

FOUGHT SAVAGE MUTINEERS WITH FISTS AS ONLY WEAPONS

Malden Boy, Only White Man on Christmas Island, Caught by Rebellious Natives While Without A Weapon—His Desperate Battle For Life



NATHANIEL "SANTA CLAUS" ROUGIER

By JAMES H. POWERS

The Globe last Sunday introduced its readers to Joseph English of Malden, who has a story of adventures in the South Seas more thrilling than that told by the hero of the immortal romance of Robinson Crusoe. And, unlike Crusoe, he has documents to prove the truth of his story.

In last Sunday's instalment Mr English told of his first visit to Christmas Island, his appointment as manager and the veiled hostility shown by Morgan, the manager he was to supersede. Today he resumes his story at the point when he returned to the island to take charge. The account of the voyage has been omitted as not essential to the story.

JOSEPH ENGLISH'S STORY

On a bright morning in mid-October the Ysbel May made the island landfall. Shortly before noon we nosed across the Strait, past Cooks Island, fair in the middle of the lagoon entrance and named after the famous navigator, who was the first to visit the atoll.

We went into mooring at the Point, below London House, and I stepped ashore again upon Christmas Island, manager, monarch, emperor, what you will. Here my word was to be law, and here on this mere speck of coconut groves and coral I had the power of life and death.

Morgan was there to meet us, and with him, as before, a large gathering of natives. He seemed to have a strong influence with the savage islanders, who were brought to Christmas Island to work the plantations in the absence of all natives on the place.

As we talked the former manager took little pains to hide his hostility toward me. The same curtness and sarcasm of speech that had come into being with the orders appointing me manager, over his head, was at once apparent.

Rediscovering His Grudge

But I paid little heed to all this. For was he not going to leave within a couple of days on the Ysbel May? I felt that it would be foolish to wrangle with him, hardly worth while, and least of all before the natives with whom I was to live for months on end.

So I swallowed my anger and went with the captain and Morgan into the house. For all his jealousy, Morgan was at no pains whatever to hide his rejoicing at the approach of his return to the civilized world, and at times his delight got the better of him to such an extent that he became pleasant for hours together. Then he would suddenly rediscover his grudge and turn sullen, like a child.

So the first day passed, and our little company at London House began to feel somewhat at home. The captain was busy directing the landing of the cargo of supplies and I superintended the storing of the provisions in the shacks near the house.

Before many hours had passed I noticed that the natives were eyeing me askance. Plainly the new manager was a subject of much speculation among the help, especially as they were all of them just casuals on the island, under my direction as long as I remained in charge.

The First Test

There was no end of alacrity when Morgan asked for a thing. But when I issued any order the blacks obeyed sullenly, I fancied, and certainly in utter silence.

It grew evident that they were biding their time to make a test of the new manager, and I sensed this immediately, but I continued to supervise the stowing away of the cargo and waited.

The test came sooner than I dreamed. When I went out after breakfast the next morning, Pakoi, a huge, naked black, was mixed in a wild tussle with Tuane, who worked about the house. A number of others were standing about, watching the fight.

When I put in an appearance the jabbered comments on the battle stopped at once and everyone eyed me to see what I should do.

I went up to the two battling savages and ordered them to stop. At first they paid no attention to me. Then I laid hands on the nearest one and gave him a thrust that sent him staggering a few feet over the sand.

With a rush both he and his late enemy threw themselves upon me. It was a short fray. The long cruise in the Ysbel May had bottled up considerable energy and as this was the first opportunity, I let it out.

With one clean swing to the jaw I

sent Pakoi sprawling again. A second blow disposed of Tuane's ambitions.

Had Gone Far Enough

They both stood off, very sheepish, and looked at me, while the onlookers jabbered excitedly and laughed at them. They were as simple minded as children, those natives, in some ways, and their approval turned lightly from one side to the other as the odds became apparent.

But, although I had quelled the initial row, I had started something which was nearly to prove my undoing. Morgan was looking on with an ironical grin on his face and at that moment there flashed over me the sudden conviction that he was at the bottom of it all.

Ordering the natives to work and sending Tuane to the house to wait for me, I turned to the ex-manager. It had gone far enough and I felt that I could not stand much more of his underhand plotting and unpleasantness. The irony of his tongue I did not mind, but the sudden suspicion that he had been trying to create trouble for me among the natives carried me beyond prudence.

"Is there anything particular that you're looking for?" I demanded, fully aroused. He stared at me insolently and answered: "No, nothing in particular." "Then you had better go aboard ship, Mr Morgan," says I. "I've stood about all that I'm going to."

He shrugged his shoulders and turned upon his heel, walking toward the Point, where the Ysbel May was discharging cargo. And, except for two or three glimpses and a meal that passed in utter silence, that was the last I saw of him.

Shaking 'Off the Spell

Early the next morning, all supplies being discharged, the schooner put to sea. I watched her fade into the distance, and a tumult of thoughts possessed me, thoughts of 'Frisco, from which I was now shut off completely; thoughts of my utter isolation here, where I was the sole white man among more than a hundred South Sea Islanders; thoughts of the condition of coconut plantations, which I had not viewed for months, and of old "Santa Claus" Rougier, whose far-reaching hand had stretched forth and gathered myself and the natives together here, for copra.

I shook off the spell that had been cast over me by that departing schooner and I turned to my work. I was manager of an island and had a vast deal to do, and no time for dreaming and speculation.

The problem of visiting the plantations of coconuts, which were spread about on the different parts of the island, was simplified by a trio of automobiles, although but one of the machines could be operated. It was an ancient affair indeed, a rickety, noisy discouraging affair, which demanded constant attention and unkinging.

Automobiling on Christmas Island

The beach roads ran from one end of Christmas Island to the other, and they were fairly passable. With the rattling old machine I managed to make all the rounds in a single day.

Tiaran, who showed an aptness toward machinery, I decided to make my mechanic, and soon had him busy with the motorboat off the point. Next he turned his hand to the automobile, and with excellent results.

To try him out, I put him to work on the copra, but he made very poor progress, and I shifted him back again. Morgan had told me that he was a copra worker.

Then I turned to and began operations in the plantations. The coconut palms were very beautiful and lofty, growing to the height of from 60 to 100 feet, with a cylindrical stem which sometimes would measure as much as two feet in diameter.

The leaf, which frequently measured 20 feet in length, had numerous sharp leaflets that sprung from the main rib, and this gave the whole thing the appearance of a gigantic feather.

The flowers were on branching spikes, 5 or 6 feet long, inclosed in a tough covering, and when the fruits matured they grew in bunches of from 10 to 20; these branches were oblong in maturity and triangular in cross section, measuring sometimes 18 or 20 inches wide. The trunk was inclosed in a tough fibrous covering, and it contained the milky white liquid which everyone knows as coconut milk.

How Coconuts Are Grown

The work of enlarging the plantations, caring for the groves and keeping a keen eye upon the nurseries was no small job in spite of our force, for we were beset by heavy winds, which bowed over whole swaths of the groves.

Pests of all manner and sort came



"TAMA"

The Kanaka Boy Who Drove Joseph English's Automobile

into the nurseries and destroyed the seedlings. The sun glared down upon the newly set plantings and wilted them unless one kept fetching water.

And even the blue and deadly waters of the grand lagoon sent forth hordes of crabs to cut down our small plants. First of all, the nuts would be planted in mud or wet sand in the nurseries, with the soft spore upward. The seedlings grew through the spores.

The nuts in the nurseries were placed in squares, about 400 nuts to a square, and covered an inch deep with seaweed and sand, or mud. They were then watered plentifully.

Usually the nuts put down in April would grow enough to be ready for planting in the groves before the rains of September. There they were set each one in a hole, about three feet deep, which was lined with seaweed to help hold the tree roots.

Coverings of palm had to be kept over the newly set nurslings, to protect them from the sun. The trees did not begin to bear fruit until about the fifth year.

Dividing Forces

One of the discoveries that I first made was that over in the Paris house there was a store of wine, and, as the natives were not any too enthusiastic as the days went on and the work increased, I decided to get rid of it by auction to them, and thus remove what might become a danger to the welfare of the plantations.

One day's celebration by all, I felt, would be preferable to persistent and continual drunkenness on the part of two or three workers, a situation which might harm the morale of the entire colony.

When the rains came, and sickness, and I was laid up with a fever, I repented of my earlier sagacity, however. The ravages of the pests became so bad that I finally decided to execute a master stroke of policy. As it turned out, I acted better than I knew in the matter.

For when I split the working force in halves, and sent Tama to Malden plantation with the first crew, on the lower edge of the Grand Lagoon, I had reduced the force with which I had to deal by 50 percent. And the force, as I could not help noticing as the days passed, was becoming noticeably sullen.

Not Like the Old Manager

Everywhere I turned I found the hand of the departed Morgan before me. When I ordered a thing done, the blacks would stand up and tell me that I wasn't doing things the way my predecessor had done them.

"I am manager now," I had to keep repeating; but the repetition did not have any noticeable effect in quelling the dissatisfaction. And so, soon, I dismissed it from my mind.

I had learned their language by this time, and they did not dare to make remarks about me within hearing. So they would go to work in silence, with an exasperating lack of interest, until I was on the verge of losing my temper again.

This would have been fatal. So I determined to keep up a cold front and not to give in an inch. Things went on and the days of October lapsed past. The coral roads out the tires of the auto frightfully. Tiaran was forever repairing and repairing, until that auto became a veritable nightmare.

The spare parts which the captain had not delivered would have proved a godsend, and I bitterly regretted the easy giving over of the search in the schooner's hold before she had left.

False Security

The plantation was working finely. The gang on the lower side of the Isle, toiling under the watchful eye of Tama during work hours, seemed to be making genuine progress.

And, secure in the daily monotony of routine, the visits to the groves and nurseries, the struggles of Tiaran over the recalcitrant auto, the cruising about the Grand Lagoon in the power boat, spearing fish, or catching the vicious sharks that infested its waters, the making and storing of the copra, in the little shack over at the Paris house, and the waging of endless battles with crabs and other pests, secure in all this I became gradually indifferent to the moods of the sea island descendants of the cannibals who were working for me.

My thought that the struggle was over. My disillusioning was to be abrupt and sudden and complete. Terrific thunder storms and buffeting tempests of wind and rain lashed Christmas Island from reef to reef's end. The surf roared like muffled thunder along the straits, and Cook's Isle was a crashing drift of spume.

Out of invisible night skies the lightning spurted. The shacks in the plantations and even London house, swayed and moaned as if the end of the world were nigh.

The Schooner's Return

Then there would come days of astonishing clarity, when we would find trees from our groves littered all over the roadway. On one such occasion, as the men were at work clearing the way, a factless mention of Morgan's methods by one of the blacks brought him into violent contact with my toe.

Then I forget the matter in the rush to get the copra conditions and bagged and stored against the coming of the schooner.

The month drew to an end. The work on the copra was progressing at top speed, when I fell sick and fought my way through a nasty fever with only Tama to lend me aid, and he but a boy of 18 years. But I managed to pull through, and again set to work cleaning up the copra.

On the 15th came the schooner, and we had a couple of days' diversion after the load was shipped. She left on the 15th.

Then we began to carry out seed, to get ready for planting. We were just about started when the blow fell.

If I had not become by this time accustomed to the island savages, I should, perhaps, have noticed something

was going wrong. Even my sense of security did not prevent me, early on the morning of the 30th of December, from noticing that two hands sneaked away without my permission to Mutu Mani.

Trouble Comes

The queer look on the faces of the workers also roused my curiosity, but I did not suspect what was really brewing. I thought it was all the usual grumbling and the temporary sullenness brought on by the arrival of the planting season and the prospect of hard work.

That night, I had come down from London House with Tama in the auto, to the Plantation House below Eric Basin. I was traveling light, as usual, and had no weapons.

I had never carried weapons on Christmas Island since my arrival, save on the occasion of a hunting trip, or when I went exploring down toward the South East Cape.

It was about 8 o'clock at night and I was sitting inside the plantation house, telling Tama stories, when I heard a sound of voices. Tama's face went white. Several natives crowded in at the doorway. They wanted to know whether they would finish work when they had planted 100 coconuts.

That brought me to my feet. "You will all of you plant 20 nuts and finish when you have planted them each day. You know that," I answered.

They did not budge. They would not work so hard, they said. Morgan had treated them better. He had told them all about me, how they would have to work when I came. I was a bad manager. I had no feeling whatever . . . for poor men . . . Morgan . . .

Without a Weapon

If Morgan had been at my elbow that moment I am sure that I would have killed him with my bare hands. I made a move toward the door and the crowd pushed and scrambled through it into the open. They came to a halt at a short distance.

I stood on the threshold and shouted: "You are under contract to work nine hours a day. Now you shall work nine hours a day."

They wanted to start work later, but I refused. At that they sang out to Tama to leave me, and the boy turned a scared face toward the door, half a mind to escape to them, and avoid the battle.

"You stay with me, Tama," said I. Again he wavered. . . . "It is so bad," he whispered, his knees shaking. "That'll be all right," I responded. "We'll go to London House."

And, though the fear of death was upon his countenance, he stood by me. I sensed serious trouble and determined to make my escape before it broke. So, with Tama at my side, I strode boldly out to the automobile.

And now I cursed my folly for wandering about in a fool's paradise and leaving my revolver and shotgun behind me. Supposing they sent some one ahead of me and stole my weapons. I would be defenseless.

But there was no use in regrets. We must get out of this. The crowd gave way to the right and left before us. I climbed into the auto. Tama tried to start the motor.

I talked. He got out and looked for every connection on the automobile had been broken.

The Death Chant

While Tama was trying to fix the wires, Teri A. Fa and Teiva two black brutes, started to jeer at him for remaining with the master.

I seized a piece of board and started for them, to put an end to the affair once for all. I was frightened myself, worse than I have ever been frightened before.

No sooner had I left the chauffeur than the crowd descended upon him like an avalanche. Clubs appeared as if by magic. Knives were flourished. Several of the crowd began to pick up small boulders. Others turned and ran for whatever they could see as weapons.

Shrill cries arose from scores of throats, and in spite of the wild din I could make out their chant. "Ariana aho poho" . . . "Adriana aho poho" . . . "Pretty soon dead, pretty soon dead." And I knew that they meant business.

Cries from Tama caused me to turn to his aid. He was being beaten mercilessly, and even as I tore down upon the swirling mass beside the automobile he fell to the sand.

I turned and faced them, keeping my back to the machine. In every eye that glowered at me from that swirling and enraged mob there shone the age-old savagery of the South Sea Islands. There was death in every one of their faces.

Fighting for His Life

Tama, under my feet, lay still. I beat off the first rush. My fists whirled and battered so steadily that I felt the strain and it seemed as if they were being run mechanically. I was punching and dimly wondering how long I would last, in the unequal battle.

My clothes were torn from my back, leaving me with nothing but the ruins of my last pair of trousers to cover me. Knives came hurtling past my ears and I had to duck them, or ward them off with my bare hands.

Blood was streaming down from a cut in my forehead into my eyes, and the sting of boards and rocks upon my body began to weaken me. Desperately I tried to think of an expedient to get away. It looked hopeless. In a vast yelling circle, that converged again and again to the center, the Pacific Island savages had surrounded me.

And, urged by some dumb instinct to get clear or die at once, I started to batter my way toward the road slope.

This thrilling story of mutiny and battle will be continued in next Sunday's Globe. Copyright, 1920, by Globe Newspaper Co.

LONELY MONARCH OF DESERTED ISLE

Malden Boy Again Left Like a Modern Robinson Crusoe on Christmas Island, This Time With Only Two Natives for Company



JOSEPH ENGLISH AND ONE OF GIANT FISH CAUGHT IN LAGOON AT CHRISTMAS ISLAND

FROM THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS FELT ABOUT THE KAISER

By JAMES H. POWERS

In previous instalments the Globe has told how a Malden boy became manager and only white person on Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific, how the cannibal workmen tried to kill him, how he escaped, and after waiting for a month for a second attack started out alone to hunt down the mutineers and overcame them by sheer audacity.

Then, with the ringleaders in irons, he put the now subdued mutineers to work; but they stopped all labor when their time was up and he had anxious weeks of waiting for the overdue supply ship.

At last he was aroused one night by the news that a strange white man was coming along the beach.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

I leaped from my cot and started down the shore to meet the stranger. Wondering what ship he was from and with my whole being thrilled at the prospect of getting away from Christmas Island.

As I drew nearer I saw that he was exhausted and dripping wet from the sea, and I heard the words that he was crying at me:

"Where's English? I want Joe English," he shouted.

"I'm Joe English," said I. "What's the matter?"

"The schooner—" he gasped, "gone on the reef—lost!"

I turned and looked across to northward, toward the open ocean, and my joy and eagerness fell away from me as if I had been doused with ice water. For there, with her bows pointing up sharply into the stars and her stern already awash—there, on the outer reef beyond the anchorage, with the endless white breakers roaring past her side, lay the ship that I had waited for, prayed for and almost despaired of ever seeing—the Ysbel May.

The sailor had swam and waded ashore to bring me the news.

Done for Till the Tide.

I left him and ran across the sands to the sea's edge, and plunged into the water. Partly swimming and partly wading, I made my way over the submerged coral and in a few minutes I climbed up the rope ladder thrown over the bows. The captain was there to meet me.

"I am Capt Jones," said he. "We're in a bad mess." And he began to tell me how he had fetched up on the reef, and that it was not on the chart. But I did not wait to hear his explanations. Looking aft I saw that the stern line was out.

"We've dropped the kedge anchor," explained Jones, following my gaze, "but it isn't much use. She is done for till the tide. Here's your instructions." I took the letter, paying but little attention to what I was doing, and thrust it into my pocket. "We'll have to throw the deckload of lumber overboard at once," said I. "The tide is inshore and by morning it will wash the whole consignment up on the beach and my men will be able to salvage it."

"There's a chance that the morning tide will float her, just a chance," persisted Capt Jones.

"But why not throw the lumber over?" I demanded. "She will lighten then and if there is any chance it will help her."

"No, we will not throw a thing overboard yet," said Jones.

I looked at him and saw that he had become stubborn and it would be little use to argue with him. "I'll go and get my crowd of workmen and see if they can help with the kedge," said I. And so I did.

Ordered Off by the Captain

Capt Jones refused. When high water flooded, as I had foreseen, the Ysbel May did not move an inch.

It was close to 6 p m and, after a fruitless and hard day's labor, I asked again that the load be thrown off, and that the cargo in the forehold be taken out to lighten her.

"I am running this ship," retorted the captain savagely, "and with that I turned and went ashore again. I determined to risk trouble once more and went aboard early in the evening.

"You will jettison the lumber at once," I said to Capt Jones.

"No, while I am captain of this ship," he replied.

"I am manager of this island and manager of this company and manager of this ship," said I, losing my temper. "I will have this schooner saved if possible."

"You will get off this deck and be damned to you," roared Jones in a fury. The crew gathered, a mate and a nondescript group of Kanakas and Chinamen. I had to beat a retreat.

At 11:30 I called my workmen together on the shore near London House. "You will all go aboard the schooner with me and as soon as we arrive you will start throwing the lumber into the sea to lighten her," I commanded. And I told them that if they did not work fast, so that we could save the schooner before a storm should rise, we would never get off Christmas Island.

At the Pistol's Point

When we reached the "Ysbel May" the captain was asleep and there was no one to interfere with us, for the mate was drunk. We set to and worked all night and the next morning till well into the following afternoon, the captain failing to put in an appearance. The incoming tide, as I had figured, fetched nearly all of the lumber to the Point, and I had several hands there to salvage it.

Then the captain came up in a white rage, but I had my pistol in my belt and there was nothing that he could do, for the lumber was gone.

"I guess," said I, after looking over the "Ysbel May," and seeing that the weight of her burden was still too much for her, "I guess that the cargo will have to be taken ashore, too. I will start my men with the boats at once."

He walked over and stood on the hatchway and told me that if I put a finger on that hatch or the cargo I should make the consequences. "Then you can give me all of the cargo consigned to this island," said I. "I am not going to lose the supplies, and I have been waiting for a whole year almost."

To this he carried our stores to London House, and tired and sick and weary, I sat down there and waited for a storm to kick up the sea and make an end to the schooner.

I tried to sleep. It was useless I went back to the beach again and walked up and down, up and down.

While I walked I looked over at the "Ysbel May," and at once I perceived that there was something going on aboard her. I had not long to wait to discover what it was. In a few minutes boxes and bales and cases began to splash overboard. Capt Jones was throwing the cargo into the sea.

Mate Fails to Beat Him Up

That knocked me out entirely. I went into the house again in the condition of a little child two years old, and I was afraid that I was going crazy.

Then, as a climax, came a note from Jones, saying that the ship was finished and that there was absolutely no chance left and he was coming ashore.

I sent back word that I would take my men aboard and work all night and save what we could.

Three days passed and the storm did not break, though on the second day there came a deluge of rain and wind which almost spelled destruction. The only result was to wedge the schooner higher up on the coral reef.

We worked at the salvaging of the loose fixtures and the remainder of the cargo, as well as what might have drifted ashore. I became unable to eat or to sleep, where I ran fair on the mate when on Aug 1 the mate came into London House Station and created trouble. He was drunk. Some of the natives had got hold of liquor also.

I took my gun and stalked out into the middle of the gang. "The next man I see drunk on this island I will shoot dead," I said. And I sent word out to some of the crew, who were lingering on the ship, to that effect.

At 11 o'clock that night, when I had dropped asleep in the dock house, for the first time in nearly a week, some of the natives came and woke me. The mate was ashore again, and he was looking for me. He was quite willing that I should go ashore, as he was a strong built man with plenty of muscle.

The awakening exhilarated me more than the fact of his drunkenness, and I jumped up and went outside in a savage temper, where I ran fair on the mate who had come questioning me.

"I am going to beat you to a jelly," was his greeting in a thick voice. "But when I got through with him he was quite tame and never again spoke a word about fighting me."

Forgotten Instructions

The captain had now moved all his belongings from the "Ysbel May" in the belief that she was done for, and I resolved to try for help.

At first I suggested that I go to Fanning Island in the ship's boat, with three of the crew, and the sail from my black boat, he was quite willing that I should go.

I wrangled and talked with him, but finally decided that he was quite right. My place was there. So I gathered up the stores for the cruise, which was close to 100 miles, and I packed the boat with enough water and provisions for a week.

Jones immediately refused to carry all the supplies. He was not going to need them, he said. The ship's boat would ride too deeply. I remonstrated with him and pointed out that the trip might take him several days. A wild night

He declared that he knew better, and that it would take him but 20 hours at the worst. So I stopped arguing with him, for it was useless, and the thing was upon his own head, anyway. He set out.

During all this time I had forgotten the letter which I had been carrying around in my back trousers pocket. The rush and anxiety over the ship on the reef, the endless work, the desperate efforts to move her, the squabbles with the captain and the mate and the urgent necessity of hurry with our salvage before a storm should pound her to pieces, had driven clean from my mind the instructions.

Probably it was also due to the fact that instructions with a wrecked ship had little importance. Anyway, I had discovered the letter on the very day that Jones and the ship's boat started away on that ill-fated cruise.

Father, Rougier Arrives

It was from Father Rougier, the owner of the island, and I sat reflecting bitterly on the irony of the situation. For there were directions instructing me to take passage on the "Ysbel May" and to make a recruiting trip through the islands to south and westward, and secure 300 hands, and bring them back with me to Christmas Island for enlargement of the plantation operations.

To get away from this place seemed at the moment to get into Heaven. I was to see real people again, white people, not the type of Jones and his mate or the Kanakas or any of the rest of that lazy collection of natives. And here the whole scheme was ruined.

I fell to work, this time with all hands willing, and we filled in the interim until our help should arrive with making copra and clearing the groves.

Eight days later Capt Jones and his men were picked up by the steamer Saint Francisco, 17 miles off Fanning Island. Father Rougier was aboard the ship. The drifting boat had been sighted by a man at work on the hanger of the wireless at the masthead.

Capt Jones was the only man left in his right mind aboard that ship's boat, and his condition and that of the other men was such that the Saint Francisco had to turn back to Fanning Island and leave the four of them in a hospital for days. They had been adrift four days and nights without a drop of water or food.

All this I learned on the 23d of the month, when one of the men came running in to me with a shout that the steamer had been raised. She came in and dropped anchor off the Northwest Beacon, and "Santa Claus" Rougier came ashore to London House, with his two nieces, Bertha and Alice, and his ill-omened housekeeper, Mlle Pugeault, the first white women I had seen in a year.

A Happy Interlude

The mutineers were all of them fined and taken aboard the steamer in irons. Those next few days were among the happiest I spent on Christmas Island. For the steamer was put to work to help get the "Ysbel May" safe into deep water, under the direction of the steamer's captain. Meanwhile, I took the girls over the island, showing them all about the nurseries and how they were cared for. Alice and her sister were intensely interested, though cocoanut growing was not new to them.

They both planted cocoanuts in the sands near Paris House, and laughingly insisted that I look after their "plantation" when they should have gone, which I promised to do. Divers discovered that the schooner had sustained no real damage on the bottom, though she had sprung a leak badly; and at the end of the third day the "Ysbel May" was once more afloat on an even keel, none the worse for her escape save the loss of about a dozen feet of her false keel.

We began to load copra, and found that we had gathered 30 tons, which was no mean cargo. Rougier, when beginning with the next trip my salary was to go up. . . . The next trip. . . Little did I dream what was to happen before that next trip.

When the cargo was shipped and the Saint Francisco was ready to depart I returned to the "Ysbel May" to Fanning. Rougier called me into consultation.

"I have changed my mind," he said.

"I asked him what he meant. 'It is about your recruiting cruise,' he replied. 'Of course, there are no chances now to go in the "Ysbel May". I will have to make use of the steamer for the trip. I think it will be best that you make the trip myself and leave you here till I return.'"

Threatening to Strike

"I will get through right now and here," I retorted, angered as I saw my chances of leaving the island again clouding.

"Don't be foolish, Joe," said "Santa Claus." "I will go on the cruise and in less than 45 days I will be back with the 300 new hands. Of course the old gang cannot remain here after the mutiny."

I held out. I wanted to go away from the island. Finally the girls came in and when they heard that I was determined to quit they added their protest to that of the trader, and before the weight of this combined urging I said that I would remain there until the 45 days were up and the ship came back to get me.

The Frenchman said that he would leave two men with me for company. His selection left much to be desired, however, for he picked two of the laziest men ashore, Tiaran and Lucien. These two were to live with me and help me guard the property, and I saw little to be thankful for from the outset, though I paid them little heed at that moment.

I returned to London House and there discovered that all of the stores had been removed by launch to the Saint Francisco, and that all of the crew of the

Ysbel May" which we had salvaged. There was not a thing left in the storehouse but a ton of rice.

Back I went to the steamer and to Rougier.

Holding Out for Supplies

"Look here. What are we going to eat, what are we going to live on till you come back? Everything has been removed," I cried.

"You have your supplies, haven't you?" was his answer.

"We've been left a ton of rice and not a shred of meat, not a can of fish, not a sardine even or a pound of flour; I want food," I retorted.

"What," said Rougier, "they have left you a ton of rice? Hein. It is too much. What will three men do in 45 days with a ton of rice? We shall take half of it aboard at once." And he sent out for the captain to dispatch a boat.

At his calm indifference to me and the two men with me, I was amazed. "Then, Father Rougier," said I. "I am on this ship. I shall stay right on this ship till either you send the supplies I need or till you sail for Papeete. I am not going to starve to death for you or anything else."

"But I do not wish you to starve to death. What a temper!" he replied.

"What is it that you want?" I told him that I wanted flour and meat and sugar and any other food there was aboard. We wrangled awhile, and finally, for the three of us, I wrung out of him 150 pounds of flour, three cases of roast beef, a case of cube sugar, three cases of condensed milk and three cases of sardines. And I took them ashore.

When I got back to London House this time the girls and the housekeeper had gone. They had crossed over to Paris House, beyond the Lagoon, the natives told me, taking some bundles with them, and were to get their belongings at Paris House, their stopping

place, and go aboard the steamer that night. I did not see them again.

Only Dreams for Comfort

I felt very badly, for I had come to love Berthe as a sister. Her bright disposition, her laughter, her everlasting kindness and lively interest in the affairs of the island had resulted in a genuine feeling of affection on my part. Before I had done with her I was to have more genuine cause for my dislike than mere personal distaste, too. The discovery of the sorry trick she had played on me, however, was reserved for another day, when it would be too late for me to remedy it.

That night, after the steamer and schooner had long since faded out of sight, I broke down completely, with homesickness and the loss of my good friends. Berthe, coming into my mind, I thought I heard her voice, but it was only the wind in the palms overhead. I seemed to catch the infectious echo of her laughter, but I knew it was nothing. I was hearing memories.

It was many a long day before I forgot them, in the life that now lay before me. Even when the necessity of finding something to do roused me in those ensuing days to action, she kept hovering in my mind, like a fortunate dream which I was unable to forget and which I prayed might linger.

A great loneliness settled over me, which all my attempts to keep busy could not quite vanquish. And there was a strange unreasonable premonition in my mind, a warning of danger, a feeling of impending trouble which I could not shake off at all.

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Another instalment of this thrilling story of the South Seas will be published in next Sunday's Globe.

MALDEN MAN IN CRUSOE'S ROLE WITH TWO WORTHLESS FRIDAYS

With Relief Promised in 45 Days, Joseph English Waited Month After Month—Clothing Gone, Provisions Spoiled, Natives Ready For Murder

By JAMES H. POWERS.

In previous instalments the Globe has told how a Malden boy was put in charge of the coconut plantations on Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific, how the cannibal workmen mutinied, how he finally hunted them down and by sheer audacity imprisoned the ringleaders, how the supply schooner was wrecked, and how the owner at last came on a relief steamer, took away all the natives but two, and left the young manager alone with but two men, promising to return in 45 days.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

As September came on and the first showers of the rainy season fell, drenching the thirsty groves and the foliage of the tropics, which were seared under the terrific heat of the summer. I resolved that, rain or shine, there should be no loafing.

Work was our only salvation in the monotony of existence which was to endure for close upon two months, if "Santa Claus" Rougier kept his promise and sent us a ship. So I laid out tasks, day after day.

This was no mean undertaking, either. The two men, Tiaran and Lucien, who had been left to keep me company, showed early that they were true to the type of South Sea Islanders. I had to keep driving them, urging them and almost fighting with them to keep occupied.

Problems Beyond Solving

For three men, single-handed, to see to it that all these plantations were in hand, to undertake the multitude of tasks that daily arose on Christmas Island, at London House and Paris House, was almost so gigantic a project as to be absurd.

There were piles of copra sacks to sort and stack; gasoline drums had become leaky and dirty and the entire supply must be transferred to other drums; sheet iron rusting on some of the out-buildings had grown rusty and worn through, and it became necessary to paint our supply of sheet iron and lay new roofs.

The automobile demanded attention. The motor boat machinery was clogged with sand and dirt. There were constant repairs needed at the wharfs and the storehouses and the two main stations.

The tracks at the plantations' nurseries, on which we used to move the handcars, were becoming buried beneath the shifting sand and the undergrowth. The weeds were sprouting in our groves. Our problems were legion. And as the days went past and October came Tiaran and Lucien finally

saved over working and helping me altogether.

Why Work?

They protested that they could not carry on the labor alone. It was impossible. Rougier never meant that we should try it. The arrival of the ship with 200 hands would catch up with the work in a few days.

They did not understand that, unless a man dies, he has nothing left to do but to think.

Or, maybe they couldn't think. At any rate, when the time for the arrival of the relief drew near, they laced on the beach in the shade of the coconut trees, and scanned the horizon for a diversion while I shifted lumber stacks on the sand, so as to get the salvage further out of reach of the sea, and thereby raised blisters for my pains. My determination to quit the island forever, as soon as a ship should appear, crystallized during those days, with the growing weariness and monotony, and with no one to talk to. I gave up all attempts at conversation with my companions, save at meal times, for my disgust at their idling was more than I could stand.

Watching for the Smoke

On the 10th of the month I too gave up work for a day and went out myself to look for the ship with my marine glasses. It was sultry and the heat rose from the sands and the waters of the shore in quivering undulations.

There was a dead calm. The surf had fallen away into little more than a ripple over the reef, and I could look deeply into the water, down among the coral and weeds.

All day long I wandered up and down the beach, from London House Point to the Cairns above the anchorage, looking to seaward, and expecting that surely, at some blessed moment, the tell-tale patch of smoke would lift over the rim of the Pacific.

As night came, and, fully discouraged, I went back to the house, it was with an oppression and a keen sense of hurt, as if someone had deliberately inflicted on me a very great injury. The 15 days were up, and Rougier had not kept his promise.

That evening, too, a discovery was made that seemed then of little import, but later turned out to be vital.

On going to the tin in which the supply of flour was kept, I discovered that the whole upper part of the case was full of worms, and it became necessary to throw away nearly a quarter of our little supply.

Ruined by Sea Water

This in itself was not a very serious thing perhaps, for we still had plenty of copra to keep us for many weeks. But before we were done with our waiting, it became very serious indeed, and in the long spells of sickness and hunger that were to come, I know that, had I been able to gather up that discarded flour, worms and all, I would have been thankful.

The loss of the flour did not disturb me half so much, nor did it seem half so important as the next discovery I was to make. That was, upon opening one of the cases of milk, to find that it was one which had been salvaged by us from the Ysbel May's cargo, and that the sea water had ruined it entirely.

We opened, one after another, the other cases. Every one of the cases of milk and the cases of canned fish was spoiled with the rust.

By now the rains had set in almost daily, and we were often soaked to the skin. But the sun would suddenly break forth again, and the heat dried us off quickly with little discomfort. Tiaran and Lucien minded it all not half so much as I.

Washed Ashore by the Sea

As neither of them was much good in the way of work, I took to going off by myself, and thus I traveled from one of the plantations to the other, leaving them to their own devices, sometimes working, sometimes loafing. It was of no use to watch over them, for they would do only what they chose to do.

By the time that November had come, however, the rains had grown into a serious item in my daily life, and the weather had become decidedly cooler. I spent hours looking for diversion, and nothing new or strange in the vicinity of London House escaped my attention and curiosity.

I remember how delighted I was one morning when I stood on the sand and looked down upon a strange starfish washed ashore below me, a huge denizen of the sea, with 17 points and all covered with spines like a sea urchin. I had never seen anything like it before.

On another day it was a cocoon with a double embryo that I found sprouting on the sands by Motu Manu peninsula.

Ship a Month Overdue

One day I took the two men and we went on a tour of inspection, and saw a wild duck winging its way across the land. And we speculated for an hour on where he had come from and whether he was living in the marsh of Erie Basin, or down in the Outer Lagoon, to southward.

Finally, another month had passed, and the ship was a month overdue, and we all began to grow slightly indifferent to her arriving, for we had been disappointed day upon day, and the strain had nearly worn us out.

In this mood Tiaran became stubborn, and to add to the unpleasantness of the situation, one morning he refused to get out of bed, even after he had been called four times. I doused him with a bucket of sea water, and it was cold and fetched him out with a yell.

The work of roofing the house was completed, practically by myself. Now we were beginning to feel cold in the gray weather and the persistent sea winds and the rains; and my shirt was in ribbons from rough labor and trips through the rapidly-growing underbrush about the island.

All the Cloth Gone

I decided that we would make some new clothes. With this idea in mind, I went to the storehouse to get the three bolts of cloth that I knew were there, left from our previous supplies before the steamer had come to take away the workmen. I had felt under no necessity of asking "Santa Claus" Rougier for more cloth because of the knowledge of this surplus. I opened the door and went in.

The bolts of cloth were gone. I hunted all over the place, with growing amazement and wonder. Where had they gone to? I searched under the empty cases, and in every conceivable place. Then, running out of the shack I called to the two men, asking them if they knew where the cloth was gone.

Tiaran told me that Mademoiselle Pugealt had taken the bolts away with her when she left in the boat with the two pieces of Rougier, on her way to the "Santal" the night she sailed. He declared that she had carried the bundles down to the boat herself, and that he had watched her, thinking nothing of the matter, for she was entitled to take what she chose, being the housekeeper of the owner of the island.

The Problem of Clothes

I went away from him and Lucien and sat down on the wharf to ponder the situation. I had one pair of trousers, already worn out and cut off at the knees because the tough thorns of the undergrowth had cut them to ribbons.



JOSEPH ENGLISH.

I had one pair of trousers, already worn out and cut off at the knees because the tough thorns of the undergrowth had cut them to ribbons.

I had one shirt on my back and that was in tatters already. I had no shoes. Not a stitch of clothing of any sort other than what I had already on my back.

Lucien and Tiaran had their "G" shirts, or outfits, and that comprised their entire wardrobe. December was beginning, and although of course the weather would not become really very low of temperature down here close to the Equator, nevertheless the weeks of rain and cold wind and storm ahead, with no rescue in prospect, made the outlook anything but promising.

Heartily I cursed Pugealt and her selfishness and the ship owner and the whole miserable crew of them, from the "Frisco" office all the way down to the captain, who had run my ship on the reef and had brought me this to pass.

There was nothing to do however, but make the best of it. The two natives tried to make coverings of sail cloth cut off the wind and rain; but the stuff was coarse and heavy, and they gave it over after stabbing their fingers with needles and breaking two or three.

I had no clothing and the chill of the wind gave me neuralgia, and there were two or three days early in December when I was at a very low ebb; but the desperate nature of our condition there on the island set my mind to working as to some means of escape.

Another Hope Gone

I could not wait for a ship. It might never come. I felt that it would never come. And, as I was convalescing from my attack of sickness and my weakness again, the sight of the black boat on the edge of the Lagoon gave me an idea.

I would go to Fanning Island in the black boat. It was 135 or 140 miles, to be sure, but that did not matter. I would be picked up, perhaps. I grew excited at the prospect and even joyful, and I went out to talk it over with Tiaran and Lucien.

But before I had reached them a sudden qualm overtook me. I could not take provisions away from the two men. The food was now running quite low. Neither could I stock the boat with coconuts. And the size of the ship's boat in which Capt Jones had nearly met with his death on a similar trip. The black boat would capsize in the most ordinary deep sea windstorm.

I returned to my room, discouraged, probably the more so because the hope that had been born had met with death so abruptly.

In mid-December the weather cleared again and the sun came out like a torch. My shirt was gone entirely now, and discarded my trousers in order to save them that I might have something left in case a ship did really come after all.

I was as naked as a savage, and my arms and neck and upper body were already burnt to a dusky brown. Thus reduced as low as the simplest barbarian, I wandered about Christmas Island, turning my hand now to a task here and now to one there and losing count of the endless days, except at night, when reality would return sharply with my entries into the diary of the company at London house.

In Battle With the Wilderness

My rambles about the plantations nearly broke my heart, but they resulted in one thing that spelled salvation for weeks—a more reasonable plan of work. I saw my nurseries, into which I had put so much care and effort, and which I had toiled over for more than a year with my workmen, fill up with weeds and vines and creepers. The shacks fell in from lack of care and the heavy winds and rain.

The coconut grove which I had set a few months before, my mind filled with the dreams of new plantations, were almost lost to sight beneath the luxurious and rapidly growing undergrowth of the wilds.

The sight of all this drove me nearly distracted, but eventually it roused my instinct to battle. I persuaded Lucien and Tiaran, who by this time had grown somewhat sick of doing nothing, to lend me a hand.

Thus began our battle with the wilderness, which was to wax into a very deadly struggle, with victory going, gradually, to the enemy.

We weeded out the Lagoon road, spending days at it, but while we were doing this, London Plantation grew into a small jungle.

We returned to London station, but by the time we had cleaned this up again, the Motu Manu Plantations and houses were hedged almost out of sight, by the struggle and soon we gave over the fight at Asia Plantation, and finally the end came, and we were obliged to abandon our efforts at Motu Manu.

Skeletons of Boats

Then I came, one night, to my last cigarette. I stood in the doorway, at London House, and looked at that light for long minutes and wished that it could be planted and grown, and put the cigarette away, to smoke at some later date when I should be less able to withstand the temptation.

That cigarette became the leading character in a drama. Each day I would take it out and look at it and put it away again, regretfully. Finally it became so dried and soft with much handling that I could not let it go any longer, and I lighted it, smoking it slowly, luxuriously, until the shortness of the stub burnt my lips.

I went on a tour of exploration all over the island, to fill in my time, after I had wearied of the eternal fight with the weeds. I walked eastward, and down the far outside coast, past remnants of innumerable wrecks.

I found an old windmill and donkey engine, half buried in the sand and crusted with rust, and the skeletons of boats, rotten old hulks, gaunt and barnacled, close on the shore reefs, and lumber strewn for miles.

There was one place where I came upon a great sheet of corroded copper sheathing and some odd lengths of cable, and an old anchor, where some ship had made a fight for her life only to lose in the end.

At another place I found huts thrown together out of rocks and weather-beaten lumber from the shore.

Four Lonely Graves

And near the half way mark down the coast, behind some coral and strewn sand, cut off from the sea by a scraggy clump of bushes, I came upon four graves in a row, very old graves they were. Some other mariners had met their fate out here on this illomened island.

I became very much depressed, thinking of our own condition, and wondering which of us would die the first, and whether any man in the future would come upon our graves as I had come upon these four mute monuments to heartbreak.

I discovered again the wreck of the Aeon, which went ashore in 1911, on the great reef southward of the base of Joe's Hill, the tallest hill on the island. Here again I discovered the quarters of the survivors, the wells that they had dug, and even the cook house. Here there was plenty of good lumber, quite new, piled up by the sea, in tangles of weed and sand almost a dozen feet high along the beach.

December went swiftly, and I decided to visit Paris House to see how conditions were there. We fought our way out over the lagoon, finally managing to make a landing in safety after nearly five hours.

We found the place as I had expected. It was well run to weeds. The heavy surf, which seemed to be more destructive at Paris Point than over at London station, had wrought havoc with the landing.

The house itself was in good condition inside, but when I visited the hoathouse I found that the high tides had carried off to sea the only boat kept there. The walks all about the place were overgrown with Kurima weed, and, after hunting about for some time, I discovered the coco-nuts planted by Alice and Bertha.

Five of them had sprouted and were growing nicely, and true to my promise, I weeded them out and fenced them off from the depredations of the hermit crabs.

The half-dozen hens that were kept at Paris house and had never been known to lay an egg had become wild, and took to the wilderness on our approach.

Three Days Delirious

That night a storm burst and the heaviest surf I had ever seen at Christmas Island deluged the whole Southern Point. Cooke's Island was not visible in the flying spume at times and when I had returned to London House the entire lower arm of the island was obscured from sight by the storm.

In the early part of January the stove broke down and we were reduced to fires outside under shelter of old bits of sheet iron, to cook our food.

I missed the stove greatly, for now there was no warmth inside of London Station except when the weather cleared. The biting sea wind became deadly cold and every night and nearly every day the torrential rains fell. There were 230 points of rain on the London side that month, according to my records.

Despite all this, and the misery occasioned by the lack of clothing, I kept at work, fighting the encroachments of the wilderness beyond the station. All of my efforts now were confined in keeping back the brush line at London and Paris, I gave over the remainder of the island, with the exception of the Lagoon road, as an impossible task.

One night, early in the month, I fell ill again. I was awakened after midnight by severe pains in the stomach and lower abdomen. Vomiting and cramps followed, and I fell into a desperate fever, for which the two men could not help me.

During the three days that followed I lay almost delirious with the pain, and with my head splitting. I wished for death, and expected that I would die. My hope was all gone.

Yet, on the fourth day I felt immeasurably better and rose and hauled the sailboat out of the waters of the lagoon, tying a rope on the automobile

to help me, for I was too weak to do it alone and the two men refused to stir.

Library of Two Volumes

The rain poured down. Convinced that if I did not work I might fall again into the dreadful sickness, I toiled caking and painting the black boat under a tangle of palm leaves.

It seemed that the rain would never cease. Days upon days it rained. The lightning ripped and tore across the sky above us. When I finally went on a tour of the plantations again on the 30th of January, I discovered that the road had been flooded nearly three feet deep in places and that part of Asia plantation were entirely under water from the deluge.

There were hundreds, thousands of sprouting nuts under the trees in the groves, and I tried to plant some of them, but gave over when I had set out 50 for the task was useless.

I went over to Paris again where I stayed a week alone, clearing away the weeds and oiling the floors of the owner's house to keep out the rot. Then I discovered the first trace of the rats. They had attacked the bindings of the French books in "Santa Claus" Rougier's library and the mattresses.

That library was a ghastly mockery for it was of no use to me. I would have given a good deal to have had something to read, but my entire library on Christmas Island consisted of a book on coconut cultivation which I had read for the 20th time and knew almost by heart, and an old magazine, with the covers gone and the first pages missing. I kept a pencil check on the margin of this. I read it 21 times.

Civil War Brewing

Now something new happened, lending considerable diversion to my hours. A feud broke out between Tiaran and Lucien, and for days upon end I watched their hatred develop toward one another.

They were reduced to a plane of mental savagery, and the bitter growth of their animosity, day after day, week after week, was a curious study in emotions and primal races.

I do not know to this day what the cause was. But by February they were sullen and snarled at one another like animals, when occasion arose. Soon they avoided one another's company entirely and never spoke.

Tiaran was plainly dropping into a state of mind that must have been similar to that of his cannibal forbears; and as the grim drama developed, I found myself wondering which one would kill the other.

This thrilling story of a modern Crusoe from New England will be continued in next Sunday's Globe.

RESCUED AFTER 14 MONTHS MAROONED ON PACIFIC ISLAND

Malden Boy Tells the Dismal Story of Long Wait For Ship That Never Came—Clothing Gone, Nothing But Fish to Eat, One of His Two Native Companions Insane, Endless Rain and Sickness—At Last Comes Admiral Jellicoe

By JAMES H. POWERS

Previous instalments of this story have told how Joseph English, a Malden boy, was sent as manager to Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific. The cannibal workmen who had been brought to the island to care for the coconut plantations mutinied and tried to kill him. He escaped, and after waiting weeks for a second attack, by sheer audacity captured the ringleaders and won over the others.

Then came the owner, who carried off the mutineers and left Mr English with only two natives, promising to return in 45 days. Months passed, provisions gave out and the two natives worked up a grudge that seemed likely to develop into murder.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH It was now seven months since I had been deserted on Christmas Island, with Tiaran and Lucien; and the trio of us, reduced by the privations and lack of food—all supplies excepting the rice having run out entirely—gaunt, browned by the sun, naked and bearded like old "Santa Claus" Rougier himself, looked for all the world like some illustration of Robinson Crusoe.

The two men continued with their mutual hatred, and, as I seldom entered into conversation with them, except to speculate as to when we might be rescued, or whether we were to be rescued at all, or to order them to go out fishing each day, that we might not come to actual starvation, we were in a sorry state.

Braving the Sharks One day, after I had come in from inspecting the coconut groves with the pair of them, we discovered that the black boat had dragged her anchor in the heavy surf. She was well out off shore in the lagoon when we saw her. As this was the only boat left us, save for the canoe, we could not afford to lose her. She offered us the easiest means of getting to Paris House, which I was striving to keep in a semblance of civilization with London House, my own quarters.

in this predicament. If we lost the black boat we would be very badly off, as the auto was by this time little more than a wreck, with tires and springs all gone. Besides, the road was barely passable and it was 45 miles around to Paris House. If one swam properly, however, there was little danger from the sharks. As Lucien could not even dog paddle, I plunged into the surf myself, splashing a good deal to scare off any possible man-eaters that might happen to be in my course.

Appendicitis the Third Time The nausea, from continual eating of rice, rice, and fish, by this time had become overwhelming. We ate our food, such as it was, merely to keep alive, and we hated the event of meal time usually.

The diet was broadened now by another item, which we began to use out of desperation and because we thought that the brackish water from the wells was making us ill. We took to drinking green coconut water, obtained from the center of the unripe nuts. At the month end came the third attack of appendicitis since January, and I was laid up for two days and two nights, nursing myself. I felt that the next attack of this sort would finish me, as the food was not nourishing enough to give me strength.

Ship Passed Without Seeing On the 5th of the month, while I was out at Eleven Kilometer Nursery looking over the groves and among the strides of the weeds, I happened to look casually over the southwest arm of the land, beyond Paris Point, toward the Pacific. My heart nearly stood still.

There, in the offing, rode a tall ship. I could see that she was a four-masted, and under all sail. She must have passed close to the southern extremity of the land early in the morning while we were asleep. Now, with a good 10 miles of water between us, she was headed westward, and there was no hope of attracting her attention at all.

on my spirits, and the situation was not improved by the sudden darkening of the skies and the advent of another of the incessant rain storms. The hopes that had been revived in the three of us



THE SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH ADMIRAL JELlicOE GAVE TO JOSEPH ENGLISH

made the next several days unusually monotonous and dreary.

Extracts From English's Diary

April 21—Blacksmithing since morning making rudder post for the sailboat. Out over plantations in afternoon.

April 24—Thunder and lightning and plenty of rain last night. Thunder and more lightning all morning. Suffering from severe cold, the first I have had in years, due to wetness and no dry clothes to put on. Thanks to that woman Pugeault, taking my only material for clothes from the store. She had a sweet heave.

April 27—Sunday, and very sick. If a ship does not visit me soon it is me they will plant instead of the cocoanuts. Rats again raising havoc; cannot get a good night's sleep with them running and gnawing around the house. Last night they ate my table cover and made a nest on the table only three feet away from my bed. Heavy surf.

May 1—Went to Motu Upon. Plenty of copra on the ground, which will require careful supervision, as much of it is covered with man. All trees bearing nicely. The island is in poor shape, kurima nashu and brush having com-

pletely filled in the rows and left no trace of our three large division roads.

May 8—Today we came to the south settlement of No Man's Land—in other words, to Paris. We remain here for clearing and repairing dock; rain all day.

May 11—Sunday—cloudy and rainy. Went on reefs last night and caught several lobsters. Do you think that Tiaran would go on reef for lobsters? He certainly would not.

May 14—Both myself and Tiaran sick in bed most of the day.

May 15—Still sick. Rats ate the pillows under our heads while we slept.

Tiaran Goes Insane

On the 17th of the month of May there came one of the unforgettable days of the maroon. Even now, looking back upon the horror of it all through the softening perspective of distance, there is a sharp recollection of my original feeling of dismay and mental torment. The hatred that had long been in evidence between the two men who dwelt with me in my isolation reached the point beyond which it could go but one step further. Tiaran and Lucien had developed a grim, silent hatred beyond description, and with this point reached the strain of the situation began to weigh upon us all.

For two days Tiaran had been sick and now on the third there came a queer look into his eyes and an odd twist to his actions, and his words came more stammered. Tiaran had begun to go insane.

In the days that ensued, the discovery of his state of mind compelled me to watch him closely so as to guard against any violent turn to his troubles. I knew that Lucien or myself were a fair match for him in ordinary fight, but the cunning of an insane man made life for several days a living horror.

Lucien realized at once what had happened and was on his guard, needing no caution from me. The peculiar thing about the condition of the savage was that he seemed to have temporarily forgotten his animosity toward his fellow, though he did not speak.

Barbering Under Difficulties

I hid the guns when I slept, under my mattress, where now the rats were disposing themselves with entire indifference to whether I lay abed or not. As I went out to work day after day, I removed the knives and other weapons from Tiaran's reach, and carried my revolver and gun with me.

When he had recovered from his sickness fully, Tiaran was as simple as a child; but the threat of his going completely and desperately mad kept Lucien and myself forever on the alert. I took to sending him off to odd jobs by himself, which he seemed to like, which was possibly one of the strangest freaks of his mental state, for he had been over-lustingly lazy and rebellious ever since I had first known him.

Late in June, my beard having grown so long that it was becoming troublesome, I hunted about till I discovered an old razor and I decided to try and win back some of my appearance as a civilized man.

It was a terrible job. I clipped and hacked my whiskers with a knife and at last got them down close enough to shave. But the razor was dull and the shave was no great success, as it nearly pulled the hair out by the roots.

However, I found the effort diverting and kept at it for several weeks.

Now Tiaran suddenly remembered his aversion for Lucien and we had considerable worry again until I perceived that his derangement had apparently ceased its progress, and that he was now simply "queer."

From the English Diary

Excerpts from the English Diary June 10—Decidedly not well, but cannot stay in bed. Took account of stock, then went through Plantations north of Puna.

June 21—Sail boat to Paris. All OK except that the rats continue their depredations in the mattresses there.

July 7—Clearing auto road. These two boys have not spoken a word for months. It is interesting again to note the hatred between them.

July 8—Rambling around nearly dead for want of food.

July 15—Arrived again at Paris. In "Lady" Pugeault's bed I find nest of four little rats.

July 18—Waiting for ship again. It is all that I can do.

July 22—Laid up with bad headache. I'll either die here or go crazy if a ship doesn't come soon.

July 25—This morning at 10:15, we heard a distant sound like the report

of a heavy gun. The sky was cloudless, and I am curious to know what that sound was caused by.

July 27—One year ago today Captain Jones ran the "Ysbel May" on the reefs, may the devil take him. Were it not for that same Jones I would now be enjoying good health at home, instead of starving and freezing here, without food or clothes.

Nothing but Fish

How August went I scarce remember, save for one incident. The montony had begun once more to get on my nerves and I was growing into a state of continual ill health from headaches, neuralgia and hunger.

Then one day Lucien decided to take a sail and he was nearly drowned. The treacherous wind swept down upon him in the Lagoon and he was helpless, as he could neither manage the boat nor swim.

He was upset and thrown into the water and clung there, loudly calling for help and thrashing the sharks off. I forced Tiaran to help me drag out the canoe and we went to his rescue.

Now we were reduced to catching fish for every meal time. Once in my tour of the plantations I came upon a large fig tree with a great cluster of fruit on it, and we celebrated. At another time we discovered Kavika eggs and ate ravenously.

But these were rare occasions. For the most part our breakfast, dinner and supper had to be caught and cooked for every meal. We fell to eating green cocoanuts, which made us ill, all three, and became careful.

Then came a day when, as I was walking through the heavy undergrowth, a piece of mean struck me in the eyes, and I suffered the most excruciating torture for hours, completely blinded.

And, to add to the troubles that seemed to be mounting up for us, for the first time since I had come to Christmas Island I found that there were mosquitoes.

Wasted to a Shadow

September was the 12th month of the maroon, and it began with myself flat on my back in bed in another fever, and with Lucien and Tiaran moping around, separately, in the outbuildings.

My work during the preceding months, with the two men, had been on the roads about the island and they were now in excellent condition once more.

But the Wilderness had won its battle. The crabs had eaten down the pawpaw tree over at Paris, and the banana tree there, which we had been watching with such eager hopes, disappointed us with but a small bunch of fruit. The other parts of the island were run riot now, and I gave up the battle.

My sickness took a turn which I may not describe, save to say it was frightful, and I began to fall away to a mere shadow. Even the dilapidated pair of trousers which I had stowed away for the day of our liberation, flapped ridiculously about my limbs when I tried them on.

It mattered little to me, hopeless as I was, that I should find me cooking the black boat out of the water, to scrape and repair and paint her for the fifth time, that the bottom was worn through now, and it would be impossible to use her any longer.

We watched the turtles wandering about the Lagoon, and we managed to catch a small one without fishhooks or spears, on the shore. The larger ones escaped easily, and we could not hope to make a capture for lack of a boat, unless we were to steal up behind one on the sand, which was difficult.

Darkest Hour of All

On Oct. 13, the second anniversary of my arrival on Christmas Island as manager, I was reduced to loafing about the shore, feeble from hunger and illness and desperate in the eternal slight of the open reaches of the Pacific, where never a shadow of sail or smoke broke the monotony.

Above us arched the clear Autumnal skies, blue as glass. The waters of the sea rolled away, forever, to the edge of the world, or they came crashing in foam upon the reefs below the point. The birds swept circles over the blue Lagoon, where now and then a fish leaped, or the sharp fin of a shark cut the surface in the sunlight. It was ghastly.

That was the darkest hour of all my maroon. I grew rapidly too weak to walk about much and sat dependent on the edge of my cot, wondering how much longer it would be before I should die.

I hoped for death. It seemed a kind release for me and something that would prove a blessing. I knew that we could not stand another Winter here, and the other men were as desperate as I, though Tiaran did not seem to understand now.

After 14 Months!

As I sat, flattened out by the throbbing at my temples and the weakness in my limbs, late on the afternoon of the 19th, Tiaran gave a shout and came running in to me from the point, where I had sent him to fish for our supper.

"There is a great ship," he jabbered, laughing hysterically. "A great ship . . . much smoke."

I crawled to my feet and went outside. There was nothing in sight. My heart fell. But the natives have wonderful eyesight. I returned with my glasses, and swept the horizon once more. He was right.

There, headed eastward, though still in the offing, a great steamship was standing in landward. Eagerly I focussed the glasses on her. The two men were dancing with wild joy, nearly mad with excitement. After 14 months here was the ship coming at last.

As she drew nearer I saw that she was a very large ship. I began to wonder why she was coming in this out of the way place. Then I picked out the line of a gun turret, and I saw the slim muzzles of a broadside battery jutting over the water. A warship!

Dressing for the Occasion

I climbed to the roof and sat there.

with the glasses glued to my eyes, and soon I could pick out figures on her decks, and all the life of a great man-o-war was before me.

I had a sudden recollection. . . . Von Horst in 1914 had sailed down upon Fanning Island under the French flag and with his crew in French uniform, and when he got into port, he had blown the settlement to pieces.

I began to temper my joy with wonder. Suppose this was a trick . . . and we were to end it all by being taken captive.

I went down and dressed for the occasion. I put on that pair of trousers, that were cut off at the knees and worn out behind. I had no shirt.

Then, taking my two men with me, I lifted my revolver and slipped it through my belt, picked up my shotgun in my hand and stood at the point, watching the warship drop anchor and lower a great boat with about 30 men in it.

The boat swept toward the entrance to the lagoon, and when she got within hail I motioned them off, for if they should try to make the straits they would have fetched up on the rocks.

The boat turned and came toward the outer wharf. . . .

And then I saw what amazed me completely and made me look hastily over my scanty raiment.

There was a lady aboard that ship's boat, a white lady!

They came along, and I shouted . . . filled with doubts still, despite the flapping of the British ensign.

H. M. S. New Zealand

"What do you want here? What ship is that?"

"This is His Majesty's ship New Zealand," came back the answer, while the seamen rested on their oars and the boat floated a stone's throw away.

"What do you want here? . . . and what have you got a woman aboard for if you are His Majesty's ship New Zealand?" I retorted.

A short figure rose in the boat, a figure clad in a coat covered with gold braid and silver lace. His voice came to me clearly above the slapping of the water at the wharf below me.

"This is His Majesty's ship New Zealand . . . with Viscount Jelli-

coe, Admiral of the fleet, on official tour of English possessions," he shouted.

So it was true, then. My legs shook under me as if I had the axes. I dropped my gun with a clatter on the wharf.

And I began to laugh as Tiaran laughed, as if it were a huge joke.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.

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