

upon the girl—upon what she had been used to.”

“I think—she hasn’t—been used to having things made so very soft for her,” he answered rather uncertainly. “But she has at least one ambition that is going to ask for a good chunk of money at first, until she—until she gets ready to—to settle down.”

“And that is——?”

The suggestive query was never answered. As Prime laid his pipe aside and was about to speak, the dark background-

ing of shadows beyond the circle of firelight filled suddenly with a rush of men. Prime saw the glint of the firelight upon a pair of brown gun-barrels, and when he mechanically reached for his own weapon a harsh voice with a broad Scottish burr in it broke raggedly into the stillness.

“None o’ that, now! Ye’ll be puttin’ yer hands up ower yer heids—the baith o’ ye—or it’ll be the waur f’r ye! I’d have ye know I’m an under-sheriff o’ this deestricht, and ye’ll be reseestin’ the officers o’ the law at yer peril!”

(To be concluded.)

THE U. S. HAREM ASSOCIATION, LTD.

By John Taylor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE ROWE



Y friend Galib, or, if you want to be polite, Galib Effendi, sells rugs and antiques across the street from the Pera Palace Hotel in Constantinople. His

prices may surprise you, but his rugs and antiques are the best of their kinds, and if you do not buy he knows where there are those who will in London, in Paris, and New York, if he only waits long enough, and the Orient has long since learned to wait.

If you are one of those who really know what he deals in, or are only one of those who are rich enough to pretend that they do, you will be ushered with some ceremony to the little room hung with old Bokhara embroidery, where the illuminated Korans in their faded green bindings and the Persian miniatures of simpering maidens against pallid green gardens are kept. There you can sit on such a divan as I am sure must once have existed in every Turkish harem, and drink such coffee as you will find hardly anywhere else. Do not drink too many of those tiny cups, however, for the true believer long ago found out that coffee made men see visions, and you may come away with a battle-axe embossed in gold, or one of those improbable-looking instruments,

first cousin to a mandolin, inlaid with pearl and ivory, which Galib will assure you were used by the soft-eyed lights of the Sultan’s harem to solace their long hours under the cypresses in the old Seraglio across the Golden Horn. Perhaps they were, but you will find it hard to stow away such trophies of travel in the series of communicating closets which are rented as apartments in the United States of America.

I never bought a rug from Galib or even a mandolin, but we were friends, as men of the same tastes and knowledge easily become. I had the fullest confidence in him; that is, of course, I would have trusted him as far as you can trust any dealer in antique rugs. I am in the trade myself. I always saw him on my long journey through Constantinople to Persia, from which I returned, after how much bargaining, with tiles and an occasional carpet so old and worn that only those who feel the color of dying roses and the charm of daylight just as it fades into night can appreciate and buy. Naturally, to those who can really appreciate the charm of old and decaying things which still stay beautiful and are also unique, the price should be a matter of quite minor importance.

I had finished my third cup of coffee

and had taken up a Koran with a title-page which was as fine as though spiders had woven their nets about the iridescent feathers of a humming-bird, when a Persian cat, dreaming too of iridescent birds, woke from her sleep and jumped upon the table beside me, sending the muddy grounds of the coffee over the rug at my feet.

I started to apologize, when Galib broke in upon me with: "Let it stay. It is there to accumulate antiquity. Soap, sand, and the water of the Bosphorus will give tone. Ah, my friend, what are coffee stains? Color and a story. Some pearl

of the harem dropped her cup there as her master with his slaves broke in upon her and her lover. Let it stay."

The cat came to my knee and I put down the Koran. "What is the attraction of the harem?"

"That of unknown things and places. Now I have no doubt that the harems of my Turkish friends are exactly like the houses of my Armenian acquaintances, except that they have lattices at the windows."

"And have slaves lying about the floors."

"Ah, my friend, slaves begin to be an impossible luxury since those Italians have taken over Tripoli."

"But your Armenians have only one wife."

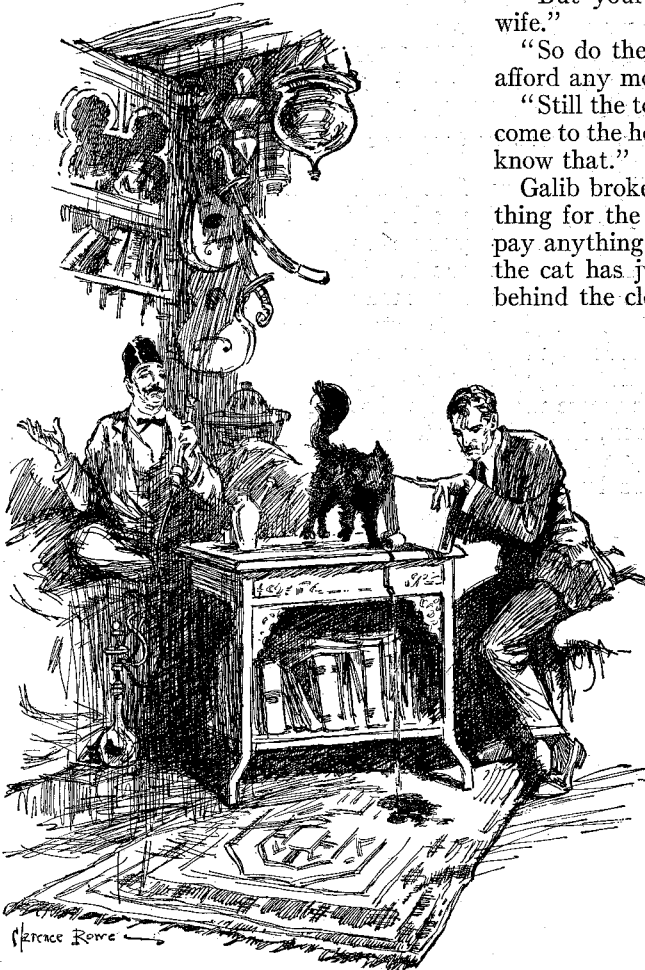
"So do the Turks now. They cannot afford any more."

"Still the tourists who are beginning to come to the hotel across the street do not know that."

Galib broke in: "And would give anything for the sight of a veiled face, and pay anything for such a cup of coffee as the cat has just spilled if they drank it behind the closed lattices of a pasha. I

have long considered the matter. We need money, more money, my friend, and what should supply it but the unwisdom of our kind?"

The outcome of this conversation, and of many subsequent conversations and of many cups of coffee, was my visit to Olga of the Garden of Delights and to that alert matron her mother, Madam Danieloff. The Palace of Delights belies its name. It is just round the corner from the Grande Rue, but it is far outstripped by the lights and attractions of its competitors, the Palaces of Winter and of Looking-Glasses. The dancers at The



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Delights are but commonplace and the acrobats beneath contempt, while the seedy musicians in the corner do not even pretend to be Tsiganes, and the men who gather there to drink beer and raki are clerks from small offices and small merchants from Adrianople and the Balkans. Their collars are always dirty, as though they put on those trying concessions to civilization only when they went abroad, removing them promptly when they reached their lodgings.

Olga, however, is a very pearl of pearls. Her great green-gray eyes are those of a cat watching a bird, and her active young legs deserve the most delicate silk stockings in place of the cotton ones she displayed so freely when she danced. I rather think that they must be silk now, that is if she is wearing any, caught up as she must have been by one of the eddies of this war. But she spoke only Greek, Turkish, and Bulgarian, which definitely places her in Pera, that cosmopolitan quarter of Constantinople where, in the four or five languages you must know, French is essential. Her mother, a large fat woman with a mustache, knew French, however, and with her arrangements were possible.

The arrangements ended in a house in Eyoub on the other side of the Golden Horn, a house which Galib leased and furnished and for which I paid, and the

Palace of Delights knew Olga no more. I do not know whether the palace even missed her. I doubt whether the men who sat there and watched the haggard old dancers who had come from Paris by way of Buda and Bucharest so many years before even realized how dim and

dingy the place had become without her presence. It was as though you had turned out half the lights.

Inside of its dull, unpainted wood walls the house at Eyoub was beautiful. Galib undoubtedly has taste, and its interior was what a harem should be, what a harem always is in pictures, and what I imagine a modern harem never is.

Olga made a beautiful lady of the pasha's heart—a mythical pasha exiled somewhere to the wilderness about Van—and Madam Danieloff admirably filled the rôle of the half relative, half housekeeper, and guardian of the purse who, I understand, is al-

ways in the background of a Turkish household. For the faithful slave we engaged Nejib. He at least looked the part, for he was a polished blue-black.

Before letting it be discreetly whispered abroad that there was a harem to which introductions might, under certain rigid conditions, be possible, we had a dress rehearsal one dark and rainy evening. We went wearing the fez, and with Nejib scouting in front of us, for even if



One has to be careful in that quarter where the standard-bearer of the Prophet lies entombed.—Page 572.

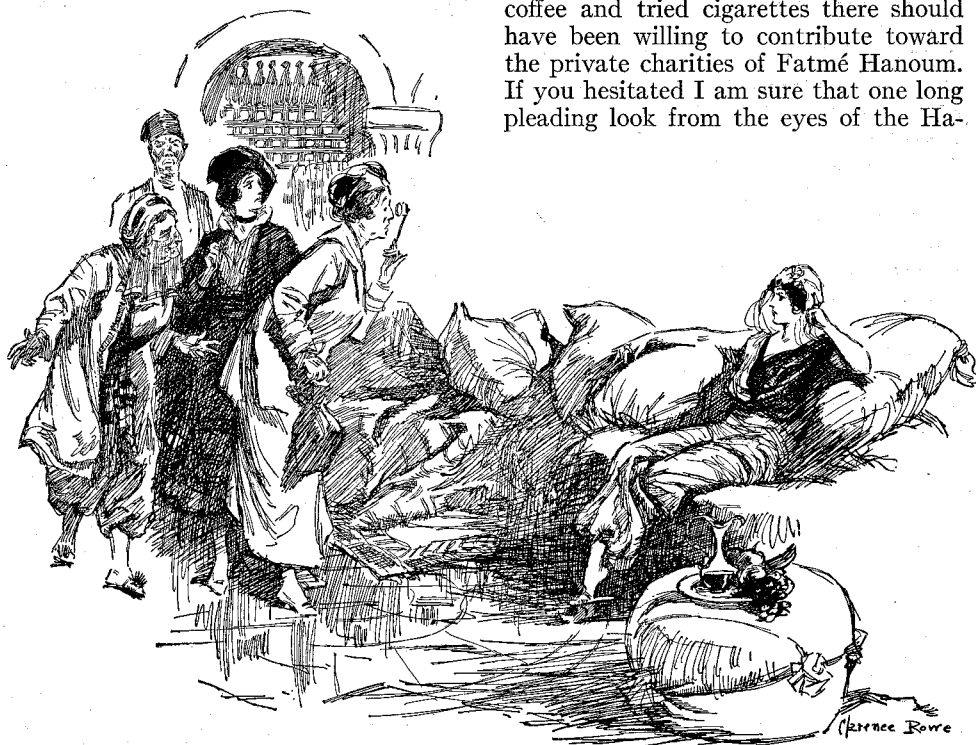
the harem is no harem and the house but a stage-setting, one has to be careful in that quarter where the standard-bearer of the Prophet lies entombed safe from the profanation which would come from even the look of an unbeliever upon his grave. The police might well have interfered with us, and even if they agreed to take their bribes in peace there were fanatical Turks over there quite capable of arranging a disappearance in which we would have played the principal parts. I thought of it as our caique touched the quay and Nejib helped us out.

The plan worked really very well. Every one on our carefully selected lists wanted to see a harem, and the amount we cleared was rather absurd. Constantinople was looking up that year as a stopping-place on the way from Egypt, and the word was whispered about among the guides and the hangers-on of tourists that there was the wife of a pasha, a Turkish lady of rank and position who had

never left her harem, but who was more than anxious to meet a few women who really represented the aristocracy of America. After you had crossed the Golden Horn in a caique with rowers in white and scarlet, and had been met by Nejib in a frock coat and fez, and had gone up the narrow street to where the lattices of the long unpainted house opened upon a Turkish cemetery all cypresses and leaning headstones, you felt that you really were penetrating the secrets of the East.

Olga as Fatmé Hanoum began to grow fat, and still I cannot imagine a more charming picture than she made the only time that I saw her in her establishment, reclining on the divans covered with some of Galib's best rugs. Madam Danieloff as the duenna acted as interpreter, for she had acquired a useful knowledge of English, strong at least on the financial side. I believe that woman could tell you the exchange value of a pound and a dollar in every language used anywhere in the Levant.

It was natural that the ladies who took coffee and tried cigarettes there should have been willing to contribute toward the private charities of Fatmé Hanoum. If you hesitated I am sure that one long pleading look from the eyes of the Ha-



You felt that you really were penetrating the secrets of the East.



He missed his boat and then he missed another boat.—Page 575.

noum would have brought you round. Madam Danieloff could on occasion become eloquent on the need for uplift and for schools in Circassia, where Olga's relatives were supposed to be still defying from their mountain lairs the barbarous Cossacks. I do not like to think how much she got from that rich old widow who came in a yacht, and how much the lady from Los Angeles whose husband had made a fortune in oil contributed to the sanitary milk service which Fatmé was arranging back home. There were others too. I am sure that Madam Danieloff underreported receipts most abominably when our little association met in the back room at Galib's. Of course I knew from Nejib, whom I paid, whom he had taken to the house, but that only gave me the rough basis for an estimate. We had a fixed tariff, you see, for charity, but I never knew how much the side lines, the unusual donations, brought in. Then I am sure that Galib sold some of his rugs and antiquities through Madam Danieloff. They were worth buying, but not at the price which I am confident he got. I did not come in on that either. You simply cannot trust a business man in the Levant.

Still things went on beautifully. So well that I began to wonder whether it

would not on the whole pay me to postpone my journey to Persia and remain to look after my investments. I am not going to tell you how much I was making. It was very good money, cash down, you know, every Friday night. The Persian tiles I had my eye on could wait, and the carpets I had bargained for the previous year would still be there when I arrived, and would only be the older for the delay. So I stayed on. Then something happened. Of course I knew that it would. But it happened with the unexpectedness of long-expected things.

Of course it was a man who did it. What could you expect with those cat eyes of hers? He arrived from Peoria, where his father was making money. I am sure that Willie, his name was Willie Macginnis, would never have made any for himself, and he wanted to see a harem. We met at a bar and he told me that he did not care for mosques, and that the inside of Santa Sofia looked like a railroad-station which needed repainting—there are points of resemblance when you think of it—and that the factory chimneys in Peoria looked for all the world like minarets; that is, of course, if they had conical tops on them, which would come with the smoke-consumers they were already talk-

ing of putting up. But he wanted to see a harem. Not the outside but the inside, and he wanted to see some of those languorous odalisques he had been seeing pictures of on the cigarette advertisements.

I admit I was a fool, but it looked good

the pasha was a myth the women in Eyoub could see very well through their lattices, and a European entering a Turkish house might well have brought the police, or if not the police something worse might have happened. It's a possibility over there in Stamboul.



He was really in love.—Page 575.

to me. He was going on the next steamer. He would not have bought a single carpet, and I was not getting any commission on the champagne he was buying at the Palace of Looking-Glasses. Of course, I know the risk in playing for easy money, but it did look like a sure thing. Finally I told him that I had a friend who had a friend who knew the wife of a pasha off in Anatolia somewhere, and that the lady belonged to the oldest Circassian nobility. Perhaps she did—Madam Danieloff was always vague about her husband. The lady was most anxious to meet a real virile American. She had heard so much of them. I warned him of the danger of the visit. There was danger. Although

Naturally, the danger lured him on. It does lure men whose acquaintance with adventure is limited to the movies. He was not frightened, even when I told him that I rather imagined that the Hanoum would expect a contribution to her charities. To see her in her harem he was willing to contribute to any charity she chose an amount so large that I saw at once that the Peoria business was a very good one. I did not have any scruples anyhow. People came to Europe to spend money.

He took tea with her next day at five o'clock, Turkish time; that is about nine at night. He came back fascinated. I do not know how much they got out of him.

He would not say. I am sure that it was more than I had suggested. I could see that by the expression of calm beatitude on the ample countenance of Madam Danieloff when we met on the following day to divide profits. And Macginnis stayed. He missed his boat and then he missed another boat. Then he took to visiting the house in Eyoub in the afternoon. Naturally, our carefully selected line of American ladies had to stop theirs; a harem was not worth paying money to see if you found a young man from Peoria sitting cross-legged on the biggest divan. I knew that he sat that way by the looks of his trousers. And my nice steady little income stopped. Then it became a scandal. I knew it would and warned him. He told me that he was studying Turkish, and that the Hanoum was giving him lessons. He also said something about being all white and twenty-one.

Then what I feared all the time happened. The police acted. But they sent for me. I thought that I knew Ali Hakki Bey rather intimately, as we had spent many long evenings at the various palaces on the Grande Rue, but over at the prefecture of police I found an Ali Hakki I had never known, an Ali Hakki who talked of the good name of the Eyoub quarter and the respect due the standard-bearer of the Prophet, who lies buried there behind the mosque. I had disturbed the sleep of the standard-bearer. I had made scandal. When, figuratively speaking, he got me against the wall about the time we finished our third cup of coffee from the corner of his desk, I referred him to Madam Danieloff. He would not hear of Madam Danieloff. It seemed that in Stamboul they still dealt with men, and as it was by no means convenient to have Constantinople closed to me I had to pay. Next morning I brought it in cash. It was a very painful drive that one of next morning to Stamboul, and when I came back I moved at once to a smaller room in a cheaper hotel.

Willie Macginnis found me there two days afterward and we adjourned to the bar of my former habitation. As I passed the gorgeous Albanians at the door an even fuller realization was borne in upon me that it was Willie, and Willie alone, who had forced me to move out. A dis-

interested observer might have put part at least of my misfortunes on me, but I have always found it impossible to be disinterested in considering myself. Hence it was with a certain contained but intense flame of joy that, after the second whiskey at his expense, I leaned forward while he poured into my avid ear the story of his love. It seemed he was a good young man, was Willie, and if not religious he had an intense feeling for the conventionalities of life as accepted in Peoria. He was really in love. One of those violent attacks which have all the symptoms of a burning dyspepsia.

To his mind that the lady was married constituted no obstacle at all, for a Mohammedan marriage, however binding under the shadow of the Koran, could not be considered the slightest impediment to a strictly up-to-date marriage ceremony conducted in a recognized church with the conventional wedding-march shaking the very flowers on the altar. That was the kind of wedding he understood and could recognize. That in the past some form of heathen ceremonial had been performed



In the massive embrace of Madam Danieloff.—Page 576.

over the lady meant nothing whatever and simply did not count in his scheme of existence. It might perhaps be considered as barring the orange flowers and wedding-veil, but Willie knew even a widow or two bereaved either by relentless fate or by due process of law who had worn them. As I saw my just vengeance personified in Olga established in Peoria, I fully agreed that if the law of Islam was to be considered a law at all it did not run outside of the Levant, but the question was how to get her out of its clutches.

Willie had arranged everything. They were to leave on the next steamer and be duly married in Greece by a clergyman domiciled there, whom he had heard of. The plan was obviously simplified by the fact that Olga, or rather Fatmé Hanoum, spoke Greek with the fluency of that nation whose voices still resound down the ages. He had managed things by an ingenious use of a dictionary from which the critical words, so to speak, to express his feelings and desires had been underscored to correspond to a brief and businesslike statement, typewritten on his own folding typewriter bought to describe his travels to the admiring home circle. He had found it very useful in manifold extracts from his collection of guide-books. Olga's understanding of this method of communication had undoubtedly been materially aided by presents of jewelry, one piece of which was a necklace whose price, revealed about two in the morning, gave me an added respect for the business acumen of Willie's father, while it made me feel that if I had any stock in the concern it would be well to get out before Willie took over the paternal possessions.

Everything had been arranged, even their passports had been properly viséed.

I wondered how her passport had been explained to him, but he was in the condition of agreeing to everything and asking no questions, and he had a thorough belief that with judicious expenditure you could accomplish anything in Stamboul. He may have been right. He had certainly drawn heavily on his letter of credit.

I also wondered how the vigilant Madam Danieloff had been hoodwinked. But it came out that she had not been, and, after a further judicious expenditure, had agreed to accompany them to Patras, in Greece, where the clergyman was to be found. A chaperon was a concession to propriety which even his month in the Levant had not taught him was unnecessary. Knowing Madam Danieloff, I realized that her presence would be expensive, but then he was going to be married. At some unearthly hour of the night I bade him good-by and went out into the rain toward my lodgings, so distinctly inferior to his that I felt the difference between them could be only partly paid for by what I was sure would happen when he reached Peoria.

I wandered into the Pera Palace next evening to purchase a drink to remove the taste of a dinner which only my financial condition would have forced me to consume. I do not mind oil and garlic when I am travelling, but the taste is bitter when forced to eat them by an overconfidence in human nature. In the lobby of the hotel Willie Macginnis was struggling feebly in the massive embrace of Madam Danieloff, who was weeping into his collar and down his back while she appealed to heaven and the police in the four languages she used most fluently.

Olga and Galib with the money and jewelry had left by the Oriental Express for Budapest and Vienna.



IN QUEST OF THE COCK-OF-THE-ROCK

A FIELD NATURALIST'S JOURNEY ACROSS THE ANDES FROM POPAYÁN TO
SAN AGUSTIN IN SEARCH OF A RARE BIRD

BY LEO E. MILLER

American Museum of Natural History

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A DRAWING BY L. A. FUERTES AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE
AUTHOR AND OTHERS

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

"The Quest of the Cock-of-the-Rock" could be successfully achieved and recorded only by a naturalist with special qualifications, physical and mental.

Mr. Miller was one of the naturalists sent with me by the American Museum of Natural History on my trip through South America, when we went up the Paraguay and across to, and down, the Amazon. He speedily showed the qualities most necessary in the scientific explorer and collector who is to do really valuable work. He was trained in the hard life of those who venture into the unknown or partially known tropic wilderness, being cool, hardy, resolute, and resourceful. He was a first-class collector of both birds and mammals. He was a keen observer both of the wild life of the forests and also of the strange, remote, out-of-the-way human life which is led on the shifting borderland between pure savagery and a left-behind civilization. In addition he possessed the power which so many good observers lack, the power of vivid and faithful presentation of the thing observed.

Among the most notable of all the birds of the western hemisphere is the cock-of-the-rock. It is striking in shape, in color, in habits, and in the nature of its haunts; and it is also noteworthy because of the place it has held in the religious and cultural ceremonial of certain of the native races, for in or near the regions where it dwells civilization after civilization, utterly alien to our own, had sprung up, flourished, and withered away to nothing during the dim ages before the Italian and Spanish seafaring adventurers first crossed the western ocean. The journey to the homeland of this strange and brilliantly beautiful bird and the discovery of its nest are achievements of real interest.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

FROM out of the gray and penetrating mist that seemed to envelop all the world there rose a low, ominous rumbling, distant, yet of thunderous volume; and the mud-walled, grass-thatched inn shuddered violently in unison with the trembling earth.

Through the open door of the adjoining room I heard the scratching of matches and saw the flicker of yellow light reflected on the whitewashed wall. A moment later the pious Señora, surrounded by her little ones, was kneeling before the shrine of the Virgin, chanting a litany in low, monotonous tones. Two

tapers flickered hazily. The gaudy tinsel flowers that decked the image gleamed in the uncertain light, but the pitiful squalor, ignorance, and general misery of the surroundings were mercifully left in darkness.

Without, all was silent, save for the barking of a pack of stray mongrels which had been asleep on the doorsteps of Morales. The village again slumbered, and the chill, damp fog clung to the earth.

Alone I made my way up the only street, through the mud, to the eminence on which the adobe church stands, overlooking the valley and affording a view