

LEERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOL BOY

BY HASHIMURA TOGO (WALLACE IRWIN)
YOUNG TURKIES AND THE OLD BIRD

TO EDITOR OREGONIAN, who print all the names of them hard Turkish Generals & spells many of them right:
HON. MR. SIR:

ARTHUR KICKAHAJAMA, missionary boy, come-me yesterday & say he wish study Saloon Evil. He got 45c wealth to spend it, so I promise show him this education. We elope together to saloon of Hon. Strunsky, Irish patriot, who are at Bar selling alcohol, as usual, to Hon. C. W. McCann, prominent drunk. "I wish to acquaint you with Arthur Kickahajama, who come here study Saloon Evil," I say-so to Strunsky. "Arthur, put your 45c on Bar."

Arthur do so sadly. "What will you have to take it?" require this salooner. "Sassifera ale," say Arthur with Christian expression. "How can you study Saloon Evil on such weak drinks?" I ask. "I shall have a beer-goblet, thank you."

Hon. Strunsky do likewise & sneekretly remove Arthur's 45c to cash-jingle. Hon. C. W. McCann look to us with pastry-eyed expression of one who has done so too often.

"What do your Japanese friend call himself?" require Hon. McCann.

"Arthur Kickahajama, please," I report.

"He got a name like a train of cars," corrode this toxicated gentleman. "With such a name he could be a Young Turk."

"I am peeved about Turkey," say Strunsky. "Turkey are like Utah under a Prohibition Governor. What did Turkey ever do for the saloon business? How can Turkey ever brace up & elect a Republican Mayor so long as they refuses to speak the English language so they can understand each other? All Boy Rum, Tewtpik Pasca, Albany Pasca the Boy Boss, Tammany Pasca the Tiger of Taberet, Mazourka Gazook, Fuzul Salad Bey—how can they expect to do anything in politics unless they changes their names? I am disgusted with Mohammedans. How can I trust a nation what calls a priest a Mad Mollusc and a policeman a sofa?"

"Them Young Turks is intelligent lads, is they not?" require Arthur.

"They are old enough to be," say Strunsky. "By newspaper portraits of them Young Turks they are retired grandfathers of respectable appearance. Are it not disgusting to see them nice old men waltzing around Constantinople pretending to be young?"

"A Harem is as old as she looks, a Turk is as young as he feels," I say for smart quotation.

Arthur chew this information with his minds.

"And yet I slightly reverence them Young Turks, however old, for doing a spank to their dreary Fatherland which have needed such exercise for a long time," say Strunsky. "That are the difference between the Young Turks and the Young Russians. When a Turk light a bomb it go off under a Throne; when a Russian light a bomb he are too busy reading Gorky to think of the explosion till it go off in his hands."

"Young Turks must be somewhat sensible because they are

heathens," I utter. "Americans also makes slightly lame revolutionists. What happen to them Young Turks of Congress when they start making Mohammedan language against Jo-Uncle Cannon, Commander of the Faithful? Was Murdoch Pasha able to pry open the Yildish Kiosk right under the nose of Daisell Pasha? All Japanese schoolboys are aware what happen when he try it. The feet of the Sultan are still on the necks of the Mad Minority, the Sultan are still smoking High Tariff Cigars behind the Grand Porte, & Armenian insurgents is being massacred every day in Wisconsin."

"Jo-Uncle Cannon have never been called the Sick Man of the House, not even by his dearest friends," report Strunsky. "So there have been a moving day in Constantinople," gollup Hon. C. W. McCann with shipwrecked clutch to Bar.

"Like all court scandals," say Strunsky, "it were a scene of royal pomp. It are an impressive, yet a saddening sight, this passing of a dead monarchy with all its regal show & pay-gentry—like 4-Paws Circus going into winter quarters, or like Coney Island chaperone hands. Imagine it with brain! Firstly come Albanian horsemen on fiery Arabian steeds, bearing rugs, soft-cushions & all other objects of art that make home horrible. Next come 7 vanguard of Turkish upholders, inlaid tahurets & embroidered Bagdad portiers. Irish dragoons armed with hookah & oil stoves ensue after this. Next come Poisoners & Choppers Union, International Private Executioners Guild No. 3, with their motto, "If Thy Right-Hand Man Oppose Thee, Cut Him Off." Next come 40 Uniques disguised as men. Following this come a lonesome gentleman on foot looking like Senator Platt disguised as a Mystic Shriner. This are Uncle Abe Hamid, known to his friends and relatives as "the Darned." Next come a Seeing-Constantinople bus completely filled with First Ladies in the Land smoking cigarettes & covered with Turkish toweling to hide their beauty, or whatever they got."

"Are this the royal harem?" require Arthur eagerly.

"These are a few selected wives," say Strunsky. "The rest of the harem will be sold at auction, together with the other palace fixtures."

"How did this new Sultan get inside?" require Arthur.

"The new Sultan," renig Strunsky, "were the unanimous choice of Gen. Tewtpik Pasca, armed with a shotgun. As soon as Uncle Abe Hamid had enjoyed kick-out from Kiddish Kiosk, people of Turkey begin making loud clamor for some unpopular Moslem to come & be the choice of Heaven. This are court etiquette. So Gen. Tewtpik Pasca, who are a Turk of Roosevelt temperature, he go immediately to the detention-shed out back of the palace where cast-off brothers of Hon. Abe Hamid has been aggravated for past 35 years awaiting to be useful. These royal Turkies make great gobble & flocster when Hon. Tewtpik enter their roost, because they are accustomed to being picked out for

chop-block when strange gentlemen enter thusly. Hon. Tewtpik Pasca he look over these Brothers thinking which would do. He see short & tall & blond & somewhat niggerly brothers. All of them looks like the son of a king—some of them even worse. Many of them is named after famous brands of Turkish cigarettes, which is a symptom of royal blood. At last he see one short, fatty Prince with a mild face like a Tammany Police Judge. Gen. Tewtpik Pasca are struck at once by this vacant gentleman whose expression resembles a Turkish paste.

"Name, if any?" require Gen. Tewtpik.

"Mohammed Shad Offensif," reply this future Sultan.

"By the Rug of the Prophet," rejoice Hon. Tewtpik, "you are nearly chosen. Are you in any way related to Abdul the Darned, late old Bird of Turkey?"

"By one of my mothers he was my brother," say Hon. Shad.

"What qualifications you got to be a king of a Constitutional Monarchy?"

"Plenty," report Hon. Shad, "I am ignorant, lazy, religious & of sedentary habits. I have been married 9 times and am addicted to appetitive fits."

"By the Mosque of Backsheeh, thou art the man," say Gen. Tewtpik reverently. So he take-Mohammed Shad Offensif round the corner, buy him a new suit of clothes & proceed, amidst the plodding of the multitude, to the Yildish Kiosk, where Hon. Shad are declared Commander of the Faithful, Collector of the Porte, Right Hand of Allah, Proprietor of Earth, Majority Stockholder of the Universe, and anything else he cares to call himself so long as he behave & do not run too many bills."

"Are not this Mohammed Shad a pretty dull person?" I ask-it.

"A dull Sultan are just what Turkey require," suggest Strunsky. "Trouble with Uncle Abe was, he were too bright to be king of a Constitutional Monarchy. A Sultan are supposed to be a Tyrant, and Uncle Abe only done his duty well. He have carved the Turkies, boiled the Armenians, toasted missionaries & lied in 13 European languages. Could Castro do more? No. Uncle have not been any 4-way Tyrant. And yet what he get for this effort & hard work in his old age? He get thankless remarks from all newspapers. He get foot-boast from throne midst of heartfelt curses of every Muslem-man & Mad Mollusc what once adored him for his graft. After a life of honest toil borrowing everything he saw and forgetting to return it, he are ripped away from his dreary Fatherland with only a railroad ticket & a letter of introduction to Chippiano Castro, President of the Man Without a Country Club."

Me & Arthur agree by looking so.

"Will not them Turkies have more freedom because they got a Constitutional Monarchy?" require Arthur.

"They will have more freedom, but less leisure," revoke Strunsky. "Why people wish to over-kick an Absolute Monarchy for, I

am ignorant to see. An Absolute Monarchy is a place where the King does all the work and the People has nothing to do but pay taxes & enjoy life. Turkey is fast changing from the cozy corner of despotism to a land of bleak & boundless liberty. Them good old days when Uncle Abe Hamid done all the ruling for his loyal subjects! Then was the simple peasantry devoted to the innocent delights of coffee-drinking & assassination. Any man with a butcher-knife could be a patriot. He was not worried about airships & reciprocity & tariff & suffragettes & direct primaries. Then could the Young Turkey set north his own flag-bush surrounded by all the comforts of home. He could divide his time equally between prayer & polygamy. When he wanted to save his country he went out & murdered an Armenian. Happy days for him!

"But now Harem al Utah, the Young Turkey, have got no more comfort to live for. He got a Constitution. When persons has got a Constitution they are supposed to think for themselves—which is a pretty mean job for a gentleman what was raised a Mohammedan & could hire a priest to do what little thinking was necessary. Thinking make this Young Turkey nervous, then he get peeved & begin to think up following evils which must arrive:

- 1—Turkish people, thinking for themselves, decides to have an election.
- 2—Turkish politicians, thinking for themselves, tries to build a neat party platform which will look patriotic & yet protect the Trusts with deceptive expression.
- 3—Turkish ladies, thinking for themselves, casts away Turkish towels from their faces & shows how less beautiful they are. This leads to suffragettes & other crimes.
- 4—Turkish husbands, thinking for themselves, decides to get drunk; because future seem very hopeless when he have married so many lady-votes that he must be forever defeated in ratio of 16 to 1.

"When you think of them curses," say Hon. Strunsky with eye-wink peculiar to the Irish, "you wish some one would buy Uncle Abe a return ticket & tease him to go back."

When Hon. C. W. McCann hear this wisdom he awake up from his alcohol & say with befitting sadness:

"Let them Turkish boys enjoy life while they are young. After all, are there any difference between a complete Republic & a absolute Monarchy?"

"Difference between a Republic & a Monarchy are this," say Strunsky. "A Monarchy are a place where people are flamed up & stamped down by a King; a Republic are a place where you can rely on your Congressman to do this for you."

So me and Arthur retire of wondering how Hon. Strunsky can learn so much about Kings in the saloon business.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

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THE HOTEL CLERK ON THE CHIN WHISKER

"LARRY," said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Reckless to his regular audience, the House Detective, "Have you ever thought of growing whiskers?"

The House Detective careased a square and blue shaven jaw. "I have not," he said with emphasis. "Well, don't do it," said the Hotel Clerk, "especially the kind known as the chin whisker. It's not being worn by our swiftest dressers this season. And besides, I think it's bad luck."

"Not put that idea into your head!" inquired the House Detective. "The said cases of two friends of mine," said the Hotel Clerk. "I never exactly met them face to face, but I've heard so much about them that I feel just the same as if we'd all three been raised on the same block. Both of them had those chin whiskers, one set being of the trailing live vine variety and the other the closely woven Winter Ithaca, and both of them have been getting the hooks. It only goes to show that if a man wears the chenille fringe of a male Angora on the southern division of his face long enough, the populace will take the hint and make a goat out of him. I refer to Abdul Hamid, better known lately as Ab the Ham, and Cipriano P. J. Castro, late of Venezuela."

"Even in their most pammy days I couldn't figure out where either one of them had much the best of it. Cip, the last time he took the census, had 25 grown children and a flock of little Clips coming on, and Ab was encumbered with a harum full of lady harum-scarums, who wore nose bags over their faces and dressed like the hind legs of a properly dressed elephant in a Christmas pantomime. And on top of all that, along came old Miss Trouble and put both of them on a through freight. At last accounts Cip was being kept so on the move by the police that he rarely spent two nights on the same park bench. He was about as popular as a haunted house. And lonely—well, they'd taken to calling him Poor Old Robinson Castro, and that ought to give you an idea."

But what Cip got was a whiff to what they handed poor Ab over in Turkey. He certainly had the Allah Tazax passed to him. You see they're almost as many different sorts of true believers in Turkey as there are in the Democratic party, and they don't get along any better. There's the Armenians from whom we got our rug, or would do so, if most of them were not made in New Jersey; the Circassians, from whom we get those pink-eyed ladies with the lamp cleaner heads of hair that used to be in all the side shows but are now remaining at home and furnishing raw material for the massacre stuff; the Kurd, who is the real cheese, as indicated by the name; the Mohammedan, sometimes called the Musselman, hence the muscle dance; and others too numerous and too hard to mention."

"It seems they got a constitution in Turkey last Fall weren't they? I was told it and didn't know how to take liberties with it, as our Congress does, and it went to their heads and brought on trouble. The Young Turks and the Young Corbetta of the country got together, and as a preliminary, killed off some Christians and passed a set of resolutions saying that while the sacred name of liberty had been outraged, and whereas the Christians were reported as persecuting and comparatively tame in several provinces, and whereas the interests of advanced civilization could best be conserved by killing some Christians; therefore, be it resolved that we now proceed to stand the present Sultan on his esteemed pean, and kill some Christians. No sooner said than done. The Young Turks marched on the imperial establishment, waiting only to kill some Christians from time to time, and deposed the Sultan, after killing some Christians, and sent him packing to Salonica, accompanied only by enough wives to make four tables at bridge; first, however, taking care to kill some Christians, after which all hands engaged in a favorite national pastime called killing some Christians, a pleas-

ant time being had by all, and the best of order was maintained. "The Turk may be a great fighter all right, Larry, but at this distance he looks to me like a percentage player. He'd give the other fellow all the advantage that is accorded a circus grafter who's been caught working the shells on the town marshal's favorite nephew in a small, rural community in the Panhandle of Texas; but not any more than that. He doesn't seem to think so very much of Christians since he licked the Greeks that time. Well, I haven't heard of any heavyweight champion that came from Greece myself. It seems the Greek was in the habit of spending the night before the battle going around singing the national hymn and copiously kissing his comrades, his military uniform consisting largely of an accordion-plated walking skirt, an Eton jacket and a clarinet player's lid. For dress occasions he added a lingerie shirtwaist and probably carried violets. When he faced forth to combat he made hisself looked like a cross between a Mystic Shriner and a serpentine dancer. Why, his regalia had him handicapped before he started."

"But the Turk didn't sing any, that I ever heard of, on the night before the battle. He hasn't any singing voice to speak of, anyhow. But he put in a congenial evening spitting on his hands and whetting up his portable cutlery and the next day many sudden vacancies occurred in the push cart and terra cotta bust industries, and the passes of the mountains were full of Greek volunteers hunting for home or a hollow tree. I trace the present revival of interest in Greek Marathon racing right back to that war. But sometimes I wish the Turk might run up against some other Christian bodies that I could name; I'm thinking particularly of our police force."

"But I was getting away from our real subject, which is the whisker. You'll take notice from their pictures, Larry, that both Cip and Ab wore whiskers. And now, just look at them. When the populace begins to go after whiskers in high places it's time for royalty to take care. If I was King Leopold of Belgium I bet I'd have a care. I'd have a care if I was him, and then I'd have a shave. In some places the whiskers, he says, would bring on a riot, if a circuit rider had

than I have, will trace the influence of the chin whisker upon our public life, starting from Captain John Smith, who was considerable of a living life, historian that has more time to spare

greedy grip of the perfidious Albino of Perfidious Albion, as the poet says, and built it up into a collection of states, most of which would eventually go Republican by large majorities, and have conflicting policies. Why, I said, but a lot of persons like Patrick Henry and John Quincy and B. Franklin, and all of them as bare on the face as a newel post. If the postage stamps tell the truth, there wasn't a one of them had a whisker to his name. When Washington crossed on the ice, thereby beating Hitler to it by 70 years, there were 14 soldiers in the same nine-foot rowboat with him, all with bloody handgrips around their heads, and according to the chronicle that used to hang over our phylor mantel, and everybody else's parlor mantel, for that matter, every blessed one of them had just come from the barber's with his bay rum, his German Cologne and his talcum powder fresh upon him. "Put some but smooth-faced Americans on guard tonight," said somebody just before the battle of something, and they had to do it. They didn't have any other kind in stock. And through that awful Winter at Valley Forge the patriots have had no shoes for their feet but they all had the price of a clean shave, twice over, and the tonic rubbed well into the scalp to prevent falling out and baldness. See any American art collection."

We got along very well through the days of Webster and Clay and Calhoun and other eminent statesmen, but along about the middle of the last century a wave of whiskers swept through the happy country and what was the result? Why, the country split up the line that it took four years of fighting to get the average reassembled."

"Yes, Larry, North, South, the youth and chivalry of the land succumbed to the infuriating chin whisker and are long the Southern Simlax and the Spanish Mosque of Dixie land were at the thrash of the Trailing Arbutus and the Human Honeyuckle Arbore of

the North, and vice versa. Look at any daguerotype dating back to those dear old haired-over days of 1860 and me. It's not right. The classical dresser of that period was the party who could spread himself into the closest imitation of an impenetrable forest, even through a heavy drizzle of brilliantine. Peace was never restored to our distracted land until the haystack were out and the razor again came into its own."

"Since then, inch by inch, we've been driving the chin whisker back to its lair. It's still flaunting itself in company with those people eat their scrambled eggs for breakfast with a hurried over-hand stroke, and want to save the shirt front, and where the necktie is yet regarded as an expensive luxury. But in the great centres of civilization we've got it on the run for no matter what others may say, I would attribute the downfall of Cip and Ab to popular displeasure with the way they garnished their respective entrees."

"But what looks to me like the surest sign of its doom is the fact that the chin whisker has got to be comedy stuff. Some people think a pair of white spats worn by the patriots have had no shoes for their feet but they all had the price of a clean shave, twice over, and the tonic rubbed well into the scalp to prevent falling out and baldness. See any American art collection."

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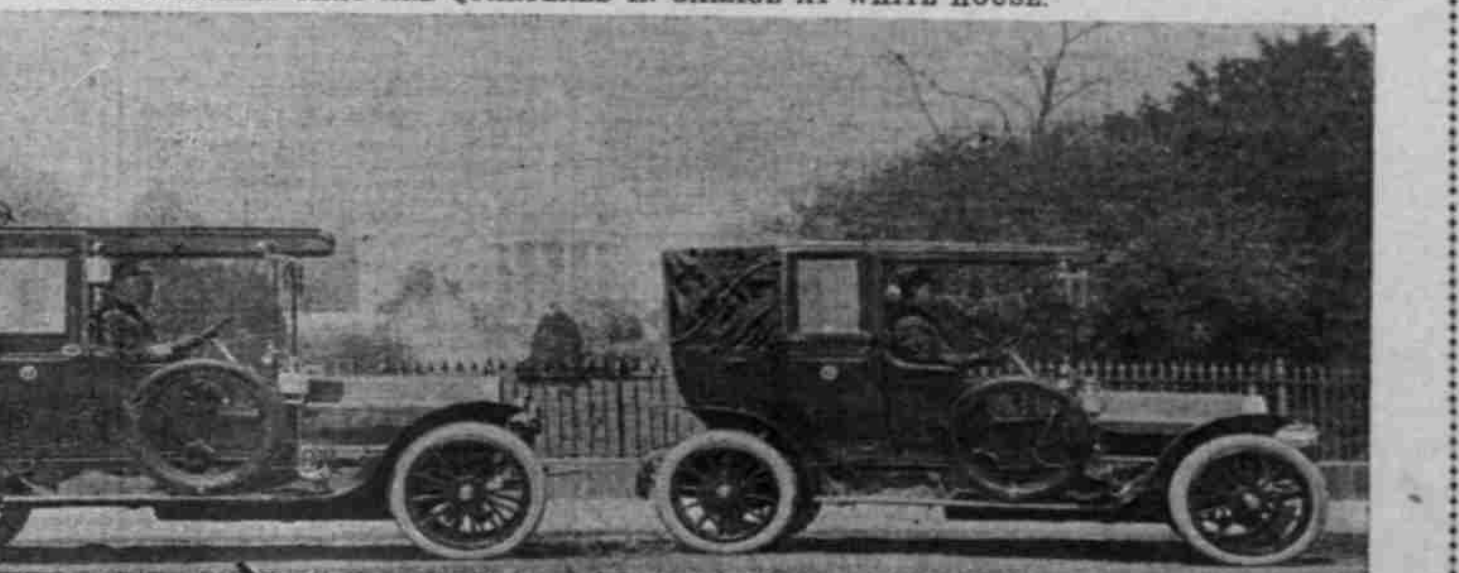
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AB WAS ENCUMBERED WITH A HAREM FULL OF LADY HAREM-SCARUMS

AUTOMOBILES THAT ARE QUARTERED IN GARAGE AT WHITE HOUSE.



MACHINES USED BY PRESIDENT TAFT, WHO IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST.

The cars of a President are naturally the subject of considerable curiosity, and the fact that President Taft relies almost entirely upon automobiles as a method of transportation lends additional interest to the subject. The accompanying illustration shows two of these cars, and was snapped recently with the White House as a background. The cars are both Pierce-Arrows, one a six-cylinder, 45-horse-power suburban, and the other a six-cylinder, 25-horse-power landaulet. They were bought by the Government for the use of the President and his family, and both are finished in dark blue with a russet door panel and a narrow stripe of the same color following the lines of the moulding. A number of accessories fitted to the two cars add considerably to the comfort of the occupants.

The two cars are housed in the building formerly used as the White House stable, which has been made over, in part, into a garage.

the wings—floated tantalizingly. Sometimes we descended to where the river lapped along the rocks and curled in eddies under floating islands of reeds. Precautions were required against diverse dangers. The Nile below the Murchison Falls swarms with crocodiles, some of an enormous size, and herds of hippopotami are found every half mile or so, so that, what with the riven heads and the gloves and veils which were our protection against ever more villainous small ones, we were painfully encumbered. Indeed, the veils were such a nuisance and the heat so great that I resolved to hazard the taster and took mine off. But after half an hour of menacing buzzings and after a fly-pronably of the worst character—had actually settled on my shoulder, brushed off by the promptness of my companion, I changed my mind again.

But then it was my turn to be astonished. The river at this distance from the falls was not broader than 300 yards, and we could see the whole shore of the opposite bank quite plainly. It had hitherto appeared to be a long brown line of mud, on which the sun shone dully. At the sound of the shot the whole of this bank of the river, over the extent of at least a quarter of a mile, sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds and hundreds of crocodiles, of all sizes and sizes, rushing madly into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into white foam, exactly as if a heavy wave had broken. It could be an exaggeration to say that at least 100 of these saurians had been disturbed by the single shot.

Our British friends explained that Fajao was the favorite haunt of the crocodiles, who lay in the water below the falls waiting for dead fish and animals carried over by the river. Very often, they told us, hippos from the upper river and from Lake Choga were caught and dammed downward, the force

of the water "breaking every bone in their body."

At length we turned a corner and came face to face with the falls. They are wonderful to behold, not so much because of their height—their average is less than 100 feet—but because of the immense volume of water which is precipitated through such a narrow outlet. Indeed, seeing the great size of the river below the falls, it seemed impossible to believe that it was wholly supplied from this single upshot.

In clouds of rainbow spray and amidst thunderous commotions of sound, we set to work to climb the southern side of the rock wall, and after an hour achieved the summit. It was possible to walk to within an inch of the edge, and, lying on one's face with a cautious head craned over, to look actually down upon the foaming bill beneath.

The narrowness of the gorge at the top had not been overstated. I doubt whether it is 15 feet across from sheer rock to sheer rock. Fifty dollars, in fact, would throw an iron bridge across the Nile at this point. But it is evident that the falling water must have arched and caved away the rock below their surface in an extraordinary degree, for otherwise there could not possibly be room for the whole river to descend.

We waited long at this strange place, watching the terrible waters, admiring their mad career, trying to compute their force. Who can doubt that the bridge is preparing which shall hold and direct their strength, or that the day will come when foreign Pagan—now depopulated and almost derelict—will throw with the machinery of manufacture and electric production?

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(Next week Mr. Churchill will describe the truly thrilling adventures which led to his last while hunting elephants in the white rump and the hippopotamus along the upper reaches of the White Nile.)