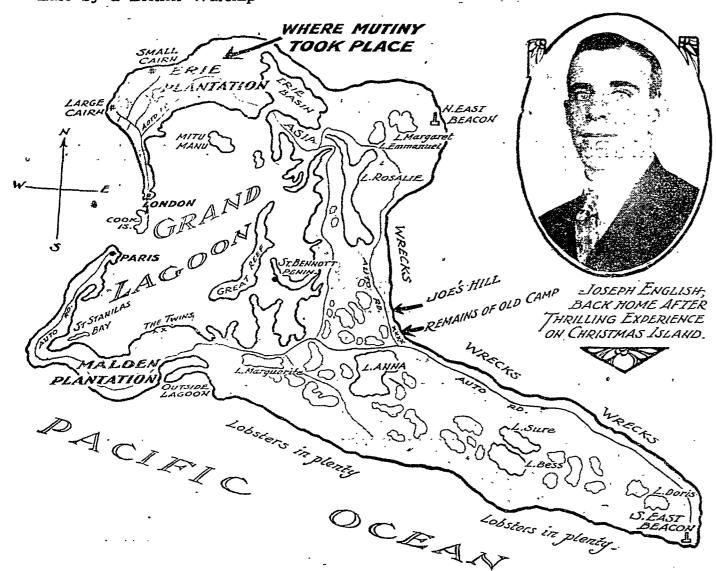
ROBINSON CRUSOE BACK IN MALDEN

Joseph English Comes Home After Five Years of Adventure, Which Included a Single-Handed Fight With Mutineers, 14 Months Marooning On a Lonely Pacific Island, and Rescue at Months Marooning On a Lonely Pacific Island, and Months Marooning On a Lonely Pacific Island, and Months Marooning On a Lonely Pacific Island, and Months Maroning On Administration On Administ Last by a British Warship



By JAMES H. POWERS

The Globe begins today one of the strangest stories ever brought back to Boston-the story of Joseph English of 267 Emerald st, Malden. It reads like Robinson Crusoe; but it is thrice as thrilling, because it is a Boston boy's true story.

Marooned for 14 months on a bit of land poking up out of the South Sea 3600 good sea miles from San

Fighting single-handed a battle with desperate mutineers and half believing he would never see civ-

Finally rescued by a British admiral (whose name is known the world over) from this cutlandish spot which some ironical person named "Christmas Island." . . .

Home Town Looked Good

Back nome in the aims of his faintiful winter in the winter in

He wandered around Malden, to: see the old parochial schoolhouse he borhood; and the Malden High School where he had, but a tew Zears back, delved into the mysteries of algebra And the old home town: looked good to him.

He is the son of Mr and Mrs John W. English of 267 Emerald st. and the second oldest son in the family, too, being only 34 years of age for all his crammed years of adventure. His older brother is Jack, his twin sisters, Marguer, te, and Rosalie, and Anna and Mary-all of whose names of the Pacific. For he named the litthe lakes and basins of Christmas Island after them.

And, so, after he had wandered about the home haunts of Malden, I tracked him down and dragged this. story out of him. He showed me all dence that spoke volumes of hairraising details which he wanted to from his own lips.

JOSEPH ENGLISH'S STORY

I had been knocking about, working now for this trading dim and row for that, and the sum of it all was dissuisfaction. A desire to get away from the

Perhaps it was the Spring fever, but whatever it was, the feeling had grown stronger and stronger, a teeling that known what that "something" was to be, it is possible that I would not have been so eager when 'Pete" Rougier Banquets Barred came along and I became acquainted personally with the affairs of the Central Pacific Coco Company. But that's neither here not there now.

It is all over. Fr Rougier and has company struck my fancy, and I Joined the C. P. C. after an interview which

lasted only a few minutes. Fr Bougier was known the Pacific over. A most unusual man, he looks pretty much the part of his nickname, "Santa Claus," which he re-

ping place, where, sometmes, he would remain a month or so.
And so I went into the office of the company, as an accountant, under the spell of Fr Rougier's insistence, and a gratifying ofter of money. Before I had been there many weeks I had learned the business.
The company dealt dhiefly in copra, which is the most valuable export form of the cocount product from the islands. It consists of the dried and broken kernel of the cocount, and it is used to secure oil
As the copra is sold at about \$150 atton, and 100 trees will produce a ton of copra a season, of course the Central Pacific Coco Company was a rich concern.

Ordered to Christmas Island

A few weeks after I had begun work for the company. I learned that a ship was fitting out for a trip to the great sland plantation out above the equator -Christmas Island. I was busy with the

South Seas, an island which was scarcely an island, an atoll, the largest atoll in all that part of the Pacific, and thousands of miles away from mainlands.

Little did I dream that my visit was to become almost permanent, or that I would have to fight for my life out there in the middle of the Pacine, or that, strangest of all—but we'll come to that later.

Just now I am concerned with Crane and old man Ilougier, who was looking at me shrewdly, above the mountain of his whiskers, with a sty smile, I was to learn what that smile meant later on.

3600 Miles on First Leg

I purchased a sea chest, and eigarette and marine glasses and a hundred and one things that I felt, vaguely, I might one things that I rev, vascus, I may a find useful. I had a plentiful supply of ammunition put aboard for myself, both bird shot and revolver cartridges. I had heard that there were birds aplenty out on Christmas Island.

We were headed into the southwest and the first leg of our cruise was to take us to Papeete, where was to settle some business and leave me. It is a long sea voyage, that course to Papeete-3020 good sea miles

The Pacule was never bluer. It was still early Summer and the skies seldom shadowed even by a cloud. And it was hot. The rails became so hot that you

had attended as a youngster, the back corner lots where he had played at Indian with the kids of the neigh-

Back in His Own Bailiwick—Texas—He Departs From His Policy of Absolute Silence—Hints at * brother is Charley, and he has four Hoover—Tells Why He Dodges Banquets as he has written down upon the charts Well as the Limelight



By W. D. HORNADAY (Special Correspondent of the Globe)

AUSTIN, Texas. Jan 28-Col E. M. House has returned to New York after spending two weeks in Texas visiting friends. He said before his departure that his visit to his old home in Austin was merely preliminary his strange records and maps, evi-

in keeping with his usual custom, he declined many invitations to be the guest of honor at banquets and receptions. The nearest that he came bkip over. But here is the narrative to breaking this rule was that of attending a reception given for him by Gov W.F. Hobby.

While in Austin Col House was called upon informally by scores of old It was in the late Spring of 1916 that friends from various parts of the State. Naturally many of these men are met "Santa Claus" Rougier in Frisco of more or less prominence in State Democratic politics. As far as could friends from various parts of the State. Naturally many of these men are be learned, however, the subject of State or National politics was not disssed by any of them with Col House.

The nearest that he came to expressing himself on any phase of politics land for a while had been growing upon was when he was questioned by your correspondent as to his views on the available candidates for the Democratic nomination for President.

Without committing himself on the subject, he spoke in the highest praise of Herbert Hoover. He said that he considered Mr Hoover one of something would turn up If I had the truly great figures that had come out of the World War.

Coi House talked freely in a general way of his work at the Peace Conferonce. He was asked how he managed to keep up paysically under the strenuous work that he performed in Paris. "It was due entuely. I think," he re-

It was due entirely. I think," he represent to those who extend the invinctions, for they themselves do not care for such things and only do it as a matter of official form or recognition ment at a reasonably early hour. I eat simple tood. I have made a practice of not atter doing bancuets or social functions to dinners, banquets and invitations to dinners, banquets and them social afters I would not have been able to do anything like the amount of work that I did and come out of it in the physical condition. The two peculiar ty, it is may be recalled, in this tender of the propried everywhere. or the part of his nickname. "Sank Claus." which he recoiled after he purchased Chrismar Island from the British.

A beavily built man, distinctly
French in face and manner, a voluble
man and reputed to be one of the
man and reputed to be one of the
man and reputed to be one of the
man and heavily built man, and reputed to be one of the
man and reputed to

members of the American mission were present. These were not in the nature of official dinners.

"It is an easy matter to decline invita-

Two Things Do Not Mix

to Paris. He said that this organiza-tion was made up of 60 men whom he selected without iceard to their politi-cal affiliations. They were drawn from all parts of the country and each was a specialist in his particular line. Col

a 'specialist in his particular line. Col House said:

"Not long after 1 reached Paris some one said to me: 'Do you know that in one of your groups of 20 experts there are 17 Republicans?'
"I repibed: 'I don't give a — if they are all Republicans or if they are all Democrats. Their politics had nothing to do with their selection or their qualifications for the work that they are doing.'

Col House expressed the belief that it was due to the work of these experts that the United States delegation as-sumed the leadership in the Peace Con-

sumed the leadership in the Peace Conference
These experts' had been working for two years rathering and compiling data and formulating reports on the various subjects that would probably be involved in the Peace Conference work. They were able to lay before that budy full and complete information on practically every phase of the subject that came up for consideration.

No other country represented at the Peace Conference was anything like as well equipped in the matter of expert information as the United States.

Among other things Col House's organization in Paris took over with it the most complete and wonderful collection of maps probably ever assembled, in the preparation of these maps Col House had the services of the staff of the Naticnal Geographic Society.

Texas Democrats Split

It may or may not be significant that Mr Hoover's name has suddenly come into general mention by Democrats of Texas as their choice for President since the arrival of Col House in this State. Plans are already on foot to send Hoover delegation from Texas to the National convention. In his talks with Texas friends, Col

House made little mention of President was a very sick man. He gave no intimation that there had been any rupture strangest rescue outside of fiction. of their personal friendship.

The fact that State political conditions in Texas at this time are more muddled than they have been for many years, led some of the Democratic leadwith a view of using his influence to bintee the contending factions of the Democratic party. It is known, however, that this supposition is unfounded, that beyond acquainting himself with the political situation in the State he showed no interest in the matter.

An offshoot of the State Democratic party, headed by Ex-Gov James E. Ferguson, has organized what is called the American party. It plans to put its own candidate for Governor and other State officers in the field.

Another faction, led by Ex-United States Senator Joseph W. Balley, proposed to go into the primaries with a view of controlling the nominations in opposition to the adherents of the pressure administrations, both State and Native State and Management administrations. ers to believe that Mr House came here

Like a Huge Lobster Claw

We were all of us heartily sick of ruising by the time that we raised the low hills of Papeete. We took aboard more stores and sent some ashore, and, after dropping "Santa Claus" Rougier. we turned toward Tahiti, where I added

were taking to the island, to neip work
the plantations.
Our decks were piled high with lumber for buildings. There was scarcety
room to move about on the "Isbel
Max," as, at last, she "took the bone
in her teeth" to northwestward, on the
final leg. 1550 miles.
Christmas Island is listed on few
maps, and has escaped the attention
even of the experts of the Enclycopedias

dias

The island is in the shape of an enor The island is in the shape of an enormous lobster claw, with the Jaws opened toward the Northwest.

We came directly toward the narrow entrance to the claw, where the points closed in toward one another, and toward a small island fair in the mid channel. The reach from headland to headland was about seven miles.

Close to the point on the northern side stood the home of what the captain told me was the manager, and a very poverty-stricken, weather-beaten but of different on the point of the captain of the capta

'Desolate Old Dump'

Within the narrows I could see the placid surface of a vast lagoon, blue inder the reflected sky of Summer, with the gleam of white sands and coral wavering toward the surface like a strange llumination beneath the sea. And be hind it all rose the slow acclivity toward the near edge of the forest, with line of lofty cocoanut palms marching

"Fretty desolate old dump," and Mor-gan, the manager, as we were walking up the shore toward the house, after the captain had mtroduced me. "I can't see the use of lugging all that lumber out here, though," and he pointed toward the decks of the 'Isbel May."

'It's to build new plantation houses, told him. He turned and stared at me, with a curious quick appraisal. I funcied that I detected hostility in his he laughed again.

he laughed again.

"Old Rougier's scheming again.

I can recognize his brand by this time, though." And he laughed bitterly, and accepted a cigarette.

"It's the devil's own job to get blacks over here, and the devil's own job to keep 'em when you get them, and the worst job of all is to make 'em work when you have got them," remarked Morgan, in answer to my query as to how many natives from the other South Sea Islands were on the plantation.

The manager's house was a weatherbeaten tumble of ruins on closer view. A thatch of palm leaves had replaced the woodenroot it had originally boasted.

"The Japs stole the roof and the oors," explained the manager.

"Stole" I queried.

"Yes. You know the island has scarcely been worked since the 'old man' bought the plantation rights from England. He trued once or twice, and then everything petered out. Then the Japs came poaching birds. As everybody had left by this time, they took what they wanted. That seemed to be about everything loose, including the doors and windows of both houses. The other one is over the strait." said he, casually, pointing to Rougier's desected

London" and "Paris"

"Well, they left on a British man o ar, back in 1911. I don't know what ore and kicked to the British consul. Anyway, they cleared out and the place as left to the birds for a few years. Then we started cultivation again.

Then we started cultivation again.

"We call this point London." Fr
Rougier wouldn't stand for any reflection on his own native land, you know.
So we put up his house over there and
called it 'Paris."

The next day the Isbel May began to
discharge cargo and in short order the
entire consignment of supplies and
building material was ashore, stowed
in one of the staggering shacks beside
the manager's house.

Shortly after the ship dropped

and fixing up things generally at the main plantations.

We worked usually from early morning until about 10:30, when we used to knock off for the day because of the heat. When the buildings were finished, we tunned our attention to the nurseries and the groves.

Enemies From the Start

It was late August and close to the rainy season and there was a big effort to get the new plants set out before it

Shortly afterward there came word

from Fanning Island directing me to assume charge of the entire island. This, hen, was what Rougier's sly

meant.

Hight there began the estrangement with Morgan, the deposed manager. The appointment let loose all his entity and bitterness. This was strange, too, for it meant that he was to be relieved and would undoubtedly return to civilization once more.

He had always been talking about the day of his return. Now that it was coming he was moved with resentment against myself. We grev politely civil. Sometimes we went for hours, even days, without speaking more than a word or two.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen cam and with the arrival of summer once more came Rougier's ship, and carried me back to 'Frisco, to turn in my reports and to secure further supplies Morgan was left in charge of the isle That Autumn of 1917 proved unforget table. How was I to know, as I stood on the deck of the little schooner, and Gate, that I was going to what might have easily proved my death, or that be-Wilson, except to say that the President of California I should have faced mafore I saw again the lines of the coast rooning and startation, and the

(More of his adventures will be told in next Sunday's Globe.)

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dates for the Democratic nomination for Governor in the race. These are Pat the soot in the funnel of the Neff of Waco, R. E. Thomasson of El Paso, Ex-Congressman It. L. Henry of Waco and Ex-Atty Gen B. F. Looney of the forts on Corregidor Island. Then "Buca" set his gun with the platform of any of these candidates, with the possible exception of Mr Henry.

MAKING DENNISPORT A NAVY ANNEX

Michael P. Crotty Makes His Galley on Cape Cod a Rallying Place for Old Shipmates—Few Parts of the World His 30 Years' Service Did Not Take Him Through



CAPT JAMES P. SULLIVAN OF THE COURT SQ POLICE STATION

By GEORGE NOBLE

DENNISPORT, Jan 31-The neigh-DENNISPORT, Jan 31—The neightoward the sea like a regiment of grgantic green plumed solders.

The only landing was close to the
northern point of the entrance. We
dropped anchor with a hoarse rattle of
hawsers, and the lines were thing
ashore, where two agile natives grasped
them and made fast to the leaning pile
heads. eads.
"Pretty desolate old dump," said Mor- James P. Sullivan of the Court-sq Police Station in Boston, a former shipmate of Crotty's in the navy, and his present neighbor down here on

> This fermer Johnny Haultight is 64 years old and looks hardly 40. He has refused for the last three Win-Januarys ago-also just the other day-to go down with John and "Billy" Clark, connected with the

Boston municipal street watering, to their camp at St Petersburg, Fla, where "Pat" Moran, the baseball wizard of Fitchburg, has been among the intimate visitors. Crotty finds it balmy enough for him at Dennis-

Capt Sullivan was all booked to

the tale was. Maybe 'Santa Claus' got 2 that he doesn't slip down to Crot-

which the gumer's mate used annually to come down to the "galley" at be many years he was on the count of the stimular to be distinguished to come down to the "galley" at be many stated in the navy—was "office" whose real name was William to come down to the "galley" at be missort, instead of taking a projected layoff at Palm Beach.

As a result the skipper of Station 2 now considers himself immune from Old Man P. Neumonia.

He's acquired a shipshape, sallorlike place himself down here and swears by its health-giving qualities. Seldom a day off from Station 2 that he doesn't slip down to Crotty's "galley."

Close to a Man o' War

About two years ago Capt Sullivan had it in mind, after he got on his feet on the heels of his pneumonia, to make the Shammans, the South Cover, ty's "galley."

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Close to a Man o' War

About two years ago Capt Sullivan had it in mind, after he got on his feet on the heels of his pneumonia, to make the control of the con

to secure a cottage in these nautical urroundings at Dennisport is Charles inchan, the master plumber, who now

has a house at Dedham. He has authorized Capt Sullivan and Dist Chief Michael J. Mulligan of the Boston Fire Department of 393 Seaver st. Dorchester, who also has a place down here, to pick up the first "chance" here for him, as has Sergt Frank Magee world of the Court-sq Police Station in the

Hub. Lizehan was shipmates with Crotty in the old Plymouth. Every littlest thing in the ex-Johnny

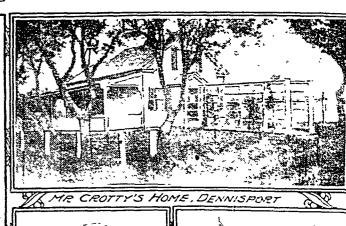
Haultight's main house and in his 'galley" attached are arranged "shipshape and Bristol fashion." The immaculate spotlessness of the place would, and frequently has, put any normal housewife to shame. You could, as in a well-found ship, eat

our dinner off the decks of the place, and you could use the bottoms of the saucepans and other galley utensils as

honey, an habitue of the place, slipped; his cable and passed out over the bar. "Buck" died in Dennisport. He entered the navy as an apprentice boy in 1891, and served in various of the old squareriggers. When W. H. Moody was Secetary of the Navy he was a gunner's mate aboard his inspection boat, the When the American fleet entered

Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, during the Spanish War, "Buck" Mahoney had charge of the after six-inch gun in the Boston

the soot in the funnel of the collier Zaphira ignited and drew the fire from



far out as the lightship on the Shoals, for his cromes. And Herring River, with its fleet of scalloping motor boats, runs right up through the place.

But the cromes Crotty has down here are a mere drop in the bucket compared with the ones he's had in his boyhood in the old Boylston School in Fort Hill so, very close to the spot where Engine sq. very close to the spot where Eng 25 is housed today.

MICHAEL P CROTTS

Learned From Oliver Optic

This ex-sailorman was born in 1855 i from Purchase st to the hill top, practically over the ground now occupied by Oliver st.

School-to the alumni association of which the gunner's mate used annually to send his dues, through Chief Mulli-gan, the many years he was on the China station in the navy-was "Oliver Optic." whose real name was William

All Over the World

It was April 14, 1876, that Michael P. Ciotty of Fort Hill enlisted in the navy the present owner of the Dennisport "galley" had of it in South America China, the Arctic and all over the

This young man of 64 cherishes not a little the Victory service button of the World war which he is wearing. April 6, 1917, the day we entered the war, he was, after nearly 10 years' retirement, recalled to the navy. Until Oct 7, in that year, he was stationed at the naval base in Key West, helping to equip subchasers with guns. Then, back to the "galley" at Dennisport

port. Shortly after enlisting in the Charlestown Navy Yard. Crotty was assigned to the old Plymouth in New York, which relieved the Hartford at the Centennial in I hiladelphia. Inside of two months he was promoted to be an ordinary seature.

mirrors.

In as severe a Winter as they ever get down here on the Cape Crotty may sleep in the main house. Even then he uses the galley for cooking, washing and sitting crosslegged on a table and mending his clothes. In Summer, besides using the galley for "smoking and swearing and yarning," he sleeps there.

With his ship pictures and his American flag flying, it's as close to a manowar as anything you can get on land.

Fired First Shot at Manila

A big gap was left in Crotty's "galley" last Spring when Patrick ("Buck") Malast man,
Afterward they went down South and

right on. From 1879 to 1882 this old Fort Hill boy



MICHAEL P. CROTT

Valparaiso to San Diego; and diploma

ing at Buenos Aires, Unuguay and Ack York.

Next Crotts helped put the ruser New York in commission at Philadel-phia. She went down to the Laterio under Capt "Jack" Philips of U.S.S. Texas fame and there came rear heavy trouble because the Brazilians had ob-jected to the unloading of a Ealthnore bark in that harbor.

"Ginipey" Evans who'd been dors shore duty, was transferred to the com-mand of the New York and presently Crotty was discharged.

He shipped in Boston and went over in the Columbia, under Capt Summer, to the opening of the Kiel Canal Com-mander Evans also took the New York over.

Over.

Coming home from Southampton they established a new world's re ord of eight days for a man-o-war in crossion.

The Columbia was laid up in Philadel, phia and Crotty helped put the U. S. 3.

Thereafter he was shifted to the tor, on the blockade of Havana during

tor, on the blockade of Havana during the Spanish Wat. Then he saw the Origon, after her trip round the Horn. come from Key West and jon too American fleet. Next step was to the Pace to when for 18 months he was about the Wheelman on the China synthem. The horse to Vancouver Manila and the Pauli ones were ports of calle and the Water brought Aguinaldo, his wife his more and his staff to Manila.

On China's Wall

to put the Boxers in line, and linder them at the e-poor And hina for the first tune There was poure duty it in Nome gold numes in the cardra

a load of Marines, thought present

then, after soundings in him rathous between Honolulu and Frisco to Wheeling was laid up at the Golden

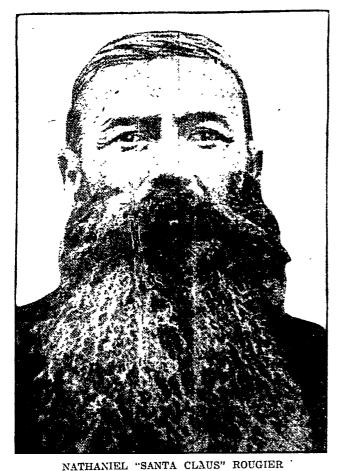
From 1859 to 1882 crotty was over on the other side. Directly after the passens of finance and furred.

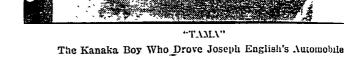
From 1855 to 1888 Crotty was over on the other side. Directly after the passens and furred of Gate with him today, was executive all to the property of the other side. Directly after the passens of the other side. Returning, he, a seaman, went to the garmery secool in Washington and was a green of the days of the content of the other side. Directly after the passens of the other side. Other of the other side. Directly after the passens of the other side. Directly after the passens of the other side. The other side of the other side. The other side of the other side of the other side. The other side of the other side of the other side. The other side of the other side of the other side. The other side of the other side of the other side of the other side of the other side. The other side of the oth

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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





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 Had Gone Far Enough landfall. Shortly before noon we nosed across the Strait, past Cooks Island, fair in the middle of the lagoon entrance and named after the

goon entrance and named after the approval turned lightly from one can be found and a series and in a series and a series are any series and a series and a series are any series and a series and a series are any series and a series and a series are any series and a series and a series are any series and a series and a series and a series are any series and a series are any series and a series and a series and a series and a series are series and a series a 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 ince 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 with him, narmy 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

hodse. For all his jealousy, Morgan was at

no pains whatever to hide his rejoicing at the approach of his return to the at the approach of the retain to the distribution of the world, and at times his delight got the better of him to such an extent that he became pleasant for hours to-gether. 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 pro-visions in the shacks near the house. Before many hours had passed I noticed that the natives were eveing 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 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. itence.

It grew evident that they were but 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.

thused to supervise the stowns 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 Tuaane, who worked about the house. A number of others were standing abour, 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 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 r: out.

With one clean swing to the jaw I

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

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 appara-

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 sessed 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 coordinate 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 coppa. 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 tinkering. 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.

rounds in a single day.

Tiaran, who showed an aptness toward machinery, I decided to make my mechanic, and soon hal 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 cocoanut 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 recognized.

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 5 feet long, inclosed in a tough covering, and when the fruits matured they grew in bunches of from 10 to 20; these braiches were oblong in maturity and riangular in cross section, measuring sometimes 18 or 20 inches wide. The true nut was inclosed in a tough fiberous covering, and it contained the milky white liquid which everyone knows as cocoanut milk.

How Cocoanuts 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 swathes of the

into the nurseries and destroyed the seedlings. The sun glared down upon the newly set plantlings and wilted them unless one kept tetching 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 seawed 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

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.

might harm the morale of the enuracolony.

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 had 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 quell-ing the disaffection. 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 tem-

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 lazed past. The coral roads cut the tires of the auto frightfully. Tiarin was forever repairing and repairing, until that auto became a veritable nightmare.

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.

The plantation was working finely, The gang on the lower side of the Isle.

The plantation was working linely. The gains 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 hoat, 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 cantibals who were working for me.

I thought that the struggle was over. My disillusioning was to be abrupt and sudden and complete.

November came. 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 light-

Out of invisible night skies the light-ning spurted. The shacks in the plant-ations 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 as-

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 tactless 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

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 18th.

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

bowed over whole swathes of the groves.

Pests of all manner and sort came 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 Metu Man's

Trouble Comes

The queer look on the faces of the workers also rous d my curiosity, but I did not suspect what was really brewing,

workers also rous at my curgoity, out 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 Chrismas Island since my arrival, save on the occasion of a hunting trip, or when I went exploring down toward the Soun East Cape.

It was about 8 o'clock at night and I was sitting inside the plantation house. It was about 8 o'clock at night and I was sitting inside the plantation house all the country of the control of the country had planted 100 coconuts.

That brought me to my feet hou will all of you plant 20 nuts and mish 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 had 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 t motte open. They came to a halt at a short distance.

pushed and scrambled through t mothe 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 saing out to Tama to leave me, and the boy turned

Tama to leave me, and the boy turned a scared face toward the door, half a mind to escape to them, and avoid the

mind to escape to them, and avoid in battle.

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

And, though the fear of death wis upon his countenance, he stood by me. I scented serious trouble and decrimed 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 wan-dering about in a fool's paradise and leaving my revolver and shot-gun behind me. Supposing they sent some one ahead of me and stole my weapons. I would be defense-less.

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

It balked. He got out and loosed Every wire 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

black brutes, started to jeer at him for remaining with the master. I selzed 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 trightened before.

No sooner had I left the chauffort than the crowd descended upon nimits, an avalanche. Clubs appeared as 197 magle. Knives were flourished serveral of the crowd began to pick up small boulders. Others turned and ran for whatever they could see as weapons.

weapons.
Shrill cries arose from core of throats, and in spite of the wild did I could make out their chant.

"Ariana ahoe pohe" ... "Ariana ohoe pohe" ... "Pretty soon dead, pretty soon dead." And I know that they meant business.

Cries from Tama caused me to t.ra o his aid. He was being beaten inectible, and even as I tore down pon the wirling mays beside the automobile

swirling mass beside the automore he fell to the sand.

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

Fighting for His Life

Tama, under my feet, lay stul w ?

I beat off the first rush. My *six
whirled and battered so steadily that I
felt the strain and it seemed as it the
were being run mechanically. I was
punching and dimly wondering hor one
I would last, in the unequal batte.

My clothes were torn from my

would last, in the unequal batter.

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

Blood was streaming down from
a cut in my forehead into my eyes,
and the sting of boards and rols
upon my body began to weaken ms.
Desperately I tried to think of an ar-

npon my body began to weaken me.
Desperately I tried to think of an Arbeident to get away. It looked howeless. In a vast yelling circle, that converged again and again to the Pacific Island savages had surrounded me.

And urged by some dumb instant to get clear or die at once, I start to batter my waystoward the road slope.

This thrilling story of mutiny and battle will be continued in next Sus-

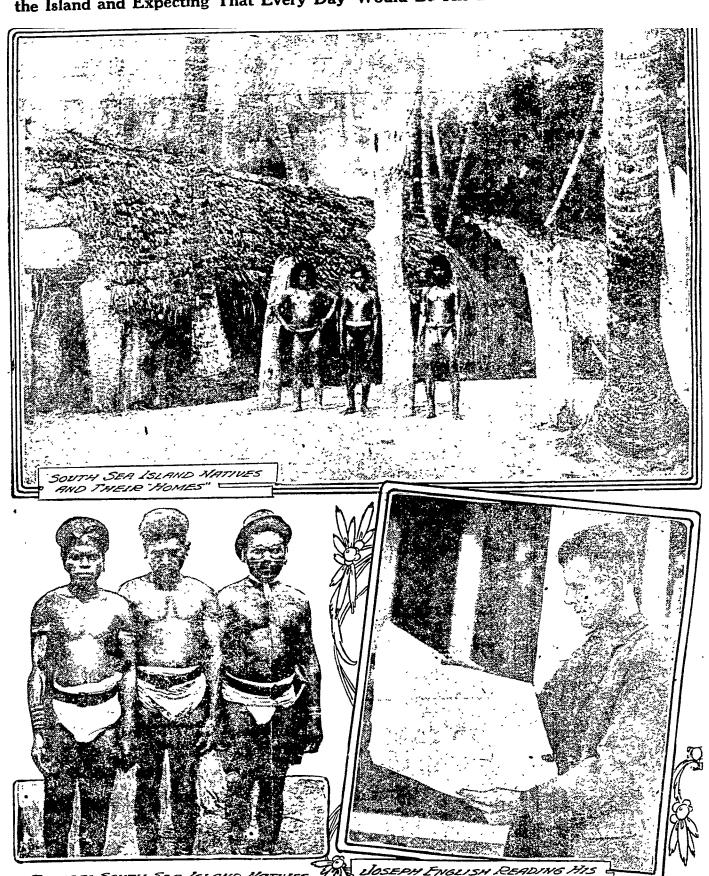
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Powers, James H

Boston Daily Globe (1872-1922); Feb 15, 1920; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Boston Globe

"WAITING TO BE MURDERED"

That the Terrifying Position of Joseph English on Christmas Island After He Had Managed to Escape From the First Attack of His Mutinous Native Workmen-The Only White Man on the Island and Expecting That Every Day Would Be His Last



By JAMES H. POWERS

The Globe has already told how a Malden boy became manager and only white person on Christmas Island, that lonely bit of land in the Pacific, and how he was attacked without warning by mutinous natives.

Last Sunday's instalment left him fighting for his life after the driver of his car had been overpowered. His only weapon was a piece of board and the natives had already begun the death chant.

shores of the Grand Lagoon. The rise from the edge of the water was very gradual, all the way to the upper side, and the young cocoanut palms, set out at regular intervals all the way from above the tide

palms, set out at regular intervals all the way from above the tide mark to the top of the slope, resembled a field of tall grain.

Sweeping around to the rear, and close to the middle of this arm of Christmas Island, ran the auto road, turning a sharp curve inland from the lagoon above Motu Manu perminsula, and then bending around the convex of the crescent back to the waters of the lagoon, close below the waters of the lagoon, close below the Great Erie Basin.

The roadbed was raised slightly, like a ridge. Back of it towered the tangle of the wild cocoanut palms, the luxuriant vines and creepers, and mary of them struck me. But I waited no long-them where the tide which I was never to see.

My hands reached out to help me scramble to my feet again, for I was struck something hard. It was the handle of a shovel.

With a bound I was out of the hole, swinging my weapon about me. My courage came back. In the deepening twilight I saw Teri A Fa towering before me, a club upraised in his hands and the blood lust of his progenitors in his eyes.

I whirled the shovel over my shoulder, if the other native workmen now stood of the rocks began to whirr and whistle about my ears and many of them struck me. But I waited no long-them the process of the lagoon should be about my ears and many of them struck me. But I waited no long-them the process of the lagoon should be about my ears and many of them struck me. But I waited no long-them the process of the lagoon should be about my ears and many of them struck me. But I waited no long-them the lagoon should be about my sears and many of them struck me. But I waited no long-them the lagoon should be about my sears and many of them struck me. But I waited no long-them the lagoon should be about my feet again.

The roadbed was raised slightly, like a ridge. Back of it towered the tangle of the wild cocoanut palms, the heavy undergrowth, broken, here and there, by the dwarfed and stunted vegetation that indicated a rocky upland.

Edging Toward the Road

And now, in the growing dusk of that December evening. I was fighting my way toward the crushed coral and sand of that road, striking out with both hands, as in a dream.

nands, as in a dream.

Once the surge of the attacking savages nearly swept me from my feet.

Then I recovered my balance once more and fought on, desperately, with a growing dread at my heart.

The blood streamed into my eyes and blinded me, temporarily. I dashed it away with the back of my hand. The yells and screams of my opponents sang at my ears like a wild, unearthly chanting.

It seemed as if I had become some mechanism, without conscious direction of my arms and hands. They beat out. out, out, forever, into the endless rush of my assailants.

And ever we drew farther and farther up that sandy slope toward the road.
A numbness began to creep into my veins. I knew that I was tiring. Those few yards that lay between me and the auto road seemed to have become miles, and my progress to have dropped to

I began to lose hope, and then a mad insanity of battle possessed me, and. lowering my head. I rushed the upper edge of the encircling natives, cursing

and shouting at them as I came on. Weapon at Last

My lungs were pounding with the effort, my breath came in gasps and my A Weapon at Last

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH in again. As they stood near at hand, preparing to finish me with one final, overwhelming deluge of sheer numbers, huge crescent, arching back from the of my feet slipped and I tumbled into a small hole.

In those few seconds, strangely swift like the momentary flash through a camera shutter, Frizo rose before my staring eyes, with its docks and its litter of masts and funnels. The picture faded and another came . . . home which I was never to see.

OWN MAP OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND

of pendulums, and my feet rose and fell like automatons.

When I reached Motu Manu Peninsula, I was utterly fagged out. Only the imperative command of self-protection, the instinct for life kept me going. My whole body seemed like a fumbling, staggering bundle of numb nerves. I was running along the shore now, with the vast sweep of the lagoon at my left. Before me stretched the white road toward London House.

Then mydenty I could III no

road toward London House.

Then, suddenly, I could run no more. My pace had become less than a trot, despite my effort, and I dropped into a dogged walk. It was the best that I could do.

More than an hour had passed. Now, by the stars, I could see that it was not far from midnight, probably about 11 o'clock. I was creeping along at what seemed a small's pace. And the singsong refrain in my mind had become an obsession, almost maddening.

"The arms," it said, "the arms, you must get to the arms first."

London House at Last

And thus I came down the north arm of Christmas Island, my island, the or Unristmas Island, my island, the domain over which I had felt the silly, foolish thrill of an Emperor, and I drew near to the Point, and saw at last the shadowy form of London House, bulking black against the open sea beyond the straits. And the noise of the breakers on the reefs off Cookes Isle smote my ears like a kind word from Heaven.

Were they waiting for me? Was someone lurking there in the shadows, with my own weapons, ready to kill me when I should appear? I did not care. If they were there before me, I might as well die at once. I could stand no more this night. So I staggered up to the doorway, and pushed over the threshold.

when the schooler attracts
this, I thought, would lend more determination to their plans. If I were deal
and buried there could be any number
of excuses, fever, sharks in the lagoon.
And London House, with the whole
northern arm of Christmas Island opening down upon it, and the trees and undergrowth to shelter my foes, London dergrowth to shelter my foes, London House seemed to me that morning im-possible.

Moving to Motu Manu

I resolved to move to Motu. Manu peninsula. This was but six or seven kilometers distant, and had some excellent sheds in which I could establish myself

meters distant, and had some excellent sheds in which I could establish myself securely. Besides, I would then be protected by the open lagoon on three sides, and there would be but a narrow strip of pathway over which they could approach my quarters.

I would have to move with a push cart. The automobiles at London House were hopeless, despite the stacked tanks of gasoline in the sheds. The motor boat was broken down and had been hauled up and stored in the outbuilding near the house. Besides this, I could not move the motor boat alone. The only good automobile, too, was lost, abandoned where Tama and I had left it at the Erie Plantation, last night.

So I gathered up the clock and the instruments with which I kept the records and surveys of the island, and all the ammunition for the guns, and the clothing, of which there was but little, and whatever else I felt that I might need. These I loaded into the cart. It was a dire labor, for my limbs almost refused to move at all, but I decided that they would be straightened out faster if I persisted in working.

Enemy Had Vanished

When I had established myself in my new quarters, I returned to London House to take the morning reading of

off, and the rocks began to whire and whistle about my cars and many of themstruck me. But I waled no long themstruck me. But I waled no long this time they broke away before the murderous shovel.

Race Never to Be Forgotten

I was on the road at last. Before me, sweeping away in a dim curve that vanished in the darkness toward-the rear of the grove, I saw that blessed road-rice, open, clear, with not a human being on it before me. In the first of the street of the grove, I saw that blessed road-rice, open, clear, with not a human being on it before me. In Broad Daylight

I man thout against such hopeless odds, I turned, flung the shovel with all my might into the faces of Sanata and the rest of the shricking horde, and then I began to run.

That race I shall never forget while all my might into the faces of Sanata and the rest of the shricking horde, and then I began to run.

That race I shall never forget while all my might line the faces of Sanata and the rest of the shricking horde, and then I began to run.

That race I shall never forget while all my might line the faces of Sanata and the rest of the shricking horde, and then I began to run.

That race I shall never forget while all my might line the sashore row and the line of the coral and sand and pebbles that stretched, I kilometers, to London House.

The noise behind me began to lessen the rear of the swall that covered me from head to foot.

The noise behind me began to lessen the rear of the swall that covered me from head come.

"You must get to the guns first" you must get to with when I aweke.

I saw that I is was I o'clock the manage of the lenses of the three solitude breaks as formation of the terrible experience of the plant and somewhere of the plant

vas practically all spoiled from ampness.

dampness.

I sat down there in the morning sunlight and pondered over my misfortunes, wondering if the revolver cartridges were equally bad. I was almost afraid to look.

I pulled the trigger, and the first shot rang out loud and sharp. My heart rose. I pulled the chamber about to the next and fired. It was dead. So was the next. When I got back to Motu Manu I should have to do some pretty careful investigation, it was plain. It would not do to be caught with worthless cartridges.

Back to London House

I walked on my way to London House. thinking over the situation again, in thinking over the situation again. In view of the problem raised by my bad ammunition. If the cartridges were mostly bad, I resolved to move back to London House the next day, with the hand cart. My examination that night proved my suspicions correct.

That move nearly finished me. Instead of getting stronger daily. I seemed to be getting weaker. It took me seven hours to push the cart with my belongsings back to London House, and when at last I arrived, I was as exhausted as I had been on the night of the attack. But, at any rate, I was at the island headquarters, and there I would remain and protect the property of the company. That was my duty.

During the next two days there was still no sign of my former workmen. They were probably lurking in the woods, or on the lower plantations, waiting for me to become unwary.

I resolved that they would have a very long wait. view of the problem raised by my bad

the Plantation, to see if I might find any one upon whom to wreak vengeance for the affront.
But at Sixteen Kilometer Flat, below Erie Basin, I came to a halt, growing weary. My caution took charge and i decided not to go further from my base of supplies.

Too Much to Be Borne Thus the days passed. I visited Mou Manu almost daily, and set to work cleaning the trees, to occupy my mind-My devices, however, were scarcely sticcess, for I had to stop-contantly to scarch the shores of the lagoon through my glasses, and the road toward Ere, and the Point, for a sign of the foe.

On the IIth day bf my Isolation I was taken down with a tever. The vorry was beginning to keep me awake all night long, all the time. I began to wonder how long I could stand this and remain alive and sane.

On this day I found a fig tree, stripped of leaves, nearly, but with five great lucious figs upon it. ...nd this gave me as much pleasure and delight as if I had been a child.

Again the sea rose up beyond the success, for I had to stop contantly to

Again the sea rose up beyond the narrow straits off Cookes Island, and I sat in discouragement and watched the spume flung over the rocks, and listened to the shrill calling of the birds down the wind as they circled the air above the lagoon.

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



By JAMES H. POWERS

In previous instalments the Globe has told how a Malden boy became man-, ager 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 sup-

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

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 Partly swimming and partly wading. I made my way over the submerged coral and in a few minutes 1 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 wan to hear his explanations. Looking aft I saw that the stern line

"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," per-

sisted 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 over-board 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 an help with the kedge," said 1. And so

Ordered Off by the Captain

C. pt Jones refused. When high water crited, as I had foreseen, the Ysbel lay did not move an inch.

it was close to 6 p m and, after a fruites 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.

"Not 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

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 landward." 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

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 Fond, and I had several hands there to salvage it.

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

The story of Joseph English

I leaped from my cot and started thown the shore to meet the stranger was from 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 form reage if I had been doused with the boat and nothing that the was nothing that he could do, for the lumber was gone. "I guess," said I, after looking over the "Stell May," and seeing that the was still too much for her. "I guess that the cargo unch for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her, "I guess that the cargo in the wight of her, burthen was still too much for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her, burthen was still too much for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her, burthen was still too much for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her, burthen was still too much for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her, burthen was still too much for her, "I guess that the cargo unch for her,

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

Then, as a climax, came a note from Jones, saying that the ship was finished and that there was absolucely 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.

ave 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 that almost spelled destruction. The only result was to wedge the schooner higher up on the coral

tion. The only result was to wedge the schooner higher up on the coral rest.

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 with worry and the hard job.

Then on Aug I the mate came into London House Station and created trouble. He was drunk. Some of the natives had got hold of lequor also.

I took my gun and staked 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 the same effect.

At II 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 going to "beat me up." All of my boys were frightened, as he was a strongly built man with plenty of muscle.

The awakening exasperated 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 questing me.

"Tam going to best 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.

Forgetten instructions

He declared that he knew better, and that it would take him but 30 hours at the worst. So I stopped arguing with him, Ior it was uscless, 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 carrrying 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.\[
\text{Normall} Probably it was also due to the fact that instructions with a wrecked ship had little importance. Anyway, I rediscovered 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 ownof the island, and I sat reflecting bitterly on the irony of the situation. bitterly on the irony of the situation. For there were directions instructing me to take passage on the "Tsbel 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 laz-velolection 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 cleaning the groves.

Eight days later Capt Jones and his men were picked up by the steamer Saint Francoise. If 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 new as such that the Saint Francoise had to turn back to Fanning Island and leave the four of them in a hospital for days. They had been afloat four days and nights without a drop of water or food.

All this I learned on the standard four

All this I learned on the 23d of the month, when one of the men came itning in to me with a shout that the steamer had been raised. She game in and dropped anchoi off the Northwest Beacon, and "Santa Claus" Roug, er came ashore to London House, with his two nieces, Bertha and Alice, and his ill-omened housekeeper, Mile 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 the plantations and explaining to them all about the nurseries and how they were cared for Alpe and her them the plantations and explaining to them all about the nurseries and how they were cared for. Altee 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 aleak 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 escapade save the loss of about a dozen feet of her false keel.

We began to load copra, and found that we had gathered 30 lons, which was no mean cargo. Rougier was distinctly pleased, and he declared that 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 Francoise was ready to depart towing the "Ysbel May" to Fanning. Rougier Called me into consultation

"I have changed my mind," he

"I have changed my mind," he

raid.

I asked him what he meant.

It is about your recruiting cruise," he replied. "Of course, there is no charce now to so in the Ysbel May.' I will have to make use of the cteamer for the trip. I think it will be best that I make the trip myself and leave you here till I return."

"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

critically compared assleep in the dock house, for the first time in nearly a week, some of 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 going to be some of the reteamer for the rip. It will have to make use of the reteamer for the rip. It will a was to make the trip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here than the fact of his drunkenness, and I make the rip myself and leave you here th

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 hvely interest in the affairs of the island had resulted in a semine feeling of affection on my part. Pageault, the housekeeper, I disliked. 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 kept 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

othing 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 premonitor in my mird, a warning of danger, a feeling of impending-trouble which I could not shake off at all (Convicts 1920 by Globe Newspaper Co.) (Copyright 1920 by Globe Newspaper Co.)

Another instalment of this thrilling story of the South Seas will be pub-lished 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 cocoanut 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.

As September came on and the first showers of the rainy season fell. Why Work?

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, 728 almost so gigantic a project as to be absurd.

There were piles of copra sacks to cort and stack; gasoline Grums had become leaky and dirty and the entire supply must be transferred to other drums; sheet iron rooting on some of the outbuildings had grown rusty and worn through, and it became necessary to paint our supply of sheet iron and lay

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 sta-

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 ir our groves. Our problems were legion And as the days went past and October came Tiaran and Lucien finally

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH gave over working and helping me altogether.

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 land thereby rought the sand times, for my disgust at their idling was more tran I could stand.

Why Work?

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

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

Or, may be they couldn't think.

At any rate, when the time for the arrival of the relief drew near, they could not carry on the labor alone. It was impossible. Houser never meant that we should try it. The arrival of the ship work in a few days.

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

Or, may be they couldn't think.

Or, may be they couldn'

Watching for the Smoke

On the 16th 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.

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 coral, 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

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

Ruined by Sea Water

This in itself was not a very serious thing perhaps, for we still had aplenty of stores 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.

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

By the time that Nevember 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

If the curiosity.

I remember how delighted I was one morning when I stood on the cand and looked down upon a strange starfish washed ashore belew 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 coconnut with a double embryo that I found sprouted 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.

Pinally, 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.

out.

In this mood Tiaron 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 m 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 storeheuse to get the three holts 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.

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, askins them if they knew where the cloth was gone.

Tharan told me that Madamoiselle Puzealt had taken the bolts away with her when she left in the boat with the two nieces of Rougier, on her way to the "Saint Francois" 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 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



JOSEPH ENGLISH.

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.

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 strings" or clouts, 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 whole miscrable crew of them, from the realishness and the ship owner and the captain, who had run my ship on the captain, who had run my ship on the ref and had brought all 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 to 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.

My wet 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 mature of our condition there on the island set my mind to working as to some means of escape.

Another Hope Gone

**More The String of the store after stabbing their fingers 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 import the stand set my mind to working as to some means of escape.

Another Hope Gone

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 bost 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

Ruined by Sea Water

This in itself was not a very serious thing perhaps, for we still had aplenty of stores 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. Tharan 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 traceled from one of the plantations to the other, leaving them to their own devices, sometimes

In Battle With the Wilderness

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 tolled over for more than a year with my workmenfill up with weeds and vines and creepers. The shacks fell in from lack of care and the heavy winds and ram.

The coconnut 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 rabdily growing undergrowth of the wilds.

The sight of all this drove me nearly distiacted, but eventually it roused my mustnet to battle I pursuaded 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

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

going, gradually, to the enemy.

We weeded out the Lacoon 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 elmost out of sight. We gave up Erie Plantation early in 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 eightette I stood in the doorway, at London House and looked at that cigarette for long minutes and wished that it could be planted and grown. I laughed at myself for my foolishness, and put the cigarette away, to smoke at some later day when I should be less able to withstand the temptation.

able to withstand the temptruton

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 lour of avalence.

until the shortness of the stuo ournt 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 fisth with the weeds. I walked eastward, and down the far outside coast, hast remnants of innumerable wheeks.

I found an old windlass and donkey engine, half buried in the sand and crusted with rust, and the skeletons of beats, rotten old hulks, Saunt and harnacled, 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 weatherbeaten 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 scraggly 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 ill omened island. island.
I became very much depressed, think-

ing of our own condition, and wondering to help me, for I was too weak to do it 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 huit moments to hearthead.

Library of Two Volumes

The rain noured down Construct

whether any man in the future would come upon our graves as I had come upon these four mut moments to heartbreak.

I discovered again the wreck of the Aeon, which went ashore if 1211, on the Great reef southward of the base of Great reef southward of the Stand 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 ranaging 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 in ide, but when I visited the boathouse 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 weel, and, after hunting about for some time, I discovered the first trace of the rats in the place were overgrown with Kurima weel, and, after hunting about the place were overgrown with Kurima weel, and, after hunting about to some time, I discovered the first and that the bindings of the french books in "Santa Claus" Rouser's 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 more five with the covers gone and the first pages missing. I kept a pencil check on the margin of this. I read it 1 times.

from the depredations of the normal 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 Christmus Island deluged the whole Southern Point. Cooke's Island was not visible in the fiving 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

Civil War Brewing

Civil War Brewing

Now something new happened, lending considerable diversion to my hours. A feud broke out between Tlaran and Lucien, and for days upon end I watched their hatred develop toward one another. They were reduced to a plane of the mental savagery, and the bitter growth of their animosity, day after day, week after week, was a curious study in emotions and primal rages.

I do not know to this day what the cause was. But by Febrfuary they were sullen and snarled at one another like animals, when occasion arose. Soon they 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

This thrilling story of a modern

Crusoe from New England will be continued in next Sunday's Globe.

RESUED AFTER 14 MONTHS MAROONED ON PACIFIC ISLAND: Malden Boy Tells ...

Powers, James H

Boston Daily Globe (1872-1922); Mar 14, 1920; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Boston Globe pg. AS32

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 Extracts From English's Diary April 21—Riacksmithing since morning and repairing dock; rain at day. May 11—Sunday—cloudy and rainy. The self-caught and caught self-caught and caught self-caught taking my only into order of the salboat. April 21—Thunder and lightning and repairing dock; rain at day. May 11—Sunday—cloudy and rainy. West on teet's last night and caught self-caught taking my only into order of the salboat. April 22—Thunder and lightning and repairing dock; rain at day. May 11—Sunday—cloudy and rainy. West on teet's last night and caught self-caught taking my only material for put on. Thanks to that woman properties to put on. Thanks to that woman received the put on. Thanks to that woman received the put of the most of the most of the margon of the unforward of the margon of the day.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH Appendicitis the Third Time

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 Claus" Rougier himself, looked for

tered into conversation with them, except to speculate as to when we might be rescued, or whether we well to be rescued at all, or to ordr them to go out fishing each day, that we might not come to actual starvation, we were in a sorry state.

Braving the Sharks

Was not nourisating exough to give mest strongth.

The rain had not let up, and my diary shows no less than 25 days rain out of 250 for March with a total fall of 1220 points recorded.

The jungle was now in bloom, and as April arrived the scent of the flowering shrubs and plants grew deliciously sweet after the showers. The birds in the groves and undergrowth were nesting, calling to one another and making a beautiful splurge of color, here and there in the palms as they preened their plumage, or circled over the lagoon.

One day, after I had come in from inspecting the coconnut groves with the
pair of them, we discovered that the
black hoat had dragged her applies in over the groves and resing the agged 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. I ordered Tiaran to go out and bring

her in. He at once became smitten with terror, and said that he was afraid to swim out into the lagoon. where there were hundreds of sharks. Only a few days before we had killed a very ugly shark, nearly 10 feet long. spearing it clean through with a crowbar after a good battle, and now it lay buried on the shore under a cocoa-

There was no time to argue, however,

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.

out at Eleven Kilometer Nursery looking over the groves and roung the
strides of the weeds, I happen d to look
casually over the continuest arm of the
land, beyond Paris Point, toward the
Pacific My heart heart stool still.

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

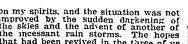
The sight of that ship, which was the

attracting her attention at all.

The sight of that ship, which was the first I had seen in going on eight months, brought anew all of my speculations and hopes of rescue.

I gave over inspection and returned to London House, where I found Tiaran and Lucien, each one of them bursting with the news, and yet constrained by their mutual hatred to silence. I almost laughed outright at the situation until I remembered the ship once more. Then I became downhearted.

It was paif a waight had han hung It was as if a weight had been hung





To Souph leglish

THE SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH ADMIRAL JELLICOE GAVE TO

JOSEPH ENGLISH

years, due to wetness and no dry clothes to put on. Thanks to that woman, Pugcault, taking my only material for clothes from the store. She had a sweet nerve.

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 Liotu Upon. Plenty of copra on the ground, which will require careful supervision, as much of it is covered with nean. All trees bearing nicely. The island is in poor shape, kurima nashu and brush having combined to make the two months of the maroon. September was the 12th month of the maroon, and it began with uncan, and 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 receives the two men who dwelt with me in my isolation reached the point beyond which it could go but one diveloped a grim, silent hatred beyond division, and with his point reached the strainy of the situation began to it is covered with nean. All trees bearing nicely. The island is in poor shape, kurima nashu and brush having combined the strainy of the situation began to go insane.

May 1—Went to Liotu Upon. Plenty of copra on the ground, which will require careful supervision, as much of it is covered with nean. All trees bearing nicely. The island is in poor shape, kurima nashu and brush having combined to make the plant of the month of May the month of May the month of the month of May the month of May the month of the stars on the plant town on the product of the month of May the high and the point began with Lucien and Ti

Barbering Under Difficulties

I hid the guns when I slept, under my mattress, where now the rats were disporting themselves with entre indifference to whether I lay abed or not. As I went out to work, day after day, I removed be 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 do 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 everlastingly 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 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 cassed its progress, and that he was now simply "queer."

From the English Diary

From the English Diary

Excerpts from the English Dlary June X-Decidedly not well, but can-not stay in bed. Took account of stock, then went through Plantations north of

Excerpts from the English Diary

June X—Decidedly not well, but cannot stay in bed. Took account of stock, then went through Plantations north of Puna.

June 2!—Sail boat to Paris. All O K except that the rats continue their depredations in the matresses 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.

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

July 25—This morning at 10:15, we heard a distant sound like the report I climbed to the roof and sat there

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 fool 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 iil health from headaches, neuralsia 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 helpiets, 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 to keep the sharks off. I forced Tiaran to help me drag out the canoe and we went to his rescue.

Now wo 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 breat-fast, dinner and supper had to be caught and cooked for every meal. We fell to eating green cocoanuts, which made us ill, all three.

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 cleaning and repairing dock; rain all day.

May 11-Sunday-cloudy and rainy. Went on teefs last night and caught several lobsters. Do you think that Tharan wend go on reef for lobsters? He certainly would rot.

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 slent.

May 16-Still sick. Rats ate the pillows under our heads while we slent.

Wasted to 2 Shadow.

Wasted to a Shadow

to me were mumbled. Tiaran naubegun 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 cumiling 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

the day of our not louist hem louist ny limbs when I tried them louistly about my limbs when I tried them on.

It mattered little to me, hopeless as I was that I should find when I took the black Boot 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 turles 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.

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

"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.

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-

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

So it was true, then. My legs shouted.

So it was true, then. My legs shouted of the structure of the dropped my gun with a clatter on the wharf.

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

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.

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AFTER 14 MONTHS' MAROON, MALDEN BOYS IS SAVED BY BRITISH ADMIRAL: On ...

Powers, James H Boston Daily Globe (1872-1922); Mar 21, 1920; ProQuest Historical Newspapers: The Boston Globe

AFTER 14 MONTHS' MAROON, MALDEN BOY IS SAVED BY BRITISH ADMIRAL

On Jellicoe's Ship He Learned That the War Was Over Months Before and That America Had Gone Dry-No More Pacific Islands for Him; He Has Had All of That Sort of Thing He Wants.

By JAMES H. POWERS

Previous instalments have told how Joseph English of Malden became manager of the cocoanut plantations on Christmas

October 1919

Mr English. Who do you think won the war?"
"Won the war?" I repeated after her, blankly. "But I did not know

that it had been won."

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Septendo with an ufall on 16 days with a total of 116 pauls botting bags many of which were bad landing sout boat. Out over flentation. Invite are quite numerous at present cought a small one today and a very large me of way, inthereno good spears. have no good spears. I would not her to her today that by is weles Tainting Hack trat. Travais not week. Surday undy - cloudy white seen today. Otherny to note & turth seen today. Charing roads & near it. Charing roads of near Travar speared a forculore fish today, The first of have we seen at the whend Out over plantations in the solund my pool away to the non receift of spare parts ordered in 1818 I smeet pay that if I had a fee hand on this extend every her would show the results as here sender experiment at cultivation are doing famousty. Then I intel have the work don't so I west, we'r I am center orders to make me who will the shits or terms this is a well the shits or terms this is a well the upra until the ship returns this is sure a peak company. Sen day. In how ajo bolay Inthermed her as manager, Juist I own our the word or its owner or his housekeeper Tuggents. Softing to note. Headache.

"O" But Hadache
Softing me. Tues in Sonder district. But Headache Three, flathered, all in, had hadache unable to get airend

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

Island, out in the middle of the Pacific, how the cannibal workmen mutinied, how he put down the mutiny single handed, how the proprietor came and took away all the workmen but two, promising to return in 45 days, how English and the two natives —one of whom went insane—were left there for 14 months, reduced to fish and cocoanuts for food and with clothing all gone but a few rags. Then, when he had given up hope of ever reaching civilization again, a warship appeared. THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

where & thongue a a whip.

The ship's boat pulled in at the wharf and the officers stepped ashore,

together with the lady, and they all advanced toward where I was standing. The man who had addressed me from the boat stood slightly in ad-"I am Admiral Jellicoe of the Royal

see Mr English, the manager of the island. Where may I find him? "I am Mr English," said I. He looked at me, thunderstruck. I

suppose I certainly did not resemble

what he had expected, with my unkempt beard, my sunburnt body and my abbreviated trousers, which were flapping in tatters about my limbs. He glanced from myself to Tiaran and Lucien, quickly, as if he thought I were attempting to joke with him.

Then he spoke again. Manager and All the Rest 'Where are the men, the workmen?'

are all the men that are left," I responded. "But I have been informedthought that there were plantations here

and a colony of workmen . "These two men and myself are all the people. There are no workmen left. There have been no workmen here for

more than a year," I made answer. 'Where is the postmaster?' manded. manager and all "I am postmaster,

the rest of it," said I. "How long have you been here, Mr English, and when did a ship last visit you, and how long will it be before the

next one comes, and what food have you here?"

you here?"

He poured the questions at me without giving me a chance to answer, and I stood silent till he had finished. When I began to answer, the staff officers and the la by pressed close about in a circle. 'I have been here with these two men for the past 14 months," I said. "When the ship left in August, 1918, we were promised relief in 45 days. If did not come. It has never come. We have given up all hope of it ever coming. We have no food except the fish in the lagoon and the turtles on the beach and the cocoanuts. Our stores ran our months ago. We have no clothes. ... And, briefly, I related the story of our maroon. Fears of a German Raid The lady at Jellicoe's elbow looked on

us with sympathetic eyes. Jellicoe him-self paced up and down the sand, as the tale unfolded, clenching his hands in anger. Finally he halted before me

m anger. Finally he halted before me and exploded ... "Mr English, this is an outrage ... this is ... "He could not say what he thought of it. He turned to the lady, begged my pardon and said: "Permit me to present Mrs Jellicoe, my wife, Mr English, and the members of my staff." And, one after another he introduced them, and they held out their hands and expressed warm sympathy for the trio of us. "Why did you warn us out of the lagoon?" queried one of the officers. I told them about the danger of the straits, for all their seeming harmlessness, and of the submerged reefs and sharp coral. And then I remarked that I had at first feared that they misst be Germans, playing the trick that Von Horst played at Fanning Jisland in 1914, making entry under a false flag only to blow us to pleces. News of the War

At this the entire croup began to smile, and, seeing that I was bewil-dered, Lady Jellices leaned forward "O, but then you do not know yet,

Whereupon they all laughed heartily, and she informed me of the German debacle, all of which was wonderful newto me, who had not heard from Europe or any other part of the world in so long.

or any other part of the world in so long.

"In view of the chemistances, Mr English," said the Admiral, after a few minutes consideration of the situation I cannot allow you to remain longer here. I must take you and your men off with me. We will carry you to some other place, to Honolulu, probably, where we are to make a stop."

"If you don't mind," I answered "I would like to go to Fanning Island, where there is a cable. There I will be able to wire San Francisco for money and clothes and instructions, and so settle up my business."

"Very well."

He directed one of the officers to take clarge of the assignment of quarters to Tirran and Lucien, and to secure clothes for all three of us, and to have his own extra cabin prepared for myself.

No Trouble to Pack Up

No Trouble to Pack Up

"When will you be read, to go aboard?" he queried.

"I am ready now," said I. "for everything that I possess is on me with the exception of my diary and records, which are in the house yonder."

Then I sent Tiaran for the auto and the Admiral and his wife and two of the staff officers and myself made a tour of the plantations. Upon our return, which was close to 6:30 in the evening. I went aboard the battleship.

Now the change of my fortunes became abrupt and wonderful. I was clothed in the uniform of a heutenant in the British Navy, and, instead of the squalor of London House I was installed in a cabin fit for a king. I shall never be able to thank Admiral Jelhoce, nor his kind-hearted wife, for their care and attention to my condition, nor his reforts in some measure to make me forget the horror of the maroon, during the next 48 hours.

When Lady Jellicoe saw the diary she requested permission to read it, and after I had handed it over, she retired to her cabin with it.

News of Another Sort As I stood on the deck, later, with Jellicoe, he looked at me with a smile. "I think that a whisky and sodu-

now—" he remarked.

I grinned. In my new uniform I felt very much dressed up. I nad had a bath, and the ship's barber had cleared away the drift of my heard, and one more I felt like a civilized man. "You have guessed neautifully," said I. He suddenly laughed aloud and turned to me again.

had better make the most of it while you can, Mr English."

I suppose I looked blank.
"You know, when you get back to

the United States, you won't have any opportunity for whisky and soda. The United States has gone

After dinner Lady Jellicoe came to me with the diary in her hand. "I see that you have suffered from daily head-aches, Mr English." nones, Mr English."

I told them all how the sickness had very nearly finished me, and how the headaches were almost daily torture for the past three months, and with that a ship's boy was sent to fetch the surgeon and he gave me an examination immediately.

On the following:

On the following day we reached Fan-ning Island early in the morning. I went ashore there, after bidding good-

by to my good friends and thanking them as I could for their kindness. The Admiral pressed on me an autographed portrait of himself and both he and his wife urged me to write them when I should get home.

All troubles were not entirely at an end, Although I cabled to Crane in hardend, Although I cabled to Crane in hardends, there was no money forthcorring. At the local cable office they would not extend my credit and I had to wast several days before I learned from Crane that he had cabled Rougier and that Rougier would cable me instructions direct. America at Last

All this time I was clad in the unform of the British Navy, and had Tiaran and Lucien on my hands. I had, no funds and no clothes of my own, and if it were not for the kindness of a traveler, an American who loaned me \$50. I probably would have been reduced to want again. I appealed to the superintendent of the cable office in vain.

But there is no use in goins into all that impleasant finale here. How I stayed there for days and days, how I finally anaged to work my way as far as Honelulu in the hope of meeting with funds at the company office there, how I failed, how I was directed by Rousfer to go to 'Frisco, was was absolutely impossible as I had no funds and the hoat did not leave till December, how I turned Tatran and Lucien over to the commission, need not to be told here. I d d manage to get to 'Frisco, about the last of December, and I there hed me to the office of the Central Page Coco Company, with all the possible haste of a very angry man.

No One Slighted

When I got into the office, where I had been three years before as an accountant, where I had dreamed dreams of seeing the South Sens and all the rest of it, I learned to my amazement that Rougier was not there. He had gone off on a cruise, or a trip to Frence semething, and would not be balk tor several months,
I walked in on Crane, the Frisco manager, and sat down. And then with

manager, and set down. And then whe deliberation and with detail and whet even temper I could muster, I went into the history of my experiences, my relations with the company, and my opinion of all concerned, from the owner down through Capt Jones who had run the "Ysbel May" on the refat Christmas Island, and the agent at Christmas Island, and the agent at Honolub Enning and the agent at Honolub both of whom had refused to give meany money. I do not believe that I slighted any one.

any money. I do not believe that I slighted any one.
Crane was as angry as I at the terrible experience I had passed through and when I had trushed he was walkers the floor ejaculating frequent and expressive "My Gods."
His instructions would not permit of a settlement until "Santa Claus" Rouger returned, however I was to leave my books here and when the trider came back he would go over the accounts and settle. The Last Straw

This was the last straw. More accurately, it was the next to the last straw. I knew before I had been in Frisco an hour that the value of the

had hired under terms which made payment in francs a possibility, I resolved to keep the books myself until Rouder came home, and then to go over them with him myself and check my salary. The last straw was a letter from Roggier. It gave the final ironclad twist to the whole situation.

"Santa Claus" wanted to know why I had left Christmas Island, and said that he hoped that I would go out there again for him, as I knew so much about the planta-tions." I had been so angry already that this

I had been so anarry already that this novel point of view and naive supposition of my own simplicity was too much for me. I sat back and laughed till the tears came. Go back to this straight is land! Not while I have my reason. So I drew momey on account indelimbed aboard a transcontinental fluence and started for Boston and for my home in Maiden, when I had not set in many years. And here I am. THE UND.
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