

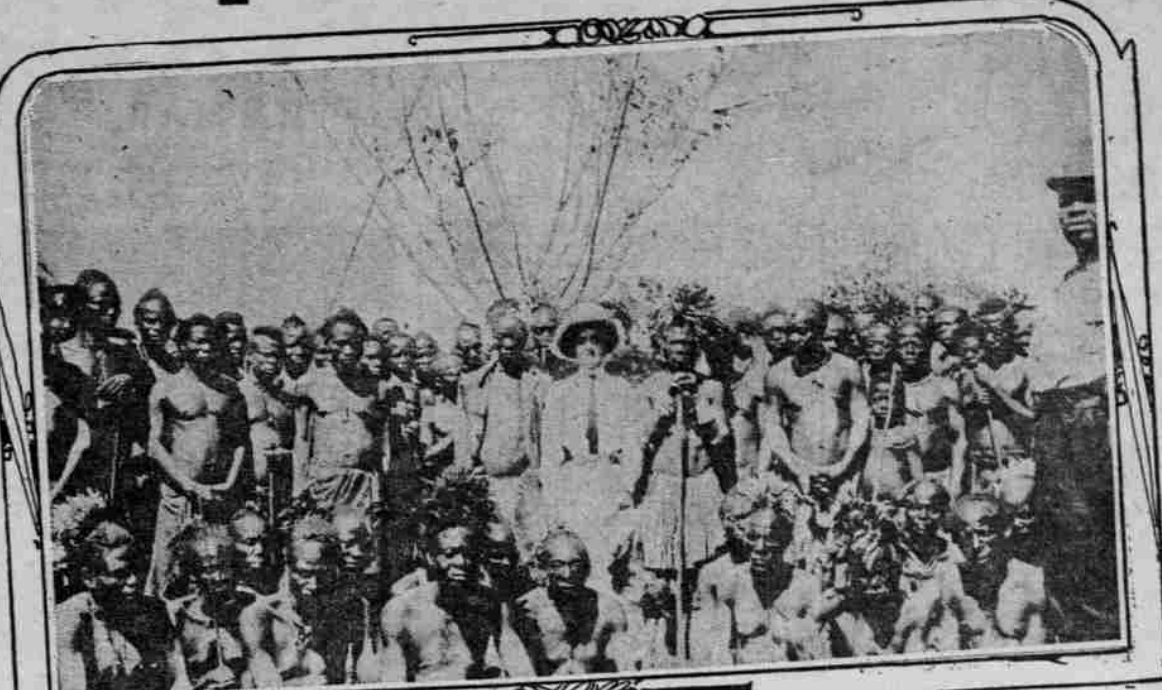
An American Woman Explores Africa

SHE ACTS AS ARBITER FOR CANNIBALS
AND HAS STIRRING ADVENTURES.

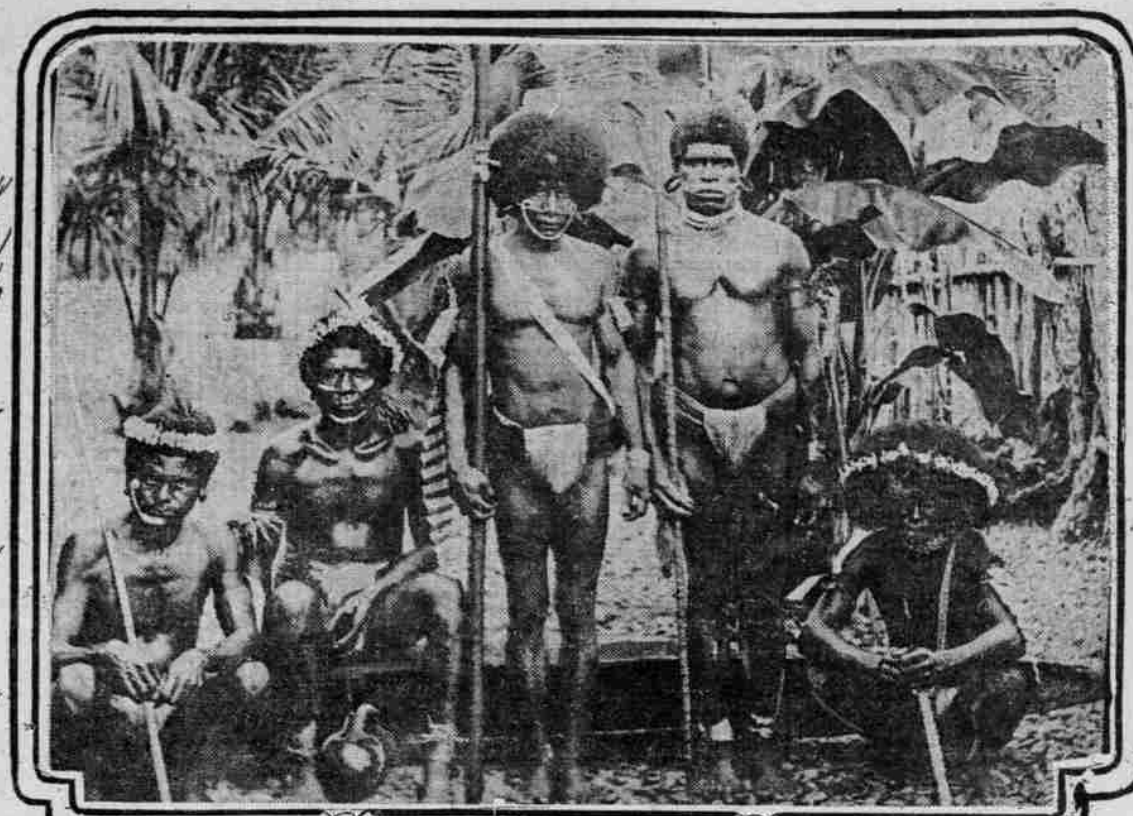
Mrs. Marguerite Roby Invades Wildest
Part of Dark Continent Where
Dusky Man-Eating Tribes Lay Differ-
ences at Her Feet



Mrs. Marguerite Roby,
A Plucky Woman Explorer



Mrs. Roby Standing Between Two Chiefs Who
Wished to Declare War On Each Other.



Types of The Babunda Tribe, Eaters of Dogs.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—(Special Correspondence.)—Imagine an American woman in the heart of Africa acting as an arbitrator between two cannibal chieftains whose respective tribes were on the brink of war. "Arbitrating" so successfully, too, that the dusky "parties" joyfully declared themselves her slaves thereafter!

The woman who did that is Mrs. Marguerite Roby, who, though not born in the United States, now claims it as her country. This queer experience is only one of many she had in the course of an 8000-mile tramp recently through the mostly cannibal and largely unexplored Kasai country in the Lower Congo region of Africa, with no other companion than the natives who carried her baggage.

Mrs. Roby, a widow, is a really beautiful woman and quite the last one in the world whom you would take for an explorer of savage lands. She possesses dark eyes and the blackest of hair, an almost perfect figure and a "creamy" complexion. She went, all alone, to explore the less known parts of the Congo, mainly to find out if what she had read about the atrocities reputedly practiced there in connection with the rubber industry was true, and while doing so she just escaped death half a dozen times. More than once she narrowly missed furnishing a meal for savage natives, and she had several close calls with wild animals, and while in the heart of Africa, with no one near but her native carriers, she came within an ace of dying of black-water fever, from the effects of which she has not yet wholly recovered.

Dressed as a Man.
Luckily for herself, Mrs. Roby knows quite a lot about the doctoring business. Her first husband was a Philadelphia physician and she herself studied medicine with her second husband, who was a New York man, and this knowledge not only kept her from succumbing to disease while on her African travels, but also helped her to gain the regard of several native chiefs, whose intentions previously had not been benevolent. While on her long tramp, this plucky woman wore male dress, and slept every night with a loaded revolver under her pillow, but when she received the writer, the other day at a London hotel, she was wearing a green Japanese kimono, embroidered with scarlet, which became her dark beauty to perfection. A guess would put her age at 42 or 43 and she looked amazingly fit, considering all she has gone through since she first set foot on the Dark Continent, nearly two years ago.

"It was well on my way to Australia when I suddenly made up my mind to explore in Africa," she said, "and this voyage, which was purely a pleasure one, was only an episode in what really has been a life of travel. I completed my first tour of the world when I was 14, in company with my brother, and since then there is hardly a corner of the globe into which I have not peeped.

"While on my way to Melbourne," Mrs. Roby went on, "I read one of E. D. Morel's books on the Congo, and the statements made in it horrified me to such an extent that I felt I just had to go and see if they could be true. This was in September, 1910. On my way back, therefore, I disembarked at Durban, and started on my first trip through the Upper Congo, starting from Elizabethville, with Lake Victoria Nyanza as my objective."

but her first expedition in the Dark Continent was a long way from being a success, a trader whom she engaged as guide and manager proved a "bad egg." One morning she woke to find that he had bolted in the night and taken the whole food supply with him, and Mrs. Roby, leaving her native carriers behind, set off on his track but was bowled over by an attack of fever which proved pretty bad, but wasn't a patch on the one she contracted some months later. A few weeks afterward, when she was convalescent and had set out for Kilwa, by an amazing coincidence, the man who had over-reached her boarded the same lake steamer by which she was traveling and the lady promptly pounced on him, only to find, however, that he had cheated her from the first and that, instead of having a food supply for several months, she had contracted, there was only enough for a few weeks. So she had to dismiss most of her native bearers and get on as best she could. On arriving at Lake Nyanza she found there was still the Kasai, or Lower Congo uncovered, and in January last she started at Boma on the west coast of Africa, and took a southerly course down to Elizabethville. This time she took charge of the expedition herself, her native carriers averaging 25 or 30 in number.

Among Savage Tribes.
"I traveled from one rubber post to another," she said, "the country being often absolutely unexplored, and my path frequently lying through the villages of cannibal tribes. At every post I had to get a fresh escort, as the natives spoke entirely different languages. So different, indeed, are these dialects that the traders have invented a sort of Esperanto, which they use in buying the rubber. I had one boy with me, however, who knew the languages of all the tribes I passed through and acted as interpreter.

"In many of the villages the people never had seen a white woman before, and when I arrived they would crowd around me, examine my dress, pat my hands and stroke my hair, which I wore in a plait down my back. I had to do this, by the way, because my boys would steal my pins. I arrived at Elizabethville with exactly three left. When we halted for the night they would amuse themselves—and me much more—by doing up their hair in all sorts of fantastic ways with my pins.

"The responsibility of the food supply rested mostly on me. Sometimes I would give the head boy some salt or beads with which to get food from the natives, but occasionally I had to take out my gun and shoot their supper. As a rule, though, I hadn't to go more than 30 or 40 yards to come upon game of some sort.

"Speaking of food reminds me of once when an unsavory dish was offered me in the shape of a black man's leg! I nearly made food for the natives myself that time. I had just arrived at a point midway between two villages when my carriers bolted, leaving me with only my interpreter. It appeared that the village we were making for was inhabited by the Basselese, whose chief had a habit of either eating or making slaves of all other natives who had the temerity to approach his territory.

"I went on a little way and as we got near the village saw the ruffian coming towards me. As he approached I pretended not to see him, but gazed up into the sky, watching apparently some birds hovering not far off. Then I picked up my gun and fired at them and the birds began dropping down all round. This impressed the cannibal, as I had hoped it would, and he became most friendly. I asked him for food for my followers and myself, which he promised me at once and said he had some very special meat for us. In a little while I saw two or three men coming along carrying what looked like the body of a man across

their shoulders. When they arrived it was the leg of a black man which they had killed and started eating the previous day!

Encounter With Buffalo.
"Another tribe which eats men are the Bapendas, while in the same district are the Babundas, who eat dog. While I was at one rubber post several Bapendas and one Babunda came in, bringing rubber. As they were standing all together near the official's house, his dog, a white terrier, ran out and went for the Babunda, barking furiously at him. I asked why he had singled that one man out, as at that time I could not see any difference between him and his companions.

"He's a Babunda," said the official, "and eats dog." Pointing to the terrier, he added: "He knew."

"One of the most exciting adventures I had was with a herd of buffalo. We were marching along grassy country and I espied in the distance a knot of natives who were carrying bamboos for building a rubber post, standing all huddled up with fear, and almost immediately after my boys in front followed their example and squatted on the ground in a heap on the luggage. I went forward to find out the reason and they showed me a fine herd of between 60 and 70 buffalo about 300 yards away. I fired into them, wounding four and killing, as I supposed, one red bull, which dropped in some long grass. As soon as I had dispatched the four wounded animals, I went to have a look at my 'kill.' Just as I got right up to him and was taking a good look at him, he rose to his feet and charged me. I hadn't time to run, hardly enough even to think, so I just sat down, dropping two shots into his neck and he dropped again, for good this time."

Mrs. Roby's medical knowledge helped her out of several tight places. Near a village named Salata, in the depths of the Congo, she suddenly beheld hundreds of natives, fully armed, rushing towards her. Her followers for once kept their presence of mind and yelled out "medicine lady," and the natives became less threatening. Then the chief advanced, showing a terribly swollen face, and asked if she would cure him. Mrs. Roby peered into the depths of the black's mouth and found there a gumboli, which she skillfully lanced and the chief immediately became all smiles. At another village an ulcerated knee was presented to her by its owner, who was scornfully skeptical of her powers, but she proved quite equal to the occasion and healed it for him.

"My fame as a doctor spread before me from village to village," she said, "and the natives began to look upon me as a kind of amateur providence, able to settle all their difficulties for them of whatever kind. Thus, in the village of Djokapunda, I found war impending, the chief of the tribe who inhabited it and who practiced cannibalism off and on, having stolen a woman from a neighboring village. Arriving at this critical moment, I advised them both to submit to arbitration. They agreed, and appointed me arbitrator. I heard the arguments on both sides and then decided that the woman should be returned with three women slaves as 'costs,' and that the other side, whose chief, it appeared, had bagged 12 goats, should hand over two men slaves. This judgment commended itself to both parties, who signified their satisfaction by placing ashes on their heads and swearing to be my slaves forever.

Narrow Escape From Fever.
"Illness was my biggest danger," she went on. "In a country like that, one ought to take quinine every day; in fact, people who live there have it all ways on the table. But sometimes I

was too dead tired at the end of the day to do more than have a cup of tea and fall into bed. I had some terrible bouts of fever and one of them gave me this," pointing to a broad sweep of white hair over her left temple; "when I was unconscious I banged my head against a table, and it killed the roots of the hair. At another time, when I was delirious, I tried to throw myself into the fire, and my boy had to tie me to my chair. But the worst time I had was the attack of black-water fever, which I got nearly at the end of my journey. We were right out in the bush, and I had no one to look after me. I got gradually worse, and on July 6 my temperature was 106°."

Here Mrs. Roby crossed the room and fetched a small morocco-bound diary. She opened it at July 3, and showed some pretty shaky writing. On July 6, straggling all across the page in very faint pencil, were the words: "Kyesembe Makula. Temp. 106.2. Think I shall pop out!" The page devoted to July 7, the following day, is, if anything, more eloquent still, for it is a blank.

"I was unconscious all that day," said Mrs. Roby, "but gradually got a little better after. I was frightfully weak, of course, and my boys had to carry me in a chair for a long way. I managed to limp into Elizabethville at the end of my journey—with a temperature of over 100—and lay there very ill for many days. In fact, I haven't quite recovered from that attack yet."

"The whole 'return trip' took me nine months, and towards the end of it I made several wide detours, because I heard that the natives had rebelled and were being cruelly massacred. I found them in revolt, it is true, but they were fighting among themselves, and I saw no single instance of cruelty or oppression all the way. A certain amount of starvation there must always be in those hot countries. The rains fall, there are no crops, and they starve; but they do that in India, too. But as a general rule, I found the natives happy, prosperous and contented. Quite often I found them dancing, and oppressed people don't dance."

Where Is the Garden of Eden?
Forty miles west of old Bagdad, in the vast level valley of the historic Euphrates, near Hit of the Hittites—lies the traditional Garden of Eden. Such is the interesting conclusion of Sir William Willcocks, the famous Egyptian engineer and Bible student, and many other authorities agree with him.

"Out of Eden came a river which watered a garden, and from thence it was parted and became four rivers." And these four rivers, known in Bible days as the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates—the ancient "River of Babylon"—have been identified by Sir William.

It was while studying, surveying and mapping Chaldea previous to starting work on the giant irrigation scheme planned for Mesopotamia, that Willcocks became convinced that the real Garden of Eden lay in the region described.

The Garden of Eden lies in Turkish Arabia, too far from the beaten tourist trail to draw many sightseers. Probably not a dozen white travelers see it in a whole year. To reach Chaldea, the safest and surest route lies through the Suez, over the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, up the hot Persian Gulf, and thence 600 miles up the winding Tigris and Euphrates.—Christian Herald.

IN A DESERT CAMP—TALE OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

THE voluptuous blackness of the February night sky was studied by some early-lighted constellations. Earthward in the desert dark a flickering line of lights wound over the hill of the Arab cemetery, approaching to the sounds of drum, flute and bursts of man-voiced chant.

In the gentle monotony of the health camp the unusual distraction of a carnival visit from Aswan drew Eva Desmond with other invalids flitting over the garden walls. "It is a fantasia; they will dine here and there will be Arab music and dancing afterwards," smiled Hedra, the Copt proprietor.

"Looks like a circus," jeered an old-fashioned Britisher, scornful of the gaieties of other nationalities, as dusky, drawn by teams of white horses and decked with palm branches and swinging colored lanterns.

"This health camp seems quite a jolly place," said a man's voice in the unmistakable accent by which a well-bred Britisher is hallmarked.

Eva Desmond started violently. A shudder thrilled her slender figure and she glided instinctively into the deep shadow of a tent near by. Yet the moon was not yet risen, and the few beacon-lights of the camp showing the central buildings of messhouse and sitting-room did not reach far across the three or four acres of compound. A dinner gong made mimic boom, calling dwellers indoors, while the visitors crowded into a gaily lit bamboo shed where, under a canopy of pink roses made riot of color and the sight of champagne buckets tantalized some departing invalids.

"My dear child, you look quite white. You must have taken a chill, perhaps fever, in that thin dress. People should be so careful in Egypt after sundown," lectured a kindly newly arrived invalid from Australia eyeing the trans-parent black draperies through which gleamed Eva's beautiful shoulders and arms.

"Not in Aswan. Dew never falls here; it has not rained for seven solid years. This desert air is perhaps the purest in the world," returned the girl in the gentle explanatory tone of one who knows. Had not the air indeed restored health to her—glad, youthful health—after some years of almost despairing invalidism?

At last the numerous courses, handed with zeal by dark-visaged, white-garbed Arabs, were ended. It was possible to escape from inquisitive though well meant observation. Oh, the relief of taking a plunge, as it were, into the outer darkness, the blessed cool night air! Eva's temples throbbed; her lips quivered. "It was he. And she—she must be with him. They must have come to Egypt lately. Their name was not in the visitors' lists unless I missed it." A kind of indignation seized the unhappy girl that she could not find peace from their presence even in the desert. Three years ago Fate had decoyed her—a stunned, miserable intruder—into their honeymoon bliss, and now when her wound seemed healed, who slow returning health promised some reviving interests if not joys of youth—Oh, cruel Fate!

Still, she must see. Nearer her feet drew to a circle of crouching camels within which squatted drivers guarding a ring of footlights composed of camp bedroom lamps. On the enclosed stage of sand two Arabs leaped in time to the tom-tomming of a darabookah and the stentorian handclapping of comrades. High, higher the tall forms bounded, quivering beneath their white garments till it seemed as if superfluous lumps of flesh might be shed by the muscular exertions.

But—she looked for—was not among the men who lolled in deck chairs outside the visitors' long tent. Nor was her golden hair and rosy prettiness vying with the other young and gay women from the big Aswan hotels. The living shadow in the night shadows wondered had she been crazy, mistaken that once dearly loved voice? She counted heads. Ah! three out of the 12 diners were missing, two men and a woman.

Seeking—fearing to find—Eva glided wraith-like among the scattered camp bungalows, huts and general mess buildings. By a reading tent she paused, listening breathless.

"Quite grumpy of Captain Lutterworth not to dress up tonight as Harlequin to our Pierrot and Columbine," a soprano voice was uttering between the cigarette whiffs. "He can't be mourning his little helms wife still. She died two years ago—consumption. Besides, she wasn't he one. Eh?"

"Old Billy nice girl. She was his General's daughter," returned a man's voice on guard.

"Yes; danced beautifully, and she prattled how Gerald had proposed by wishing he could always dance with her. He, poor wretch, was tremendously gone on another girl. Come, you know."

"If you know why should I tell? She was a dear little soul and awfully devoted to him."

"Oyster!" But was it true the General ran him in because a Lutterworth had unexpectedly died leaving Gerald heir to a fortune?

Billy Blazer adored his only child, and she adored Lutterworth. Many a poor chap gets caught in his own after-supper words. I say, cease this teasing bout. I'm grateful he's looking for the Southern Cross, because you're looking—But no eavesdropper heard the honeyed end.

Eva tottered away with hands held to her bursting brain. Past, future, present—all mingled maddeningly. Bitter sweet memories, wild hopes, chill fears, instinctively she fled to her own hut, a round Soudanese "tukel," one-chambered. A red-shaded lamp burned in the window that, like the door, stood open to invite evening coolness after the furnace heat of day. Over the sand she sped noiselessly—stopped agitated by the carnival disguise. "Excuse me, but passing by I saw this gossamer nibbling at your lamp shade. The whole thing was topsy-turvy, so I bolted in to stop the mosquito curtains from taking fire. Forgive my intrusion." Slowly his hand replaced the picture. The girl outside had shrunk back, melting into outer darkness. He added lingeringly: "Would you mind telling me? I knew this house once; that's why."

"It's mine," breathed low accents without, "only I can't afford to live in it."

"Eva!" The pet camp gazelle, its horns released from their grasping, joyously turned to browse on some roses in a vase, for its late captor was outside on the sand in the darkness and he held another, a willing captive.

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