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Bwana Humpto in Africa The Lad with the Jug Norwegian Legend

By Raber Mundorf

SAVE when the march progressed under the bright, silvery light of a full moon, Photo Humpto took many snapshots. Two and one-half days time was necessary to cross the desert tract between Kijabe and the fertile, well-watered Sotik district, in British East Africa. And as the supply of water gave out, Photo deemed it best to occupy his mind with his beloved photography in order that he might forget thirst. But his thoughts naturally turned wa-



BWANA HUMPTO AND PHOTO SLAY HIPPOPOTAMI Photographs posed by members of Humpty Dumpty Circus.



ward, and it was with supreme joy that he quaffed deeply at the first stream encountered in the Sotik land. "Doctor Philo," he sighed, "water is good. I would not like to be a camel, who often must be as dry as the desert itself; though if I had as many stomachs as the beast, I could eat a whole turkey and much pumpkin pie, which like to have you memorize: "Water, indeed, tastes well," admitted the Doctor. "Here is an instructive little verse about drinking which I should like to have you memorize:

"Drink, pretty Photo; drink The water you have here; Drink, pretty Photo; drink This water not quite clear. Alive it is with crawling things; With microbes, germs, appalling things! BUT "Drink, pretty Photo; drink And very happy be Drink, pretty Photo; drink Nor fear what you can see."

Photo did not feel very happy after hearing this recital, however, and no longer was he thirsty. Yet he gained courage when Bossso, who had charge of all details of the hunting expedition, laughingly remarked that the hippopotamus didn't seem to mind the germs, in spite of the fact that he swallowed more water than did several human beings. While Bossso still was speaking, there arrived a native chief of the Kijabi people. He addressed himself to Bwana Humpto, saying:

"I come to hear you see to a hunt of the hippopotami. My subjects in this beautiful province of Kijabu till the soil with exceeding industry. But, alas! when the fields of corn and millet are flourishing, then do gangly hippopotami come from the marshes at dead of night, to trample and devour all our grain. Wherefore, we plan a killing this same night, and shouldst thou and thy men honor us with your presence we should rejoice greatly."

Bwana Humpto thanked the chief, promising attendance for the entire hunting party. When Photo heard this decision, he threw his helmet high in the air, shouting: "Come, Gooboo, let's have a shot at the hippos now, by way of practice!" Accordingly, the lad, together with Gooboo and two other natives, entered the prairie and paddled down a sluggish stream, which wound through meadow and strips of woodland. The

crocodile skin," requested Photo of Taxidermo, as that worthy prepared the skin. "Look at the bird standing upon the water!" exclaimed Photo, in astonishment. Gooboo explained, however, that the bird was really perched upon the back of a hippopotamus, almost submerged. Such birds, the native said, ate insects found among the wrinkles and creases of the hippo's thick skin. The next moment the lad perceived a baby hippo, supported upon the back of its mother. Photo Humpto took a shot. Over toppled the baby hippo with a splash, while the native dived quickly to the bottom of the lake, remaining there for some little time.

But when the lady-hippopotamus rose to the surface and saw that her child had been slain, she made a desperate rush for the canoe, opened her mouth to the extent of about four feet and crushed the bow between her teeth. Into the water plunged Photo and the natives. With all possible speed they made for the shore. After them swam the hippo. It was an exciting race, continued even after shore was reached. Up the bank staggered the hunters; in close pursuit waddled the hippo.

"I will save you," shouted Bwana Humpto, encouragingly. He ran toward, with a spear snatched from the hand of a native. Rushing toward the hippo, in which now stood the hippo, he raised his spear, when suddenly his foot was grasped by a crocodile, lying unseen among the grasses.

"No means did the brave chief Bwana Humpto lose the presence of mind. Like a flash he thrust the point of his spear into the eye of the reptile, which relaxed its grip. They raising the crocodile by its head, the mighty

hunter pointed the tail toward the hippo. This way and that moved the tail. With terrific force it battered the head of the poor lady hippo. Away she rushed, choosing a path made by hippopotami during their land excursions at night. Soon she stumbled over a snare constructed by the natives; a heavy beam was loosed from above. It came down upon the head of the hippo, killing her instantly. Meanwhile, the crocodile had died of its injuries.

"Do make me a pocketbook from the crocodile skin," requested Photo of Taxidermo, as that worthy prepared the skin. "My good father, Bwana Humpto, also tells me," said the lad, "that glands taken from the reptile contain rich perfume. Please let me have this perfume to present to Gooboo. I think it would be splendid for him to use upon his wardrobe; that is, upon his regal leopard skin."

Evening shades now began to fall. Twilight passed with great rapidity, and darkness was upon the forest. Bwana Humpto formed his party. Bossso led the way to the place where they were to meet the Kijabi natives. The two bands were united, after much handshaking and ceremony between the leaders. Then the big expedition made a careful approach to where the stream had been dammed and barricades built along the banks.

A party was dispatched to the walls of barricade, toward the dam, were the beasts guided. "No sooner was this done than the stream further up was blocked with great boulders and logs, so that the beasts were imprisoned in a sluiceway. "Pointing toward the sluiceway, the Kijabi chieftain made a eloquent speech to Photo. The boy listened politely and nodded his head. He wondered what the old fellow was saying. Gooboo kindly interpreted, informing the boy that the hippos could be left there to starve, now that they were imprisoned and most of the water had been cut off from the bed of the stream in the corral.

But some of the more venturesome natives wished to show the great white men how brave were African hunters. So they dashed into the enclosure, with spears held in readiness for deadly thrusts. Several of the beasts made panic-stricken flights to escape the black hunters; others stood their ground, calmly awaiting the onslaught of their enemies, while still others, in their anger, persisted in oil and blood, made fierce charges toward the hunters.

It seemed tame sport to Photo, until he took a spear and endeavored to

make his first kill of hippopotamus. Then he found it difficult enough to avoid the rushes of the beasts. Finally he dispatched a hippopotamus and marked it with his mark, so that he would know it upon the morrow. All other hippos were skinned and the hide preserved for coverings for handles of different implements, for bullwhips and for polishing wheels. The ivory of the teeth was saved, while all the flesh and fat were eaten by the natives. Early the following morning Photo rode his pet elephant to the corral, and then dragged the dead hippo back to camp.

"I shall skin the hippo," declared the boy, "and send the hide to my first school teacher, of whom I have the kindest remembrances. I think it would look well in her parlor."

"It is a very bright idea," remarked Doctor Philo. "I would suggest that you send with the hide this instructive little verse, which I should like to have you memorize: "This hippo, teacher, killed for you. Shows what lunatics have can do. The skin I send, for you to use In polishing the soles of shoes."

"I like that," said Photo, critically. "Cause the of teacher was always growling about our not wiping the mud from our shoes when we came into the schoolroom."

The Photo Humpto took a farewell snapshot of the dead hippo. (The tenth Bwana Humpto story will appear next Sunday.)



LONG, long ago there lived a boy who served a master in the land of Norway. This man proved an excellent ale, which had not its like in all the country. When the lad was about to leave, and his master asked him what he should like for wage, he replied that he desired nothing but a jug of the famous ale.

The request was granted, so that the boy started upon a long journey with the jug hanging from his arm. But the further he traveled the heavier grew the vessel, until the boy longed for some one with whom he could share the good drink in order that his burden might be eased. Soon he met an old man with a long white beard.

"Good day," said the man. "Good day," replied the youth. "Where are you going?" asked the man. "I am trying to find some one who will drink with me and so lighten my jug," the lad responded.

"Would you not as lief drink with me as with any other person?" asked the man. "I come from afar and I am tired and thirsty." "That I would do gladly," said the boy; "but who are you, and whence do you come?" "I am the Good Spirit, and I come from the skies above," explained the man.

"No, I do not wish to drink with you," said the boy, firmly; "because you are not equally just to people; you bring much happiness to some and little enough of it to others." "No, I do not wish to share my jug with you," repeated the boy, as he continued on his way.

By the time the lad had come to a turning of the road his jug had become so heavy that he feared unless some one came at once to drink with him, he would be forced to leave the precious ale behind. While he was debating what to do, he saw an ugly, bad-looking man watching him. "Good day," said the man. "Good day," replied the boy. "Where are you going?" asked the man.

"I am trying to find some one who will drink with me and so lighten my jug," the lad responded. "Would you not as lief drink with me as with any one else?" inquired the man. "I have come a long way and am almost dead of thirst." "Certainly," replied the boy; "but who are you, and whence do you come?" "I? I am the Evil Spirit, and I come from the regions below," explained the man.

"Then I shall not drink with you," said the boy, and he took up his jug and resumed his journey. At last the boy paused, tired and discouraged. Perhaps it would be best, after all, to leave the jar, although he did not like the thought of wasting such precious fluid. Suddenly he observed a dried, shriveled old man watching him curiously. The man was thin—so thin that he appeared to have no flesh, and the skin was drawn tightly over bones which showed plainly underneath it. "Good day," said the man. "Good day," replied the boy. "Where are you going?" asked the man.

"I am trying to find some one who will drink with me and so lighten my jug," the lad responded. "Would you not as lief drink with me as with any one else?" inquired the man. "I have just traveled all the way round the world and am faint with thirst." "I shall be pleased to have you join me," said the youth; "but who are you, and whence do you come?" "I am called Death, and my home is everywhere throughout the world," explained the man, "with whom I wish



THE GRUESOME FELLOW WAS SOUND ASLEEP BY THE PRINCESS' PILLOW

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"Ah! It is you with whom I wish

to drink!" cried the boy. "For you are just to all people; you come to the rich as well as to the poor, to the happy as well as to the unhappy. Come, Death, and share this good ale with me!" So they drank, and Death declared that never had he tasted any liquid half so good. When the twain parted, he said to the boy:

"For your kindness, I shall bestow a gift upon you. Your jug shall never run dry. It will have great power of healing, and through its virtue you will be known as a wonderful physician. Whenever you are called to a sick person's bedside, look there for me. I shall be visible to you alone. If the person cannot possibly recover, I shall be sitting by the pillow; but if there is chance of recovery, I shall be at the foot, so that you may pour out a draught of the ale and make the person well."

With his magic jug the boy went throughout the land, curing people when they could be cured and always telling rightly when they could not live. Most famous was he of all physicians. So he worked until he was summoned to the bedside of the princess, who was sorely ill. The lad saw at once that Death was seated by the princess' pillow; but the gruesome fellow was asleep, with his head upon his breast.

"I cannot say that Death will carry her away, nor can I say that she will live," said the youth, much perplexed. "Oh, but she must live!" cried the king. "Half my kingdom I shall give to you if you save her from Death." For an instant the boy pondered. Then he bade the servants turn the princess in bed so that Death sat at her feet. Once this was done, he gave the princess a draught of the magic ale, and she became well. So pleased was the king that he gave the princess to the boy for wife, and in a few years the youth became ruler over the kingdom. Of course, Death was very angry at the trick played upon him; and tried to steal upon the boy; but the youth, land afterward, the man kept his magic jug close at hand and drank from it often, so that he was many, many years old before Death accomplished his purpose.

Gallant Ships of War



PLAN FOR WAR VESSEL

IT SEEMED very annoying that everybody should be coming, or going, at the same time. But Nan had made all arrangements for her trip to a distant city, and Brother George had already returned to the academy; so little Bobby Brown, who had come to stay awhile, must shift for himself.

"Dan, I leave it to you to keep the little fellow amused! It's too bad his father should bring him here this week, but there's no help for it. Please teach him some of the nice plays you've shown us."

The elder brother, Dan, listened gravely to Nan's plea, and he as gravely promised to entertain the little boy guest. To be frank, Bobby sighed dismally when Nan told him at parting that Dan would give him lots and lots of fun. The big, serious lad, who was almost a man, seemed good for nothing but dry study and pottering round in his workshop. But Dan came to the rescue in splendid fashion. "How would you like to have a fleet of war vessels to sail in the bath tub?" asked Dan, when Bobby

first began to look around for something to do. Bobby pricked up his ears when he heard this. He liked boats best of all. And he looked on with greatest interest as Dan halved an English walnut, took out the kernel and glued the halves together. Then Dan bored a hole in the lower half of the nut, thrusting a quill toothpick in the opening. After filling the hollow nut with water, by blowing through the quill, he plugged up the end of the toothpick. Upon the top of the shell he fastened a little mast and to the mast a paper sail. To complete the man-of-war, he glued to the bottom of the nut a thin disk of cork.

"Now, your first vessel is ready for launching," observed Dan, as he began to make another little craft. When Bobby placed in the water his entire fleet—there were ten ships in all—he discovered that the little men-of-war really plowed through the water by themselves! As the water flowed from the nut, which it did when the plugs were removed from the quill at launching, the craft moved in a direction opposite to that toward which the toothpicks pointed.

Royal sport Bobby had. He divided his fleet into two "squadrons" and sent one squadron against the other. To make it more exciting, he blew paper pellets through a tube furnished by Dan. "They will do for cannon-balls," the big fellow had suggested. Then Bobby had a real war. If you could have seen it, I think you would have pronounced it the deadliest naval battle ever fought. You surely would have enjoyed the fun, just as Bobby did.

Aunt Sophie

"JUS" can't go; that's all! I'm not going without my dollies; and all my dolly's clothes are in the wash, and now it's bedtime, so I can't iron them. I don't see why I have to start for Cousin Mary's so early in the morning, anyway!"



AUNT SOPHIE SHOWED THE DRESSES

eye at Aunt Sophie. But Sophie dusted herself about the kitchen as though she had not heard a single word. Caroline had been a bad little girl all day, and until she apologized Sophie wasn't going to "make up." After complaining for a while, and finding that Sophie made no move to comfort her, Caroline rose mournfully and trudged upstairs to bed. Somehow everything had gone wrong this day. And on the morrow she must pay a

long visit to Cousin Mary, and the children (these were the dolls, of course) hadn't a stitch to wear! If Caroline had felt like crying in the evening, she felt much worse the next morning. She didn't wish to go away; that was certain. How could she, when she couldn't take her dollies?

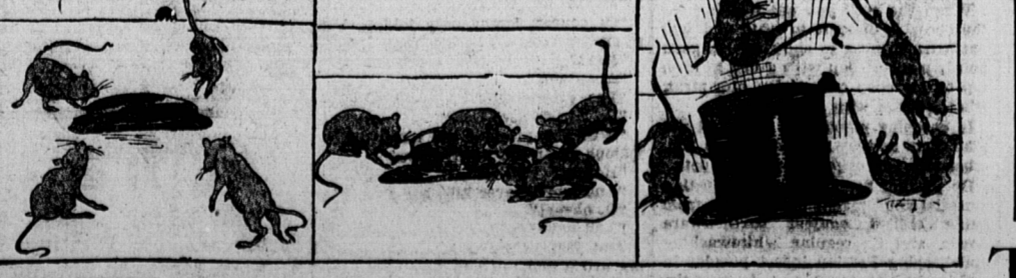
But mother said she must; so it was a sad, disagreeable little girl who wandered out to pay her morning call to Sophie. Aunt Sophie, however, seemed especially cheerful this morning. She was humming a lively air, when Caroline drew near with the question: "What are you doing, Aunt Sophie?" For answer Aunt Sophie whipped from a basket beside her ironing board a complete wardrobe of little garments. Caroline gasped. Then she leaped upon good Aunt Sophie and hugged her, crying for sheer joy.

"Aunt Sophie, you're the dearest, dearest dear! Ah! after what I did yesterday, too!" Then once again she looked at the neat pile of dollies' dresses that Sophie had ironed. Every one was there—and thus yet remained in which to dress the children! It was no wonder that Caroline felt happy.

Aunt Sophie laughed—a big, hearty, honest laugh it was—ing she patted her "pet" lovingly, and whispered: "Bless your heart, child! Aunt Sophie done forgot all about late!" Then, to show that she HAIN'T forgotten about gingerbread cookies, Aunt Sophie slipped two crisp brown ones into Caroline's hand.

Bird Nests SOME birds of prey—like the eagle and osprey—make nests of enormous size, though very rough in structure. But certain of the hawks prefer to borrow an old nest rather than build a new one. Our commonest little hawk—the kestrel—has a fancy for the abused nest of the carrion crow, or magpie, if she can find one high enough above the ground to suit her.

The Wisest May be Deceived



GRAY WHISKER was really a wise little rat. He was vain of his knowledge. It is true; but then he had a great deal of knowledge to be vain of. Gray Whisker found his wisdom at fault, however, when he came upon an old hat which seemed to be flattened out upon the floor. The other rats said they were afraid to go near such a dangerous looking thing. But Gray Whisker replied, with deep scorn, "There is nothing to fear. Watch me!" The rats watched, and saw their wise comrade shoo high up, in the air, the moment he jumped upon the hat. You see, it was an old, disused opera hat, the spring of which was released when Gray Whisker hopped upon it. This was one of the things Gray Whisker didn't know.

My Big Bruver



THE people say Big Bruver Ned is great at playin' ball. He is so strong an' quick—I guess The bestest of them all. It's nice to have a Bruver big. Especially when you're small; Jus' say: "Look out; I'll tell our Ned!" An' watch the bullies!