

Harbor of Juan Fernandez

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

F YOU board a "wind jammer" at Valparaiso, Chile, and sail almost due west, on the eighth day out. you will sight an Island that has been read about by more people than has any other little island in the world. It is Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's isle,

Strangely beautiful is this island. Climbing 3,060 feet up from the sea. Its woody ridges lie wreathed in fantastic lacy patterns of silvery fog. As one rows ashore, the landscape rolls down like some giant theater's drop curtain, its green ferns, forests and streams painted by nature's own hand.

Now, where Crusoe hunted, huddies a hamlet of Chilean fisher folk, with the boats and sheds of a lobstercatching industry. Delicate, delicious lobsters they are, but the men who catch them will clamber over a whole boatload to quarrel about a can of American salmon!

Mas-a-Tierra (Landward) is the correct name of this island on which Alexander Selkirk, reputed hero of Defoe's romance, was put ashore.

Near by is Santa Clara, or Goat island, and about 100 miles westward lies Mas-a-Fuera, or Further Out island. These three form the Juan Fernandez group, named after the Spaniard who discovered them in 1563. Now they belong to Chile-in law; but in imagination every school boy on earth claims a proprietary in terest here.

High up the side of Mas-a-Tierra stands a tablet which reads:

> 'In Memory of. Alexander Selkirk

Mariner.

A native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the Cinque Ports galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A. D. 1704. and was taken off in the Duke, privateer, 12th Feb., 1709. He died Lleutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth A. D. 1723, aged 47 years. This tab let is erected near Selkirk's lookout by Commodore Powell and the offi cers of H. M. S. Topaze, A. D. 1808

To day on this island one hears much talk about lobsters, but little of Robinson Crusse. The easy-going. Spanish-speaking inhabitants, shut off from the world and the scores of books describing their island, do not sus

lantic waters (Homarus americanus) It is a close relative of the American crawfish known as the spiny lobster in Florida.

Besides wild goat shooting, fishing around the Island's rocky shores af fords all the amazing luck that anglers' tales are spun from. Here are the big morays, or wolf fish, flerce and voracious; then the fighting vidriola, or what we would call amber jacks or yellowtall, which occur all up this coast. Around Juan Fernandez the latter often weigh 100 pounds or more

Many kinds of sea bass also abound. with no end of delicate pan fish-the furel, corbina, weakfish or croaker, the pampanito and palometa, the smelt, the jerguilla. Here, too, the flying fish is enten.

Storehouse of Fiction.

There is probably more excuse for fiction about Juan Fernandes than about any other place its size on earth For 360 years pirates, earthquakes, whalers, penal colonies, battle, and political storms have swept this now calm and dreamy island. In the hillside above Cumberland bay one sees the tiers of cells, like the Roman catacombs, dug to hold prisoners when Chile used the Island as a penal colony. Out in the harbor lies the hulk of the German cruiser Dresden, sunk during the World war.

Once vast packs of sea lions haunted the Island rocks. Anson, English buccancer, wrote home that there were so many of these creatures here that he couldn't move a ship's boat without putting a man in her bows with an oar to drive them aside. Traders slew them for oil, and wild dogs killed their young on the beaches; so now the sea lions seldom frequent these waters.

To kill off the wild goats, and thus cut off the fresh ment supply for the English and Dutch pirates who plagued the coast, Spanish rulers of Chile long ngo sent bands of dogs to this island; but the plan falled. The dogs couldn't catch the goats among the rocks.

There may be buried pirate chests on this island. Quien sube? But priceless treasure, indeed, was left by Anson and other early explorers. They planted vegetables and fruit seeds, and let loose pigs, cows and horses.

It was an unwritten law, tradition says, that every ship calling here in old days, whether merchant, whaler, or buccaneer, should leave animals or plants, and thus help stock the Island for the common good. In consequence the variety of useful plant life here is unparalleled in the Pacific. Cows. pigs and horses are plentiful also. Boys chuse wild horses around the grassy canyons where Crusoe and Friday hunted gosts. In a single garden, a spot of darsling beauty, belonging to a Frenchman shipwrecked here more than thir. ty years ago, is an astounding grouping of exotic and native plants and trees. Here grew, among other things, the botanically famous choata palm. of which highly pollshed walking sticks are made. The creamy-white wood feels like satin and is marked with glistening black lines.

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

By the BARONESS ORCZY Copyright Baroness Orcay WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII-Continued

-13-"Never mind about your mother now. What happened after that?" "He said to me, 'You go and get on the seat of the cart which is up the road. It is my cart. You can drive it back to Mantes and leave it and my horses at the posting inn, where they know me. I'll look after these horses for you, and when the fighting's over I'll drive the diligence to Paris. No one will be any the wiser and 1 don't mind a bit of a fight. I can do a bit of fighting myself.' Well." Charles-Marle went on dolefully, "there didn't seem much harm in that. I could see he knew all about horses from the way he handled them; but I'm no fighting man, and when I was engaged to drive the diligence from Moisson to Paris I was not told that there would be any fighting."

"So you turned your back on the diligence, like a coward, and crept along here-"

"I didn't creep, citizen. I followed you when-

"Pardi !" Raffet broke in with an "Another of you that will not oath. escape punishment. If I had my way the guillotine would be busy in Mantes for days to come."

CHAPTER IX

Discomfiture

There was nothing for it now but to allow Charles-Marie to drive the cart back to Mantes, since its owner had probably seized an opportunity by now of taking to his heels. Poor Raffet was worn out with the excitement of the past half-hour, and bewildered with all the mystery that confronted him at every turn. Vaguehe felt that something sinister lurked behind this last incident recited to him by Charles-Marle, but for the moment he did not connect it with the possible maneuvers of the English sples. He thought that chapter of the day's book of adventure closed. It would be an extraordinary piece of luck if in the end they should still come across the Scarlet Pimpernel. Chauvelin had not walted to hear

the whole of Charles-Marie's tale. Throughout all the adventures which had befallen him this day, he had seen the hand of his enemy, the Scarlet Pimpernel. Now he no longer had any doubt. Almost at the first words attered by Charles-Marle he had jumped to his feet, all the stiffness gone out of his bones; and despite the darkness, the mud and the rain. he turned and ran up the slushy road. round the bend beyond which he had beard the fight a quarter of an hour To Lauzet he had should a ago. "Come!" and Lauxet had fol curt. lowed, obcdient, understanding, like a dog, only vaguely scenting danger to himself, danger more serious than any that had threatened him during this eventful day.

Chauvelin ran through the darkness with Lauzet at his heels. Despite the cold and rawness of the mist, he was in a both of perspiration; though his veins were on fire, his teeth chattered with the cold. Lauzet, behind him was panting like an apoplectic seat Soon he fell with a groun by the road But Chauvelin did not give in side. Stumbling, half dazed, he went round the bend of the road; then he too fell, exhausted, by the roadside, exhausted the man explained. "However, I called to my mates, and we stooped to see It was. We were much surwhat prised, you may be sure, to see two pairs of feet in ragged shoes. We seized hold of them and pulled. The feet were attached to two pairs of legs in tattered stockings and breeches. Finally there emerged from underneath the diligence two ragamuffins with mud up to their eyes and their clothing in rags.

"They were a sorry looking pair. We put them down for two poltroons, not worth powder and shot, and were just wondering what we should do with them when suddenly, without the slightest wayning, they turned on us like a couple of demons. Not they only, for a third fellow seemed to have sprung out of the earth behind us, and come to their ald. A glant he was."

"A glant !" Raffet exclaimed, for be had suddenly remembered Citizen Chauvelin's warning about the English spy who was tall above the aver age.

"Aye! A giant, with the strength of an ox."

No one said anything more for the moment. There was, indeed, nothing to say. Reproaches and vituperations would come later; punishment, too, perhaps. The soldiers and their cap tain hung their heads, brooding and ashnmed.

"Epone is not more than four kilometers, citizen," Raffet at last ven



Aye! A Giant, With the Strength of an Ox."

tured to suggest, "and we have the lanterns."

And so the procession started, trudging down the incline in the darkness and the rain; Chauvelin and Lauzet, Raffet and his corporal with a couple of troopers carrying the innterns. Two hours later they reached Epone, hungry, tired, spattered with mud up to their chins.

At Epone Raffet's courier lost no time in recounting at full length the adventures that had befallen him and his comrades. Thus the story was all over the district by the time the laborers of Epone had gone to their work the following morning, and the chief of section in the department of Seine et Oise, Citizen Lauzet, became the laughing stock of the countryside, together with his wonderful friend from Paris. Late that same day a horseless diligence, which at first ap peared deserted and 'derelict, was discovered half a dozen kilometers to the north of the forest of Mesleres. in the mud of the stream that runs southward into the Seine. A group of laborers going to their work were the first to see it. It had been dragged into the stream and left axle deep in the water behind a clump of The laborers reported tall reeds. their find to a patrol of Raffet's troopers, whom he had sen; out to scour the countryside. The wheels had sunk deep into the mire, and it was only after a great deal of exertion that inborers and soldiers to-gether succeeded in dragging the conch over the flat bank upon firm land. "Truly, fate has been against as," Lauget sighed dolefully, "Satan alone knows where the English spies and the prisoners are at this hour."



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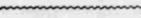
Island May Be Turned

Into Bird Sanctuary One of the most romantic-and the ioneliest-places in Britain may soon be left to the sea birds. This is St. Kilda, the little group of islands in the Atlantic, whose population has now dropped to 38. At the beginning of this century it was 77, and in 1851, it was 110. It has now been proposed that the Island should be evacuated, and homes found for the inhabitants on the mainland. There are some hundreds of sheep on the Island, but these are kept for their wool, and only used for food if the supplies run short. Sea birds' eggs and young sea birds are the principal articles of diet. with pointoes when the crop is goodwhich isn't always the case. The life of the Islands is thus a hard one, and the fare is apt to grow monotonous But the Kildans are attached to their homes and don't want to leave them. The population, if now very small, was smaller still 200 years ago, when, following a amailpox epidemic, the numbers of the islanders were reduced

Artificial

to 30.

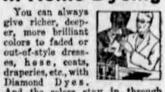
Little James ran out of the door. hurrying to reach school in time for a game of ball. His mother called him back for inspection and remarked that there seemed to be dirt on his face. He hastily replied: "No, there isn't, I just washed it, and if you see anything it is artificial dirt."



Not So Cheap

Words are not little things; the progress of mankind has depended on them. Abolish words and the race would be done for .- American Maga zine

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out-of-style dress-es, hese, coats, draperies, etc., with Diamond Dyes. And the colors stay in through wear and wasking! Here's the reason. Diamond Dyes contain the highest quality anilines that coant! They are the very life of dyes. Plenty of pure anilines raits Diamond Dyes easy to use. They go on evenly without spetting or streaking. Try them next time and see why authorities recom-mend them; why millions of women will use no other dyes. You get Diamond Dyes for the

You get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes; 15c, at any drug store.



pect how famous it is. Nearly all its 287 people make a living in the lob ster trade.

Huge Lobster Industry.

Here is one of the most extraordinary shellfish industries in the world In one year 80,000 or more lobsters are caught, not counting the small ones thrown back. Time was when these creatures swarmed the shores in such armies that the islanders had only to strew bits of ment along the bench, then walk about with a stick and tip the lobsters over on their bneks.

Due to wise conservation methods of the Chilean government, Island waters still abound with lobsters; but now they are caught with hoop nets set off shore and builted with stale fish. The fishermen go out, long before dawn to tend the traps. Over a charcoal stove astern they make coffee and broll fish for breakfast, but nobody ever eats a lobster.

To keep the catch allve, buckets of sea water are dashed over the crawling creatures and a tarpaulin is used to shade them from the sun. No lobster remains long in good health and spirits out of sait water. So, usually within 24 hours after catching them. the Crusoe island fishermen try to get their lobsters to port and into the "live cars." These are scows made of state, floating half-submerged in Cum berland bay, in which the lobsters are held captive.

Twice a month a boat sails from the Island. It carries the scant mail, any passengers, and a load of lobsters, which are often two and a half feet long and weigh as much as from ten to twelve pounds. On the Island the price paid the fishermen is but nominal; yet in the market at Valparaiso a live Crusoe Island lobster may bring the equivalent of from three to five dollars. On a cafe table in Buenos Aires the same lobster, after his trans Andean trip, sells for more.

The lobster of Juan Fernandez (Palinustus frontalis (Milne Edwards)) is minus the large claws which distinguish the lobster of our North At- ing company.

Many Wrecks on Its Shores.

Far up the moist island slopes are giant green ferns, bizarre and out landish, like the fantastic plant life pictured to us as shading the earth in the time of mud and reptiles. Except where trails have been cut or fires have burnt them off, these ferns are so big and thick that it is hard to walk among them.

Juan Fernandez has a few good beaches, but mostly its shores are rocky, rough, or steep, with swift currents whirling past towering volcanic cliffs, Many a stout ship has plied up here as can be seen from moss grown remains of forgotten wrecks, Long ago Captain Shelvocke's Speedwell went to pleces on these rocks. At that time cats, multiplied from a few left ashore by earlier ships, fairly overran the Island. Shipwrecked sall ors from the Speedwell lived for weeks on cat ment. Their bunger found more substantial relief from one meal of cat meat than from five meals of seal or fish, wrote Shelvocke in his Journal.

There are no wheeled vehicles on the Island, and nowhere on its whole 40 square miles is a road-only paths There is a school and a seldom-attend ed church, but there are no places of amusement. No stores; just one room in the lobster factory at Cumberland bay, open twice a week, where natives may buy articles from the mainland through an agent of the lobster-catchand trembling as with ague

The scene which greeted his aching eyes had finally unnerved him. There, on the crest of the hill, he saw three horses tethered to neighboring trees. and beside the horses, bound to the same trees, three soldiers with their hats pulled down over their eyes. Of the diligence there was not a sign. Chauvelin stared and stared at this scene. He had not strength enough to rise, though his every nerve ached to go up to one of those pinioned figures by the trees and to ask what had happened. Thus Raffet found him five or ten

minutes inter. He came with his soldiers and a lantern or two. Chauvelin could not do more at first than point with trembling finger straight out be fore him, and Raffet and the men swinging their fanterns came on the spectacle of the three men and the three horses tled to the forest trees. the animals, caim as horses are wont to be when nature and men are slient around them; the men inert and half conscious

"Question them. Citizen Captain," Chauvelin commanded feebly.

The men's statements, however, were somewhat vague. It seems that after their comrades had gone off. some with their cuptain, others with the prisoners, the three who were left behind busied themselves at first with their borses, examining the suddle girths and so on, when one of them spled something moving underneath the diligence.

"It was gotting dark by that time,"

Peacock Tail Skirts

One of the most workmanlike of the American designers believes the evesing frock, short in front and trailing like a peacock tail in the back, will continue popular throughout the winter.

These Belts "Give"

The demand of fashion, that the belt now be worn tightly, is leading to the use of elastic belts for sports wear. Women who play polo have found the comfort which exists in a broad clas-

"Weli on their way to England," c'huuvelin remarked. "I know 'em. With their long purse and their impudence, they'll work their way to the coast, aided by fools and traitors. Such fools and traitors," he added on der his breath, "as helped them last night in their intest adventure," (TO BE CONTINUED)

All Bunk

No doubt there are finan textco graphers who know the exact shades of difference between hooey, hokum, binh, baloney, applesauce and banans off

tic webbing around the waist, and this is now being adapted to golf and other sports in the narrower range of models.

Tuck-in Dresses

One and two-piece frocks are shown slightly bloused at the walstline and trimmed with narrow belts which sometimes cross the front and add to the tailored interest of the model. The skirt may even boast a yoke from which the fullness falls in clusters of plaits or definite circular flares.

YOU HAVE A DOCTOR'S WORD FOR THIS LAXATIVE



In 1875, an earnest young man began to practice medicine. As a family doctor, he saw the harm in harsh purgatives for constipation and began to search for something harmless to the sensitive bowels.

Out of his experience was born a famous prescription. He wrote it thousands of times. It proved an ideal laxative for old and young, As people saw how marvelously the most sluggish' bowels are started and bad breath, headaches, feverishness, nausea, gas, poor appetite, and such disorders, are relieved by the prescription, it became necessary to put it up ready for use. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pep-sin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It never varies from Dr. Caldwell's original effective and harmless formula. All drugstores have it.

Natural Envy

A young frog who's just learned to fump, thinks he's pretty smart, until he sees a thousand grasshoppers doing the same thing .- Farm and Fireside,

Men who might write a good love story, won't, for feat it will make them feel cheap.



The tried home remedy up colds, relieving the healing and soothing-for coughing and hours ula-dr