographic Society have tendered their auspices. The Colombian government has permitted free entrance of all supplies and equipments of the expedition and they have done more for Dr. Rice than has been done for any previous expedition in official help of every kind.

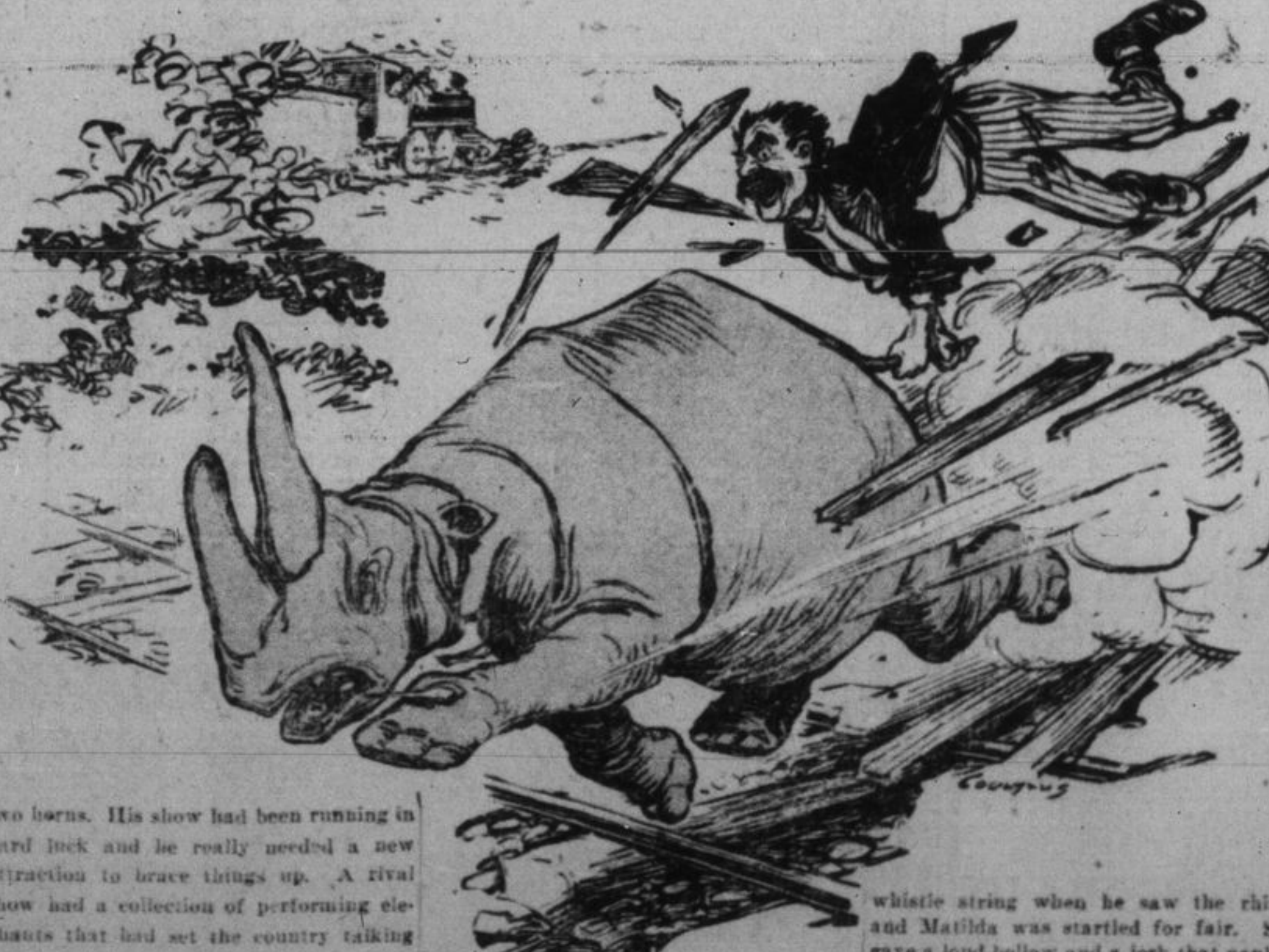
Accompanying Dr. Rice is Lieutenant Ritter von Hauser, a young Austrian officer of the Sixth Viennese Dragoon Regiment, and a brother of the well known aviator and Chinese explorer.

The object of the expedition is primarily topographical. The instruments used were gathered and loaned by the Royal Geographical Society of London. Many were especially designed. They are of the most compact dimensions and include four inch theodolites, sextants, prismatic compasses, boiling point thermometers, occultation telescopes, special hair chronometer, waterproof watches and sounding lines. The cameras are of metal, strengthened for durability.

For astronomical work at night lamps of a very simple design but exceedingly effective, called "chromolytes," have been taken. These lamps eliminate much of the difficulty, which has been experienced by the observers in the tropics.

Dr. Rice, being a graduate physician and surgeon as well as an explorer, special facilities have been arranged for gathering medical data. The expedition is equipped with a Zeiss microscope and 2,500 glass slides for blood tests. It is believed that the examination of specimens of blood taken from the natives will reveal heretofore unknown or unrecognized forms of tropical diseases.

Besides medical equipment for the purely scientific purposes, Dr. Rice has with him a large kit of household and surgical instruments for distribution among the natives.



two horns. His show had been running in hard luck and he really needed a new attraction to brace things up. A rival show had a collection of performing elephants that had set the country talking and we couldn't boast of much that was new in animals.

"It was the beginning of the season and we were getting ready to leave Fremont, Ohio, after showing twice to very bad business. The old man was as blue as a jayspeck monkey. Everything had gone wrong. Just before the afternoon performance, Lety, our prize ostrich, got gay and started to chasing a couple of canaries that were in a paddock with her. She was almost kicked to death with the fun she was having when she stumbled and fell to the ground. There was a lot of yelling and scawking, and when we got inside the ropes and looked her over we found she had broken her right leg.

"As if that wasn't enough tough luck,

"I Thought She Would Get Tired."

farmer said that his brother was a sea captain and after picking the rhino up near some African port had sent her to him.

"She wasn't any use to him, the farmer said, and he wanted to sell her. There wasn't much haggling about the price. The farmer named \$100 as his figure, which was ridiculous, seeing that two-horned rhino owners have refused offers of \$10,000 and more. The old man took him up quick, and when the show left Fremont, Matilda, as the rhino was called, was part of the circus.

whistle string when he saw the rhino, and Matilda was startled for fair. She gave a loud bellow and a jerk that yanked me off my feet. The rope slid out of my hands, but I caught hold of her tail as she flashed by me and hung on for dear life.

"I was pretty strong in them days and I was bound not to lose my grip on an animal that the old man valued almost as much as he did the whole show. Along the banks of that little stream the rhino tore, with me hanging to her tail. Sometimes my feet touched the ground, but more often they didn't. Shooting the chutes at Coney Island wasn't nowhere compared to that ride of mine. The trees flashed by so fast I couldn't hardly see them. And all the time the brute kept up her sneezing and blowing.

"Fences didn't stop her for a second. When she couldn't jump them she crashed into them and knocked them down. She went through a barbed wire affair that