

shocked citizens, a minister, a doctor's wife, and Mrs. Somebody-or-other, whose husband taught chemistry in the college.

"Bruce has always been rather uppity with me," she concluded, "but he turned to me when he needed help. I sent those dreadful colored people packing and brought this precious lamb home for a good bath." She kissed a dimple on the precious lamb's knee.

To the nervous behaviorist wandering among the museum pieces came presently the subdued sound of feminine laughter. He felt distinctly relieved, as one who has just heard that the operation was a success. His wife was the first to join him there.

"I don't understand this, Bruce," said Judith. "You drag the fine old name of Folger through the mud and get the

baby in a dreadful state and Aunt Abigail forgives you everything and simply worships Barbara. She is now hinting about changes in her will. I shouldn't be surprised if she divides her estate between you two precious rascals. It's too deep for me."

"The trouble with you is, my dear," said the haughty psychologist, "that you do not understand women."

The next word was spoken not by Judith but by Barbara. Humanity's little sweetheart, renovated and decorated, came toddling into the drawing-room, a symphony in blue, holding fast to the hands of her mother and her great-aunt. Instantly she shook herself free from these helpful ladies, stretched out chubby arms toward her disreputable boy friend, and cried:

"Fishy!"



## Many Mansions

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

VAST is my Father's house and glorious are  
 Its many mansions, citadels of light,  
 Enchanted moon and redly flaming star  
 Whether beheld or still beyond our sight  
 They gem infinitude. Well named were they  
 By dreaming bards of some wild desert clan,  
 Nihal, Giansar, Betelgeuse, Er Rai,  
 Gomeisa, Fomalhaut, Aldebaran  
 And Talitha the Maiden. Isles of rest,  
 Inns of Eternity, they house the soul  
 Upon its pilgrimage, that splendid quest  
 Wherein from world to world and goal to goal  
 We, too, shall tread, as myriads have trod,  
 These stepping-stones on the long road to God.



# An African Savage's Own Story

A SAVAGE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

How would you act if suddenly transported from ordinary life to the tribal life of savages in unvisited jungles? How successfully would you adapt yourself to tribal customs and native laws? How would you look upon native ways? What blunders would you make? What part would you play in native wars? Here is the opposite, a story of an African savage suddenly cast into the whirlpool of civilization, untrained in ordinary ways of making a living, alternately befriended and cheated, and finally drawn into the vortex of the World War. Between the lines, although unintended, is a comment on our civilization savage enough for a Dean Swift. The narrative is as stark in its frank revelations as a story of the confessional, and is sufficiently picaresque to satisfy a Defoe.

Earlier articles in *SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE* (March, April, May, June, and July) told how Ibn LoBagola, as a boy, wandered from his native village in the Ondo Bush south of the Niger in western Africa, made his way to the Gulf of Guinea, and thence, through accidental kidnapping, to Scotland. Four years later he returned to savagery, married several wives, and resumed wild life. Unable now, after his European experiences, to adjust himself to barbaric customs, he went back to civilization, and there, too, found himself utterly out of place. He returned to Africa, but no longer could he be a happy partaker of savage life. He had become a pathetic figure, a man without a country.

This article begins with Ibn LoBagola's return to Europe after an unsuccessful attempt to resume native life.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

**B**ACK in Scotland I was alone, as I have always been, with no real friend, and held under suspicion by all who knew me. My own brother at home had resented my approach. The very boys that I was born amongst had not taken kindly to my advancement. Now, in Scotland, in the land of my adoption, thousands of miles from my own native Bush, I was still held in that kind of scorn that befits an outcast.

My good old master died, but before he died he said to me: "I have seen to it that you will be taken care of, but my advice to you is, go, go away back tae your ain country; we have enough peo-

ple in Scotland; your country needs you, my boy."

Later on, taking the small inheritance he had left me, I went from Glasgow to London, and from London to Liverpool. There a woman who owned a travelling cinematograph show induced me to go with her to attract people to see her show. I thought that would be fine sport, so I went along. Her people taught me how to dance, and then they dressed me up in a white suit, and made me dance on a platform outside the show. By travelling in this way I saw many towns in England.

I soon tired of that life, perhaps be-