

Rawley gasped and fainted. Tincaan staggered to his feet and fled. Antrim and Asmani, almost overcome by the horror of the thing, leaped behind the nearest tree. When they looked again the *m'toto* was gone!

III

To-morrow came, for anything can happen in Africa, the land of surprises. Antrim left the camp in search of game, preferably the sleek, spotted *mahjong*, the most timorous of all animals. Vast herds of *bezique*, tribes of *casino*, multitudes of *solitaire* crossed his path unheeded. He heard the thrilling chorus of the bird-song, the tiny *gazabo*, the brilliant *hoosis*, the great crested *oofle*.

He emerged from the dark *subwayo* and the light dazzled his eyes. He saw a shape coming toward him. "My God! The *m'toto*!" He raised his rifle. His finger felt the trigger. Then, of a sudden, he dropped his gun and ran forward. It was Janet Rawley!

"Why are you here?" he asked, in agony.

"My husband was drunk last night," she said quietly.

It was his duty to save her. He took her in his arms. She stood it very well. He pressed her closer. She clung to him. He kissed her and she responded.

"Come with me," he said, "I'm much nicer. I get drunk much less frequently."

"Well," she murmured. "If you say so."



The *m'toto* flapped its wings and brayed

They did not see another, different shape emerge from the dark *subwayo*. It was Rawley's. He stopped dead in his tracks and a horrid leer overspread his obese countenance. "Africa is the easiest country in the world to lose a wife in!" he said grimly. He heard a noise behind him and turned. He stood face to face with the *m'toto*!

IV

The sun rose and found them already up and travelling due northward, all that were left—Jimmy Antrim, Janet and Asmani. It was sixty miles to the Pangani River and they must make it by midnight or not at all that day. Step by step, they fought their way through thorn-bush. Step by step, they climbed the *slipperyellum* and step by step they slid down the other side. Always step by step they advanced, for they knew no other method of advancing.

Twenty miles on their way, Janet fainted. Antrim seized her in his arms and plunged forward. Ten miles further, Asmani collapsed. Antrim took his rifle in his teeth, hung their luggage on his ears and shouldered Asmani. "That's about as many as I have room for," he said grimly and, cheered by the thought, he again plunged forward. At twelve midnight he heard the sound of rushing water. It was the Pangani. Janet opened her eyes.

"Where is my husband?" she asked.

"The *m'toto* got him," said Antrim quietly.

"Did it—eat him?" she queried.

"Only partially," Antrim reassured her.

"Jimmy, dear one," she murmured, as she lay in



"My husband was drunk last night," she said quietly.

his arms. "Would you mind one more question?" He bent to hear her whispered words.

"Jimmy, dearest," she faltered, "What the hell is a *m'toto*?"

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

Illustrations by CLARENCE DAY, JR.

The BOWLING GREEN

Postscript to the Log

THAT morning the Nigger was first on deck. Behind Duck Island breakwater, where the *Narcissus* (a 41-foot ketch) had taken shelter the night before, it was quiet, warm, and hazy; but there was a kind of omen in the air. 7 A. M. Bar. 29.64—light breeze SSW was the Nigger's entry in the rough log, for he was learning the laconic brevity esteemed in log-books. But he mentioned his suspicions of the weather to the Skipper. The latter, by the simple act of putting on his cap, was ready for command: he had turned in all standing after a hard day.

The Nigger lit the fire and put on Charley Noble Senior to speed the draught. In sailing craft, as perhaps I don't need to tell you, the top section of the galley stove-pipe, with its lateral vents to keep rain out of the fire and to catch the air at any slant of wind, is traditionally known as Charley Noble. But the spare cylinder of pipe, tall and open at the top, put on when a hot stove was needed in a hurry, we had honored with the name of Noble Sire or Charley Noble Senior. (The two, collectively, were referred to as the Two Noble Kinsmen.) When the Skipper saw Noble Senior put on, his eye always brightened; this meant that victual was toward.

A wonderful quiet morning, the light air gradually hauling to westward, a hazy pallor all round the horizon. In that widest stretch of Long Island Sound we were soon out of sight of land; no other craft was visible; we rippled softly in a great vacancy made all the more precious by faint foreboding that something was stirring in the far blue hollows of the weather. It grew so surprisingly hot that the Nigger wondered whether some of his warmth wasn't due to sunburn. The Skipper was overhauling gear in the forepeak. "Were you rumbling something down there?" asked the Nigger presently. The Skipper said No; so that almost inapprehensible rolling of weights, that soft shifting of huge volumes of air, must have been thunder. The glass kept pretty steady around 29.63 and .64; the Skipper enhanced the mid-ocean feeling of our shimmering solitude by getting out his sextant and shooting the sun. But a pleasant lethargy circled in our veins; the Skipper did not work out the position, contenting himself by narrating how once, passenger in S. S. *Tuscania* at sea, Captain David Bone had allowed him to take a noon observation from the bridge; but, rattled by the proximity of this famous navigator, the amateur misread his tables. When he presently announced his finding of *Tuscania's* position he had located her somewhere in the placid waters of Lake Sebago, Maine. At midday the *Narcissus* was softly dipping in a lucid calm. To put on some porridge to simmer was all the Nigger could persuade himself to achieve. He even forgot (and now remembers it with chagrin) to clean up the sticky place at the back of the grocery cupboard, where in the heavy rolling of the day before a tall marmalade jar, too loosely wedged, had toppled over and oozed a sirupy juice. Presently came a slant of breeze from NE and land was duly ho'd. This was Herod Point; and the name sounded threatening too.

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So passed the warm divisions of early afternoon. A spell of airless silence, a breath of air from SE; another sleepy interim and a puff from ESE: the beguiling comedians of Aeolus seeking to distract their audience's attention from what was really preparing behind the backdrop. Only the boatman's ever-present necessity of something to be done kept the two from yielding to the torpor that was heavy in their legs. The Skipper got out his lead line and marked off fathom lengths with scraps of flannel. The Nigger finished a painting job that had been keeping him busy on the cabin roof. The dinghy was lashed a little more firmly to the deck. Both remarked the number of insects that came aboard: a ladybug, a wasp, and two or three other flitting midgets. Instead of blundering about for a moment or so and then winging away, as they usually do a few miles offshore, these creatures seemed disposed to crawl into corners and take cover. The

Nigger found the wasp tucking himself into a niche in the very angle of the stem, between the bowsprit and the deck. Surely, he said to himself, this too is a sign of storm. He made sure that the porridge was well anchored on the stove, and sat to write up the log. In the pleasures of that task he was completely absorbed: his pipe was drawing well, the Skipper was ware and watchful at the wheel: for the time being, all portent and presage had vanished from his mind. It was eight minutes past four when the master called down "I think it's really coming." They hastened to get down the mainsail and stow away the painting job which had been drying on the cabin trunk. Just as the thick clouds let loose their rain—at 4:35, when commuters get ready to leave the office and make for the train; for all Long Island thunderstorms are justly calculated to catch the homeward traffic—a little school of porpoises came plunging almost alongside of us. When you see them from the tall deck of a liner you can't hear the snorting sneeze they make each time they emerge. They came close by on the starboard side, until we could see their little eyes catch sight of us: they dived under and vanished. Within the next hour, with drenching tattoos of rain, musketry of hail, and lively stripes of lightning, we were almost as wet as they.

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A long steadily pouring wet night was what he expected. Now, off Mount Misery (which you will find near Port Jefferson on the map) came a flavoured southeastern breeze. It was strong with all the odors of wet pinewoods and dripping May earth. Only Long Island, exclaimed these two enthusiasts, could so tincture an air with whiffs of richness. The Nigger, still pondering the problem of getting into the narrow rulings of the log-book as much as possible, asked whether it would be too literary to note 5.50 *Mount Misery abeam*. A beaker full of the warm South. In this fresh and resinous current they laid their course West. Thunder and lightning seemed to have gone by. Even, at 6.45, all seeming propitious, they were wondering whether the mainsail might safely be raised again. At midnight, they were reckoning, they ought to make Glen Cove.

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"If this one hasn't got wind in it, I never saw any," said the Skipper. His tone brought the Nigger instantly to the companion. In the northwest was a huge white raft of cloud, curiously whorled and voluted over itself, not unlike the downward curve of the water at Niagara's edge. Behind it was dark purple; under it, ink-black. There was just time to sling on an oilskin coat and stand by the mizzen sheet. When it struck, carrying level shots of rain, this was no mere wind. It was a solid body, moving from somewhere to somewhere else at sixty miles an hour. The purple water was instantly ribbed with crisping parallels of silver, which, as soon as they were high enough, were whipped off in ragged membranes. Down to her lee rail *Narcissus* wallowed. The jibboom snapped: the jib, catching tons of pressure in that sharp angle, might well have gone to ribbons but didn't. Both, though they didn't admit it until later, waited to see the mast go; which would have meant the lee shore of Mount Misery a mile away. Why, was the first thought of the Nigger, as he sat on the weather gunwale up to his hams where the seas were creaming down from forward, Why did he rename her *Narcissus*? She's going to do the same thing as Conrad's. I wonder which is more anxious in such moments: to be Skipper at the wheel, with the full responsibility; or to be Nigger hanging onto the weather stay, winking sluices of salt from your eyes and waiting to obey whatever orders may come. But, as the Skipper remarked, it can't blow like this very long. It did, though. Half an hour can be a long time. Of course you know that a solid bit of Maine boatbuilding won't turn turtle; and yet when you crawl into the cabin to look at the barometer after twenty minutes of hurricane, you rather expect her to go Jonesward as soon as you are below. The Nigger hasn't forgotten that barometer reading. It was 29.62. It had turned upward again. Nor did he ever know exactly how the potatoes that had been boiling on the stove got into the coal bin.

As Conrad said in his title-page motto for the original *Narcissus*—"My Lord discovered a great deal of love to this ship."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Reviewed by C. R. PLUNKETT.

THIS volume consists of a series of lectures, delivered before the Paleontology Club of Yale University by members of the Yale faculty. Aside from a general relation to the subject indicated by the title, they have little community of subject matter or viewpoint.

In the first lecture, "The Terrestrial Environment in its Relation to Plant Life," Professor Nichols considers principally the inorganic factors of the environment, and discusses the manner in which their selective action on plants is effected. His discussion of the principles of Limiting Factors, Compensating Factors, and the reactions of the organism to environmental changes is the most important portion of this contribution, and affords a glimpse of the possibility of treating ecological problems from a strictly scientific viewpoint. Apparently, however, Professor Nichols does not recognize that what he calls "Bancroft's Law" is nothing more or less than Le Chatelier's Law of Dynamic Equilibrium, perhaps the most far reaching concept that has been introduced into modern biology.

Professor Woodruff's lecture, "The Protozoa and the Problem of Adaptation" says very little as to the origin of the adaptations which he describes. He recognizes explicitly that in the Protozoa, as in higher organisms, mutation and natural selection constitute the only natural explanation of organic adaptation; but he qualifies this statement in a way which may prove confusing to the lay reader.

Professor Petrunkevitch, in "Environment as a Stabilizing factor," uses parasitic worms as his illustrations. His thesis is that environment acts, on the whole, as a stabilizing factor, preventing rather than encouraging, departures from the established type. Professor Petrunkevitch seems to think that this conception is contrary to the theory of natural selection in Darwin's sense; but it seems to the present writer perfectly clear that Darwin and most of his followers have conceived natural selection as acting in precisely this way most of the time; so long, in general, as all factors of the environment, biotic as well as physical, remain unchanged.

Professor Coe's lecture, "Mutation and Environment," which constitutes chapter iv of the volume, should, by all means, have been put first, as it furnishes the explanation of the mass of facts, from various fields of Botany, Zoology, and Paleontology, set forth in the other lectures. He presents, simply yet accurately, the solution of the problem of organic evolution which has been achieved by direct experimental study in the past fifteen years, and which has apparently not yet become at all familiar to those outside this immediate field. Professor Coe discusses the nature of mutations, their cause, rate, direction, extent, and relation to the origin of adaptations; and points out clearly the role of the environment as purely selective in its action. In conclusion he expresses what is probably the almost unanimous conviction of those acquainted, at first hand, with the experimental evidence: "the theory of chance mutations is quite sufficient to account for all organic evolution under such environmental conditions as select now one, now another of the countless mutations for survival."

The last four lectures deal with matters which are, in their nature, not capable of scientific proof, in the usual sense of that term; namely, the relations to their environ-

ment of extinct plants and animals and of prehistoric man. Dr. Wieland treats of fossil plants, Professor Dunbar of fossil Cephalopods, Professor Lull of Dinosaurs and Dr. Huntington of primitive man. This kind of speculation will carry more or less conviction according, principally, to the training of the reader: if his training be in physics, chemistry, or modern experimental biology, rather less than more. Once the ghost of Lamarckism flits dubiously across Professor Dunbar's page; this tenacious spectre is apparently not yet completely laid, at least for the paleontologist. Professor Lull's use of such phrases as "racial senility", "radical disease," as explanations of evolutionary phenomena seems a far cry from the viewpoint of Professor Coe's lecture in the same volume. And Dr. Wieland's mathematical feat of solving an equation with three unknowns, and no known factors, to obtain numerical values for all three of them, is scarcely a fair example of what is meant by quantitative methods in biology. Dr. Huntington has sketched a vivid and plausible picture of the environmental factors determining the evolution of the human race in its infancy; one can only wonder whether a dozen other, entirely different but equally plausible, such sketches might not be drawn by other geographers.

In any rapidly developing science, it is inevitable that a symposium of this kind will exhibit great heterogeneity, not merely in the opinions or points of view, but in the time horizons of its contributors. This situation is particularly marked in contemporary biology, in which a relatively few leaders have advanced so rapidly into the viewpoint and methods of the more exact sciences that the majority of their colleagues have been unable to keep pace with them. It will probably be apparent, to the critical reader of this volume, that Professor Coe's lecture is something altogether different in kind from the rest of the series. It represents, in fact, a different historical period in the development of biology. The remaining lectures might equally well have been written, practically as they stand, twenty years ago.

Darwin is shown especially strongly as the genius wholly unconscious of his power, expressing surprise after meeting Gladstone, so the story runs, that so great a man had paid him so much attention. In addition to his deep reverence for truth which ignored an adverse public opinion and vindicated freedom of thought Darwin possessed a simplicity of life and transparency of thought only rarely encountered. Huxley is shown as the untiring, dynamic defender of scientific truth who threw himself without reserve into the conflict and wore himself out prematurely in a multitude of administrative affairs of national extent. Although Pasteur's field of research was rather far removed from that of the author, the sketch of Pasteur is particularly noteworthy. He is shown as a symbol of the profound and intimate relation which must develop between the study of nature and the religious life of man. In fact, the author would establish a new order of sainthood in this scientist who was "the greatest benefactor of mankind since the time of Jesus Christ."

Among the other naturalists sketched in the volume are the great paleontologists, Cope and Leidy and Theodore Roosevelt, who was distinguished as a naturalist in spite of the fact that these interests were almost completely overshadowed by his administrative activities in the machinery of government.

The volume should be read not only by the budding scientist but also by those who fail to realize how the work of the devotee of science has elevated man's mind above the selfish and sordid in life. The great cause of truth must be advanced by a wide knowledge of the spiritual qualities of its leaders.

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