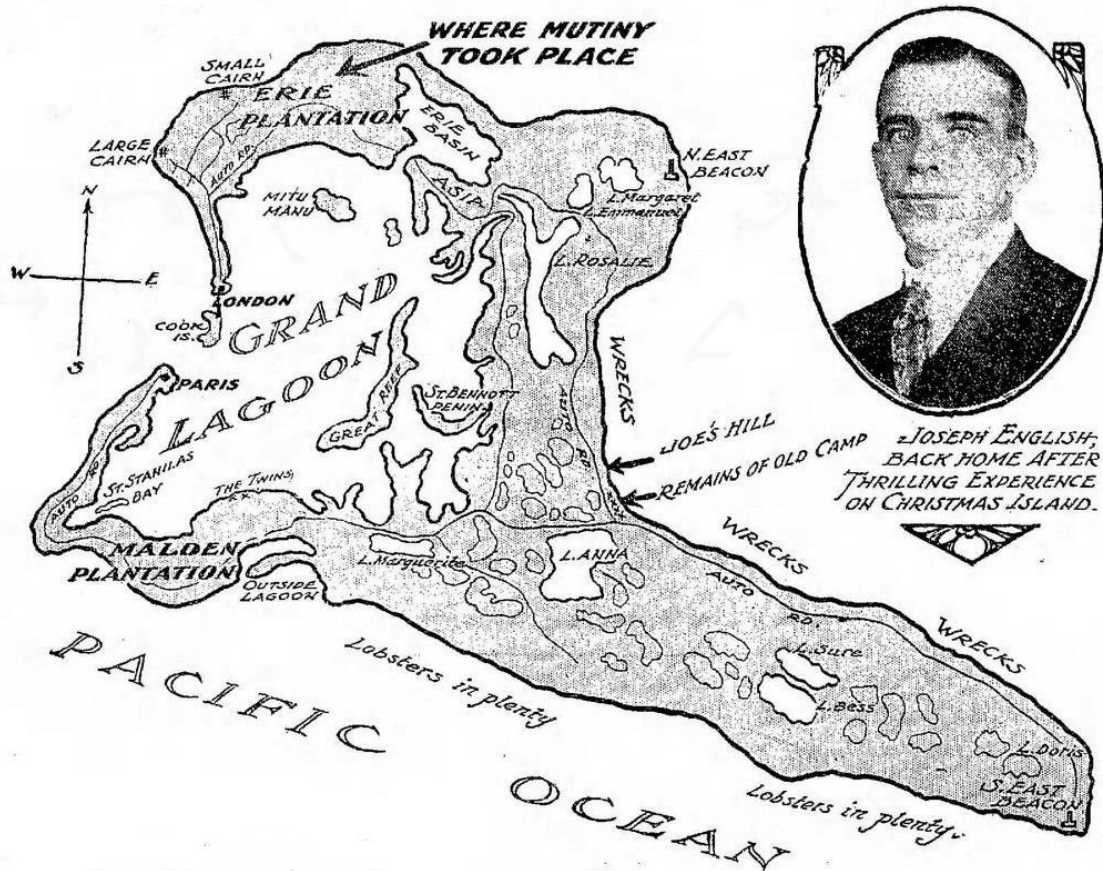


The Boston Sunday Globe

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE—FEBRUARY 1, 1920—SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

ROBINSON CRUSOE BACK IN MALDEN

Joseph English Comes Home After Five Years of Adventure, Which Included a Single-Handed Fight With Mutineers, 14 Months Marooning On a Lonely Pacific Island, and Rescue at Last by a British Warship



By JAMES H. POWERS

The Globe begins today one of the strangest stories ever brought back to Boston – the story of Joseph English of 257 Emerald st, Malden. It reads like Robinson Crusoe; but it is thrice as thrilling, because it is a Boston boy's true story.

Marooned for 14 months on a bit of land poking up out of the South Sea 3600 good seamiles from San Francisco.

Fighting, single-handed a battle with desperate mutineers and half believing he would never see civilization again.

Finally rescued by a British admiral (whose name is known the world over) from his outlandish spot which some ironical person named „Christmas Island.“ ...

Home town looked good

Back home in the arms of his family, after five years of wandering – with even his lust for adventure satisfied for the moment – this young man held his mother, father, brother and sisters spellbound by his matter-of-fact story.

He wandered around Malden, to see the old parochial schoolhouse he had attended as a youngster; the back corner lots where he had played at Indian with the kids of the neighborhood; and the Malden High School where he had, but a few years back, delved into the mysteries of algebra. And the old home town looked good to him.

He is the son of Mr and Mrs John W. English of 267 Emerald st, and the second oldest son in the family, too, being only 34 years of age for all his crammed years of adventure. His older brother is Jack, his twin brother is Charley, and he has four sisters, Marguerite, and Rosalie, and Anna and Mary – all of those names he has written down upon the charts of the Pacific. For he had named the little lakes and basins of Christmas Island after them.

And, so, after he had wandered about the home haunts of Malden, I tracked him down and dragged this story out of him. He showed me all his strange records and maps, evidence that spoke volumes of hairraising details which he wanted to skip over. But here is the narrative from his own lips:

JOSEPH ENGLISH STORY

It was in the late Spring of 1916 that I met “Santa Claus” Rougier in Frisco. I had been knocking about, working now for this trading firm and now for that, and the sum of it all was dissatisfaction. A desire to get away from the land for a while had been growing upon me.

Perhaps it was the spring fever, but whatever it was, the feeling had grown stronger and stronger, a feeling that something would turn up. If I had known what that “something” was to be, it is possible that I would not have been so eager when “Pere” Rougier came along and I became acquainted personally with the affairs of the Central Pacific Coco Company.

But that’s neither here nor there now. It is all over. Fr Rougier and his company struck my fancy, and I joined the C.P.C.C after an interview which lasted only a few minutes.

Fr. Rougier was known the Pacific over. A most unusual man, he looks pretty much the part of his nickname, “Santa Claus,” which he received after he purchased Christmas Island from the British.

A heavily built man, distinctly French in face and manner, a voluble man, and reputed to be one of the richest traders in the South Seas. He was shrewd, and had a multitude of business connections, and his office was a hive of industry under his energetic supervision.

Out in the Middle of the Pacific

Most striking of all was his beard. I have never seen any one in the world with a beard like Rougier's, a vast, billowy mass of black hair, streaked with gray. It resembled a mass of seaweed flowing down to his waist, and the white in it was like drifting sea foam.

He lived out on an island in the middle of the Pacific, on Papeete, which lies several hundred miles below the equator; a beautiful place of palms, and(*) shrubs, orchids, the marvelous blue sea and dim lagoons that become magically beautiful under the moonlight of the tropics.

But, like all South Sea traders, his home in Papeete was merely a stopping place, where, sometimes, he would remain a month or so.

And so I went into the office of the company, as an accountant, under the spell of Fr Rougier's insistence, and a gratifying offer of money. Before I had been there many weeks I had learned the business.

The company dealt chiefly in copra, which is the most valuable export form of the cocoanut product from the islands. It consists of the dried and broken kernel of the cocoanut, and it is used to secure oil.

As the copra is sold at about \$150 a ton, and 100 trees will produce a ton of copra a season, of course the Central Pacific Coco Company was a rich concern

Ordered to Christmas Island

A few weeks after I had begun work for the company, I learned that a ship was fitting out for a trip to the great island plantation out above the equator – Christmas Island. I was busy with the affairs of my position, when one day, Rougier and Crane, the 'Frisco manager, called me in.

"I'm going to send you out to Christmas Island" said the owner. "I think that we can improve the plantation there, and I want some one who knows what he is about. You'll do. You are to sail on the 'Isabel May.'"

"But I don't" – I began.

"That'll be all right," interrupted the Frenchman. "Morgan is there, the manager, and he'll help you all you need. You are to go as the firm's accountant and look over the possibilities."

I was to visit an island in the South Seas, an island which was scarcely an island, an atoll, the largest atoll in all that part of the Pacific, and thousands of miles away from mainlands.

Little did I dream that my visit was to become almost permanent, or that I would have to fight for my life out there in the middle of the Pacific, or that, strangest of all – but we'll come to that later.

Just now I am concerned with Crane and old man Rougier, who was looking at me shrewdly, above the mountain of his whiskers, with a sly smile. I was to learn what that smile meant

3600 Miles on First Leg

I purchased a sea chest, and cigarettes and marine glasses and a hundred and one things that I felt, vaguely, I might find useful. I had a plentiful supply of ammunition put aboard for myself, both bird shot and revolver cartridges. I had heard that there were birds aplenty out on Christmas Island.

We were headed into the southwest and the first leg of our cruise was to take us to Papeete, where Rougier was to settle some business and leave me. It is a long sea voyage, that course to Papeete – 3000 good sea miles.

The Pacific was never bluer. It was still early Summer and the skies seldom shadowed even by a cloud. And it was hot. The rails became so hot that you could scarcely touch them. The deck was like a red-hot stove lid.

Like a Huge Lobster Claw

We were all of us heartily sick of cruising by the time that we raised the low hills of Papeete. We took aboard more stores and sent some ashore, and, after dropping "Santa Claus" Rougier, we turned toward Tahiti, where I added 40 Chinamen to the crew of laborers we were taking to the island, to help work the plantations.

Our decks were piled high with lumber for buildings. There was scarcely room to move about on the "Isabel May," as, at last, she "took the bone in her teeth" to northwestward, on the final leg, 1250 miles.

Christmas Island is listed on a few maps, and has escaped the attention even of the experts of the Encyclopedias.

The island is in the shape of an enormous lobster claw, with the jaws opened to the Northwest.

We came directly toward the narrow entrance to the claw, where the points closed in toward one another, and toward a small island fair in the mid channel. The reach from headland to headland was about seven miles.

Close to the point on the northern side stood the home of what the captain told me was the manager, and a very poverty-stricken, weather-beaten bit of dilapidation it looked, even at that distance. There was a house in a clump of trees on the point to southward, too, Rougier's I learned. There, when he minded, the old trader paused in his wanderings.

"Desolate Old Dump"

Within the narrows I could see the placid surface of a vast lagoon, blue under the reflected sky of Summer, with the gleam of white sands and coral wavering toward the surface like a strange illumination beneath the sea. And behind it all rose the slow acclivity toward the near edge of the forest, with a line of lofty cocoanut palms marching toward the sea like a regiment of gigantic green plumed soldiers.

The only landing was close to the northern point of the entrance. We dropped anchor with a hoarse rattle of hawsers, and the lines were flung ashore, where two agile natives grasped them and made fast to the leaning pile heads.

“Pretty desolate old dump,” said Morgan, the manager, as we were walking up the shore toward the house, after the captain had introduced me. “I can’t see the use of lugging all that lumber out here, though,” and he pointed toward the decks of the “Isabel May.”

Worst Job of All

“It’s to build new plantation houses,” I told him. He turned and stared at me, with a curious quick appraisal. I fancied that I detected hostility in his gaze, but it was gone in a moment and he laughed again.

“Old Rougier’s scheming again I can recognize his brand by this time, though.” And he laughed bitterly, and accepted a cigarette.

“It’s the devil’s own job to get blacks over here, and the devil’s own job to keep ‘em when you get them, and the worst job of all is to make ‘em work when you have got them,” remarked Morgan, in answer to my query as to how many natives from the other South Sea Islands were on the plantation.

The manager’s house was a weather-beaten tumble of ruins on closer view. A thatch of palm leaves had replaced the wooden roof it had originally boasted.

“The Japs stole the roof and the doors,” explained the manager.

“Stole?” I queried.

“Yes. You know the island has scarcely been worked since the ‘old man’ bought the plantation rights from England. He tried once or twice, and then everything petered out. Then the Japs came poaching birds. As everybody had left by this time, they took what they wanted. That seemed to be about everything loose, including the doors and windows of both houses. The other one is over the strait.” Said he, casually, pointing to Rougier’s deserted house.

“London” and “Paris”

“Well, they left on a British man o’ war, back in 1911. I don’t know what the tale was. Maybe “Santa Claus” got sore and kicked to the British consul. Anyway, they cleared out and the place was left to the birds for a few years. Then we started cultivation again.

“We call this point ‘London.’ Fr Rougier wouldn’t stand for any reflection on his own land, you know. So we put up his house over there and called it ‘Paris.’

The next day the Isabel May began to discharge cargo and in short order the entire consignment of supplies and building material was ashore, stowed in one of the staggering shacks beside the manager’s house.

Shortly after the ship dropped down the coast out of sight, and we were alone.

The extra hands I had brought were put to work renovating the buildings and fixing up things generally at the main plantations.

We worked usually from early morning until about 10:30, when we used to knock off for the day because of the heat. When the buildings were finished, we turned our attention to the nurseries and the groves.

Enemies From the Start

It was late August and close to the rainy season and there was a big effort to get the new plants set out before it came.

Shortly afterward there came word from Fanning Island directing me to assume charge of the entire island. This, then, was what Rougier's sly twinkle meant.

Tight there began the estrangement with Morgan, the deposed manager. The appointment let loose all his enmity and bitterness. This was strange, too, for it meant that he was to be relieved and would undoubtedly return to civilization once more.

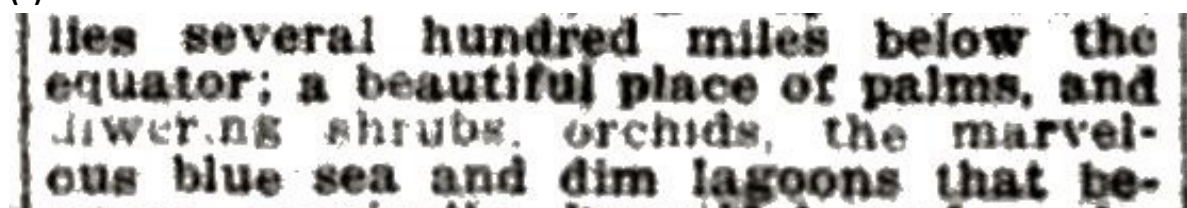
He had always been talking about the day of his return. Now that it was coming he was moved with resentment against myself. We grew politely civil. Sometimes we went for hours, even days, without speaking more than a word or two.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen came, and with the arrival of Summer once more came Rougier's ship, and carried me back to 'Frisco, to turn in my reports and to secure further supplies. Morgan was left in charge of the isle during my absence, to quit on my return.

That Autumn of 1917 proved unforgettable. How was I to know, as I stood on the deck of the little schooner, and swung out once more from the Golden Gate, that I was going to what might easily prove my death, or that before I saw again the lines of the coast of California I should have faced marooning and starvation, and the strangest rescue outside of fiction?

(More of his adventures will be told in next Sunday's Globe)

(*)



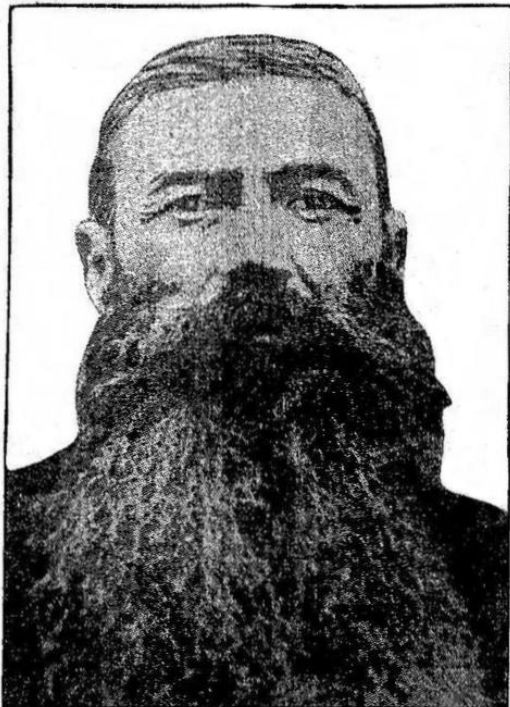
lies several hundred miles below the equator; a beautiful place of palms, and flowering shrubs, orchids, the marvelous blue sea and dim lagoons that be-

The Boston Sunday Globe

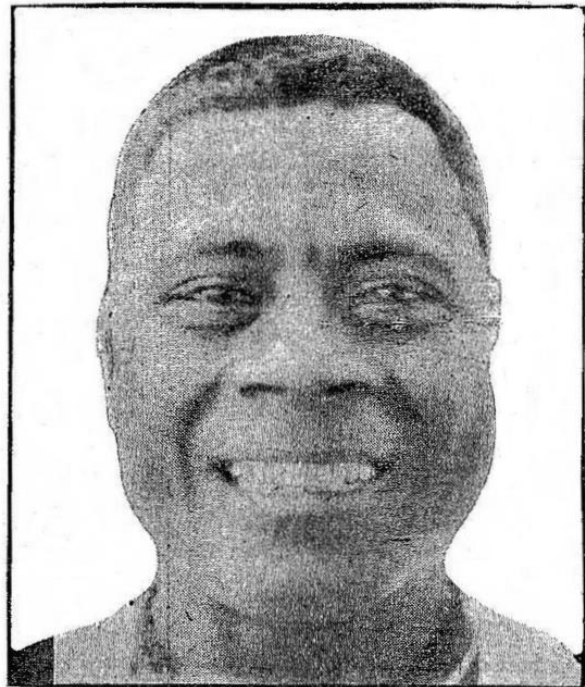
THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE—FEBRUARY 8, 1920—SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

FOUGHT SAVAGE MUTINEERS WITH FISTS AS ONLY WEAPONS

Malden Boy, Only White Man on Christmas Island, Caught by Rebellious Natives While Without
A Weapon—His Desperate Battle For Life



NATHANIEL "SANTA CLAUS" ROUGIER



"TAMA"

The Kanaka Boy Who Drove Joseph English's Automobile

By JAMES H. POWERS

The Globe last Sunday introduced its readers to Joseph English of Malden, who has a story of adventures in the South Sea more thrilling than that told by the hero of the immortal romance of Robinson Crusoe. And, unlike Crusoe, he has documents to prove the truth of his story.

In last Sunday's instalment Mr English told of his first visit to Christmas Island, his appointment as manager and the veiled hostility shown by Morgan, the manager he was to supersede. Today he resumes his story at the point when he returned to the island to take charge. The account of the voyage has been omitted as not essential to the story.

JOSEPH ENGLISH'S STORY

On a bright morning in mid-October the Ysabel May made the island landfall. Shortly before noon we nosed across the Strait, past Cooks Island, fair in the middle of the lagoon entrance and named after the famous navigator, who was the first to visit the atoll.

We went into mooring at the Point, below London House, and I stepped ashore again upon Christmas Island, manager, monarch, emperor, what you will. Here my word was to be law, and here on this mere speck of coconut groves and coral I had the power of life and death.

Morgan was there to meet us, and with him, as before, a large gathering of natives. He seemed to have a strong influence with the savage islanders, who were brought to Christmas Island to work the plantations in the absence of all natives on the place.

As we talked the former manager took little pains to hide his hostility toward me. The same curtness and sarcasm of speech that had come into being with the orders appointing me manager, over his head, was at once apparent.

Rediscovering His Grudge

But I paid little heed to all this. For was he not going to leave within a couple of days on the Ysabel May? I felt that it would be foolish to wrangle with him, hardly worth while, and least of all before the natives with whom I was to live for months on end.

So I swallowed my anger and went with the captain and Morgan into the house.

For all his jealousy, Morgan was at no pains whatever to hide his rejoicing at the approach of his return to the civilized world, and at times his delight got the better of him to such an extent that he became pleasant for hours together. Then he would suddenly rediscover his grudge and turn sullen, like a child.

So the first day passed, and our little company at London House began to feel somewhat at home.

The captain was busy directing the landing of the cargo of supplies and I superintended the storing of the provisions in the shacks near the house.

Before many hours had passed I noticed that the natives were eyeing me askance. Plainly the new manager was a subject of much speculation among the help, especially as they were all of them just casuals on the island, under my direction as long as I remained in charge.

The First Test

There was no end of alacrity when Morgan asked for a thing. But when I issued any order the blacks obeyed sullenly, I fancied, and certainly in utter silence.

It grew evident that they were biding their time to make a test of the new manager, and I sensed this immediately, but I continued to supervise the stowing away of the cargo and waited.

The test came sooner than I dreamed. When I went out after breakfast the next morning, Pakoi, a huge naked black, was mixed in a wild tussle with Tuaane, who worked about the house. A number of others were standing about, watching the fight.

When I put in an appearance the jabbered comments on the battle stopped at once and everyone eyed me to see what I should do.

I went up to the two battling savages and ordered them to stop. At first they paid no attention to me. Then I laid hands on the nearest one and gave him a thrust that sent him staggering a few feet over the sand.

With a rush both he and his late enemy threw themselves upon me. It was a short fray. The long cruise in the Ysabel May had bottled up considerable energy and as this was the first opportunity, I let it out.

With one clean swing to the jaw I sent Pakoi sprawling again. A second blow disposed of Tuaane's ambitions.

Had Gone Far Enough

They both stood off, very sheepish, and looked at me, while the onlookers jabbered excitedly and laughed at them. They were as simple minded as children, those natives, in some ways, and their approval turned lightly from one side to the other as the odds became apparent.

But, although I had quelled the initial row, I had started something which was nearly to prove my undoing.

Morgan was looking on with an ironical grin on his face and at that moment there flashed over me the sudden conviction that he was at the bottom of it all.

Ordering the natives to work and sending Tuaane to the house to wait for me, I turned to the ex-manager. It had gone far enough and I felt that I could not stand much more of his underhand plotting and unpleasantness.

The irony of his tongue I did not mind, but the sudden suspicion that he had been trying to create trouble for me among the natives carried me beyond prudence.

"Is there anything particular that you're looking for?" I demanded fully aroused.

He stared at me insolently and answered: "No, nothing in particular."

"Then you had better go aboard ship, Mr Morgan," says I. "I've stood about all that I'm going to ---"

He shrugged his shoulders and turned upon his heel, walking toward the Point, where the Ysabel May was discharging cargo. And, except for two or three glimpses and a meal that passed in utter silence, that was the last I saw of him.

Shaking Off the Spell

Early next morning, all supplies being discharged, the schooner put to sea. I watched her fade into the distance, and a tumult of thoughts possessed me, thoughts of 'Frisco, from which I was now shut off completely; thoughts of my utter isolation here, where I was the sole white man among more than a hundred South Sea Islanders; thoughts of the condition of cocoanut plantations, which I had not viewed for months, and of old "Santa Claus" Rougier, whose far-reaching hand had stretched forth and gathered myself and the natives together here, for copra.

I shook off the spell that had been cast over me by that departing schooner and I turned to my work. I was manager of an island and had a vast deal to do, and no time for dreaming and speculation.

The problem of visiting the plantations of cocoanuts, which were spread about on the different parts of the island, was simplified by a trio of automobiles, although but one of the machines could be operated. It was an ancient affair indeed, a rickety, noisy discouraging affair, which demanded constant attention and tinkering.

Automobiling on Christmas Island

The beach roads ran from one end of Christmas Island to the other, and they were fairly passable. With the rattling old machine I managed to make all the rounds in a single day.

Tiaran who showed an aptness toward machinery, I decided to make my mechanic, and soon had him busy with the motorboat off the point. Next he turned his hand to the automobile, and with excellent results.

To try him out, I put him to work on the copra, but he made very poor progress, and I shifted him back again. Morgan had told me that he was a copra worker.

Then I turned to and began operations in the plantations. The cocoanut palms were very beautiful and lofty, growing to the height of 60 to 100 feet, with a cylindrical stem which sometimes would measure as much as two feet in diameter.

The leaf, which frequently measured 20 feet in length, had numerous sharp leaflets that sprung from the main rib, and this gave the whole thing the appearance of a gigantic feather.

The flowers were on branching spikes, 5 or 6 feet long, inclosed in a tough covering, and when the fruits matured they grew in bunches of from 10 to 20; these branches were oblong in maturity and triangular in cross section, measuring sometimes 18 or 20 inches wide. The true nut was inclosed in a tough fibrous covering, and it contained the milky white liquid which everyone knows as cocoanut milk.

How Coconuts are grown

The work of enlarging the plantations, caring for the groves and keeping a keen eye upon the nurseries was no small job in spite of our force, for we were beset by heavy winds, which bowed over whole swathes of the groves.

Pests of all manner and sort came into the nurseries and destroyed the seedlings. The sun glared down upon the newly set plantlings and wilted them unless one kept fetching water.

And even the blue and deadly waters of the grand lagoon sent forth hordes of crabs to cut down the small plants.

First of all, the nuts would be planted in mud or wet sand in the nurseries, with the soft spore upward. The seedlings grew through the spores.

The nuts in the nurseries were placed in squares, about 400 nuts to a square, and covered an inch deep with seaweed and sand, or mud. They were then watered plentifully.

Usually the nuts put down in April would grow enough to be ready for plating in the groves before the rains of September. There they were each one in a hole, about three feet deep, which was lined with seaweed to help hold the tree roots.

Coverings of palm had to be kept over the newly set nurslings, to protect them from the sun. The trees did not begin to bear fruit until about the fifth year.

Diving Forces

One of the discoveries that I first made was that over in the Paris house there was a store of wine, and, as the natives were not any too enthusiastic as the days went on and the work increased, I decided to get rid of it by auction to them, and thus remove what might become a danger to the welfare of the plantation.

One day's celebration by all, I felt, would be preferable to persistent and continual drunkenness on the part of two or three workers, a situation which might harm the morale of the entire colony.

When the rains came, and sickness, and I was laid up with a fever, I repented of my earlier sagacity, however.

The ravages of the pests became so bad that I finally decided to execute a master stroke of policy. As it turned out, I acted better than I knew in the matter.

For when I split the working force in halves, and sent Tama to Malden plantation with the first crew, on the lower edge of the Grand Lagoon, I had reduced the force with which I had to deal by 50 percent. And the force, as I could not help noticing as the days passed, was becoming noticeably sullen.

Not Like the Old Manager

Everywhere I turned I found the hand of the departed Morgan before me. When I ordered a thin done, the blacks would stand up and tell me that I wasn't doing things the way my predecessor had done them.

"I am manager now," I had to keep repeating; but the repetition did not have any noticeable effect in quelling the disaffection. And so, soon, I dismissed it from my mind.

I had learned their language by this time, and they did not dare to make remarks about me within hearing. So they would go to work in silence, with an exasperating lack of interest, until I was on the verge of losing my temper again.

This would have been fatal. So I determined to keep up a cold front and not to give in an inch.

Things went on and the days of October lazed past. The coral roads cut the tires of the auto frightfully. Tiarin was forever repairing and repairing until that auto became a veritable nightmare.

The spare parts which the captain had not delivered would have proved a godsend, and I bitterly regretted the easy giving over of the search in the schooner's hold before she had left.

False Security

The plantation was working finely. The gang on the lower side of the Isle, toiling under the watchful eye of Tama during work hours, seemed to be making genuine progress.

And, secure in the daily monotony of routine, the visits to the groves and nurseries, the struggles of Tiaran over the recalcitrant auto, the cruising about the Grand Lagoon in the power boat, spearing fish, or catching the vicious sharks that infested its waters, the making and storing of the copra, in the little shack over at the Paris house, and the waging of endless battles with crabs and other pests, secure in all this I became gradually indifferent to the moods of the sea island descendants of the cannibals who were working for me.

I thought that the struggle was over. My disillusioning was to be abrupt and sudden and complete.

November came. Terrific thunder storms and buffeting tempests of wind and rain lashed Christmas Island from reef to reef's end. The surf roared like muffled thunder along the straits, and Cook's Isle was a crashing drift of spume.

Out of invisible might skies the lightning spurted. The shacks in the plantation and even London house, swayed and moaned as if the end of the world were nigh.

The Schooner's Return

Then there would come days of astonishing clarity, when we would find trees from our groves littered all over the roadway. On one such occasion, as the men were at work clearing the way, a tactless mention of Morgan's methods by one of the blacks brought him into violent contact with my toe.

Then I forget the matter in the rush to get the copra conditioned and bagged and stored against the coming of the schooner.

The month drew to an end. The work on the copra was progressing at top speed, when I fell sick and fought my way through a nasty fever with only Tama to lend me aid, and he but a boy of 18 years, But I managed to pull through, and again set to work cleaning up the copra.

On the 15th came the schooner, and we had a couple of days' diversion after the load was shipped. She left on the 18th.

Then we began to carry out seed, to get ready for planting. We were just about started when the blow fell.

If I had not become by this time accustomed to the island savages, I should, perhaps, have noticed something was going wrong. Even my sense of security did not prevent me, early on the morning of the 30th of December, from noticing that two hands sneaked away without my permission to Motu Manu.

Trouble Comes

The queer look on the faces of the workers also roused my curiosity, but I did not suspect what was really brewing. I thought it was all the usual grumbling and the temporary sullenness brought on by the arriving of the planting season and the prospect of hard work.

That night, I had come down from London House with Tama in the auto, to the Plantation House below Eric Basin. I was travelling light, as usual, and had no weapons.

I had never carried weapons on Christmas Island since my arrival, save on the occasion of a hunting trip, or when I went exploring down toward the South East Cape.

It was about 8 o'clock at night and I was sitting inside the plantation house, telling Tama stories, when I heard a sound of voices. Tama's face went white. Several natives crowded in at the doorway. They wanted to know whether they would finish work when they had platted 100 coconuts.

That brought me to my feet. "You will all of you plant 200 nuts and finish when you have planted them each day. You know that," I answered.

They did not budge. They would not work so hard, they said. Morgan had treated them better. He had told them all about me, how they would have to work when I came. I was a bad manager. I had no feeling whatever for poor men Morgan

Without a Weapon

If Morgan had been at my elbow that moment I am sure that I would have killed him with my bare hands. I made a move toward the door and the crowd pushed and scrambled through it into the open. They came to a halt at a short distance..

I stood in the threshold and shouted: "You are under contract to work nine hours a day. Now you shall work nine hours a day"

They wanted to start work later, but I refused. At that they sang out to Tama to leave me, and the boy turned a scared face toward the door, half a mind to escape to them, and avoid the battle.

"You stay with me, Tama," said I.

Again he wavered "It is very bad," he whispered, his knees shaking.

"That'll be all right," I responded.

"We will go to London House."

And, though the fear of death was upon his countenance, he stood by me. I scented serious trouble and determined to make my escape before it broke. So, with Tama at my side, I strode boldly out to the automobile.

And now I cursed my folly for wandering about in a fool's paradise and leaving my revolver and shotgun behind me. Supposing they sent some one ahead of me and stole my weapons. I would be defenseless.

But there was no use in regrets. We must get out of this. The crowd gave way to the right and left before us. We climbed into the auto. Tama tried to start the motor.

It balked. He got out and looked.

Every wire connection on the automobile had been broken.

The Death Chant

While Tama was trying to fix the wires, Teri A. Fa and Teiva, two huge black brutes, started to jeer at him for remaining with the master.

I seized a piece of board and started for them, to put an end to the affair once for all. I was frightened myself, worse than I have ever been frightened before.

No sooner had I left the chauffeur than the crowd descended upon him like an avalanche. Clubs appeared as if by magic. Knives were flourished. Several of the crowd began to pick up boulders. Others turned and ran for whatever they could see as weapons.

Shrill cries arose from scores of throats, and in spite of the wild din I could make out their chant:

“Ariana ahoe pohe” “Ariana ohoe pohe” “Pretty soon dead, pretty soon dead.” And I knew that they meant business.

Cries from Tama caused me to turn to his aid. He was being beaten insensible, and even as I tore down upon the swirling mass besides the automobile he fell to the sand.

I turned and faced them, keeping my back to the machine. In every eye that glowered at me from that snarling and enraged mob there shone the age-old savagery of the South Sea Islands. There was death in every one of their faces.

Fighting For His Life

Tama, under my feet, lay still, while I beat off the first rush. My fists whirled and battered so steadily that I felt the strain and it seemed as if they were being run mechanically. I was punching and dimly wondering how long I would last, in the unequal battle.

My clothes were torn from my back, leaving me with nothing but the ruins of my last pair of trousers to cover me. Knives came hurtling past my ears and I had to duck them, or ward them off with my bare hands.

Blood was streaming down from a cut in my forehead into my eyes, and the sting of boards and rocks upon my body began to weaken me.

Desperately I tried to think of an expedient to get away. It looked hopeless. In a vast yelling circle, that converged again and again to the attack, the Pacific Island savages had surrounded me.

And, urged by some dumb instinct to get clear or die at once, I started to batter my way toward the road slope.

This thrilling story of mutiny and battle will be continued in next Sunday's Globe

The Boston Sunday Globe

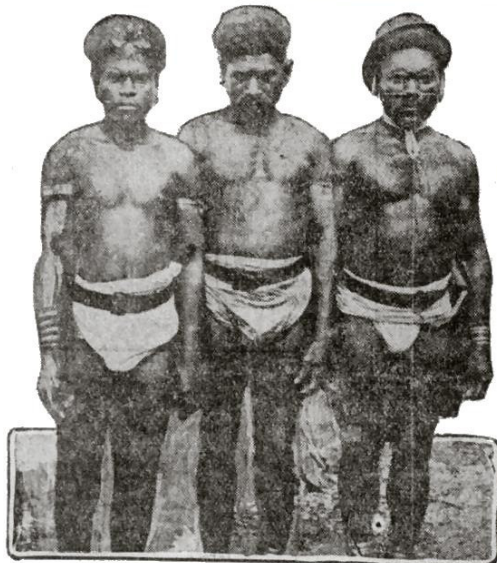
THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE—FEBRUARY 15, 1920—SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

“WAITING TO BE MURDERED”

That the Terrifying Position of Joseph English on Christmas Island After He Had Managed to Escape From the First Attack of His Mutinous Native Workmen—The Only White Man on the Island and Expecting That Every Day Would Be His Last



*SOUTH SEA ISLAND NATIVES
AND THEIR "HOMES"*



TYPICAL SOUTH SEA ISLAND NATIVES



*JOSEPH ENGLISH READING HIS
OWN MAP OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND*

By JAMES H. POWERS

The Globe has already told how a Malden boy became manager and only white person on Christmas Island, that lonely bit of land in the Pacific, and how he was attacked without warning by mutinous natives.

Last Sunday's instalment left him fighting for his life after the driver of his car had been overpowered. His only weapon was a piece of board and the natives had already begun the death chant.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

Erie Plantation was shaped like a huge crescent, arching back from the shores of the Grand Lagoon. The rise from the edge of the water was very gradual, all the way to the upper side, and the young coconut palms, set out at regular intervals all the way from above the tide mark to the top of the slope, resembled a field of tall grain.

Sweeping around to the rear, and close to the middle of this arm of Christmas Island, ran the auto road, turning a sharp curve inland from the lagoon above Motu Manu peninsula, and then bending around the convex of the crescent back to the waters of the lagoon, close below the Great Erie Basin.

The roadbed was raised slightly, like a bridge. Back of it towered the tangle of the wild coconut palms, the luxuriant vines and creepers, and the heavy undergrowth, broken, here and there, by the dwarfed and stunted vegetation that indicated a rocky upland.

Edging Toward the Road

And now, in the growing dusk of that December evening, I was fighting my way toward the crushed coral and sand of that road, striking out with both hands, as in a dream.

Once the surge of the attacking savages nearly swept me from my feet. Then I recovered my balance once more and fought on, desperately, with a growing dread in my heart.

The blood streamed into my eyes and blinded me, temporarily. I dashed it away with the back of my hand. The yells and screams of my opponents sang at my ears like a wild, unearthly chanting.

It seemed as if I had become some mechanism, without conscious direction of my arms and hands. They beat out, out, out, forever, into the endless rush of my assailants.

And ever we drew farther and farther up that sandy slope toward the road.

A numbness began to creep into my veins. I knew that I was tiring. Those few yards that lay between me and the auto road seemed to have become miles, and my progress to have dropped to inches.

I began to lose hope, and then a mad insanity of battle possessed me, and, lowering my head, I rushed the upper edge of the encircling natives, cursing and shouting at them as I came on.

A Weapon at Last

They gave a few yards, then closed in again. As they stood near at hand, preparing to finish me with one final, overwhelming deluge of sheer numbers, one of my feet slipped and I tumbled into a small hole.

In those few seconds, strangely swift like the momentary flash through the camera shutter, 'Frisco rose before my staring eyes, with its docks and its litter of masts and funnels. The picture faded and another came homehome which I was never to see.

My hands reached out to help me scramble to my feet again, for I was resolved to die standing. One hand struck something hard. It was the handle of a shovel.

With a bound I was out of the hole, swinging my weapon about me. My courage came back. In the deepening twilight I saw Teri A Fa towering before me, a club upraised in his hands and the blood lust of his progenitors in his eyes.

I whirled the shovel over my shoulder, it fell on his black head with a sickening crash, and he tumbled to the sands, moaning.

The other native workmen now stood off, and the rocks began to whirr and whistle about my ears and many of them struck me. But I waited no longer. Again I drove toward the road, and, this time they broke away before the murderous shovel.

Race Never to Be Forgotten

I was on the road at last. Before me, sweeping away in a dim curve that vanished in the darkness toward the rear of the grove, I saw that blessed road, - free, open, clear, with not a human being on it before me.

And without awaiting to wage the battle further against such hopeless odds, I turned, flung the shovel with all my might into the faces of Sanata and the rest of the shrieking horde, and then I began to run.

That race I shall never forget while I live. The road was warm under my bare feet as I made time look scarce down over the coral and sand and pebbles that stretched, 17 kilometers, to London House.

The natives set out in pursuit at once. Some of them cut down through the plantation to cut me off before I should reach the seashore road above Motu Manu, but the soft sand and the nurseries and trees made their going difficult.

Gradually they began to drop behind. I fled with the cool northwest wind in my face, the more cool, too, it seemed, for the sweat that covered me from head to foot.

The noise behind me began to lessen. The cries died away, one after another, until there was left but a far shouting, back around the curve over which I had come.

"You must get to the guns first . . . you must get to the guns first."

The thought rang in my mind like a refrain.

Again the horrible fear came. Suppose they had dispatched someone over to London House before the rumpus had been started? Suppose they had forestalled me? Suppose

At the End of His Strength

I tried to run faster. The giant cocoanut palms at the inner side of the road loomed, mysterious, swaying uneasily in the wind. Up in the darkening sky there was a promise of stars. At the distance, below the rapidly dwindling plantation groves, I could see the grayish dim waters of the lagoon ahead.

My lungs were pounding with the effort, my breath came in gasps and my lips were dry and my throat parched. But I dared not stop. I felt that if I should stop I might never start again. My tired arms swung wearily at my sides with the rhythm and regularity of pendulums, and my feet rose and fell like automatons.

When I reached Motu Manu Peninsula, I was utterly fagged out. Only the imperative command of self-protection, the instinct for life kept me going. My whole body seemed like a fumbling, staggering bundle of numb nerves.

I was running along the shore now, with the vast sweep of the lagoon at my left. Before me stretched the white road toward London House.

Then, suddenly, I could run no more. My pace had become less than a trot, despite my effort, and I dropped into the dog walk. It was the best that I could do.

More than an hour had passed. Now, by the stars, I could see that it was not far from midnight, probably about 11 o'clock. I was creeping along at what seemed a snail's pace. And the sinsong refrain in my mind had become an obsession, almost maddening

"The arms," it said, "the arms, you must get to the arms first."

London House at Last

And thus I came down the north arm of Christmas Island, my island, the domain over which I had felt the silly, foolish thrill of an Emperor, and I drew near to the Point, and saw at last the shadowy form of London House, bulking black against the open sea beyond the straits. And the noise of the breakers on the reefs off Cookes Isle smote my ears like a kind word from heaven.

Were they waiting for me? Was someone lurking there in the shadows, with my own weapons, ready to kill me when I should appear? I did not dare. If they were there before me, I might as well die at once. I could stand no more this night. So I staggered up to the doorway, and pushed over the threshold.

There was not a light in the place, but I knew well where the arms were kept and I fumbled over toward the wall for my shotgun and my revolver.

As my hands closed over them, exhausted as I was, I turned again toward the door. Suppose they should come. Well, I would wait for them and give them a reception that . . .

In Broad Daylight

I lay on the bunk inside of the doorway, with the shotgun in my hands, loaded, and the charged revolver beside me, and the ammunition boxes on the floor within reach.

One by one the half-hours and the hours struck in the battered clock behind me . . . 12m 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30, 3 . . . I do not know how long I lay there.

The moon had come up, and spilled a glint of silver over the shifting waters of the straits. The boom and moan of the surf along the outer rim of the land grew vague and less insistent. My tired body was burning with the bruises I had received, and my face was stiff with the cuts.

And, somehow or other, and in spite of all my will power and fear, I fell asleep.

It was broad daylight when I awoke. Looking at the solemn old clock on the wall, I saw that it was 7 o'clock. I was raked with pain and soreness, but the necessity of action swept back over me almost with the remembrance of the terrible experiences of the night. So I climbed out of the cot, and, after scanning the surroundings through my glass, I came back within doors.

Last Place for Safety

Clearly I could not remain long at London House. If the mutineers were telling the truth when they shouted at me, that they would have my life, this was the last place on Christmas Island for me to remain.

Here they knew I lived. Here they would come, inevitably. I could not guard this whole place alone, even with the guns.

A spear stroke with one of the fish spears, a determined, well-planned foray with knives while I lay asleep and it would all be over. There were a dozen and one ways in which they could put an end to me.

The consciousness of what they had done, and what the mutiny would mean when the schooner arrived in Spring, all this, I thought, would lend more determination to their plans. If I were dead and buried there could be any number of excuses, fever, sharks in the lagoon.

And London House, with the whole northern arm of Christmas Island opening down upon it, and the trees and undergrowth to shelter my foes, London House seemed to me that morning impossible.

Moving to Motu Manu

I resolved to move to Motu Manu peninsula. This was but six or seven kilometers distant, and had some excellent sheds in which I could establish myself securely. Besides, I would then be protected

by the open lagoon on three sides, and there would be but a narrow strip of pathway over which they could approach my quarters.

I would have to move with a push cart. The automobiles at London House were hopeless, despite the stacked tanks of gasoline in the sheds. The motor boat was broken down and had been hauled up and stored in the outbuilding near the house. Besides this, I could not move the Motor boat alone. The only good automobile, too, was lost, abandoned where Tama and I had left it at the Erie Plantation, last night.

So I gathered up the clock and the instruments with which I kept the records and surveys of the island, and all the ammunition for the guns, and the clothing, of which there was but little, and whatever else I felt that I might need. These I loaded into the cart. It was a dire labor, for my limbs almost refused to move at all, but I decided that they would be straightened out faster if they persisted in working.

Enemy Had Vanished

When I had established myself in my new quarters, I returned to London House to take the morning reading of the surf, and to make a report of the trouble. The latter I wrote out at length, naming all the ringleaders, and signed and locked it up in the safe.

I knew that the natives would be unable to move or open the safe, and it was the first place the captain of an incoming schooner would look, if I were missing. I smiled at the trap I had laid for the mutineers, to be sprung in the event of my death.

As I had been given, by virtue of my job as a manager of the island, the authority of a ship captain in case of mutiny, I resolved, should I meet Teri A Fa, or Teru Cook, or Tauril, or Tiva or Panu or Sanata – I would shoot to kill on the last move that they made.

All day long, Jan 1, 1918, I stayed at Motu Manu, too feeble and too weary to move about beyond the sheds. I sat in the sand under the side of the buildings and, with my gun beside me, searched the shores of the lagoon through my marine glasses for a trace of the enemy.

For all my searchings, however, I saw nothing. Not a sign of any human being came within the range of the lenses. An immense solitude brooded over Christmas Island.

Ammunition Useless

On the next day I awoke sick and sore, after a very bad night. I was almost a nervous wreck. Horrible nightmares kept fetching me abruptly awake, and I would sit up in the dark, in a cold sweat, straining my ears for a sound of the natives. Every whisper and drift of the wind in the palm groves seemed to spell some lurking danger.

When I arose I determined to walk to London House again, to help my recuperation. I slung my shotgun over my shoulder, filled my pockets with cartridges and stuck my revolver through the belt.

About halfway to my destination I spied a great bird, and, resolving to shoot it to make a broth, I threw up my gun and pulled the trigger. The hammer thumped with a dull, dead sound on the cartridge.

I stopped with a sickness at heart, and began to examine the cartridges. My gun ammunition was practically all spoiled from dampness.

I sat down there in the morning sunlight and pondered over my misfortunes, wondering if the revolver cartridges were equally bad. I was almost afraid to look.

I pulled the trigger, and the first shot rang out loud and sharp. My heart rose. I pulled the chamber about to the next and fired. It was dead. So was the next. When I got back to Motu Manu I should have to do some pretty careful investigation, it was plain. It would not do to be caught with worthless cartridges.

Back to London House

I walked on my way to London House, thinking over the situation again, in view of the problem raised by my bad ammunition. If the cartridges were mostly bad, I resolved to move back to London House the next day, with the hand cart. My examination that night proved my suspicions correct.

That move nearly finished me. Instead of getting stronger daily, I seemed to be getting weaker. It took me seven hours to push the cart with my belongings back to London House, and when at last I arrived, I was as exhausted as I had been on the night of the attack.

But, at any rate, I was at the island headquarters, and there I would remain and protect the property of the company. That was my duty.

During the next two days there was still no sign of my former workmen. They were probably lurking in the woods, or on the lower plantations, waiting for me to become unwary.

I resolved that they would have a very long wait.

Waiting to Be Murdered

On the sixth day after the fight I went to Motu Manu once more to see if I could find nay trace of the men. Once more I was unsuccessful. Since the night when the system of government on my little domain had crashed to pieces, I had not laid eyes on a single native, even at a distance.

It was a peculiar experience, this waiting to be murdered. I did not worry much about an attack during the day for then I was on the alert. But I could not guard the London House and the sheds and remain awake all night, day after day. It was wearing me down.

When Sunday came, I determined to range further than Motu Manu peninsula. I walked out to Eleven Kilometers, on the edge of Erie Plantation, where quarters used to be.

The place had been ransacked from end to end. All of the provisions were gone, the rations were missing, and, lying out in the middle of the road, I beheld an automobile tire, a new one, cut to pieces. It was my last spare tire.

The enemy, with the use of the two or three men who had tinkered about the auto and the machine boat, had put the machine together again, then, and they were running it.

My wrath at this development waxed hot, and I set off for the other side of the plantation, to see if I might find any one upon whom to wreak vengeance for the affront.

But at Sixteen Kilometer flat, below Erie Basin, I came to a halt, growing weary. My caution took charge and I decided not to go further from my base of supplies.

Too Much to Be Borne

Thus the day passed. I visited Motu Manu almost daily, and set to work cleaning the trees, to occupy my mind. My devices, however, were scarcely a success, for I had to stop constantly to search the shores of the lagoon through my glasses, and the road toward Erie, and the Point, for a sign of the foe.

On the 11th day of my isolation I was taken down with a fever. The worry was beginning to keep me awake all night long, all the time. I began to wonder how long I could stand this and remain alive and sane.

On this day I found a fig tree, stripped of leaves, nearly, but with five great luscious figs upon it. And this gave me as much pleasure and delight as if I had been a child.

Again the sea rose up beyond the narrow straits off Cookes Island, and I sat in discouragement and watched the spume flung over the rocks, and listened to the shrill calling of the birds down the wind as they circled the air above the lagoon.

Down the reefs, with a steady, seething roar, the breakers were marching up endlessly, hurling their white scud up out of the gray-blue open waters of the Pacific. And above them, like an immense pale bowl of turquoise (*) blushing to mauve and scarlet on the horizon, lay the sky.

A rush of sick tears came to my eyes. I felt that this could not, must not go on. I could not stand it much longer. And there, on the shore, indifferent under the magnificence of the sunset, I made up my mind to a desperate expedient.

Another instalment of these thrilling adventures will be published in next Sunday's Globe.

the Pacific. And above them, like an immense, pale bowl of turquoise ⁵¹²²⁴, blushing to mauve and scarlet on the horizon, lay the sky. *

(*)

The Boston Sunday Globe

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE—FEBRUARY 22, 1920—SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

LONE MAN STARTS ON HUNT FOR HUNDRED CANNIBAL MUTINEERS

Malden Man, Alone on Lonely Pacific Island, After Waiting For Second Attack From Murderous Natives, Resolves to Hunt Them Down Single-Handed



By JAMES H. POWERS

The Sunday Globe has told in previous instalments how Joseph English of Malden was left as manager of Christmas Island, that lowly bit of land in the Pacific, how the native workmen mutinied and how after a narrow escape from a squad of them he waited, the only white man on the island, for a second concerted attack which could have but one end. Unable to stand the suspense longer, he resolved on a desperate plan.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

The plan which I hit upon, as I sat on the shore below London House, and the details of which I began to work out at that moment, seemed to present the only solution to the problem of escaping alive from my predicament, or, what would be worse than failure, losing my mind.

I resolved to turn hunter instead of hunted.

Where the mutineers might be I did not know. Where I might be they could not help but guess with fair accuracy. So long as I remained on the defensive, I saw clearly that I should be at a decided disadvantage in the game of hide and seek which had now developed.

I had my gun and revolver, and a few rounds of good ammunition left from the stores. If I began stalking the natives I might catch them, a l'improviste as old "Santa Claus" Rougier would put it.

Alone on Island 60 Miles Long

The scheme presented vast difficulties and no little danger. The official Navigators' Book of the South Pacific, on the shelf, had informed me that Christmas Island was 46 miles on the north coast and 45 miles on the south coast, with an average width of 35 miles.

My operations about the island, the trips in the automobile which the mutineers had now stolen, had, however, caused me to doubt the accuracy of the book and I had made measurements of my own, with the result that I convinced myself the south coast was between 55 and 60 miles from point to point, southwest and southeast.

Now, for myself alone, a solitary white man out there on an island of such proportions, close to 3000 miles from 'Friso, to begin an armed search for a crowd of murderous mutineers whom I had not laid eyes on since the night of the attack, appealed to my imagination and my desire for solution.

But for all that, I had no desire to run my head into a noose and then hand over the rope's end to my foes. So I plotted and planned for the next few days, testing out possibilities.

Preparing for a Campaign

I would approach them from the rear. I went to the storehouse and dragged out the canoe from its shelter to the edge of the lagoon, thinking to cross during the night to the Paris side. The boat leaked like a sieve and sank in the shallow water off shore. I took it out again put it in to soak over night.

The next afternoon, at dusk, I prepared for my expedition. Locks were out on the doors of the house and the shed and the flour tank. I filled my water bottle with the drinking water from the brackish well outside the house, packed my pockets with biscuits and cartridges, took my two weapons and paddle and shoved off.

It was now dark. The reading of the barometer as I left London Station was not reassuring, the mercury having dropped to 39.2, but I was determined to cross that lagoon.

Directly across the straits past Cookes Island to Paris Point it was about seven miles. During these Winter months, however, to cross directly was almost impossible, owing to the tides and the tremendous surf. It was safer to paddle back six or eight miles into the lagoon and then turn and effect a landing well inside of the south arm.

Driven Back by the Storm

My troubles began before I had gone three miles. With a whoop and a shriek the wind came up out of the southeast, directly in my teeth. It lashed the waters of the lagoon into a fury.

The whole thing occurred within five minutes and, at the end of that time I was battling with all my strength to keep the canoe from capsizing in the shark-infested waters.

The windstorm increased. It was almost pitch dark. Now I was literally at a standstill, for all my effort, the canoe plunging and whirling crazily from side to side, as the wind buffeted the bows and the waves crashed upon us.

I began to take in water. My bare feet were splashing about in the bottom of the canoe. Then, slowly but relentlessly, the raging winds swept us abck into the north, and, after nearly an hour's desperate struggle, I was spilled out on the sands between Motu Manu Peninsula and London House.

I crawled from the water, dragging the half-filled canoe after me up the shore, clear of the lagoon. This done, I started for home, wet, chilled to the bone and well-nigh discouraged.

Once there, with a fire and some dry clothing, I recovered my spirits and my determination. I **would** cross. I resolved to tra again the next night.

To Walk Around the Island

But it was no use. The winds again drove me back almost to the start.

Again the following night I attempted the crossing, only to be very nearly drowned this time. And, thoroughly frightened at the narrowness of my escape, I was thankful to set foot on shore.

As I stood on the sands, in the sunlight of the 26th day of January, through my glasses over the reefs by Paris House, I saw one of the natives fishing.

My heart leaped. They were there, then. He was the first human being that I had laid eyes on nearly a month, but, if my weapons had had the range, I would have drilled him clean.

The knowledge that the mutineers were at Paris House lent strength to my determination, and though I was suffering from exhaustion and a deadly headache, I tried again that night to make the crossing. I failed.

I determined to walk around the road.

The distance from where I was to Paris, by the lagoon road was 72 kilometers, or about 45 miles, but this did not deter me. The exhilaration of the hunt was upon me. I was resolved either to crush out the mutiny or be killed and get over with it.

A Dim Shadow in the Dark

Once more I stocked up with ammunition and food and water. There were good wells along the road, but I took no chances. And at 8:30 on Sunday morning I set out, my shotgun loaded and slung over my shoulder and my revolver under my hand in my belt, where a dozen handcuffs dangled.

I was barefoot and the shells and coral cut sharply, but I marched on, keeping a wary eye ahead, skirting the trees beside the roadbed and watching for the natives. I saw no one.

All day long I walked, stopping for a rest finally, late at night, in an old tumble-down shack on the shores of the lagoon, where I smoked my cigarette and worked out the details of the surprise for the mutineers.

It was yet half-way round the lagoon to my destination and my feet had begun to swell from the cuts. But the sound of a crunched footfall on the road outside brought me to my feet of an instant, alert, and I seized my shotgun.

A dim shadow passed swiftly down the shore, toward Erie Basin. This would not do. I must get on and not let them filter past and get behind me.

Saw Them First

I started again. This time I was limping badly, but I felt refreshed after the rest and pressed ahead.

So I went 27 kilometers more, and then, in the gray light of the morning, I nearly ran into two of the natives on the road. Luckily I saw them first.

I ducked into the bushes and watched them. I saw Tama, whom I had left lying senseless, and another of the blacks in earnest conversation, approaching my lair.

I let them get within a few feet of me when I stepped out into the road and thrust the gun to my shoulder. Tama immediately threw up his hands and began bowing deeply, protesting all the while

that he was innocent. The other savage dropped to his knees and shrieked prayers for me to spare his life.

I told them to stand up and shut up. I asked them where the auto was. Tama said that they had taken it to Paris House and had taken it down again.

Why had he deserted me? Why had he gone to the mutineers when I had risked my life to help him? He protested that he had feared for his safety if he did otherwise. I told him that I was disgusted with his cowardice and ordered both of them to come nearer.

Where were the men? They were at Paris House. I snapped a pair of handcuffs over the wrists of the pair.

Handcuffing the Ringleaders

“Very well,” I said. “My feet are swollen, I can walk no further. You shall carry me in.”

And with that I slung my gun, took out the revolver and ordered them to pick me up, which they did, making a chair of the two hands that were manacled together.

Thus we passed along the road in silence. As we came to the edge of the plantation, I saw that Tama was in a really repentant mood, and the other man frightened nearly to death, so I resolved to try leniency – **I could not arrest the whole lot of them, the ringleaders were enough.**

And, ordering them to halt behind some bushes that screened us from the buildings, I got down, unlocking the handcuffs and told them I would let them off if they gave me the names of the leaders of the mutiny; which they did, only too eagerly.

There was a sound of hammering in the storehouse, and I went up to it, gun in hand, and shouted for the men to come out. A huge brute appeared in the doorway, and when he saw me the hammer dropped from his hand with a clatter on the threshold and his face went grayish-green.

“Joe is a good manager, Joe is a good manager,” he shrieked, holding his hands high over his head.

“Come down here and hold out your hands, then,” I ordered. He advanced, his knees trembling. I think he fully expected to be shot on the instant. I handcuffed him.

The others began to appear, and I covered them with my gun. Then I picked out the leaders by name and told them to come forward in a line, and I handcuffed them also.

Eager to Work

When this was done I huddled the prisoners into a group and turned to the rest of the crew, who were all of them looking scared and silent.

“You will all start to work today, at once, or else you will get off the plantations into the jungle.” I shouted.

They did not move. They continued to eye me with apprehension and I waved the gun. "Do you all hear? Or must I help you to make up your minds?" I repeated savagely.

They clamored Yes, yes, yes They would work. They wanted to work. They were sorry they had But I cut them short.

"You can begin right away then," says I. And they scampered like children in fear of a whipping. I marched the prisoners up to the owner's house at Paris Station, determined to lock them into one of the large rooms, which should serve as a jail till I could devise their future punishment or make up my mind to hold them pending the arrival of the schooner.

As we came into the yard I saw one of the men, unconscious of what had taken place, out on the reefs spearing fish and I immediately decided to give the prisoners and the rest of the repentant rebels an object lesson so as to remove any doubts they might have concerning my determination. A few bird shot would turn the trick, so I threw up my shotgun and fired.

Ending the Mutiny

That man must have leaped 10 feet into the air, with surprise and terror at the sting of the shot. He dropped back into the water and floundered up to the reef and lay there, undecided whether he was dead or alive, or what turn events had taken.

I shouted to him to come in. He did not answer. I raised the gun once more, and he came in with a rush, and fell on his knees and implored me to spare him.

I told him in loud tones that whether he was spared or not depended upon himself, and the disposition he showed to work and obey orders.

When the prisoners were locked up I went over to the seaward side of the point, and there I saw five more of the mutineers cooking fish on a fire. The noise of the surf had drowned the report of the gun and they did not suspect anything. I was fair upon them when one turned.

He uttered a single exclamation and they all sat as if frozen stiff. I stalked boldly over the fire and, seizing their pan of fish, I hurled its contents into the sea.

"You will not eat fish on this plantation unless you work," I declared, coldly incisive. They said that they would work.

And that was the end of the mutiny, which had lasted just one month, and which had nearly brought me into my grave,

All Hands at Work

February came, and we were back laboring with a vengeance. The natives, with the fear of punishment for the mutiny and the knowledge that several of their fellows were still in jail, worked with more zeal than they had ever displayed before.

We began to set out seed by the thousands, and, between improvising rope tires for my auto – makeshifts which lasted only two days – and inspecting, and spearing sharks, and painting the houses and the boats, we had plenty to keep us from any further missteps.

With the arrival of March the gang went to “protecting” the plantlings set out in new groves. This consisted of laying covers to shut off the direct rays of the sun and fighting the pests and sea crabs.

All through these months I fought against almost continual headaches, caused probably by the heat and the diet. The illness did not keep me from work, however, save on one day, and that came early in May, when of a sudden my hands and face and neck and body went blue. I became deadly sick, and my fingernails turned a blackish purple. I took violent exercises for an hour or two and this seemed to restore circulation.

We cleaned trees and began to look for the arrival of the schooner which was due in June.

Waiting for the Schooner

Once, about the 4th of the month, a strange schooner appeared in the offing and there was general rejoicing in the belief that this was the “Ysabel May,” but the joy turned into grief and discouragement when she veered away and disappeared.

Now the men began to grumble. Their contract had expired on the last day of May and I had hard work persuading them to keep busy till the ship should come.

They went to their tasks with a growing indifference and dislike, and finally stopped work altogether and I had to assemble them at London House Station where I could keep my eye upon them, for they were mischievous and might become dangerous.

On the 16th day of June I lost a pair of trousers and 100 francs to Tama, who had wagered that the ship would not be in by that time. We began to assume all the appearance in the world of a colony of avoided loafers, for none would help or turn a hand to anything.

The grumbling rose louder and louder, and so June went by, and July came..

The Coming of a Stranger

Finally, on zhe night of July 28, shortly before midnight, there befell something that gave an entirely new complexion to affairs at Christmas Island, and was to prove one of the turning points towards even worse disasters than had already befallen me.

I lay on my cot reading, inside the doorway at London House. It was almost quiet. The noise of the surf had died away into a vague rumble on the reefs. I was trying to get interested in a much reread tale when I heard a shouting down toward the point.

I looked out, thinking that it was one of my own men. Staggering up the shore in the moonlight, I saw coming toward the house, and calling loudly, a strange man.

This thrilling story, told by a Malden boy of his adventures in the South Seas, will be continued in next Sunday's Globe.

The Boston Sunday Globe

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE—FEBRUARY 29 1920—SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

LONELY MONARCH OF DESERTED ISLE

Malden Boy Again Left Like a Modern Robinson Crusoe on Christmas Island, This Time With Only Two Natives for Company



JOSEPH ENGLISH AND ONE OF
GIANT FISH CAUGHT IN LAGOON
AT CHRISTMAS ISLAND



HOW THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS
FELT ABOUT THE KAISER

By JAMES H. POWERS

In previous instalments the Globe has told how a Malden boy became manager and only white person on Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific, how the cannibal workmen tried to kill him, how he escaped, and after waiting for a month for a second attack started out alone to hunt down the mutineers and overcame them by sheer audacity.

Then, with the ringleaders in irons, he put the now subdued mutineers to work; but they stopped all labor when their time was up and he had anxious weeks of waiting for the overdue supply ship.

At last he was aroused one night by the news that a strange white man was coming along the beach.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

I leaped from my cot and started down the shore to meet the stranger, wondering what ship he was from, and with my whole being thrilled at the prospect of getting away from Christmas Island.

As I drew nearer I saw that he was exhausted and dripping wet from the sea, and I heard the words that he was crying at me:

“Where’s English? I want Joe English,” he shouted.

“I’m Joe English,” said I. “What’s the matter?”

“The schooner – “ he gasped, “gone on the reef – lost!”

I turned and looked across to northward, toward the open ocean, and my joy and eagerness fell away from me as if I had been doused with ice water. For there, with her bows pointing up sharply into the stars and her stern already awash – there, on the outer reef beyond the anchorage, with the endless white breakers roaring past her side, lay the ship that I had waited for, prayed for and almost despaired of ever seeing – the Ysabel May.

The sailor had swam and waded ashore to bring me the news.

Done for Till the Tide

I left him and ran across the sands to the sea’s edge, and plunged into the water. Partly swimming and partly wading, I made my way over the submerged coral and in a few minutes I climbed up the rope ladder thrown over the bows. The captain was there to meet me.

“I am Capt Jones,” said he. “We’re in a bad mess.” And he began to tell me how he had fetched up on the reef, and that it was not on the chart. But I did not wait to hear his explanations. Looking aft I saw that the stern line was out.

“We’ve dropped the kedge anchor,” explained Jones, following my gaze, “but it isn’t much use. She is done for till the tide. Here’s your instructions.” I took the letter, paying but little attention to what I was doing, and thrust it into my pocket. “We’ll have to throw the deckload of lumber overboard at

once," said I. "The tide is inshore and by morning it will wash the whole consignment up on the beach and my men will be able to salvage it."

"There's a chance that the morning tide will float her, just a chance," persisted Capt Jones.

"But why not throw the lumber over?" I demanded. "She will lighten then and if there is any chance it will help her."

"No, we will not throw a thing overboard yet," said Jones.

I looked at him and saw that he had become stubborn and it would be little use to argue with him. "I'll go and get my crowd of workmen and see if they can help with the kedge," said I. And so I did.

Ordered Off by the Captain

Three times more I asked that the deckload be jettisoned and every single time Capt Jones refused. When high water arrived, as I had foreseen, the Ysabel May did not move an inch.

It was close to 6 pm and, after a fruitless and hard day's labor, I asked again that the load be thrown off, and that the cargo in the forehold be taken out to lighten her.

"I am running this ship," retorted the captain savagely, and with that I turned and went ashore again. I determined to risk trouble once more and went aboard early in the evening.

"You will jettison the lumber at once," I said to Capt Jones.

"Not while I am captain of this ship," he replied.

"I am manager of this island and manager of this company and manager of this ship," Said I, losing my temper. "I will have this schooner saved if possible."

"You will get off this deck and be damned to you," roared Jones in a fury. The crew gathered, a mate and a nondescript group of Kanakas and Chinamen. I had to beat a retreat.

At 11:30 I called my workmen together on the shore near London House. "You will all go aboard the schooner with me and as soon as we arrive you will start throwing the lumber into the sea to landward," I commanded. And I told them that if they did not work fast, so that we could save the schooner before a storm should rise, we would never get off Christmas Island.

At the Pistol's Point

When we reached the "Ysabel May" the captain was asleep and there was no one to interfere with us, for the mate was drunk. We set to and worked all night and the next morning till well into the following afternoon, the captain failing to put in an appearance. The incoming tide, as I had figured, fetched nearly all of the lumber to the Point, and I had several hands there to salvage it.

Then the captain came up in a white rage, but I had my pistol in my belt and there was nothing that he could do, for the lumber was gone.

"I guess," said I, after looking over the "Ysabel May," and seeing that the weight of her burthen was still too much for her, "I guess that the cargo will have to be taken ashore too. I will start my men with the boats at once."

He walked over and stood on the hatchway and told me that if I put a finger on that hatch or the cargo I should take the consequences. "Then you can give me all of the cargo consigned to this island," said I. "I am not going to lose the supplies I have been waiting for a whole year almost."

To this he could not well protest, and so we carried our stores to London House, and tired and sick and weary, I sat down there and waited for a storm to kick up the sea and make an end to the schooner.

I tried to sleep. It was useless. I went back to the beach again and walked up and down, up and down.

While I walked I looked over at the "Ysabel May" and at once I perceived that there was something going on aboard her. I had not long to wait to discover what it was. In a few minutes boxes and bales and cases began to splash overboard. Capt Jones was throwing the cargo into the sea.

Mate Fails to Beat Him Up

That knocked me out entirely. I went into the house again, in the condition of a little child two years old, and I was afraid that I was going crazy.

Then, as a climax, came a note from Jones, saying that the ship was finished and that there was absolutely no chance left and he was coming ashore. I sent back word that I would take my men aboard and work all night and save what we could.

Three days passed and the storm did not break, though on the second day there came a deluge of rain and wind that almost spelled destruction. The only result was to wedge the schooner higher up on the coral reef.

We worked at the salvaging of the lose fixtures and the remainder of the cargo, as well as what might have drifted ashore. I became unable to eat or sleep with worry and the hard job.

Then on Aug. 1 the mate came into London House Station and created trouble. He was drunk. Some of the natives had got hold of liquor also.

I took my gun and stalked out into the middle of the gang. "The next man I see drunk on this island I will shoot dead," I said. And I sent word out to some of the crew, who were lingering on the ship, to the same effect.

At 11 o'clock that night, when I had dropped asleep in the dock house, for the first time in nearly a week, some of the natives came and woke me. The mate was ashore again, and he was looking for me. He was going to "beat me up." All of my boys were frightened, as he was a strongly built man with plenty of muscle.

The awakening exasperated me more than the fact of his drunkenness, and I jumped up and went outside in a savage temper, where I ran fair on the mate who had come questing me.

“I am going to beat you to a jelly,” was his greeting in a thick voice. But when I got through with him he was quite tame and never again spoke a word about fighting me.

Forgotten Instructions

The captain had now moved all his belongings from the “Ysabel May” in the belief that she was done for, and I resolved to try for help.

When I first suggested that I go to Fanning Island in the ship’s boat with three of the crew, and the sail from my black boat, he was quite willing that I should. But almost immediately he wanted to go himself.

I wrangled and talked with him, but finally decided that he was quite right. My place was there. So I gathered up stores for the cruise, which was close to 140 miles, and I packed the boat with enough water and provisions for a week.

Jones immediately refused to carry all the supplies. He was not going to need them, he said. The ship’s boat would ride too deeply. I remonstrated with him and pointed out that the trip might take him several days. A wind might blow him off course.

He declared that he knew better, and that it would take him but 30 hours at the worst. So I stopped arguing with him, for it was useless, and the thing was upon his own head, anyway. He set out.

During all this time I had forgotten the letter which I had been carrying around in my back trousers pocket. The rush and anxiety over the ship on the reef, the endless work, the desperate efforts to move her, the squabbles with the captain and the mate and the urgent necessity of hurry with our salvage before a storm should pound her to pieces, had driven clean from my mind the instructions.

Probably it was also due to the fact that instructions with a wrecked ship had little importance. Anyway, I rediscovered the letter on the very day that Jones and the ship’s boat started away on that ill-fated cruise.

Father Rougier Arrives

It was from Father Rougier, the owner of the island, and I sat reflecting bitterly on the irony of the situation. For there were directions instructing me to take passage on the “Ysabel May,” and to make a recruiting trip through the islands to south and westward, and secure 300 hands, and bring them back with me to Christmas Island for enlargement of the plantation operations.

To get away from this place seemed at the moment to get into Heaven. I was to see real people again, white people, not the type of Jones and his mate or the Kanakas or any of the rest of that lazy collection of natives. And here the whole scheme was ruined.

I fell to work, this time with all hands willing, and we filled in the interim until our help should arrive with making copra and clearing the groves.

Eight days later Capt Jones and his men were picked up by the steamer Saint Francoise, 17 miles off Fanning Island. Father Rougier was aboard the ship. The drifting boat had been sighted by a man at work on the hanger of the wireless at the masthead.

Capt Jones was the only man left in his right mind aboard that ship's goat, and his condition and that of the other men was such that the Saint Francoise had to turn back to Fanning Island and leave the four of them in a hospital for days. **They had been afloat four days and nights without a drop of water or food.**

All this I learned on the 23d of the month, when one of the men came running to me with a shout that the steamer had been raised. She came in and dropped anchor off the Northwest Beacon and "Santa Claus" Rougier came ashore to London House, with his two nieces, Bertha and Alice, and his ill-omened housekeeper, Mlle Pugeault, the first white women I had seen in a year.

A Happy Interlude

The mutineers were all of them fined and taken aboard the steamer in irons. Those next few days were among the happiest I spent on Christmas Island. For the steamer was put to work to help get the "Ysabel May" safe into deep water, under the direction of the steamer's captain. Meanwhile I took the girls over the island, showing them the plantations and explaining to them all about the nurseries and how they were cared for. Alice and her sister were intensely interested, though cocoanut growing was new to them.

They both planted cocoanuts in the sands near Paris House, and laughingly insisted that I look after their "plantation," when they should have gone, which I promised to do. Divers discovered that the schooner had sustained no real damage on the bottom, though she had sprung a leak badly; and at the end of the third day the "Ysabel May" was once more afloat on even keel, none the worse for her escapade save the loss of about a dozen feet of her false keel.

We began to load copra, and found that we had gathered 30 tons, which was to mean cargo. Rougier was distinctly pleased, and he declared that beginning with the next trip my salary was to go up. . . . The next trip . . . Little did I dream what was to happen before that next trip.

When the cargo was shipped and the Saint Francoise was ready to depart towing the "Ysabel May" to Fanning, Rougier called me into consultation.

"I have changed my mind," he said.

I asked him what he meant.

"It is about your recruiting cruise," he replied. "Of course, there is no chance now to go in the 'Ysabel May.' I will have to make use of the steamer for the trip. I think it will be best that I make the trip myself and leave you here till I return."

Threatening to Strike

"I will get through right now and here," I retorted, angered as I saw my chances of leaving the island again clouding.

"Don't be foolish, Joe," said "Santa Claus," stroking his beard with a calm smile. "I will go on the cruise and in less than 45 days I will be back with the 300 new hands. Of course the old gang cannot remain here after the mutiny."

I held out, I wanted to get away from the island. Finally the girls came in and when they heard that I was determined to quit they added their protest to that of the trader, and before the weight of this combined urging I said that I would remain there until the 45 days were up and the ship came back to get me.

The Frenchman said that he would leave two men with me for company. His selection left much to be desired, however, for he picked two of the laziest men ashore, Tiaran and Lucien. These two were to live with me and help me guard the property, and I saw little to be thankful for from the outset, though I paid them little heed at that moment, filled as I was with disappointment.

I returned to London House and there discovered that all of the stores had been removed by launch to the St Francoise, as well as all of the cargo of the "Ysabel May" which we had salvaged. There was not a thing left in the storehouse but a ton of rice.

Back I went to the steamer and to Rougier.

Holding Out for Supplies

"Look here. What are we going to eat, what are we going to live on till you come back? Everything has been removed!" I cried.

"You have your supplies, haven't you?" was his answer.

"We've been left a ton of rice and not a shred of meat, not a can of fish, not a sardine even or a pound of flour; I want food." I retorted.

"What," said Rougier, "they have left you a ton of rice? Hein. It is too much. What will three men do in 45 days with a ton of rice? We shall take half of it aboard at once." And he sent out for the captain to dispatch a boat.

At his calm indifference to me and the two men with me, I was amazed. "Then, Father Rougier," said I, "I am on this ship. I shall stay right on this ship till either you send the supplies I need or till you sail for Papeete. I am not going to starve to death for you or anyone else."

"But I do not wish you to starve to death. What a temper!" he replied. "What is it what you want?"

I told him that I wanted flour and meat and sugar and any other food there was aboard. We wrangled awhile, and finally, for the three of us, I wrung out of him 196 pounds of flour, three cases of roast beef, a case of cube sugar, three cases of condensed milk and three cases of sardines. And I took them ashore.

When I got back to London House this time the girls and the housekeeper had gone. They had crossed over to Paris House beyond the lagoon, the natives told me, taking some bundles with them, and were to get their belongings at Paris House, their stopping place, and go aboard the steamer that night. I did not see them again.

Only Dreams for Comfort

I felt very badly, for I had come to love Berthe as a sister. Her bright disposition, her laughter, her everlasting kindness and lively interest in a genuine feeling of affection on my part.

Pugeault, the housekeeper, I disliked. Before I had done with her I was to have more genuine cause for my dislike than mere personal distaste, too. The discovery of the sorry trick she had played on me, however, was reserved for another day, when it would be too late for me to remedy it.

That night, after the steamer and schooner had long since faded out of sight, I broke down completely, with homesickness and the loss of my good friends. Berthe kept coming into my mind. I thought I heard her voice, but it was only the wind in the palms overhead. I seemed to catch the infectious echo of her laughter, but I knew it was nothing. I was hearing memories.

It was many a long day before I forgot them, in the life that now lay before me. Even when the necessity of finding something to do roused me in those ensuing days to action, she kept hovering in my mind, like a fortunate dream which I was unable to forget and which I prayed might linger.

A great loneliness settled over me, which all my attempts to keep busy could not quite vanquish. And there was a strange, unreasonable premonition in my mind, a warning of danger, a feeling of impending trouble which I could not shake off at all.

Another instalment of this thrilling story of the South Seas will be published in the next Sunsay's Globe.

The Boston Sunday Globe

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE— MARCH 7, 1920 —SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

MALDEN MAN IN CRUSOE'S ROLE WITH TWO WORTHLESS FRIDAYS

With Relief Promised in 45 Days, Joseph English Waited Month After Month—Clothing Gone, Provisions Spoiled, Natives Ready For Murder

By JAMES H. POWERS.

In previous instalments the Globe has told how a Malden boy was put in charge of the cocoanut plantations on Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific, how the cannibal workmen mutinied, how he finally hunted them down and by sheer audacity imprisoned the ringleaders, how the supply schooner was wrecked, and how the owner at last came on a relief steamer, took away all the natives but two, and left the young manager alone with but two men, promising to return in 45 days.

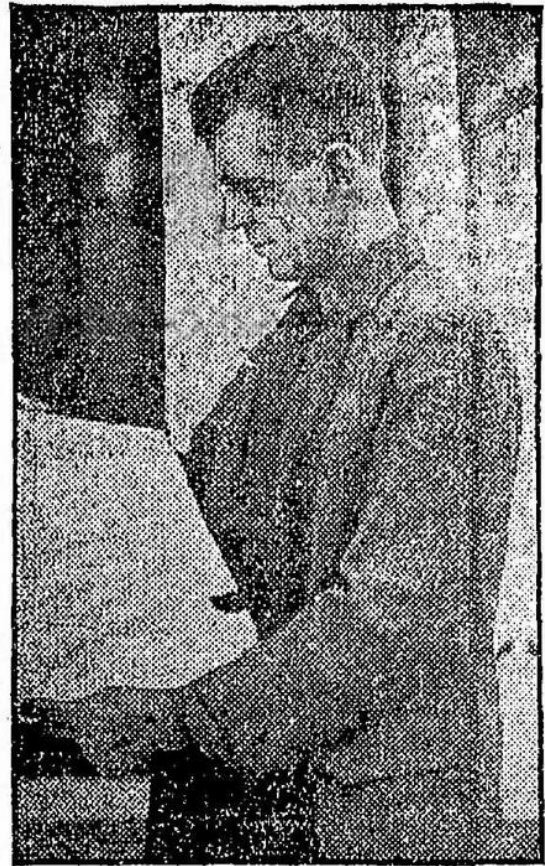
THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

As September came on and the first showers of the rainy season fell, drenching the thirsty groves and the foliage of the tropics, which were seared under the terrific heat of the Summer, I resolved that, rain or shine, there should be no loafing.

Work was our only salvation in the monotony of existence which was to endure for close upon two months, if "Santa Claus" Rougier kept his promise and sent us a ship. So I laid out tasks, day after day.

This was no mean undertaking, either.

The two men, Tiaran and Lucien, who had been left to keep me company, showed early that they were true to the type of South Sea Islanders. I had to keep driving them, urging them and almost fighting with them to keep occupied.



JOSEPH ENGLISH.

Problems Beyond Solving .

For three men, single-handed, to see to it that all these plantations were in hand, to undertake the multitude of tasks that daily arose on Christmas Island, at London House and Paris House, was almost so gigantic a project as to be absurd.

There were piles of copra sacks to sort and stack; gasoline drums had become leaky and dirty and the entire supply must be transferred to other drums; sheet iron roofing on some of the outbuildings had grown rusty and worn through, and it became necessary to paint our supply of sheet iron and lay new roofs.

The automobile demanded attention. The motor boat machinery was clogged with sand and dirt. There were constant repairs needed at the wharfs and the storehouses and the two main stations.

The tracks at the plantations' nurseries, on which we used to move the handcars, were becoming buried beneath the shifting sand and the undergrowth. The weeds were sprouting in our groves. Our problems were legion.

And as the days went past and October came Tiaran and Lucien finally gave over working and helping me altogether.

Why Work?

They protested that they could not carry on the labor alone. It was impossible. Rougier never meant that we should try it, The arrival of the ship with 300 hands would catch up with the work in a few days.

They did not understand that, unless a man works, he has nothing left to do but to think.

Or, maybe they couldn't think.

At any rate, when the time for the arrival of the relief drew near, they lazed on the beach in the shade of the coconut trees, and scanned the horizon for a diversion, while I shifted lumber stacks on the sand, so as to get the salvage further out of reach of the sea, and thereby raised blisters for my pains.

My determination to quit the island forever, as soon as a ship should appear, crystallized during those days, with the growing weariness and monotony, and with no one to talk to. I gave up attempts at conversation with my companions, save at meal times, for my disgust at their idling was more than could stand.

Watching for the Smoke

On the 16th of the month I too gave up work for a day and went out myself to look for the ship with my marine glasses. It was sultry and the heat rose from the sands and the waters of the shore in quivering undulationg.

There was a dead calm. The surf had fallen away into little more than a ripple over the coral, and I could look deeply into the water, down among the coral and weeds.

All day long I wandered up and down the beach, from London House Point to the Cairns above the anchorage, looking to seaward, and expecting that surely, at some blessed moment, the tell-tale patch of smoke would lift over the rim of the Pacific.

As night came, and, fully discouraged, I went back to the house, it was with an oppression and a keen sense of hurt, as if someone had deliberately inflicted on me a very great injury. The 45 days were up, and Rougier had not kept his promise.

That evening, too, a discovery was made that seemed then of little import, but later turned out to be vital.

On going to the tin in which the supply of flour was kept, I discovered that the whole upper part of the case was full of worms, and it became necessary to throw away nearly a quarter of our little supply.

Ruined by Sea Water

This in itself was not a very serious thing perhaps, for we still had aplenty of stores to keep us for many weeks. But before we were done with our waiting, it became very serious indeed, and in the long spells of sickness and hunger that were to come, I know that, had I been able to gather up that discarded flour, worms and all, I would have been thankful.

The loss of the flour did not disturb me half so much, nor did it seem half so Important as the next discovery I was to make, That was, upon opening one of the cases of milk, to find that it was one which had been salvaged by us from the Ysabel May's cargo, and that the sea water had ruined it entirely.

We opened, one after another, the other cases. Every one of the cases of milk and the cases of canned fish was spoiled with the rust.

By now the rains had set in almost daily, and we were often soaked to the skin, but the sun would suddenly break forth again, and the heat dried us off quickly with little discomfort. Tiaran and Lucien minded it all not half so much as I.

Washed Ashore by the Sea

As neither of them was much good In the way of work, I took to going off by myself, and thus I traveled from one of the plantations to the other, leaving them to their own devices, sometimes working, sometimes loafing. It was of no use to watch over them, for they would do only what they chose,

By the time that November had come, however, the rains had grown into a serious item in my daily life, and the weather had become decidedly cooler. I spent hours looking for diversion, and nothing new or strange in the vicinity of London House escaped my attention and curiosity.

I remember how delighted I was one morning when I stood on the sand and looked down upon a strange starfish washed ashore below me, on huge denizen of the sea, with 17 points and all covered with spines like a sea urchin. I had never seen anything like it before.

On another day it was a cocoanut with a double embryo that I found sprouted on the sands by Motu Manu peninsula.

Ship a Month Overdue

One day I took the two men and we went on a tour of inspection, and saw a wild duck winging its way across the land. And we speculated for an hour on where he had come from and whether he was living in the marsh of Erie Basin, or down in the Outer Lagoon, to southward.

Finally another month had passed and the ship was a month overdue, and we all began to grow slightly indifferent to her arriving, for we had been disappointed day upon day, and the strain had nearly worn us out.

In this mood Tiaran became stubborn, and to add to the unpleasantness of the situation, one morning he refused to get out of bed, even after he had been called four times. I doused him with a bucket of sea water, and it was cold and fetched him out with a yell.

The work of roofing the house was completed, practically by myself. Now we were beginning to feel cold in the gray weather and the persistent sea winds and the rains; and my shirt was in ribbons from rough labor and trips through the rapidly growing underbrush about the island.

All the Cloth Gone

I decided that we would make some new clothes, With this idea in mind, I went to the storehouse to get the three bolts of cloth that I knew were there, left from our previous supplies before the steamer had come to take away the workmen. I had felt under no necessity of asking "Santa Claus" Rougier for more cloth because of the knowledge of this surplus. I opened the door and went in.

The bolts of cloth were gone. I hunted all over the place, with growing amazement and wonder. Where had they gone to? I searched under the empty cases, and in every conceivable place. Then, running out of the shack I called to the two men, asking them if they knew where the cloth was gone.

Tiaran told me that Mademoiselle Pugeault had taken the bolts away with her when she left in the boat with the two nieces of Rourier, on her way to the "Saint Francois" the night she sailed. He declared that she had carried the bundles down to the boat herself, and that he had watched her, thinking nothing of the matter, for she was entitled to take what she chose, being the housekeeper of the owner of the island.

The Problem of Clothes

I went away from him and Lucien and sat down on the wharf to ponder the situation. I had one pair of trousers, already worn out and cut off at the knees because the tough thorns of the undergrowth had cut them to ribbons.

I had one shirt on my back and that was in tatters already. I had no shoes. Not a stitch of clothing of any sort other than what I had already on my back.

Lucien and Tiaran had their "G strings" or clouts, and that comprised their entire wardrobe. December was beginning, and although of course the weather would not become really very low of temperature down here close to the Equator, nevertheless the weeks of rain and cold wind and storm ahead, with no rescue in prospect, made the outlook anything but promising.

Heartily I cursed Pugeault and her selfishness and the ship owner and the whole miserable crew of them. from the 'Frisco office all the way down to the captain, who had run my ship on the reef and had brought all this to pass.

There was nothing to do however, but make the best of it. The two natives tried to make coverings of sail cloth to cut off the wind and rain: but the stuff was coarse and heavy, and they gave it over after stabbing their fingers with needles and breaking two or three.

My wet clothing and the chill of the wind gave me neuralgia, and there were two or three days early in December when I was at a very low ebb; but the desperate nature of our condition there on the island set my mind to working as to some means of escape.

Another Hope Gone

I could not wait for a ship. It might never come. I felt that it would never come. And, as I was convalescing from my attack of sickness and my weakness again, the sight of the black boat on the edge of the Lagoon gave me an idea.

I would go to Fanning Island in the black boat. It was 135 or 140 miles, to be sure, but that did not matter. I would be picked up, perhaps. I grew excited at the prospect and even joyful, and I went out to talk it over with Tiaran and Lucien.

But before I had reached them a sudden qualm overtook me, I could not take provisions away from the two men. The food was now running quite low. Neither could I stock the boat with cocoanuts. And the black boat was but half the size of the ship's boat in which Capt Jones had nearly met with his death on a similar trip. The black boat would capsize in the most ordinary deep sea windstorm.

So I returned to my room, discouraged, probably the more so because the hope that had been born had met with death so abruptly.

In mid-December the weather cleared again and the sun came out like a torch. My shirt was gone entirely now, and I discarded my trousers in order to save them that. I might have something left in case a ship did really come after all.

I was as naked as a savage, and my arms and neck and upper body were already burnt to a dusky brown. Thus reduced as low as the simplest barbarian, I wandered about Christmas Island, turning my hand now to a task here and now to one there and losing count of the endless days, except at night, when reality would return sharply with my entries into the diary of the company at London house.

In Battle With the Wilderness

My rambles about the plantations nearly broke my heart, but they resulted in one thing that spelled salvation for weeks — a more reasonable plan of work, I saw my nurseries, into which I had put so much care and effort, and which I had toiled over for more than a year with my workmen, fill up with weeds and vines and creepers. The shacks fell in from lack of care and the heavy winds and rain.

The cocoanut grove which I had set an few months before, my mind filled with the dreams of new plantations, were almost lost to sight beneath the luxurious and rapidly growing undergrowth of the wilds.

The sight of all this drove me nearly distracted, but eventually it roused my instinct to battle. I persuaded Lucien and Tiaran, who by this time had grown somewhat sick of doing nothing, to lend me a hand.

Thus began our battle with the wilderness, which was to wax into a very deadly struggle, with victory going, gradually, to the enemy.

We weeded out the Lagoon road. spending days at it, but while we were doing this, London Plantation grew into a small jungle.

We returned to London station, but, by the time we had cleaned this up again, the Motu Manu Plantations and houses were hedged almost out of sight.

We caved up Erie Plantation early in the struggle and soon we gave over the fight at Asia Plantation, and finally the end came, and we were obliged to abandon our efforts at Motu Manu.

Skeletons of Boats

Then I came, one night, to my last cigarette. I stood in the doorway, at London House, and looked at that cigarette for long minutes and wished that it could be planted and grown. I laughed at myself for my foolishness, and put the cigarette away, to smoke at some later day when I should be less able to withstand the temptation.

That cigarette became the leading character in a drama. Each day I would take it out and look at it and put it away again, regretfully. Finally it became so dried and soft with much handling that I could not let it go any longer, and I lighted it, smoking it slowly, luxuriously, until the shortness of the stub burnt my lips.

I went on a tour of exploration all over the Island, to fill in my time, after I had wearied of the eternal fight with the weeds. I walked eastward, and down the far outside coast, past remnants of innumerable wrecks.

I found an old windlass and donkey engine, half buried in the sand and crusted with rust, and the skeletons of boats, rotten old hulks, gaunt and barnacled, close on the shore reefs, and lumber strewn for miles.

There Was one place where I came upon a great sheet of corroded copper sheathing and some odd lengths of cable, and an old anchor, where some ship had made a fight for her life only to lose in the end.

At another place I found huts thrown together out of rocks and weatherbeaten lumber from the shore.

Four Lonely Graves

And near the half way mark down the coast, behind some coral and strewn sand, cut off from the sea by a scraggly clump of bushes, I came upon four graves in a row, very old graves they were. Some other mariners had met their fate out here on this ill omened island.

I became very much depressed, thinking of our own condition, and wondering which of us would die the first, and whether any man in the future would come upon our graves as I had come upon these four mute moments to heartbreak.

I discovered again the wreck of the Aeon, which went ashore in 1911, on the great reef southward of the base of Joe's Hill, the tallest hill on the island. Here again I discovered the quarters of the survivors, the wells that they had dug, und even the cook house. Here there was plenty of good

lumber, quite new, piled up by the sea, in tangles of weed and sand almost a dozen feet high along the beach.

December went swiftly, and I decided to visit Paris house to see how conditions were there. We fought our way out over the lagoon, finally managing to make a landing in safety after nearly five hours.

We found the place as I had expected. It was well run to weeds. The heavy surf, which seemed to be more destructive at Paris Point than over at London station, had wrought havoc with the landing.

The house itself was in good condition inside, but when I visited the boathouse I found that the high tides had carried off to sea the only boat kept there. The walks all about the place were overgrown with Kurima weed, and, after hunting about for some time, I discovered the cocoanuts planted by Alice and Berthe.

Five of them had sprouted and were growing nicely, and true to my promise, I weeded them out and fenced them off from the depredations of the hermit crabs.

The half-dozen hens that were kept at Paris house and had never been known to lay an egg had become wild, and took to the wilderness on our approach.

Three Days Delirious

That night a storm burst and the heaviest surf I had ever seen at Christmas Island deluged the whole Southern Point. Cooke's Island was not visible in the flying spume at times and when I had returned to London House the entire lower arm of the island was obscured from sight by the storm.

In the early part of January the stove broke down and we were reduced to fires outside under shelter of old bits of sheet iron, to cook our Food.

I missed the stove greatly, for now there was no warmth inside of London Station except when the weather cleared. The biting sea wind became deadly cold and every night and nearly every day the torrential rains fell. There were 2380 points of rain on the London side that month, according to my records.

Despite all this, and the misery occasioned by the lack of clothing, I kept at work, fighting the encroachments of the wilderness beyond the station. All of my efforts now were confined in keeping back the brush line at London and Paris. I gave over the remainder of the island, with the exception of the Lagoon road, as an impossible task.

One night, early in the month, I fell ill again, I was awakened after midnight by severe pains in the stomach and lower abdomen. Vomiting and cramps followed, and I fell into a desperate fever, for which the two men could not help me.

During the three days that followed I lay almost delirious-with the pain, and with my head splitting, I wished for death, and expected that I would die. My hope was all gone.

Yet, on the fourth day I felt immeasurably better and rose and hauled the sailboat out of the waters of the lagoon, tying a rope on the automobile to help me, for I was too weak to do it alone and the two men refused to stir.

Library of Two Volumes

The rain poured down. Convinced that if I did not work I might fall again into the dreadful sickness. I toiled calking and painting the black boat under a thatch of palm leaves.

It seemed that the rain would never cease. Days upon days it rained. The lightning ripped and tore across the sky above us. When I finally went on a tour of the plantations again on the 10th of January, I discovered that the road had been flooded nearly three feet deep in places and that parts of Asia plantation were entirely under water from the deluge.

There were hundreds, thousands of sprouting nuts under the trees in the groves, and I tried to plant some of them, but gave over when I had set out 50 for the task was useless.

I went over to Paris again where I stayed a week alone, clearing away the weeds and oiling the floors of the owner's house to keep out the rot. Then I discovered the first trace of the rats. They had attacked the bindings of the French books in "Santa Claus" Rougier's library and the mattresses.

That library was a ghastly mockery for it was of no use to me. I would have given a good deal to have had something to read, but my entire library on Christmas Island consisted of a book on cocconut cultivation which I had read for the 20th time and knew almost by heart, and an old magazine, with the covers gone and the first pages missing. I kept a pencil check on the margin of this. I read it 11 times.

Civil War Brewing

Now something new happened, lending considerable diversion to my hours. A feud broke out between Tiaran and Lucien, and for days upon end I watched their hatred develop toward one another.

They were reduced to a plane of elemental savagery, and the bitter growth of their animosity, day after day, week after week, was a curious study in emotions and primal rages.

I do not know to this day what the cause was. But by February they were sullen and snarled at one another like animals, when occasion arose. Soon they avoided one another's company entirely and never spoke.

Tiaran was plainly dropping into a state of mind that must have been similar to that of his cannibal forbears; and as the grim drama developed, I found myself wondering which one would kill the other.

This thrilling story of a modern Crusoe from New England will be continued in next Sunday's Globe.

The Boston Sunday Globe

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE— MARCH 14, 1920 —SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

RESCUED AFTER 14 MONTHS MAROONED ON PACIFIC ISLAND

Malden Boy Tells the Dismal Story of Long Wait For Ship That Never Came—Clothing Gone, Nothing But Fish to Eat, One of His Two Native Companions Insane, Endless Rain and Sickness—At Last Comes Admiral Jellicoe

By JAMES H. POWERS.

Previous instalments of this story have told how Joseph English, a Malden boy, was sent as manager to Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific. The cannibal workmen who had been brought to the Island to care for the cocoanut plantations mutinied and tried to kill him. He escaped, and after waiting weeks for a second attack, by sheer audacity captured the ringleaders and won over the others.

Then came the owner, who carried off the mutineers and left Mr English with only two natives, promising to return in 45 days. Months passed, provisions gave out and the two natives worked up a grudge that seemed likely to develop into murder.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

It was now seven months since I had been deserted on Christmas Island, with Tiaran and Lucien; and the trio of us, reduced by the privations and lack of food — all supplies excepting the rice having run out entirely — gaunt, browned by the sun, naked and bearded like old "Santa Claus" Rougier himself, looked for all the world like some illustration of Robinson Crusoe.



THE SIGNED PHOTOGRAPH ADMIRAL JELlicoe GAVE TO JOSEPH ENGLISH

The two men continued with their mutual hatred, and, as I seldom entered into conversation with them, except to speculate as to when we might be rescued, or whether we were to be rescued at all, or to order them to go out fishing each day, that we might not come to actual starvation, we were in a sorry state.

Braving the Sharks

One day, after I had come in from inspecting the coconut groves with the pair of them, we discovered that the black boat had dragged her anchor in the heavy surf. She was well out off shore in the lagoon when we saw her.

As this was the only boat left us, save for the canoe, we could not afford to lose her. She offered us the easiest means of getting to Paris House, which I was striving to keep in a semblance of civilization with London House, my own quarters.

I ordered Tiaran to go out and bring her in. He at once became smitten with terror, and said that he was afraid to swim out into the lagoon, where there were hundreds of sharks.

Only a few days before we had killed a very ugly shark, nearly 10 feet long, spearing it clean through with a crowbar after a good battle, and now it lay buried on the shore under a coconut palm.

There was no time to argue, however, in this predicament. If we lost the black boat we would be very badly off, as the auto was by this time little more than a wreck, with tires and springs all gone. Besides, the road was barely passable and it was 45 miles around to Paris House.

If one swam properly, however, there was little danger from the sharks. As Lucien could not even dog paddle, I plunged into the surf myself, splashing a good deal to scare off any possible man-eaters that might happen to be in my course.

I reached the black boat in safety, climbed into her, found the oars lying on the bottom, and rowed back, while Tiaran and Lucien stood on the shore and waited to see me killed.

When I got to land I fined Tiaran 5 francs for his cowardice and set the item down against his account — a mild sort of revenge — for there was no indication that he or the rest of us would get any pay in the immediate future.

Appendicitis the Third Time

The nausea, from continual eating of rice, rice, rice, and fish, by this time had become overwhelming. We ate our food, such as it was, merely to keep alive, and we hated the event of meal time usually.

The diet was broadened now by another item, which we began to use out of desperation and because we thought that the brackish water from the wells was making us ill. We took to drinking green coconut water, obtained from the center of the unripe nuts.

At the month end came the third attack of appendicitis since January, and I was laid up for two days and two nights, suffering untold pains. I felt that the next attack of this sort would finish me, as the food was not nourishing enough to give me strength.

The rain had not let up, and my diary shows no less than 25 days rain out of 31 for March, with a total fall of 1620 points recorded.

The jungle was now in bloom, and as April arrived the scent of the flowering shrubs and plants grew deliciously sweet after the showers. The birds in the groves and undergrowth were nesting, calling to one another and making a beautiful splurge of color, here and there in the palms as they presented their plumage, or circled over the lagoon.

Ship Passed Without Seeing

On the 8th of the month, while I was out at Eleven Kilometer Nursery looking over the groves and noting the strides of the weeds, I happened to look casually over the southwest arm of the land, beyond Paris Point, toward the Pacific. My heart nearly stood still.

There, in the offing, rode a tall ship. I could see that she was a four-master, and under all sail. She must have passed close to the southern extremity of the land early in the morning while we were asleep. Now, with a good 10 miles of water between us, she was headed westward, and there was no hope of attracting her attention at all.

The sight of that ship, which was the first I had seen in going on eight months, brought anew all of my speculations and hopes of rescue.

I gave over inspection and returned to London House, Where I found Tiaran and Lucien, each one of them bursting with the news, and yet constrained by their mutual hatred to silence. I almost laughed outright at the situation until I remembered the ship once more. Then I became downhearted.

It was as if a weight had been hung on my spirits and the situation was not improved by the sudden darkening of the skies and the advent of another of the incessant rain storms. The hopes that had been revived in the three of us made the next several days unusually monotonous and dreary.

Extracts From English's Diary

April 21 — Blacksmithing since morning, making rudder post for the sailboat. Out over plantations in afternoon.

* * * *

April 24 — Thunder and lightning and plenty of rain last night. Thunder and more lightning all morning. Suffering from severe cold, the first I have had in years, due to wetness and no dry clothes to put on. Thanks to that woman, Pugeault, taking my only material for clothes from the store. She had a sweet nerve.

* * * *

April 27 — Sunday, and very sick. If a ship does not visit me soon it is me they will plant instead of the cocoanuts. Rats again raising havoc; cannot get a good night's sleep with them running and gnawing around the house. Last night they ate my table cover and made a nest on the table only three feet away from my bed. Heavy surf.

* * * *

May 1 — Went to Motu Upon. Plenty of copra on the ground, which will require careful supervision, as much of it is covered with nean. All trees bearing nicely. The island is in poor shape, kurima nashu and brush having completely filled in the rows and left no trace of our three large division roads.

* * * *

May 8 — Today we came to the south settlement of No Man's Land — in other words, to Paris. We remain here for cleaning and repairing dock; rain all day.

* * * *

May 11 — Sunday — cloudy and rainy. Went on reefs last night and caught several lobsters. Do you think that Tiaran would go on the reef for lobsters? He certainly would not.

* * * *

May 14 — Both myself and Tiaran sick in bed most of the day.

* * * *

May 15 — Still sick. Rats ate the pillows under our heads while we slept.

Tiaran Goes Insane

On the 17th of the month of May there came one of the unforgettable days of the maroon. Even now, looking back upon the horror of it all through the softening perspective of distance, there is a sharp recollection of my original feeling of dismay and mental torment.

The hatred that had long been in evidence between the two men who dwelt with me !In my isolation reached the point beyond which it could go but one step further. Tiaran and Lucien had developed a grim, silent hatred beyond description, and with this point reached the strain of the situation began to weigh upon us all.

For two days Tiaran had been sick and now on the third there came a queer look into his eyes and an odd twist to his actions, and his words to me were mumbled. Tiaran had begun to go insane.

In the days that ensued, the discovery of his state of mind compelled me to watch him closely so as to guard against any violent turn to his troubles. I knew that Lucien or myself were a fair match for him in ordinary fight, but the cunning of an insane man made life for several days a living horror.

Lucien realized at once what had happened and was on his guard, needing no caution from me. The peculiar thing about the condition of the savage was that he seemed to have temporarily forgotten his animosity toward his fellow, though he did not speak.

Barbering Under Difficulties

I hid the guns when I slept, under my mattress, where now the rats were disporting themselves with entire indifference to whether lay abed or not. As I went out to work, day after day, I removed the knives and other weapons from Tiaran's reach, and carried my revolver and gun with me.

When he had recovered from his sickness fully, Tiaran was as simple as a child; but the threat of his going' completely and desperately mad kept Lucien and myself forever on the alert. I took to sending him off to do odd jobs by himself, which he seemed to like, which was possibly one of the strangest freaks of his mental state, for he had been everlastingly lazy and rebellious ever since I had first known him.

Late in June, my beard having grown so long that it was becoming troublesome, I hunted about till I discovered an old razor and I decided to try and win back some of my appearance as a civilized man.

It was a terrible job. I clipped and hacked my whiskers with a knife and at last got them down close enough to shave. But the razor was dull and the shave was no great success as it nearly pulled the hair out by the roots.

However, I found the effort diverting and kept at it for several weeks.

Now Tiaran suddenly remembered his aversion for Lucien and we had considerable worry again until I perceived that his derangement had apparently ceased its progress, and that he was now simply "queer."

From the 'English Diary

Excerpts from the English Diary

June 20 — Decidedly not well, but cannot stay in bed, Took account of stock, then went through Plantations north of Puna.

* * * *

June 21 — Sail boat to Paris. All O K except that the rats continue their depredations in the mattresses there.

* * * *

July 7 — Clearing auto road. These two boys have not spoken a word for months. It is interesting again to note the hatred between them.

* * * *

July 8 — Rambling around nearly dead for want of food.

* * * *

July 15 — Arrived again at Paris. In "Lady" Pigeault's bed I find nest of four little rats.

* * * *

July 18 — Watching for ship again. It is all that I can do.

* * * *

July 25 — This morning at 10:15 we heard a distant sound like the report of a heavy gun. The sky was cloudless, and I am curious to know what that sound was caused by.

* * * *

July 27 — One year ago today Captain Jones ran the "Ysabel May" on the reefs, may the devil take him. Were it not for that same Jones I would now be enjoying good health at home, instead of starving and freezing here, without food or clothes,

Nothing but Fish

How August went I scarce remember, save for one incident, The montony had begun once more to get on my nerves and I was growing into a state of continual ill health from headaches, neuralgia and hunger,

Then one day Lucien decided to take a sail and he was nearly drowned, The treacherous wind swept down upon him in the Lagoon and he was helpless, as he could neither manage the boat nor swim.

He was upset and thrown into the water and clung there, loudly calling for help and thrashing to keep the sharks off. I forced Tiaran to help me drag out the canoe and we went to his rescue.

Now we were reduced to catching fish for every meal time. Once in my tour of the plantations I came upon a large fig tree with a great cluster of fruit on it, and we celebrated. At another time we discovered Kavika eggs and ate ravenously

But these were rare occasions. For the most part our breakfast, dinner and supper had to be caught and cooked for every meal, We fell to eating green cocoanuts, Which made us ill, all three, and became careful.

Then came a day when, as I was walking through the heavy undergrowth, a piece of nean struck me in the eyes, and I suffered the most excruciating torture for hours, completely blinded.

And, to add to the troubles that seemed to be mounting up for us, for the first time since I had come to Christmas Island I found that there were mosquitoes.

Wasted to a Shadow

September was the 12th month of the maroon, and it began with myself flat on mv back in bed in another fever and with Lucien and Tiaran moping around, separately, in the outbuildings.

My work during the preceeding months, with the two men, had been on the roads about the island and they were now in excellent condition once more.

But the Wilderness had won its battle,. The crabs had eaten down the pawpaw tree over at Paris, and the banana tree there, which we had been watching with such eager hopes, disappointed us with but a small bunch of fruit. The other parts of the island were run riot now, and T wave up the battle.

My sickness took a turn which I may not describe, save to say it was frightful, and I began to fall away to a mere shadow. Even the dilapidated pair of trousers which I had stored away for the day of our liberation, flapped ridiculously about my limbs when I tried them on.

It mattered little to me, hopeless as I was, that I should find when I took the black oat out of the water, to scrape and repair and paint her for the 'fifth time, that the bottom was worn 'through now, and it would be Impossible to use her any longer.

We watched the turtles wandering about the Lagoon, and we managed to catch a small one without fishhooks or spears, on the shore. The larger ones escaped easily, and we could not hope to make a capture for lack of a boat, unless we were to steal up behind one on the sand, which was difficult.

Darkest Hour of All

On Oct 18, the second anniversary of my arrival on Christmas Island as manager, I was reduced to loitering about the shore, feeble from hunger and illness and desperate in the eternal sight of the open reaches of the Pacific, where never a shadow of sail or smoke broke the monotony.

Above us arched the clear Autumnal skies, blue as glass. The waters of the sea rolled away, forever, to the edge of the world, or they came crashing in 'foam upon the reefs below the point.

The birds swept circles over the blue Lagoon, where now and then a fish leaped, or the sharp fin of a shark cut the surface in the sunlight. It was ghastly.

That was the darkest hour of all my maroon. I grew rapidly too weak to walk about much and sat despondent on the edge of my cot, wondering how much longer it would be before I should die.

I hoped for death. It seemed a kind 'release for me, and something that would prove a blessing, I knew that we could not stand another Winter here, and the other men were as desperate as I, though Tiaran did not seem to understand now.

After 14 Months

As I sat, flattened out by the throbbing at my temples and the weakness in my limbs, late on the afternoon of the 19th, Tiaran gave a shout and came running in to me from the point, where I had sent him to fish for our supper.

"There is a great ship," he jabbered, laughing hysterically. "A great ship .. . much smoke."

I crawled to my feet and went outside. There was nothing in sight. My heart fell. But these natives have wonderful eyesight. I returned with my glasses and swept the horizon once more. He

was right.

There, headed eastward, though still in the offing, a great steamship was standing in landward. Eagerly I focused the glasses on her. . . . The two men were dancing with wild joy, nearly mad with excitement. After 14 months here was the ship coming at last.

As she drew nearer I saw that she was a very large ship, I began to wonder why she was coming to this out of the way place. Then I picked out the line of a gun turret, and I saw the slim muzzles of a broadside battery jutting over the water, A warship!

Dressing for the Occasion

I climbed to the roof and sat there with the glasses glued to my eyes, and soon I could pick out figures on her decks, and all the life of a great man-o-war was before me.

I had a sudden recollection. . . . Von Horst in 1914 had sailed down upon Fanning Island under the French flag and with his crew in French uniform, and when he got into port, he had blown the settlement to pieces.

I began to temper my joy with wonder. Suppose this was a trick and we were to end it all by being taken captive.

I went down and dressed for the occasion. I put on that pair of trousers, that were cut off at the knees and worn out behind. I had no shirt.

Then, taking my two men with me, I lifted my revolver and slipped it through my belt, picked up my shotgun in my hand and stood at the point, watching the warship drop anchor and lower a great boat with about 30 men in it.

The boat swept toward the entrance to the lagoon, and when she got within hail I motioned them off, for if they should try to make the straits they would have fetched up on the rocks.

The boat turned and came toward 'the outer wharf. . . .

And then I saw what amazed me completely and made me look hastily over my scanty raiment . . .

There was a lady aboard that ship's boat, a white lady!

They came along, and I shouted . . . filled with doubts still, despite the flapping of the British ensign.

H. M. S. New Zealand

"What do you want here? What ship is that?"

"This is His Majesty's ship New Zealand," came back the answer, while the seamen rested on their oars and the boat floated a stone's throw away.

"What do you want here. . . and what have you got a woman aboard for if you are His Majesty's ship New Zealand?" I retorted.

A short figure rose in the boat, a figure clad in a coat covered with gold braid and silver lace. His voice came to me clearly above the slapping of the water at the wharf below me.

"This is His Majesty's ship New Zealand. . . . with Viscount Jellicoe, Admiral of the fleet, on official tour of English possessions," he shouted.

So it was true, then. My legs shook under me as if I had the ague I dropped my gun with a clatter on the wharf.

And I began to laugh as Tiaran had laughed, as if it were a huge joke.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SUNDAY.

The Boston Sunday Globe

THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE— MARCH 21, 1920 —SEVENTY-SIX PAGES

AFTER 14 MONTHS' MAROON, MALDEN BOY IS SAVED BY BRITISH ADMIRAL

On Jellicoe's Ship He Learned That the War Was Over Months Before and That America Had Gone Dry—No More Pacific Islands for Him; He Has Had All of That Sort of Thing He Wants.

October 1919

119

- 1 Sept ends with rainfall on 16 days with a total of 116 points
Sinking traps, many of which were bad. Painting sail boat.
- 2 Out over plantations. Lizards are quite numerous at present
caught a small one today and a very large one got away, we
have no good spears.
- 3 Out over plantations, Taranu put another tube in the trunk today
that boy is useless.
- 4 Landing black boat. Taranu not well.
- 5 Sunday, windy - cloudy
- 6 Nothing to note. 6 turtles seen today.
- 7 Clearing roads of man. Taranu speared a porcupine fish today,
the first I have ever seen at this island.
- 8 Out over plantations in A. D.
- 9 " " " " " " Working on auto which is go-
ing poorly owing to the non receipt of spare parts ordered in 1918
- 10 I must say that if I had a free hand on this island
every tree would show the results, as trees under experiment
at cultivation are doing famously. Then I could have the
work done as I wish, now I am under orders to make no
upra until the ship returns this is sure a "great" company.
- 11 Out over plantations
- 12 Sunday.
- 13 Two years ago today I returned here as manager, I wish I
could see the island or its owner or his housekeeper Tugault.
- 14 Nothing to note. Headache.
- 15 " " " " Bad Headache
- 16 Looking over trees in London district. Bad Headache
- 17 Thirst, flatness, all in, bad headache unable to get around
where is Kungin or a ship.

A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

By **JAMES H. POWERS.**

Previous instalments have told how Joseph English of Malden became manager of the cocoanut plantations on Christmas Island, out in the middle of the Pacific, how the cannibal workmen mutinied, how he put down the mutiny single handed, how the proprietor came and took away all the workmen but two, promising to return in 45 days, how English and the two natives — one of whom went insane — were left there for 14 months, reduced to fish and cocoanuts for food and with clothing all gone but a few rags, Then, when he had given up hope of ever reaching civilization again, a warship appeared.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH ENGLISH

The ship's boat pulled in at the wharf and the officers stepped ashore, together with the lady, and they all advanced toward where I was standing. The man who had addressed me from the boat stood slightly in advance, "I am Admiral Jellicoe of the Royal British Navy," said he. "I wish to see Mr English, the manager of the island. 'Where may I find him?' "I am Mr English," said I. He looked at me, thunderstruck. I suppose I certainly did not resemble, what he had expected, with my unkempt beard, my sunburnt body and my abbreviated trousers, which were flapping in tatters about my limbs.

He glanced from myself to Tiaran and Lucien, quickly, as if he thought I were attempting to joke with him. Then he spoke again.

A Manager and All the Rest

'Where are the men, the workmen?' "We are all the men that are left," I responded. "But I have been informed — I have thought that there were plantations here and a colony of workmen . . . ?"

"These two men und myself are all the people. There are no workmen left. There have been no workmen here for more than a year," I made answer.

"Where is the postmaster?' he demanded.

I am postmaster, manager and all the rest of it," said I.

"How long have you been here, Mr English, and when did a ship last visit you, and how long will it be before the next one comes, and what food have you here?"

He poured the questions at me without giving me a chance to answer, and T stood silent till he had finished. When I began to answer, the staff officers and the Jady pressed close about in a circle.

"I have been here with these two men for the past 14 months," I said. "When the ship left in August, 1918, we were promised relief in 45 days. It did not come. It has never come. We have given up all hope of it ever coming. We have no food except the fish in the lagoon and the turtles on the beach and the cocoanuts. Our stores ran out months ago. We have no clothes. . . ."

And, briefly, I related the story of cur maroon.

Fears of a German Raid

The lady at Jellicoe's elbow looked on us with sympathetic eyes. Jellicoe himself paced up and down the sand, as the tale unfolded, clenching his hands in anger. Finally he halted before me and exploded

"Mr English. this is an outrage. . . . this is. . . . He could not say what he thought of it. He turned to the lady, begged my pardon and said:

"Permit me to present Mrs Jellicoe, my wife, Mr English, and the members of my staff." And, one after another he introduced them, and they held out their hands and expressed warm sympathy for the three of us.

"Why did you warn us out of the lagoon?" queried one of the officers.

I told them about the danger of the straits, for all their seeming harmlessness, and of the submerged reefs and sharp coral, And then I remarked that I had at first feared that they might be Germans, playing the trick that Von Horst played at Fanning Island in 1914, making entry under a false flag only to blow us to pieces.

News of the War

At this the entire group began to smile, and, seeing that I was bewildered, Lady Jellicoe leaned forward.

"O, but then you do not know yet, Mr. English. Who do you think won the war?"

"Won the war?" I repeated after her, blankly. "But I did not know that it had been won."

Whereupon they all laughed heartily, and she informed me of the German debacle, all of which was wonderful news to me, who had not heard from Europe or any other part of the world in so long.

"In view of the circumstances, Mr English," said the Admiral, after a few minutes consideration of the situation. I cannot allow you to remain longer here. I must take you and your men o with me. We will carry you to some other place, to Honolulu, probably, where we are to make a stop."

"If you don't mind," I answered, 'I would like to go to Fanning Island, where there is a cable. There I will be able to wire San Francisco for money and clothes and instructions, und so settle up my business."

"Very well."

He directed one of the officers to take charge of the assignment of quarters to Tiaran and Lucien, and to secure clothes for all three of us; and to have his own extra cabin prepared for myself.

No Trouble to Pack Up

"When will you be ready to go aboard?" he queried, "I am ready now," said I, "for everything that I possess is on me with the exception of my diary and records, which are in the house yonder."

Then I sent Tiaran for the auto and the Admiral and his wife and two of the staff officers and myself made a tour of the plantations. Upon our return, which was close to 6:30 in the evening, I went aboard the battleship.

Now the change of my fortunes became abrupt and wonderful. I was clothed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the British Navy, and, instead of the squalor of London House I was installed in a cabin fit for a king. I shall never be able to thank Admiral Jellicoe, nor his kind-hearted wife, for their care and attention to my condition, nor their efforts in some measure to make me forget the horror of the maroon, during the next 48 hours.

When Lady Jellicoe saw the diary she requested permission to read it, and after I had handed it over, she retired to her cabin with it.

News of Another Sort

As I stood on the deck, later, with Jellicoe, he looked at me with a smile, "I think that a whisky and soda — now —" he remarked.

I grinned. In my new uniform I felt very much dressed up. I had had a bath, and the ship's barber had cleared away the drift of my beard, and once more I felt like a civilized man.

"You have guessed beautifully." Said I.

He suddenly laughed aloud and turned to me again.

"You had better make the most of it while you can, Mr English."

I suppose I looked blank.

"You know, when you get back to the United States, you won't have any opportunity for whisky and soda. The United States has gone dry."

After dinner Lady Jellicoe came to me with the diary in her hand, "I see that you have suffered from daily headaches, Mr English."

I told them all how the sickness had very nearly finished me, and how the headaches were almost daily torture for the past three months, and with that a ship's boy was sent to fetch the surgeon and he gave me an examination immediately.

On the following day we reached Fanning Island early in the morning. I went ashore there, after bidding good bye to my good friends and thanking them as I could for their kindness. The Admiral pressed on me an autographed portrait of himself and both he and his wife urged me to write them when I should get home.

My troubles were not entirely at an end. Although I cabled to Crane in San Francisco for money to stand my expenses, there was no money forthcoming. At the local cable office they would not extend my credit and I had to wait several days before I learned from Crane that he had cabled Rougier and that Rougier would cable me instructions direct.

America at Last

All this time I was clad in the uniform of the British Navy, and had Tiaran and Lucien on my hands. I had no funds and no clothes of my own, and if it were not for the kindness of a traveler, an American who loaned me \$20, I probably would have been reduced to want again. I appealed to the superintendent of the cable office in vain.

But there is no use in going into all that unpleasant finale here. How I stayed there for days and days, how I finally managed to work my way as far as Honolulu in the hope of meeting with funds at the company office there, how I failed. how I was directed by Rougier to go to 'Frisco, which was absolutely impossible as I had no funds and the boat did not leave till December, how I turned Tiaran and Lucien over to the commission, need not to be told here.

I did manage to get to 'Frisco, about the last of December, and I there I turned to the office of the Central Pacific Coco Company, with all the possible haste of a very angry man.

No One Slighted

When I got into the office, where I had been three years before as an accountant, where I had dreamed dreams of seeing the South Seas and all the rest of it, I learned to my amazement that Rougier was not there. He had gone off on a cruise, or a trip to France, or something, and would not be back for several months.

I walked in on Crane, the 'Frisco manager, and sat down. And then with deliberation and with detail and what even temper I could muster, I went into the history of my experiences, my relations with the company, and my opinion of all concerned, from the owner down through Capt Jones, who had run the "Ysabel May" on the reef at Christmas Island, and the agent at Fanning and the agent at Honolulu, both of whom had refused to give me any money. **I do not believe that I slighted any one.**

Crane was as angry as I at the terrible experience I had passed through, and when I had finished he was walking the floor ejaculating frequent and expressive "My Gods."

His instructions would not permit of a settlement until 'Santa Claus' Rougier returned, however. I was to leave my books here and when the trader came back he would go over the accounts and settle.

The Last Straw

This was the last straw. More accurately, it was the next to the last straw. I knew before I had been in 'Frisco an hour that the value of the French franc had depreciated, and as I had hired under terms which made payment in francs a possibility, I resolved to keep the books myself until Rougier came home, and then to go over them with him myself and check my salary.

The last straw was a letter from Rougier. It gave the final ironclad twist to the whole situation.

"Santa Claus' wanted to know why I had left Christmas Island, and said that he hoped that I would go out there again for him, as I knew so much about the plantations."

I had been so angry already that this novel point of view and naive supposition of my own simplicity was too much for me, I sat back and laughed till the tears came. Go back to Christmas Island! Not while I have my reason.

So I drew money on account and climbed aboard a transcontinental flyer and started for Boston and for my Home in Malden, which I had not seen in many years. And here I am.

THE END