

COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXV

JUNE, 1918

NO. 1

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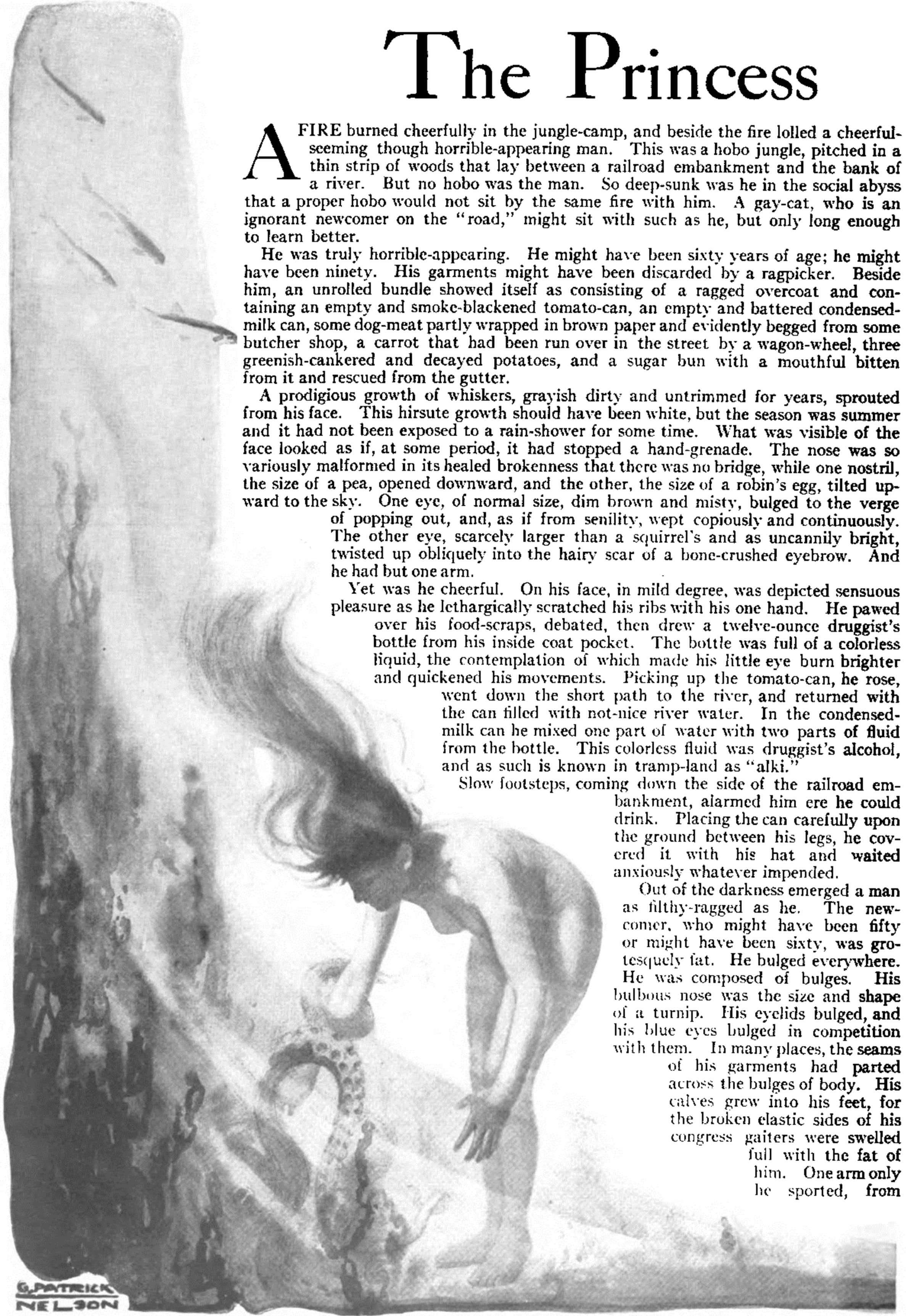
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20 CENTS A COPY

Published monthly by International Magazine Company Entered at the Post-Office of New York as second-class mail-matter.
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Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York



The Princess

A FIRE burned cheerfully in the jungle-camp, and beside the fire lolled a cheerful-seeming though horrible-appearing man. This was a hobo jungle, pitched in a thin strip of woods that lay between a railroad embankment and the bank of a river. But no hobo was the man. So deep-sunk was he in the social abyss that a proper hobo would not sit by the same fire with him. A gay-cat, who is an ignorant newcomer on the "road," might sit with such as he, but only long enough to learn better.

He was truly horrible-appearing. He might have been sixty years of age; he might have been ninety. His garments might have been discarded by a ragpicker. Beside him, an unrolled bundle showed itself as consisting of a ragged overcoat and containing an empty and smoke-blackened tomato-can, an empty and battered condensed-milk can, some dog-meat partly wrapped in brown paper and evidently begged from some butcher shop, a carrot that had been run over in the street by a wagon-wheel, three greenish-cankered and decayed potatoes, and a sugar bun with a mouthful bitten from it and rescued from the gutter.

A prodigious growth of whiskers, grayish dirty and untrimmed for years, sprouted from his face. This hirsute growth should have been white, but the season was summer and it had not been exposed to a rain-shower for some time. What was visible of the face looked as if, at some period, it had stopped a hand-grenade. The nose was so variously malformed in its healed brokenness that there was no bridge, while one nostril, the size of a pea, opened downward, and the other, the size of a robin's egg, tilted upward to the sky. One eye, of normal size, dim brown and misty, bulged to the verge of popping out, and, as if from senility, wept copiously and continuously. The other eye, scarcely larger than a squirrel's and as uncannily bright, twisted up obliquely into the hairy scar of a bone-crushed eyebrow. And he had but one arm.

Yet was he cheerful. On his face, in mild degree, was depicted sensuous pleasure as he lethargically scratched his ribs with his one hand. He pawed over his food-scrap, debated, then drew a twelve-ounce druggist's bottle from his inside coat pocket. The bottle was full of a colorless liquid, the contemplation of which made his little eye burn brighter and quickened his movements. Picking up the tomato-can, he rose, went down the short path to the river, and returned with the can filled with not-nice river water. In the condensed-milk can he mixed one part of water with two parts of fluid from the bottle. This colorless fluid was druggist's alcohol, and as such is known in tramp-land as "alki."

Slow footsteps, coming down the side of the railroad embankment, alarmed him ere he could drink. Placing the can carefully upon the ground between his legs, he covered it with his hat and waited anxiously whatever impended.

Out of the darkness emerged a man as filthy-ragged as he. The newcomer, who might have been fifty or might have been sixty, was grotesquely fat. He bulged everywhere. He was composed of bulges. His bulbous nose was the size and shape of a turnip. His eyelids bulged, and his blue eyes bulged in competition with them. In many places, the seams of his garments had parted across the bulges of body. His calves grew into his feet, for the broken elastic sides of his congress gaiters were swelled full with the fat of him. One arm only he sported, from

G. PATRICK
NELSON

"Not ten feet away, probing a coral fissure with her squid-stick, was the princess, and the tiger-shark was heading directly

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By Jack London

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

the shoulder of which was suspended a small and tattered bundle with the mud caked dry on the outer covering from the last place he had pitched his doss. He advanced with tentative caution, made sure of the harmlessness of the man beside the fire, and joined him.

"Hello, grandpa!" the newcomer greeted, then paused to stare at the other's flaring, sky-open nostril. "Say, Whiskers, how 'd ye keep the night dew out of that nose o' yours?"

Whiskers growled an incoherence deep in his throat, and spat into the fire in token that he was not pleased by the question.

"For the love o' Mike!" the fat man chuckled, "If you got caught out in a rain-storm without an umbrella, you'd sure drown, wouldn't you?"

"Can it, Fatty; can it," Whiskers muttered wearily. "They ain't nothin' new in that line of chatter. Even the bulls hand it out to me."

"But you can still drink, I hope," Fatty at the same time mollified and invited, with his one hand deftly pulling the slip-knots that fastened his bundle.

From within the bundle he brought to light a twelve-ounce bottle of alki. Footsteps coming down the embankment alarmed him, and he hid the bottle under his hat on the ground between his legs.

But the next comer proved to be not merely one of their own ilk but likewise to have only one arm. So forbidding of aspect was he that greetings consisted of no more than grunts. Huge-boned, tall, gaunt to cadaverousness, his face a dirty death's-head, he was as repellent a nightmare of old age as ever Doré imagined. His toothless, thin-lipped mouth was a cruel and bitter slash under a great curved nose that almost met the chin and that was like a buzzard's beak. His one hand, lean and crooked, was a talon. The beady gray eyes, unblinking and unwavering, were bitter as death, as bleak as absolute zero, and as merciless. His presence was a chill, and Whiskers and Fatty instinctively drew together for protection against the unguessed threat of him. Watching his chance privily, Whiskers snuggled a chunk of rock several pounds in weight close to his hand, if need for action should arise. Fatty duplicated the performance.

Then both sat licking their lips, guiltily embarrassed, while the unblinking eyes of the terrible one bored now into one, now into another, and then down at the rock chunks of their preparedness.

"Huh!" sneered the terrible one, with such dreadfulness of menace as to cause Whiskers and Fatty involuntarily to close their hands down on their caveman's weapons. "Huh!" he repeated, reaching his one talon into his side coat pocket with swift definiteness. "A big chance you two cheap bums'd have with me."

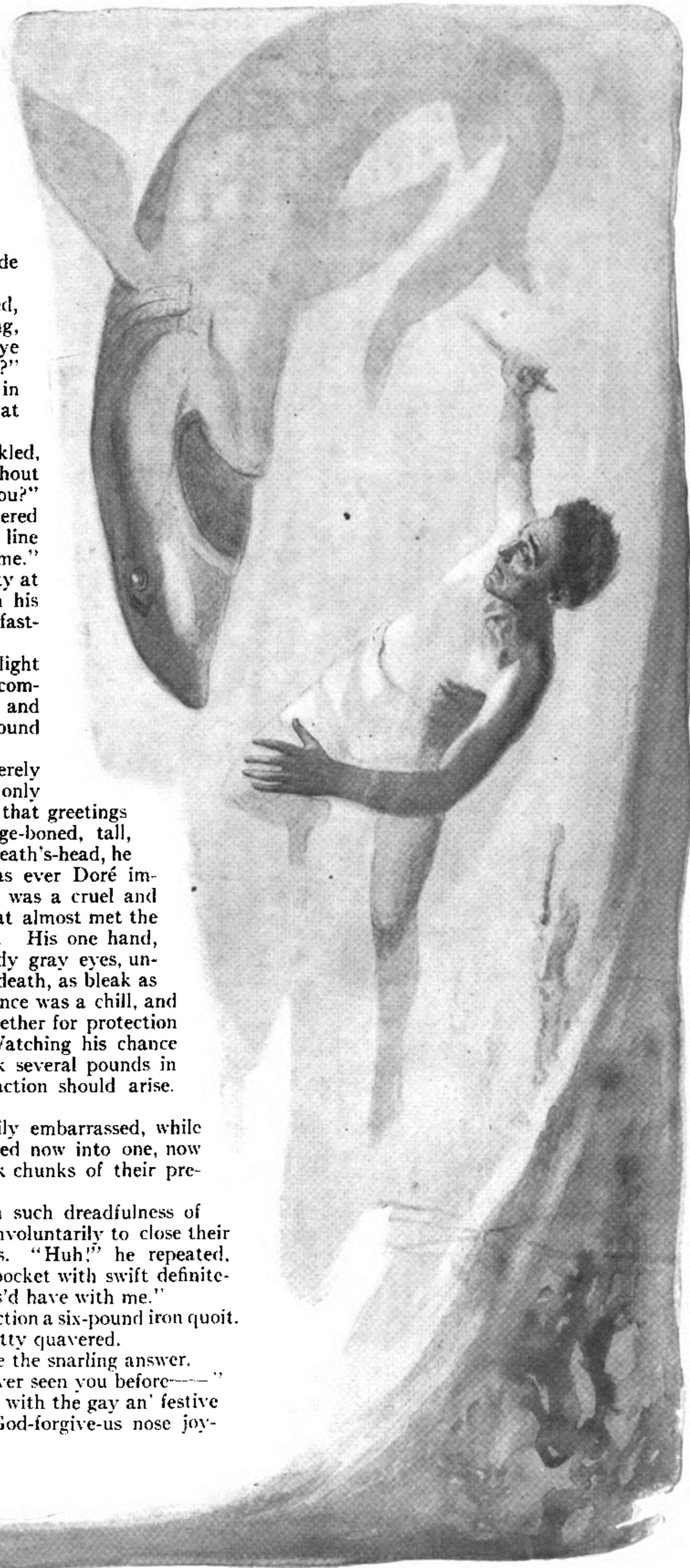
The talon emerged, clutching ready for action a six-pound iron quoit.

"We ain't lookin' for trouble, Slim," Fatty quavered.

"Who are you to call me 'Slim?'" came the snarling answer.

"Me? I'm just Fatty, an' seein' 's I never seen you before----"

"An' I suppose that 's Whiskers, there, with the gay an' festive lamp tangoing into his eyebrow an' the God-forgive-us nose joy-riding all over his mug?"



The Princess

"It 'll do; it 'll do," Whiskers muttered uncomfortably. "One monniker's as good as another, I find, at my time of life. And everybody hands it out to me, anyway. And I need an umbrella when it rains to keep from gettin' drowned, an' all the rest of it."

"I ain't used to company—don't like it," Slim growled. "So, if you guys want to stick around, mind your step—that's all—mind your step."

He fished from his pocket a cigar-stump, and prepared to put it in his mouth to chew. Then he changed his mind, glared at his companions savagely, and unrolled his bundle. Appeared in his hand a druggist's bottle of alkali.

"Well," he snarled, "I suppose I gotta give you cheap skates a drink when I ain't got more 'n enough for a good petrification for myself."

Almost a softening flicker of light was imminent in his withered face as he beheld the others proudly lift their hats and exhibit their own supplies.

"Here's some water for the mixin's," Whiskers said, proffering his tomato-can.

Yet, when all was ready, cans of alkali in their solitary hands, the three things that had once been men hesitated, as if of old habit, and next betrayed shame, as if at self-exposure.

Whiskers was the first to brazen it.

"I've sat in at many a finer drinking," he bragged.

"With the pewter?" Slim sneered.

"With the silver," Whiskers corrected.

Slim turned a scorching eye-interrogation on Fatty.

Fatty nodded.

"Beneath the salt," said Slim.

"Above it," came Fatty's correction. "I was born above it, and I've never traveled second class. First or steerage, but no intermediate in mine."

"Yourself?" Whiskers queried of Slim.

"I've broken glass to the queen, God bless her!" Slim answered solemnly, without snarl or sneer.

"In the pantry?" Fatty insinuated.

Simultaneously, Slim reached for his quoit and Whiskers and Fatty for their rocks.

"Now, don't let's get feverish," Fatty said, dropping his own weapon. "We aren't scum. We're gentlemen. Let's drink like gentlemen."

"Let it be a real drinking," Whiskers approved.

"Let's get petrified," Slim agreed. "Many a distillery has flowed under the bridge since we were gentlemen; but let's forget the long road we've traveled since, and hit our doss in the good old fashion in which every gentleman went to bed when we were young."

"My father done it—did it," Fatty concurred and corrected, as old recollections exploded long-sealed brain-cells of connotation and correct usage.

The other two nodded a descent from similar fathers and elevated their tin cans of alcohol.

By the time each had finished his own bottle and from his rags fished forth a second one, their brains were well mellowed and aglow, although they had not got round to telling their real names. But their English had improved. They spoke it correctly, while the *argot* of tramp-land ceased from their lips.

"It's my constitution," Whiskers was explaining.

"Very few men could go through what I have and live to tell the tale. And I never took any care of myself. If what the moralists and the physiologists say is true, I'd have been dead long ago. And it's the same with you two. Look at us, at our advanced years, carousing as the young ones don't dare, sleeping out in the open on the ground, never sheltered from frost or rain or storm, never afraid of pneumonia or rheumatism that would put half the young ones on their backs in hospital."

He broke off to mix another drink, and Fatty took up the tale.

"And we've had our fun," he boasted. "And speaking of sweethearts and all," he cribbed from Kipling, "'we've roged and we've ranged—'"

"'In our time.'" Slim completed the crib for him.



Fatty took up the tale. "And we've had our fun," he boasted. "And speaking of sweethearts and all," he cribbed from Kipling, "'we've roged and we've ranged—'"

"I should say so; I should say so," Fatty confirmed. "And been loved by princesses—at least, I have."

"Go on and tell us about it," Whiskers urged. "The night's young, and why shouldn't we remember back to the roofs of kings?"

Nothing loath, Fatty cleared his throat for the recital, and cast about in his mind for the best way to begin.

"It must be known that I came of good family. Percival Delaney, let us say—yes; let us say Percival Delaney—was not unknown at Oxford once upon a time—not for scholarship, I am frank to admit; but the gay young dogs of that day, if any be yet alive, would remember him—"

"My people came over with the Conqueror," Whiskers interrupted, extending his hand to Fatty's in acknowledgment of the introduction.

"What name?" Fatty queried. "I did not seem quite to catch it."

"Delarouse—Chauncey Delarouse. The name will serve as well as any."

Both completed the hand-shake and glanced to Slim.

"Oh, well, while we're about it—" Fatty urged.

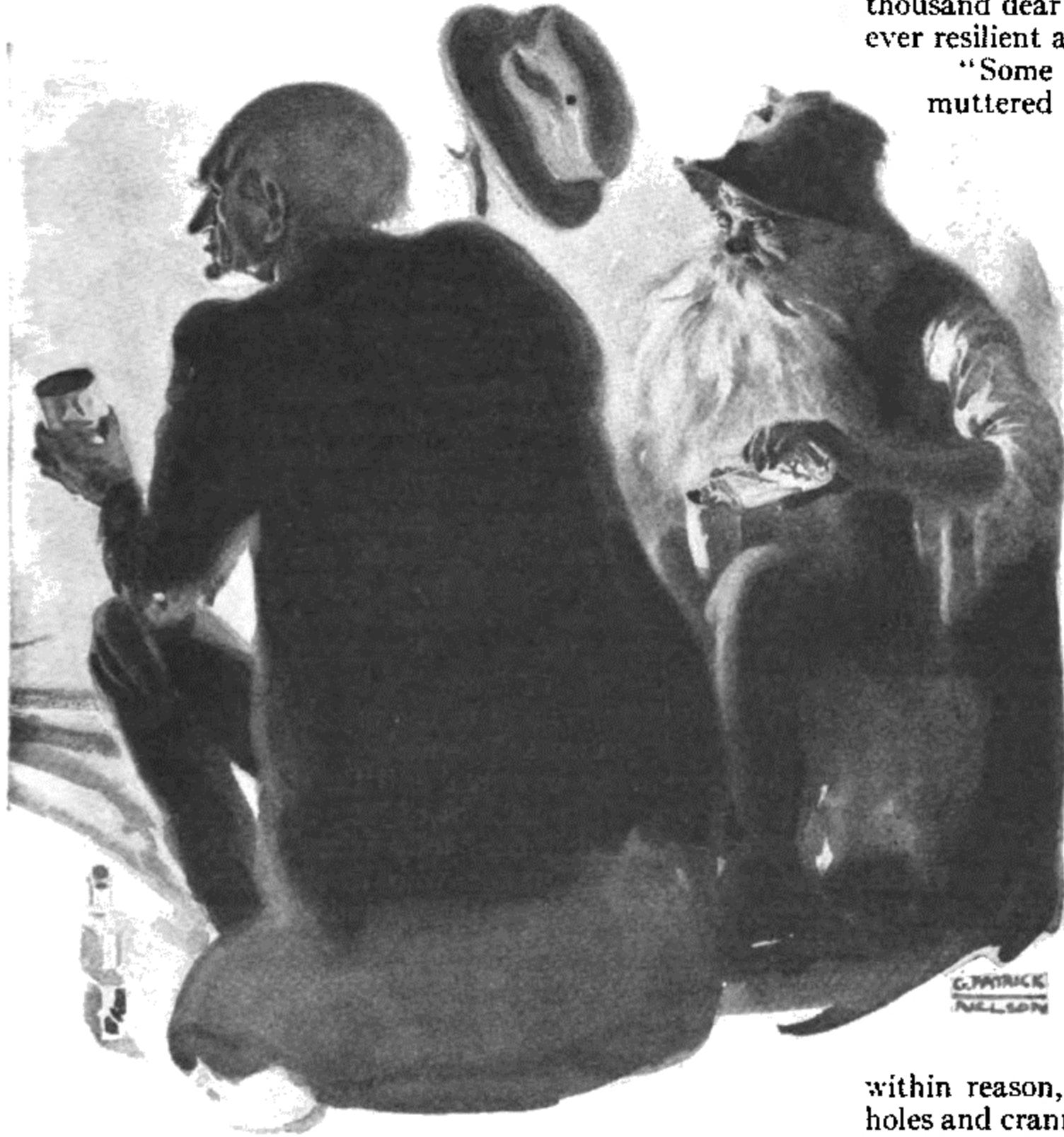
"Bruce Cadogan Cavendish," Slim growled morosely. "Go on, Percival, with your princesses and the roofs of kings."

"Oh, I was a rare young devil," Percival obliged, "after I played ducks and drakes at home and sported out over the world. And I was some figure of a man before I lost

my shape—polo, steeplechasing, boxing, wrestling, swimming. I won medals at buck-jumping in Australia, and I held more than several swimming-records from the quarter of a mile up. Women turned their heads to look when I went by. The women! God bless them!"

And Fatty, alias Percival Delaney, a grotesque of manhood, put his bulgy hand to his puffed lips and kissed audibly into the starry vault of the sky.

"And the princess," he resumed, with another kiss to the stars. "She was as fine a figure of a woman as I was a man, as high-spirited and courageous, as reckless and daredevilish. Lord, Lord, in the water she was a mermaid, a sea-goddess! And when it came to blood, beside her I was *parvenu*. Her royal line traced back into the mists of antiquity.



"She was not a daughter of a fair-skinned folk. Tawny golden was she, with golden-brown eyes, and her hair that fell to her knees was blue-black and straight, with just the curly, tendrilly tendency that gives to woman's hair its charm. Oh, there were no kinks in it, any more than were there kinks in the hair of her entire genealogy. For she was Polynesian, glowing, golden, lovely, and lovable—royal Polynesian."

Again he paused to kiss his hand to the memory of her, and Slim, alias Bruce Cadogan Cavendish, took advantage to interject:

"Huh! Maybe you didn't shine in scholarship, but at least you gleaned a vocabulary out of Oxford."

"And in the South Seas garnered a better vocabulary from the lexicon of Love," Percival was quick on the uptake.

"It was the island of Talofa," he went on, "meaning 'love,' the Isle of Love, and it was her island. Her father, the king, an old man, sat on his mats with paralyzed knees and drank squareface-gin all day and most of the night, out of grief, sheer grief. She, my princess, was the only issue, her brothers having been lost in their double canoe in a hurricane while coming up from a voyage to Samoa. And among the Polynesians the royal women have equal

right with the men to rule. In fact, they trace their genealogies always by the female line."

To this, both Chauncey Delarouse and Bruce Cadogan Cavendish nodded prompt affirmation.

"Ah," said Percival, "I perceive you both know the South Seas, wherefore, without undue expenditure of verbiage on my part, I am assured that you will appreciate the charm of my princess, the Princess Tui-nui, of Talofa, the princess of the Isle of Love."

He kissed his hand to her, sipped from his condensed-milk can a man-size drink of druggist's alcohol, and to her again kissed his hand.

"But she was coy, and ever she fluttered near to me but never near enough. When my arm went out to her to girdle her, presto! she was not there. I knew, as never before or since, the thousand dear and delightful anguishes of love frustrate but ever resilient and beckoned on by the very goddess of love."

"Some vocabulary," Bruce Cadogan Cavendish muttered in aside to Chauncey Delarouse. But

Percival Delaney was not to be deterred. He kissed his pudgy hand aloft into the night and held warmly on.

"No fond agonies of rapture deferred that were not lavished upon me by my dear princess, herself ever a luring delight of promise fitting just beyond my reach. Every sweet lover's inferno unguessed of by Dante she led me through. Ah, those tropic nights! Those swooning tropic nights, under our palm trees, the distant surf a languorous murmur as from some vast sea-shell of mystery, when she, my princess, all but melted to my yearning, and with her laughter, that was as silver strings by buds and blossoms smitten, all but made lunacy of my lover's ardency.

"It was by my wrestling with the champions of Talofa that I first interested her. It was by my prowess at swimming that I awoke her. And it was by a certain swimming deed that I won from her more than coquettish smiles and shy timidities of feigned retreat.

"We were squidding that day, out on the reef—you know how, undoubtedly—diving down the face of the wall of the reef, five fathoms, ten fathoms, any depth within reason, and shoving our squid-sticks into the likely holes and crannies of the coral where squid might be lairing. With the squid-stick, bluntly sharp at both ends, perhaps a foot long and held crosswise in the hand, the trick was to gouge any lazing squid until he closed his tentacles round fist, stick, and arm. Then you had him, and came to the surface with him, and peeled him off into the waiting canoe—and to think I used to do that!"

Percival Delaney paused a moment, a glimmer of awe on his rotund face as he contemplated the mighty picture of his youth.

"Why, I've pulled out a squid with tentacles eight feet long, and done it under fifty feet of water. I could stay down four minutes. I've gone down, with a coral rock to sink me, in a hundred and ten feet to clear a fouled anchor. And I could back-dive with a once-over and go in feet first from eighty feet above the surface—"

"Quit it; delete it; cease it!" Chauncey Delarouse admonished testily. "Tell of the princess. That's what makes old blood leap again. Almost can I see her. Was she very wonderful?"

Percival Delaney kissed unutterable affirmation.

"I have said she was a mermaid. She was. I know she swam thirty-six hours before being rescued, after her schooner was capsized in a double squall. I have seen her do ninety feet and bring up pearl-shells in each hand. She

was wonderful. As a woman, she was ravishing, sublime. I have said she was a sea-goddess. She was. Oh, for a Phidias or a Praxiteles to have made the wonder of her body immortal!

"And that day, out for squid on the reef, I was almost sick for her. Mad—I know I was mad for her. We would step over the side from the big canoe, and swim down, side by side, into the delicious depths of cool and color, and she would look at me as we swam, and with her eyes tantalize me to further madness. And at last, down, far down, I lost myself and reached for her. She eluded me like the mermaid she was, and I saw the laughter on her face as she fled. She fled deeper, and I knew I had her, for I was between her and the surface; but, in the muck coral sand of the bottom, she made a churning with her squid-stick. It was the old trick to escape a shark. And she worked it on me, roiling the water so that I could not see her. And when I came up, she was there ahead of me, clinging to the side of the canoe and laughing.

"Almost I would not be denied. But not for nothing was she a princess. She rested her hand on my arm and compelled me to listen. We should play a game, she said, enter into a competition for which should get the more squid, the biggest squid, and the smallest squid. Since the wagers were kisses, you can well imagine I went down on the first next dive with soul aflame.

"I got no squid. Never again in all my life have I dived for squid. Perhaps we were five fathoms down and exploring the face of the reef wall for lurking-places of our prey when it happened. I had found a likely lair and just proved it empty, when I felt, or sensed, the nearness of something inimical. I turned. There it was, alongside of me, and no mere fish-shark. Fully a dozen feet in length, with the unmistakable phosphorescent cat's eye gleaming like a drowning star, I knew it for what it was, a tigershark.

"Not ten feet away, probing a coral fissure with her squid-stick, was the princess, and the tiger-shark was heading directly for her. My totality of thought was precipitated to consciousness in a single, all-embracing flash. The man-eater must be deflected from her, and what was I, except a mad lover who would gladly fight and die, or more gladly fight and live, for his beloved?

"Knowing fully the peril of my act, I thrust the blunt-sharp end of my squid-stick into the side of the shark, much as one would attract a passing acquaintance with a thumb-nudge in the ribs. And the man-eater turned on me. You know the South Seas, and you know that the tiger-shark, like the bald-face grizzly of Alaska, never gives trail. The combat, fathoms deep under the sea, was on—if by combat may be named such a one-sided struggle,

"The princess, unaware, caught her squid and rose to the surface. The man-eater rushed me. I fended him off with both hands on his nose above his thousand-toothed open mouth, so that he backed me against the sharp coral. The scars are there to this day. Whenever I tried to rise, he rushed me, and I could not remain down there indefinitely without air. Whenever he rushed me, I fended off with my hands on his nose. And I would have escaped unharmed except for the slip of my right hand. Into his mouth it went to the elbow. His jaws closed, just below the elbow. You know how a shark's teeth are. Once in, they cannot be released. They must go through to complete the bite, but they cannot go through heavy bone. So, from just below the elbow, he stripped the bone clean to the articulation of the wrist-joint, where his teeth met and my good right hand became his for an appetizer.

"But while he was doing this, I drove the thumb of my left hand, to the hilt, into his eye-orifices and popped out his eye. This did not stop him. The meat had maddened him. He pursued the gushing stump of my wrist. Half a dozen times I fended with my intact arm. Then he got the poor mangled arm again, closed down, and stripped the meat off the bone from the shoulder down to the elbow-joint, where his teeth met and he was free of his second

mouthful of me. But, at the same time, with my good arm, I thumbed out his remaining eye."

Percival Delaney shrugged his shoulders, ere he resumed.

"From above, those in the canoe had beheld the entire happening and were loud in praise of my deed. To this day, they still sing the song of me, and tell the tale of me. And the princess"—his pause was brief but significant—"the princess married me. Oh, welladay and lackaday, the whirligig of time and fortune, the topsyturviness of luck, the wooden shoe going up and the polished heel descending, a French gunboat, a conquered island-kingdom of Oceania, to-day ruled over by a peasant-born, unlettered, colonial gendarme, and—"

He completed the sentence and the tale by burying his face in the down-tilted mouth of the condensed-milk can and by gurgling the corrosive drink down his throat in thirsty gulps.

After an appropriate pause, Chauncey Delarouse, otherwise Whiskers, took up the tale.

"Far be it from me to boast of no matter what place of birth I have descended from to sit here by this fire with such as—as chance along. I may say, however, that I, too, was once a considerable figure of a man. I may add that it was horses, plus parents too indulgent, that exiled me out over the world. I may still wonder to query, 'Are Dover's cliffs still white?'"

"Huh!" Bruce Cadogan Cavendish sneered. "Next you'll be asking, 'How fares the old Lord Warden?'"

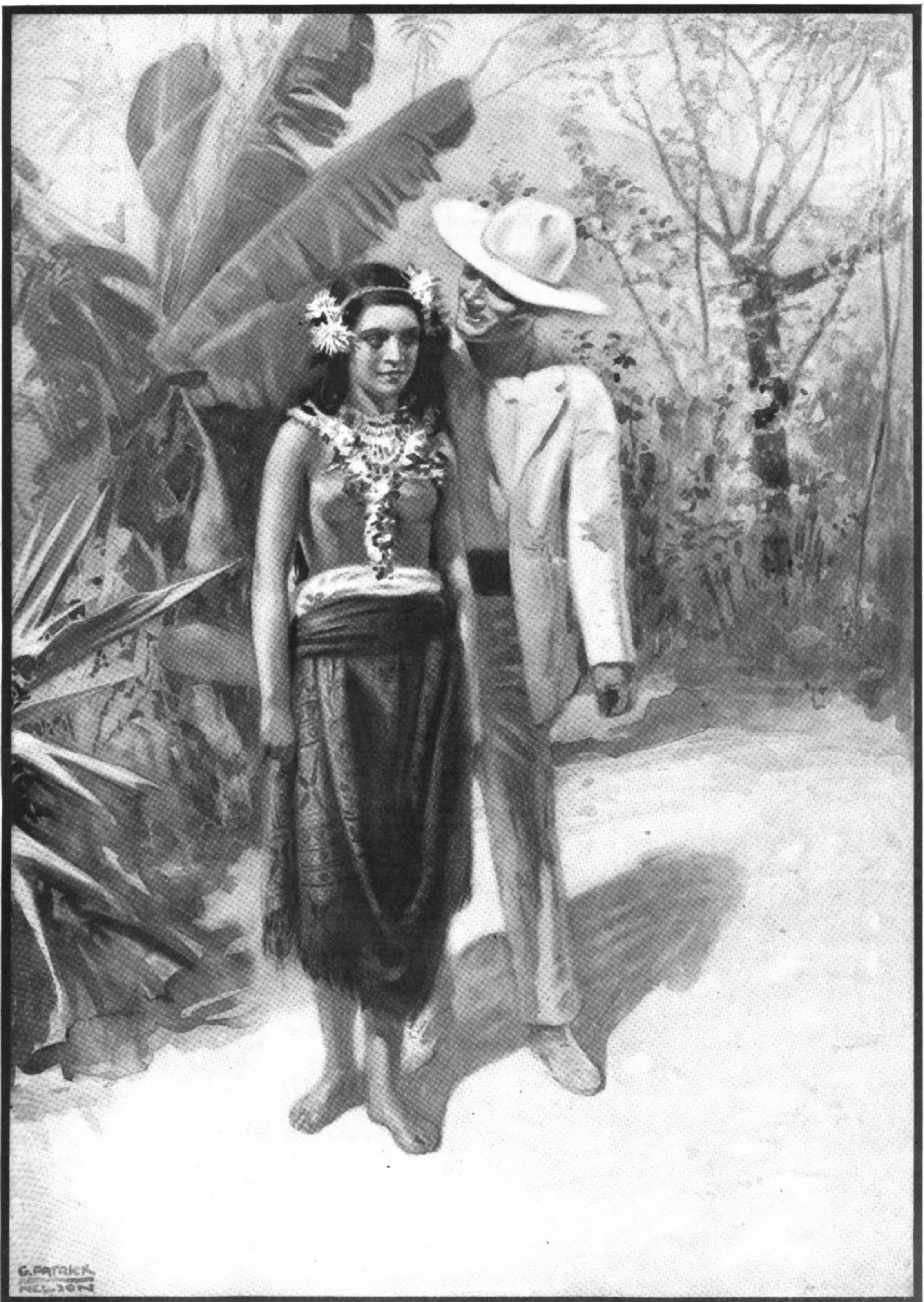
"And I took every liberty, and vainly, with a constitution that was iron," Whiskers hurried on. "Here I am, with my threescore and ten behind me, and back on that long road have I buried many a youngster that was as rare and devilish as I but who could not stand the pace. I knew the worst too young. And now I know the worst too old. But there was a time—alas, all too short!—when I knew the best.

"I, too, kiss my hand to the princess of my heart. She was truly a princess, Polynesian, a thousand miles and more away to the eastward and the south from Delaney's Isle of Love. The natives of all round that part of the South Seas called it the 'Jolly Island.' Their own name, the name of the people who dwelt thereon, translates delicately and justly into the 'Island of Tranquil Laughter.' On the chart you will find the erroneous name given to it by the old navigators to be Manatomana. The seafaring gentry the round ocean round called it the 'Adamless Eden.' And the missionaries for a time called it 'God's Witness'—so great had been their success at converting the inhabitants. As for me, it was, and ever shall be, paradise.

"It was *my* paradise, for it was there my princess lived. John Asibeli Tungi was king. He was a full-blooded native, descended out of the oldest and highest chief-stock that traced back to Manua, which was the primeval sea-home of the race. Also, was he known as 'John the Apostate.' He lived a long life and apostasized frequently. First converted by the Catholics, he threw down the idols, broke the tabus, cleaned out the native priests, executed a few of the recalcitrant ones, and sent all his subjects to church.

"Next, he fell for the traders, who developed in him a champagne thirst, and he shipped off the Catholic priests to New Zealand. The great majority of his subjects always followed his lead, and, having no religion at all, ensued the time of the Great Licentiousness, when, by all South Seas missionaries, his island, in sermons, was spoken of as 'Babylon.'

"But the traders ruined his digestion with too much champagne, and after several years he fell for the Gospel according to the Methodists, sent his people to church, and cleaned up the beach and the trading crowd so spick and span that he would not permit them to smoke a pipe out of doors on Sunday, and fined one of the chief traders a hundred gold sovereigns for washing his schooner's decks on the Sabbath morn.



G. PATRICK
NELSON

DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

"And of all unthinkable things, what did I up and do, one day, but look upon the princess to find her good
and to fall in love with her."

"That was the time of the blue-laws, but perhaps it was too rigorous for King John. Off he packed the Methodists, one fine day, exiled several hundred of his people to Samoa for sticking to Methodism, and, of all things, invented a religion of his own, with himself the figurehead of worship. In this, he was aided and abetted by a renegade Fijian. This lasted five years. Maybe he grew tired of being God, or maybe it was because the Fijian decamped with the six thousand pounds in the royal treasury, but, at any rate, the Second Reformed Wesleyans got him, and his entire kingdom went Wesleyan. The pioneer Wesleyan missionary he actually made prime minister, and what he did to the trading crowd was a caution. Why, in the end, King John's kingdom was blacklisted and boycotted by the traders till the revenues diminished to zero, the people went bankrupt, and King John couldn't borrow a shilling from his most powerful chief.

"By this time he was getting old and philosophic and tolerant and spiritually atavistic. He fired out the Second Reformed Wesleyans, called back the exiles from Samoa, invited in the traders, held a general love-feast, took the lid off, proclaimed religious liberty and high tariff, and, as for himself, went back to the worship of his ancestors, dug up the idols, reinstated a few octogenarian priests, and observed the tabus. All of which was lovely for the traders, and prosperity reigned. Of course, most of his subjects followed him back into the heathen worship. Yet quite a sprinkling of Catholics, Methodists, and Wesleyans remained true to their beliefs and managed to maintain a few squalid, one-horse churches. But King John didn't mind, any more than he did the high times of the traders along the beach. Everything went, so long as the taxes were paid. Even when his wife, Queen Mamare, elected to become a Baptist, and invited in a little wizened, sweet-spirited, club-footed Baptist missionary, King John did not object. All he insisted on was that these wandering religions should be self-supporting and not feed a penny-worth out of the royal coffers.

"And now the threads of my recital draw together in the paragon of female exquisiteness—my princess."

Whiskers paused, placed carefully on the ground his half-full condensed-milk can, with which he had been absently toying, and kissed the fingers of his one hand audibly aloft.

"She was the daughter of Queen Mamare. She was the woman wonderful. Unlike the Diana type of Polynesian, she was almost ethereal. She was ethereal, sublimated by purity, as shy and modest as a violet, as fragile-slender as a lily, and her eyes, luminous and shrinking-tender, were as asphodels on the sward of heaven. She was all flower and fire and dew. Hers was the sweetness of the mountain-rose, the gentleness of the dove. And she was all of good as well as all of beauty, devout in her belief in her mother's worship, which was the worship introduced by Ebenezer Naismith, the Baptist missionary. But make no mistake—she was no mere sweet spirit ripe for the bosom of Abraham. All of exquisite deliciousness of woman was she. She was woman, all woman, to the last sensitive, quivering atom of her.

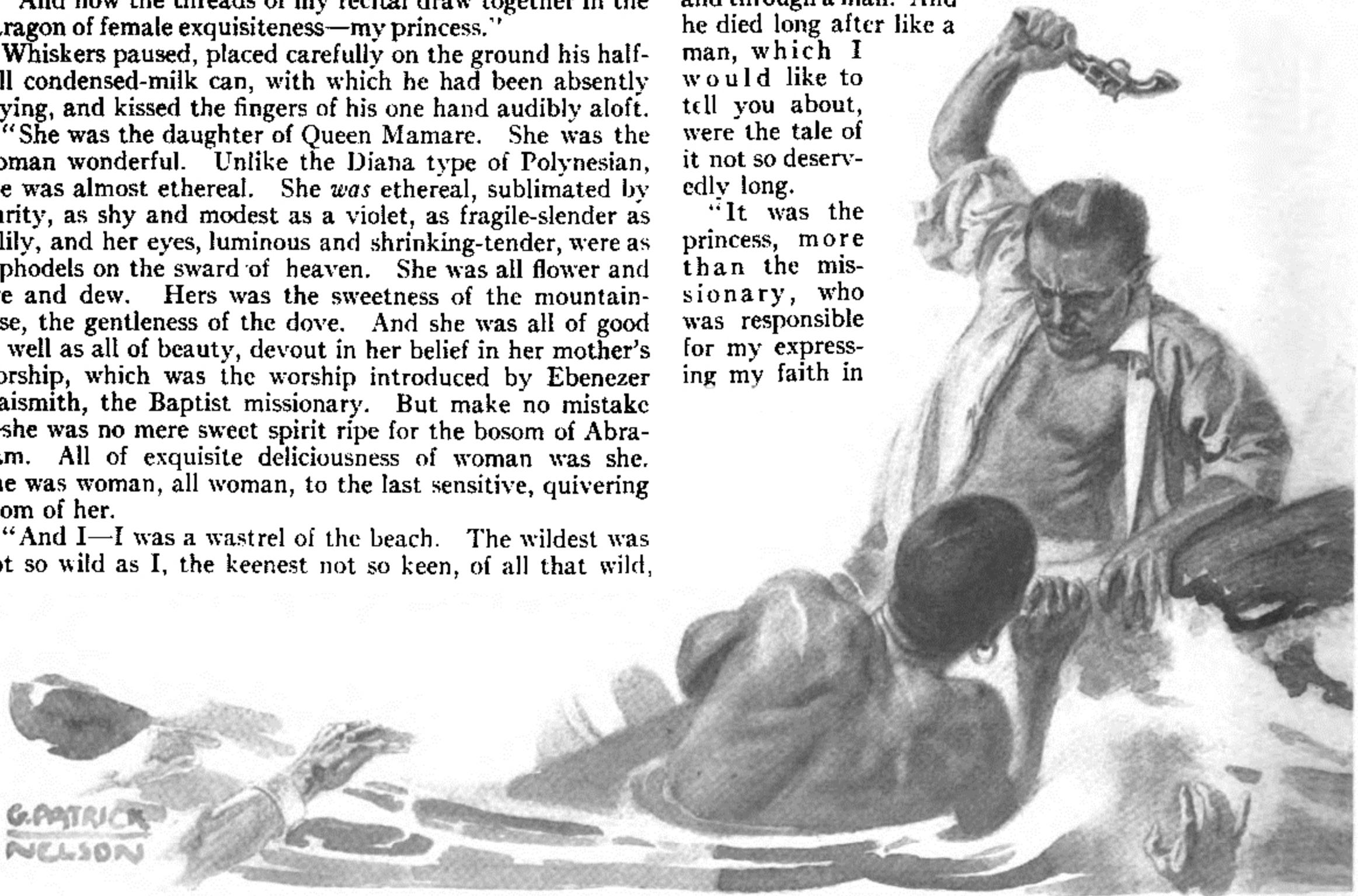
"And I—I was a wastrel of the beach. The wildest was not so wild as I, the keenest not so keen, of all that wild,

keen, trading crowd. It was esteemed I played the stiffest hand of poker. I was the only living man, white, brown, or black, who dared run the Kuni-kuni Passage in the dark. And on a black night I have done it under reefs in a gale of wind. Well, anyway, I had a bad reputation on a beach where there were no good reputations. I was reckless, dangerous, stopped at nothing in fight or frolic; and the trading captains used to bring boiler-sheeted prodigies from the vilest holes of the South Pacific to try and drink me under the table. I remember one, a calcined Scotchman from the New Hebrides. It was a great drinking. He died of it, and we laded him aboard ship, pickled in a cask of trade-rum, and sent him back to his own place. A sample, a fair sample, of the antic tricks we cut up on the beach of Manatomana.

"And of all unthinkable things, what did I up and do, one day, but look upon the princess to find her good and to fall in love with her. It was the real thing. I was as mad as a March hare, and, after that, I got only madder. I reformed. Think of that! Think of what a slip of a woman can do to a lusty, roving man! By the Lord Harry, it's true! I reformed. I went to church. Hear me! I became converted. I cleared my soul before God and kept my hands—I had two then—off the ribald crew of the beach when it laughed at this, my latest antic, and wanted to know what was my game.

"I tell you I reformed, and gave myself in passion and sincerity to a religious experience that has made me tolerant of all religion ever since. I discharged my best captain for immorality. So did I my cook, and a better never boiled water in Manatomana. For the same reason, I discharged my chief clerk. And, for the first time in the history of trading, my schooners to the westward carried Bibles in their stock. I built a little anchorite bungalow up-town on a mango-lined street, squarely alongside the little house occupied by Ebenezer Naismith. And I made him my pal and comrade, and found him a veritable honey-pot of sweetesses and goodnesses. And he was a man—through and through a man. And he died long after like a man, which I would like to tell you about, were the tale of it not so deservedly long.

"It was the princess, more than the missionary, who was responsible for my expressing my faith in



"The carpenters and I were the last, and we had to jump

works, and especially in that crowning work, the new church, our church, the queen-mother's church.

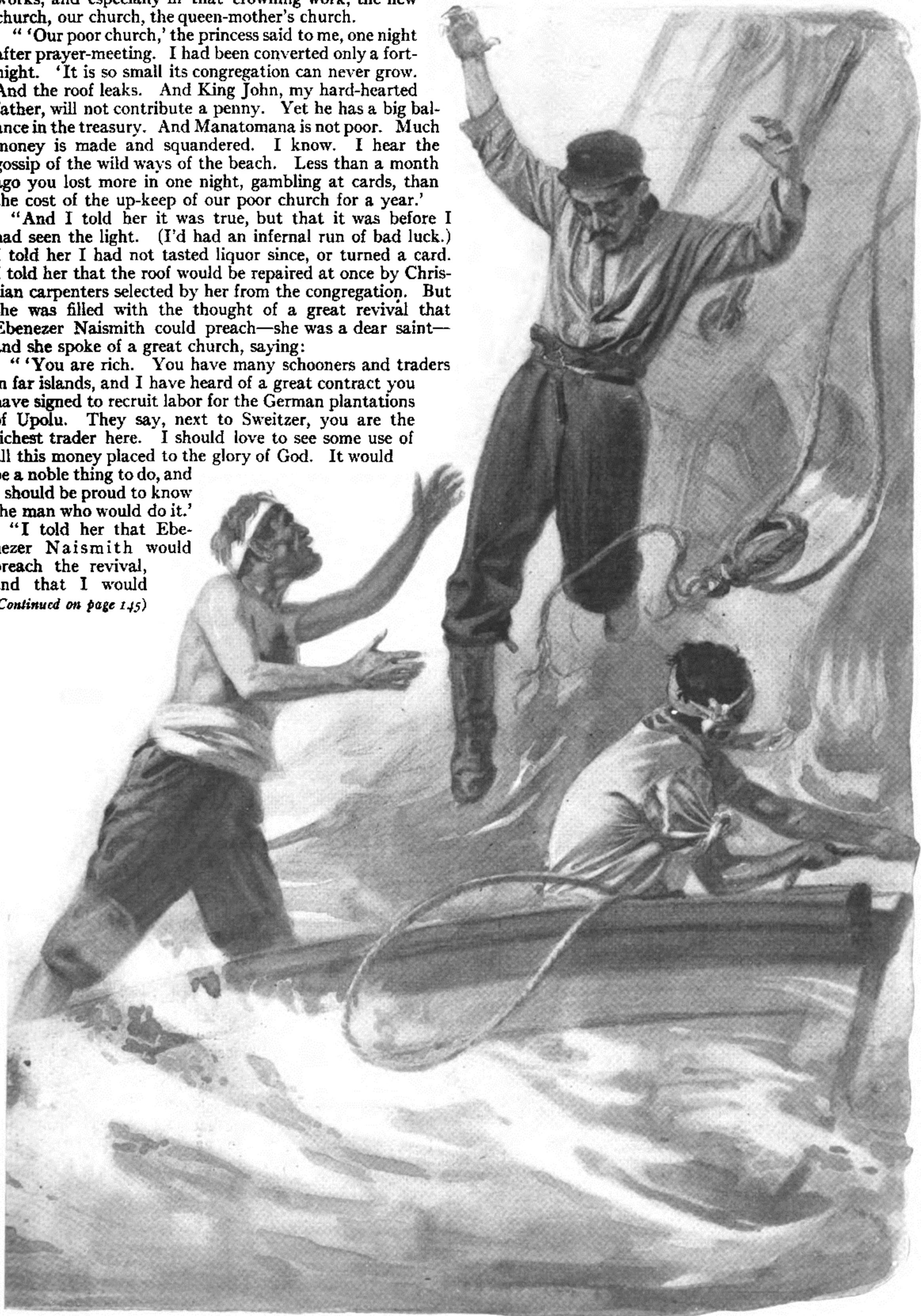
"'Our poor church,' the princess said to me, one night after prayer-meeting. I had been converted only a fortnight. 'It is so small its congregation can never grow. And the roof leaks. And King John, my hard-hearted father, will not contribute a penny. Yet he has a big balance in the treasury. And Manatomana is not poor. Much money is made and squandered. I know. I hear the gossip of the wild ways of the beach. Less than a month ago you lost more in one night, gambling at cards, than the cost of the up-keep of our poor church for a year.'

"And I told her it was true, but that it was before I had seen the light. (I'd had an infernal run of bad luck.) I told her I had not tasted liquor since, or turned a card. I told her that the roof would be repaired at once by Christian carpenters selected by her from the congregation. But she was filled with the thought of a great revival that Ebenezer Naismith could preach—she was a dear saint—and she spoke of a great church, saying:

"'You are rich. You have many schooners and traders in far islands, and I have heard of a great contract you have signed to recruit labor for the German plantations of Upolu. They say, next to Sweitzer, you are the richest trader here. I should love to see some use of all this money placed to the glory of God. It would be a noble thing to do, and I should be proud to know the man who would do it.'

"I told her that Ebenezer Naismith would preach the revival, and that I would

(Continued on page 145)



for it as she went down. There were only four of us— —"

The Princess

(Continued from page 27)

build a church great enough in which to house it.

"As big as the Catholic church?" she asked.

"I was afire with love, and I told her that the church I would build would be even bigger. 'But it will take money,' I explained. 'And it takes time to make money.'

"You have much," she said. "Some say you have more money than my father, the king."

"I have more credit," I explained. "But you do not understand money. It takes money to have credit. So, with the money I have and the credit I have, I will work to make more money and credit, and the church shall be built."

"Work! I was a surprise to myself. It is an amazement, the amount of time a man finds on his hands after he's given up carousing and gambling and all the time-eating diversions of the beach. And I didn't waste a second of all my new-found time. Instead, I worked it overtime; I did the work of half a dozen men. I became a driver. My captains made faster runs than ever and earned bigger bonuses, as did my supercargoes, who saw to it that my schooners did not loaf and dawdle along the way. And I saw to it that my supercargoes did see to it.

"And good! By the Lord Harry, I was so good it hurt! My conscience got so expansive and fine-strung it lamed me across the shoulders to carry it round with me. Why, I even went back over my accounts and paid Sweitzer fifty quid I'd jiggered him out of in a deal in Fiji three years before. And I compounded the interest as well.

"Work! I planted sugar-cane—the first commercial planting on Manatomana. I ran in cargoes of kinky-heads from Malaita, in the Solomons, until I had twelve hundred of the blackbirds putting in cane. And I sent a schooner clear to Hawaii to bring back a dismantled sugar-mill and a German who said he knew the field-end of cane. And he did, and he charged me three hundred dollars screw a month, and I took hold of the mill-end. I installed the mill myself, with the help of several mechanics I brought up from Queensland.

"Of course there was a rival. His name was Motomoe. His was the very highest chief-blood next to King John's. He was full native, a strapping, handsome man, with a glowering way of showing his dislikes. He certainly glowered at me when I began hanging round the palace. He went back in my history and circulated the blackest tales about me. The worst of it was that most of them were true. He even made a voyage to Apia to find things out, as if he couldn't find a plenty right there on the beach of Manatomana! And he sneered at my falling for religion, and at my going to prayer-meeting, and, most of all, at my sugar-planting. He challenged me to fight, and I kept off of him. He threatened me, and I learned in the nick of time of his plan to have me knocked on the head. You see, he wanted the princess just as much as I did, and I wanted her more.

"She used to play the piano. So did I—

once. But I never let her know after I'd heard her play the first time. And she thought her playing was wonderful, the dear, fond girl! You know the sort, the mechanical one-two-three, tum-tum-tum schoolgirl stuff. And now I'll tell you something funnier. Her playing was wonderful to me. The gates of heaven opened to me when she played. I can see myself now worn out and dog-tired after the long day, lying on the mats of the palace veranda and gazing upon her at the piano, myself in a perfect idiocy of bliss. Why, this idea she had of her fine playing was the one flaw in her deliciousness of perfection, and I loved her for it. It kind of brought her within my human reach. Why, when she played her one-two-three, tum-tum-tum, I was in the seventh heaven of bliss. My weariness fell from me. I loved her, and my love for her was clean as flame, clean as my love for God. And do you know, into my fond lover's fancy continually intruded the thought that God in most ways must look like her—

"That's right, Bruce Cadogan Cavendish, sneer as you like. But I tell you that's love that I've been describing. That's all. It's love. It's the realest, purest, finest thing that can happen to a man. And I know what I'm talking about. It happened to me."

Whiskers, his beady squirrel's eye glittering from out his ruined eyebrow like a live coal in a jungle ambush, broke off long enough to down a sedative draft from his condensed-milk can and to mix another.

"The cane," he resumed, wiping his prodigious mat of face hair with the back of his hand, "it matured in sixteen months in that climate, and I was ready, just ready and no more, with the mill for the grinding. Naturally, it did not all mature at once, but I had planted in such succession that I could grind for nine months steadily, while more was being planted and the ratoons were springing up.

"I had my troubles the first several days. If it wasn't one thing the matter with the mill, it was another. On the fourth day, Ferguson, my engineer, had to shut down several hours in order to remedy his own troubles. I was bothered by the feeder. After having the niggers (who had been feeding the cane) pour cream of lime on the rollers to keep everything sweet, I sent them out to join the cane-cutting squads.

So I was all alone at that end, just as Ferguson started up the mill, just as I discovered what was the matter with the feed-rollers, and just as Motomoe strolled up.

"He stood there, in Norfolk jacket, pigskin puttees, and all the rest of the fashionable get-up out of a bandbox, sneering at me covered with filth and grease to the eyebrows and looking like a navvy. And, the rollers now white from the lime, I'd just seen what was wrong. They were not in plumb. One side crushed the cane well, but the other side was too open. I shoved my fingers in on that side. The big, toothed cogs on the rollers did not touch my fingers. And yet, suddenly, they did. With the grip of ten thousand devils, my finger-tips were caught, drawn in, and pulped to—well, just pulp. And, like a stick of cane, I had started on my way. Ten thousand horses could not have pulled me back. There was nothing to

stop me. Hand, arm, shoulder, head, and chest, down to the toes of me, I was doomed to feed through.

"It did hurt. It hurt so much it did not hurt at all. Quite detached, almost may I say, I looked on my hand being ground up, knuckle by knuckle, joint by joint, the back of the hand, the wrist, the forearm, all in order slowly and inevitably feeding in.

"Motomoe sprang forward involuntarily, and the sneer was chased from his face by an expression of solicitude. Then the beauty of the situation dawned on him, and he chuckled and grinned. No; I didn't expect anything of him. What could he do, anyway? He didn't know anything about engines.

"I yelled at the top of my lungs to Ferguson to shut off the engine, but the roar of the machinery drowned my voice. And there I stood, up to the elbow and feeding right on in. Yes; it did hurt. There were some astonishing twinges when special nerves were shredded and dragged out by the roots. But I remember that I was surprised at the time that it did not hurt more.

"Motomoe made a movement that attracted my attention. At the same time, he growled out loud, as if he hated himself, 'I'm a fool.' What he had done was to pick up a cane-knife—you know the kind, as big as a machete and as heavy. And I was grateful to him in advance for putting me out of my misery. There wasn't any sense in slowly feeding in till my head was crushed, and already my arm was pulped half-way from elbow to shoulder, and the pulping was going right on. So I was grateful. I bent my head to the blow.

"'Get your head out of the way, you idiot!' he barked at me.

"And then I understood and obeyed. I was a big man, and he took two hacks to do it; but he hacked my arm off just outside the shoulder and dragged me back and laid me down on the cane—

"Yes; the sugar paid—enormously; and I built for the princess the church of her saintly dream, and—she married me."

He partly assuaged his thirst, and uttered his final word.

"Alackaday! Shuttlecock and battle-dore! And this at the end of it all, lined with boiler-plate that even alcohol will not corrode and that only alcohol will tickle. Yet have I lived, and I kiss my hand to the dear dust of my princess, long asleep in the great mausoleum of King John that looks across the Vale of Manona to the alien flag that floats over the bungalow of the British government-house."

Fatty pledged him sympathetically, drank out of his own small can. Bruce Cadogan Cavendish glared into the fire with implacable bitterness. He was a man who preferred to drink by himself. Across the thin lips that composed the cruel slash of his mouth played twitches of mockery that caught Fatty's eye. And Fatty, making sure first that his rock chunk was within reach, challenged:

"Well, how about yourself, Bruce Cadogan Cavendish? It's your turn."

"I've lived a hard life," Slim grated harshly. "What do I know about love-passages?"

"No man of your build and make-up could have escaped them," Fatty wheedled.

"And what of it?" Slim snarled. "It's

no reason for a gentleman to boast of amorous triumphs."

"Oh, go on; be a good fellow!" Fatty urged. "Surely you've got at least one adventure in love you aren't ashamed to tell about."

Bruce Cadogan Cavendish pulled forth his iron quoit and seemed to debate whether or not he should brain the other. He sighed and put back the quoit.

"Very well, if you will have it," he surrendered, with manifest reluctance. "Like you two, I have had a remarkable constitution. And right now, speaking of armor-plate lining, I could drink the both of you down when you were at your prime. Like you two, my beginnings were far distant and different. That I am marked with the hall-mark of gentleness there is no discussion—unless either of you cares to discuss the matter now." His one hand slipped into his pocket and clutched the quoit. Neither of his auditors spoke nor betrayed any awareness of his menace.

"It occurred a thousand miles to the westward of Manatomana, on the island of Tagalag," he continued abruptly, with an air of saturnine disappointment in that there had been no discussion. "But first I must tell you of how I got to Tagalag. For reasons I shall not mention, by paths of descent I shall not describe, I found myself master and owner of a schooner so well known that she shall remain historically nameless. I was running blackbird labor from the West South Pacific and the Coral Sea to the plantations of Hawaii and the nitrate mines of Chile—"

"It was you who cleaned out the entire population of—" Fatty exploded.

The one hand of Bruce Cadogan Cavendish flashed pocketward and flashed back with the quoit balanced ripe for business.

"Proceed," Fatty sighed; "I—I have quite forgotten what I was going to say."

"Beastly funny country over that way," the narrator drawled, with perfect casualness. "You've read this Sea-Wolf stuff—"

"You weren't the Sea-Wolf!" Whiskers broke in, with involuntary positiveness.

"No sir," was the snarling answer; "the Sea-Wolf's dead, isn't he? And I'm still alive, aren't I?"

"Of course, of course," Whiskers conceded. "He suffocated head first in the mud off a wharf in Victoria a couple of years back."

"As I was saying—and I don't like interruptions," Bruce Cadogan Cavendish proceeded, "it's a beastly funny country over that way. I was at Taka-tiki, a low island that politically belongs to the Solomons but that geologically doesn't at all, for the Solomons are high islands. Ethnographically, it belongs to Polynesia, Melanesia, and Micronesia, because all the breeds of the South Pacific have gravitated to it by canoe-drift and intricately, degeneratively, and amazingly interbred. The scum of the scrapings of the bottom of the human pit, biologically speaking, resides in Taka-tiki."

"It was a beastly funny time of it I had, diving out shell, fishing bêche-de-mer, trading hoop-iron and hatchets for copra and ivory-nuts, rounding niggers, and all the rest of it. Why, even in Fiji, the Lotu was having a hard time of it and the chiefs still eating long-pig. To the west-

ward it was fierce—funny little black kinky-heads, man-eaters the last Jack of them.

"They're all head-hunters. Heads are valuable, especially a white man's head. They decorate the canoe-houses and devil-devil houses with them. Each village runs a jack-pot, and everybody antes. Whoever brings in a white man's head takes the pot. If there aren't openers for a long time, the pot grows to tremendous proportions. Beastly funny, isn't it?

"I know. Didn't a Holland mate die on me of black-water? And didn't I win a pot myself? It was this way: We were lying at Lango-lui at the time. I never let on, and arranged the affair with Johnny, my boat-steerer. He was a kinky-head himself from Fort Moresby. He cut the dead mate's head off and sneaked ashore in the night, while I whanged away with my rifle as if I were trying to get him. He opened the pot with the mate's head, and got it, too. Of course, next day I sent in a landing-boat, with two covering boats, and fetched him off with the loot."

"How big was the pot?" Whiskers asked.

"To commence with," Slim answered, "there were forty fat pigs, each worth a fathom of prime shell money, and shell money worth a quid a fathom. That was two hundred dollars right there. There were ninety-eight fathoms of shell money, which is pretty close to five hundred in itself. And there were twenty-two gold sovereigns. I split it four ways: one-fourth to Johnny, one-fourth to the ship, one-fourth to me as owner, and one-fourth to me as skipper. Johnny never complained. He'd never had so much wealth all at one time in his life. Besides, I gave him a couple of the mate's old shirts. And I fancy the mate's head is still there, decorating the canoe-house."

"Not exactly Christian burial of a Christian," Whiskers observed.

"But a lucrative burial," Slim retorted. "I had to feed the rest of the mate overside to the sharks for nothing. Think of feeding an eight-hundred-dollar head along with it! It would have been criminal waste and stark lunacy."

"Well, anyway, it was all beastly funny, over there to the westward. And, without telling you the scrape I got into at Taka-tiki, except that I sailed away with two hundred kinky-heads for Queensland labor, and, for my manner of collecting them, had two British ships of war combing the Pacific for me, I changed my course and ran to the westward, thinking to dispose of the lot to the plantations on Bangar.

"Typhoon season. We caught it. The Merry Mist was my schooner's name, and I had thought she was stoutly built until she hit that typhoon. I never saw such seas. They pounded that stout craft to pieces—literally so. The sticks were jerked out of her, deck-houses splintered to match-wood, rails ripped off, and, after the worst had passed, the covering-boards began to go. We just managed to repair what was left of one boat and keep the schooner afloat only till the sea went down barely enough to get away. And we outfitted that boat in a hurry. The carpenter and I were the last, and we had to jump for it as she went down. There were only four of us—"

"Lost all the niggers?" Whiskers inquired.

"Some of them swam for some time," Slim replied. "But I don't fancy they made the land. We were ten days in doing it. And we had a spanking breeze most of the way. And what do you think we had in the boat with us? Cases of square-face gin and cases of dynamite. Funny, wasn't it? Well, it got funnier later on. Oh, there was a small breaker of water, a little salt-horse, and some salt-water-soaked sea-biscuit—enough to keep us alive to Tagalag."

"Now, Tagalag is the disappointingest island I've ever beheld. It shows up out of the sea so as you can make its fall twenty miles off. It is a volcano-cone thrust up out of deep sea, with a segment of the crater wall broken out. This gives sea-entrance to the crater itself, and makes a fine sheltered harbor. And that's all. Nothing lives there. The outside and the inside of the crater are too steep. At one place, inside, is a patch of about a thousand coco-palms. And that's all, as I said, saving a few insects. No four-legged thing, even a rat, inhabits the place. And it's funny, most awful funny, with all those coconuts, not even a coconut-crab. The only meat-food living was schools of mullet in the harbor—fattest, finest, biggest mullet I ever laid eyes on."

"And the four of us landed on the little beach and set up housekeeping among the coconuts with a larder full of dynamite and square-face. Why don't you laugh? It's funny, I tell you. Try it some time—Holland gin and straight coconut diet. I've never been able to look a confectioners' window in the face since. Now, I'm not strong on religion, like Chauncey Delarouse there, but I have some primitive ideas, and my concept of hell is an ilimitable coconut plantation stocked with cases of square-face and populated by shipwrecked mariners. Funny? It would make the devil scream."

"You know, straight coconut is what the agriculturalists call an unbalanced ration. It certainly unbalanced our digestions. We got so that, whenever hunger took an extra bite at us, we took another drink of gin. After a couple of weeks of it, Olaf, a squarehead sailor, got an idea. It came when he was full of gin, and we, being in the same fix, just watched him shove a cap and short fuse into a stick of dynamite and stroll down toward the boat."

"It dawned on me that he was going to shoot fish if there were any about; but the sun was beastly hot, and I just reclined there and hoped he'd have luck."

"About half an hour after he disappeared, we heard the explosion. But he didn't come back. We waited till the cool of sunset, and down on the beach found what had become of him. The boat was there all right, grounded by the prevailing breeze, but there was no Olaf. He would never have to eat coconut again. We went back, shakier than ever, and cracked another square-face."

"The next day, the cook announced that he would rather take his chance with dynamite than continue trying to exist on coconut, and that, though he didn't know anything about dynamite, he knew a sight too much about coconut. So we bit the detonator down for him, shoved in a fuse, and picked him a good fire-stick, while he jolted up with a couple more stiff ones of gin."

"It was the same program as the day

before. After a while, we heard the explosion, and at twilight went down to the boat, from which we scraped enough of the cook for a funeral.

"The carpenter and I stuck it out two days more; then we drew straws for it, and it was his turn. We parted with harsh words; for he wanted to take a square-face along to refresh himself by the way, while I was set against running any chance of wasting the gin. Besides, he had more than he could carry then, and he wobbled and staggered as he walked.

"Same thing—only there was a whole lot of him left for me to bury, because he's prepared only half a stick. I managed to last it out till next day, when, after duly fortifying myself, I got sufficient courage to tackle the dynamite. I used only a third of a stick—you know, short fuse, with the end split so as to hold the head of a safety-match. That's where I mended my predecessor's methods. Not using the match-head, they had too long fuses. Therefore, when they spotted a school of mullet and lighted the fuse, they had to hold the dynamite till the fuse burned short before they threw it. If they threw it too soon, it wouldn't go off the instant it hit the water, while the splash of it would frighten the mullet away.

"I picked up a school of mullet before I'd been rowing five minutes. Fine, big, fat ones they were, and I could smell them over the fire. When I stood up, fire-stick in one hand, dynamite stick in the other, my knees were knocking together. Twice I failed to touch the fire-stick to the dynamite. Then I did, and let her go.

"Now, I don't know what happened to the others, but I know what I did. I got turned about. Did you ever stem a strawberry and throw the strawberry away and pop the stem into your mouth? That's what I did. I threw the fire-stick into the water after the mullet and held onto the dynamite. And my arm went off with the stick when it went off."

Slim investigated the tomato-can for water to mix himself a drink, but found it empty. He stood up.

"Heigh-ho!" he yawned, and started down the path to the river. In several minutes he was back. He mixed the due quantity of river-water with the alcohol, took a long, solitary drink, and stared with bitter moodiness into the fire.

"Yes, but—" Fatty suggested, "what happened then?"

"Oh!" said Slim. "Then the princess married me, of course."

"But you were the only person left, and there wasn't any princess!" Whiskers cried out abruptly, and then let his voice trail away to embarrassed silence.

Slim stared unblinkingly into the fire. Percival Delaney and Chauncey Delarouse looked at each other. Quietly, in solemn silence, each with his one arm aided the one arm of the other in rolling and tying his bundle. And in silence, bundles slung on shoulders, they went away out of the circle of firelight. Not until they reached the top of the railroad embankment did they speak.

"No gentleman would have done it," said Whiskers.

"No gentleman would have done it," Fatty agreed.

The next *Jack London* story,
The Tears of Ah Kim,
will appear in July *Cosmopolitan*.