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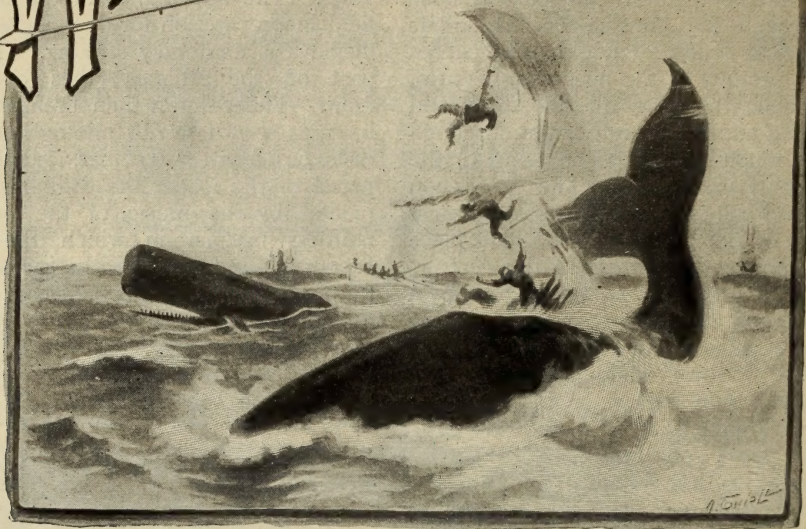
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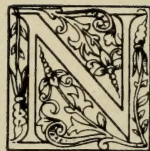
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WHALES AT HOME



BY FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.

I.



NATURAL HISTORY, at once the most fascinating and widely-followed of all sciences, is now enjoying the full sunshine of popularity. The life-histories of animals of all kinds are not only being studied with a closeness of attention never before undertaken by so large a number of capable investigators at the same time, but these same students are in many cases lavishly spreading abroad their discoveries in such a manner that the reading thereof is a veritable delight, entrancing as any masterpiece of the human imagination. Perhaps the most perfect proof that can be adduced of the value of this literature is the satisfaction of the children with it. For that story which can at once profoundly interest the highest intellect of an adult and hold captive the other-world mind of a child may be pronounced as nearly perfect as anything is permitted to be in this world of unsatisfied longings.

Amidst the universal chorus of praise which my first attempt at book-writing, "The Cruise of the Cachalot," received, nothing gave me such deep satisfaction as that the children loved it; they weren't bored by the simple stories told of the great creatures that inhabit the deep, wide sea. And this know-

ledge has made me eager to try again—to return to the subject of whales in a different manner, in the hope that the little people as well as the grown-ups will enjoy a journey among the whale-folk as one of themselves, and not as the fierce destroyers only anxious for blubber.

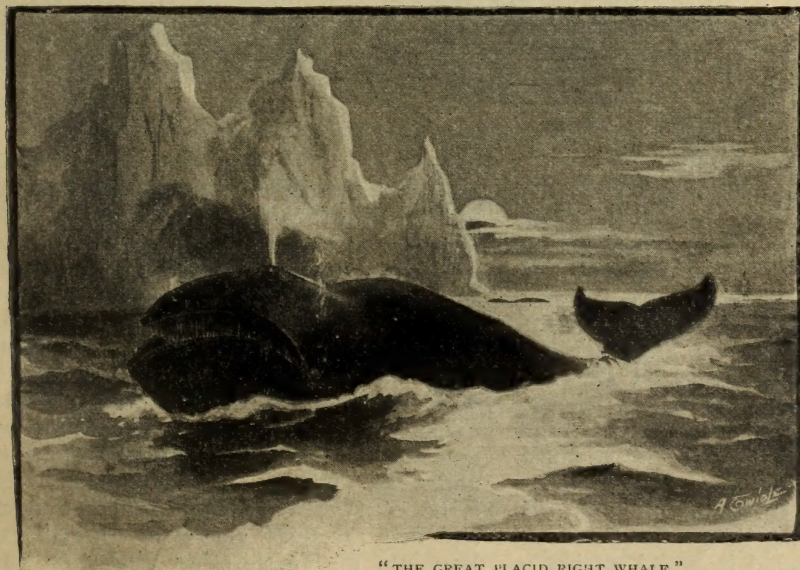
Let me try to introduce the reader to the family life of some of my friends. Of course, the majority of people now know that a whale is not a fish, and, consequently, has none of the cannibalistic propensities of fish. Practically all fish, the scanty exceptions of the sharks and sticklebacks only going to prove the rule in the good old way, are utterly disregardful of the claims of parentage. This is hardly to be wondered at when we remember the size of fish families. It would be rather too much to expect tenderness upon the part of a parent towards an offspring running into millions in number, especially when we have the knowledge that they are compelled to leave their newly-laid eggs to be hatched in their absence by some other agency than theirs. And we must not think too hardly of them either, knowing the rigorous conditions of life in the sea—simply to eat and be eaten is the life-history of fish—if they, meeting with some of their own children,

never hesitate to gobble them up as greedily as if they belonged to some other family altogether. From this indiscriminate appetite all whales are free. Indeed, some of them, such as the valuable right whale, are more innocent still. They live upon the uncountable myriads of tiny shell-fish which abound in Arctic seas, staining the water in lines of pink and red, each line varying from a few feet to hundreds of yards in width, and extending much farther than the eye can reach. When sailing among this "whale-feed," as the whale-fishery call it, a bucket dipped over the side will bring up a most interesting population for an aquarium. The little crab or lobster-like organisms, none measuring an inch across, swim vigorously about, feeding in their turn upon some living things in the water so tiny that they are invisible to the unassisted eye. It never fails to impress the minds of all but the most brutish on what an infinite scale the population of the sea is arranged when all these eager, hungry crustacea can be fed continually, even though their numbers are only comparable to those of the grains of sand in the deserts of the world.

Among these feeble folk, then, the great placid right whale propels himself by gentle up and down strokes of a tail that would carpet a good-sized room if it were spread upon the floor. His mouth is of most peculiar shape, the lower jaw (by far the larger of the two) resembling a mammoth

coal-scoop, and large enough in the full-grown animal to conceal from twenty to thirty men. The upper jaw is not at all unlike the upper mandible of a bird, and closes down upon the vast chasm beneath it like an oddly-shaped trap-door. From the sides of this curved and pointed beak descend, like so many scythe-blades, plates of baleen or whalebone, varying in length from a few inches at the point of the jaw to a greatest extent of fifteen feet (in the largest specimens) at the back. Each blade, or "fin" as it is technically termed, is set solidly into a tough white gum which runs round the edge of the upper jaw, but its lower end sweeps freely down into the vast hollow beneath. The blades are set closely side by side, their outer edges being thick as one's finger and thinning off towards the inside until they fray out into coarse threads like very thick horsehair, which fringe so interlaces as to form a perfect sieve that allows nothing to escape. When feeding—and that function goes on almost continuously—the great scoop droops, allowing a flood to pour in and fill the chasm. Then the lips close until only the outer ridges of the sieve are visible. By raising the spongy mass of the tongue, an organ weighing a ton and a half in the adult, the water is forced out through the meshes of baleen, leaving behind a goodly store of small creatures which may then be swallowed in leisurely fashion. The gullet of this great whale is very small, hardly admitting the closed fist, which

peculiarity has given rise to the popular fallacy that a—i.e., any—whale cannot swallow a herring. Another queer error is traceable to the old whalers, who noticed that this particular whale lived upon small things which he sifted out of the sea, and jumped at the conclusion that the water was expressed or rejected through the spout-hole at the top of the head. This was proof positive



"THE GREAT PLACID RIGHT WHALE."

that they had not dissected the whale's head carefully, because had they done so they must have found that there was no connection between the spout-hole and the mouth, the air passage from the former going direct to the lungs. But such a yarn is gifted with amazing vitality. I was greatly amused the other day, on glancing through a thoroughly absurd story by Jules Verne about the Antarctic to find him talking of a whale spouting a torrent of water upon a schooner's deck, alongside of which he rose. It was described as a flood which made men cling for their lives to save themselves from being washed overboard! Extravagance in fiction is allowable, is necessary perhaps; but such ridiculous travesty of the facts of natural history as that must surely be classed as unpardonable ignorance.

Now, the family life of Mr. *Cetus* is extremely pretty and homely. He does not, like most other sea mammals except seals, marry extensively, generally resting content with three or four wives at the most. This may not be a virtue on his part, but due to the fact that, unlike any other whales in existence, the sexes are almost equal in size, the balance, if any, being in favour of the lady. They live harmonious lives so far as can be judged; indeed, the temper of these hugest of all mammals is so placid and equable that one doubts whether they could quarrel. The mother is affectionate, nursing her young carefully; but, whether from constitutional mildness or cowardice, she will not lash herself into the blind fury that a bereaved humpback whale will if her offspring happens to be slain by her side. There are few stranger sights to be witnessed anywhere than that of a mother whale quietly reposing her vast bulk just below the surface while the calf, a playful little creature some fifteen feet long, nuzzles at her ample bosom, draining it of its bountiful stores of thick, rich milk. Like all young things the calf is very playful, darting around its stolid mother in many a mazy whirl, rolling over her back and

trying to entice her into a race, but at the first hint of danger nestling close up to her side beneath one of her fins, so as to be invisible except for the tiny puff of condensed breath it occasionally exhales into the clear air. Besides being very timid and peaceful, the mysticetæ are cumbrous and slow in their movements and soon tire. Their strength must, of course, be immense, but the thickness and weight of their top-coat of blubber



"NESTLING CLOSE UP TO HER SIDE BENEATH ONE OF HER FINS."

is so great that even that strength is insufficient to keep them going for any length of time. What the weight of blubber a full-grown cow in good condition will carry has never, so far as I know, been carefully calculated, but it may, I think, safely be taken at double the weight of the oil extracted from it. And since I have myself seen twenty-one tuns of oil boiled out of the blubber-coating of one whale, that would give her a skin of forty-two tons weight nearly. Their utmost speed, even under the influence of pain and terror, is never more than eight knots an hour, and they are quite unable to "breach," or leap into the air, as other whales do. In fact, were it not for the ice under which they

dive for shelter, they would never, once having been seen, be able to escape from the whalers, since they can neither swim fast, dive far, nor fight. This it is, no doubt, that has led to their extermination, as well as the persistence with which they have been hunted and the comparatively restricted area of the seas they inhabit, in spite of the long period of each year during which they are secure from pursuit by reason of the darkness and freezing up of all the hunting-grounds.

Where, then, does the Greenland whale go in winter? A question easier asked than answered. He is never met with in milder seas, so that it is not possible to suppose that he, like his hunters, retires before the advancing winter, the closing of the ice barriers against the sea. Yet he must breathe the air of heaven, must also at the same time lie afloat, unless, as one theory goes, he hibernates beneath the ice until released by the spring. The indignant repudiation of this idea has led to the belief in a comparatively warm Polar sea which is open all the year round, and to which, by some secret channel known only (and possibly only) to themselves, the whales depart when the sun has gone.

The Esquimaux tell some strange stories of the disappearance of the whales, one of which has the merit of being absolutely novel in its conception. They say that a whale, having been pursued by a "kayaker," or native hunter, in his skin canoe, dived beneath a vast iceberg for shelter. Long did the kayaker wait, but never again did he see the object of his chase, and, worn out, he returned to his "igloo," full of the assurance that the whale was a witch that had endeavoured to lure him to his destruction. Taking a gift in his hand he sought the local priest (Angekok), who told him that he should assuredly find that whale again, and bespoke as his reward a goodly portion of the blubber. Thus strengthened he called some associates, and with them returned to the vicinity where they had last seen the whale. After watching for many hours in vain they suddenly saw, by the commotion in the sea, that an iceberg was reversing itself, its base having melted away until its equilibrium was changed. Hastening to a safe distance they watched the revolution of the ice-island, and as they gazed beheld the body of a whale, imprisoned in its hollowed base, rise majestically from the waves and be carried high into the air, vanishing from their sight as the berg settled into its new position. They stared at one another,

unable to realize the position for awhile, until at someone's suggestion they again sought the Angekok. When he heard what had happened his form dilated, his eyes flashed, and he poured out an impassioned flood of eulogy upon himself and his magical powers. Then he bade them begone and wait events, while resuming their normal occupations and troubling their minds no longer about the whale thus wonderfully raised to high honour.

The summer waned and winter came. Darkness and utter cold prevailed as usual, and food was scarce in the camp. So fierce was the frost that nothing could be found, and starvation was already glaring at them through the long night when the Angekok arose and spake unto them. He bade them travel in a given direction over the ice-field until they came to a mountain which they must scale, for there at its summit they would find food. They remembered the whale and were glad. Of their toil and peril as they scaled the black cliffs of ice much might be said or sung, but nothing adequately. Sufficient that they succeeded, lighted by the glorious coronal of the Northern Lights, and there found, but lightly frozen in, the enormous carcass of the whale—one hundred tons and more of rich fat and flesh ready for their eating, a banquet whereon they all might feast right bountifully until summer came again, great though their appetite might be. From thenceforward their Angekok was lord of all the region round about, his fame was established upon an unshakable base, and no man but deemed himself happy could he by any means obtain a word of advice at whatever cost from so wonderful a seer.

In spite, however, of the long close season each year, during which it is only reasonable to suppose the whales are unmolested, these gentle monsters are almost entirely removed from the sea fauna. As if their relentless persecution by man were not enough they are the prey of the savage killer, or *Orca Gladiator*, who devours their tongue and leaves the rest; of the thresher shark, whose attacks upon them are so furious that the wide sea boils and frets, while the white walls of the ice echo back the blows in thunderous reverberations. Other sharks lie in wait for the young calves, easily pulling them down and devouring them. And upon none of these aggressors is the mysticetus ever known to turn in self-defence. Escape is all he strives for, and in his massive efforts to do so



"THEY ARE THE PREY OF THE SAVAGE KILLER, OR 'ORCA GLADIATOR.'"

shipping, or so resounded with the eager hum of men, as those now deserted Arctic seas? Primeval quiet has resumed its sway in those regions — yes, more than primeval quiet, for the whales are almost gone, and the long-drawn sighs of their countless breathings or the heavy splashings of their mountainous gambols no longer re-echo from glacier face or iceberg caves, except at such far-distant intervals as merely to punctuate the silence and make it more impressive.

Strangely enough, the whale that was first pursued for commercial purposes, unless all the ancient records of the whale fishery be at fault, is one of a class that have long been tabooed by whale-fishers as having little or no commercial value, as being almost impossible to kill in the

he does sometimes draw his human persecutors beneath the ice-floe. But he cannot *sound* or go down far, for those seas are shallow as compared with the outward ocean, and, as for his natural enemies, he seems to be delivered entirely into their hands or teeth. Yet that is not so, because the balance of Nature, when undisturbed by man, is ever held true; and the condition of those seas when first the daring Norsemen burst into their primeval solitudes sufficiently attests that fact. Reading the records of the infant days of whale-fishing in the Arctic, we find it hard to credit what they tell of the countless schools of whales that almost hid the waters at times from their view; how they needed not to chase their prey, but only lie and wait a little until the wondering monsters surrounded them. Then they could slay and slay, and keep on slaying, until from sheer weariness they desisted, and began to flench the coats of blubber from their multitudinous prizes, loading therewith the vessels that followed them simply for the purpose of carrying home the spoil. What wonder was it that from Spain, France, Holland, Germany, and England came whole fleets of eager adventurers craving a share in the rich spoil, and that of all the waters on all the globe none were so crowded with

open sea, and, if killed there, as being almost impossible to secure. This species of cetacea is known by the generic term of "rorqual," but there are several varieties. All, however, are noticeable as possessing in an eminent degree those undesirable characteristics that cause them to be shunned by the whalers. Slender in body and of great length, they are the swiftest of all the cetacea, this being accounted for by the fact that they feed entirely on fish, and must needs be agile in order to secure sufficient food to keep their vast bodies in condition. And, since extreme speed and great thickness of blubber never go together in whales, these clipper-built monsters are but thinly clad with a coating of lard that produces the poorest quality of train-oil known. Belonging to the "balaenæ," or toothless whales, they have got a fringe of that marvellous substance in their mouths, but it is so short, so weedy, and of such low quality that it is perfectly useless for any of the purposes to which whalebone is put. But it is perfectly fitted for the whale's use. It is of just sufficient length to prevent the escape of the lively herring, sprat, or pilchard, when the rorqual, gliding swiftly into the midst of an enormous school of those useful fish, drops the great scoop of his lower jaw and

shovels them by the score of bushels at a time. It hangs down like a *cheval-de-frise* and keeps in stragglers when the swallowing motion is made, and the glittering, squirming mouthful slides easily down that capacious gullet. Well may the fishermen of the coast speak with scorn of close seasons for the protection of the sea-fish from their avarice. They do their little best with their nets to secure a full haul of fish, but what are their puny efforts compared with the mobile ease with which one fish-eating whale will entertain and digest myriads of toothsome morsels. They know well that, when they shoot their nets and eagerly scan the horizon for sign of fish in vain, their unapproachable competitor is hard at it, far out of their ken, securing all the fish he needs, great though those needs may be.

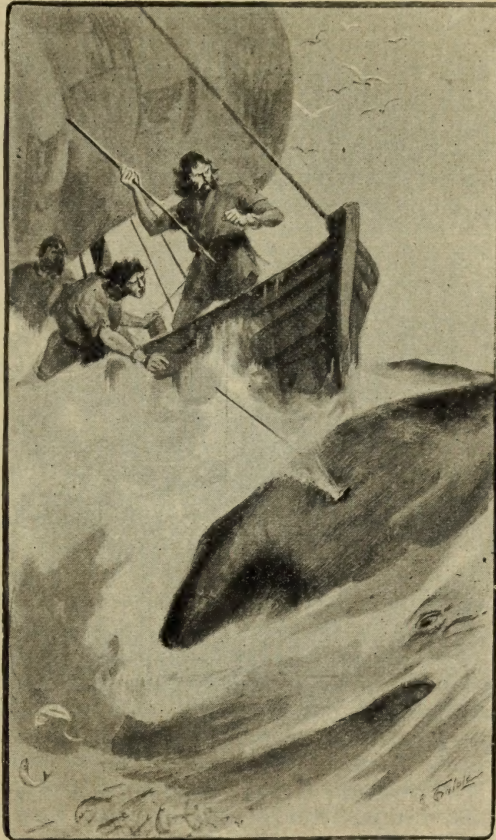
To my mind this has always been one of the most impressive lessons taught to those who care to learn of the fecundity of the sea-folk. Here is a mammal equal in bulk to some hundreds of oxen, but with a capacity of assimilation which no land animal can approach, feeding fully, feeding always, yet ever finding a bounteous feast, where there is nothing to hinder his enjoyment of life. He is a living embodiment of the other side of the sailor's fanciful definition of a good country to live in, a country where there is "plenty to drink and always a-dry." In the *rorqual's* country there is plenty to eat and he is always un-hungered.

So in ancient days the Biscayan fishermen, in their crazy boats, venturing off from the land with a boldness that should command our highest admiration, sought to gather from the inexhaustible sea that food which the unkindly land denied them. Presently

they found to their affright that all too frequently some awesome monster swept through the feeble barriers of net they had erected with so much toil for the ensnaring of fish, and carried off before their anguished eyes the fruit of all their labours and the means whereby they had hoped to secure it also. They rose to the occasion. With clumsy spears of bone-pointed poles they lay in wait for the terror-striking monsters that were despoiling them, their courage of that exalted order that can only be found where

men determine to face at once the greatest of possible dangers and the far more terrifying possibilities of the unknown. How many of them succumbed to the vigour and fury of the sea monsters has never been recorded, but, knowing as we do what manner of whale it was that they encountered, we may be absolutely certain that the toll taken of these heroes by death was of the heaviest. For as it is to-day, only in less degree, so it was then, the *rorqual*, eater of fish, following keenly after the migrating shoals, propelled his vast serpentine form through the shallows near the coasts of Europe, especially those of what we now call the English Channel. One circumstance, and one only, told against

him—the want of room for his swift downward rushes. Therefore, when he was attacked by the despairing fishermen, he had perforce to expend most of his energy in frantic lashings and wallowings near or upon the surface, while his enemies thrust at him continually with their feeble weapons, feeling no doubt that it was better to die in the throes of an heroic battle like this than by the weary, long-drawn-out process of starvation. Moreover, as I can bear personal testimony, once the natural dread of the



"FREQUENTLY SOME AWESOME MONSTER SWEEP THROUGH THE FEEBLE BARRIERS OF NET."

vast new enemy had passed away in the fury of conflict, it was succeeded by an overmastering delight, a high and prideful sense of superiority to every living thing, of ability to maintain worthily the foremost place in the scale of creation, a sense with which all the tribes of mankind are gifted, although the consciousness of it varies greatly with their environment. And presently these valiant men found to their amazement that the enormous bulk and vigour of the foe had not availed to save his life. His movements became listless, the surrounding sea was deeply stained with his blood, and to the roar and tumult of this strange conflict succeeded the solemn stillness of death. There before them floated their colossal prize, a mountain of fat and flesh, providing for their two chief wants in the most lavish manner. What a revelation of the ocean's bounty it provided! True, in order to avail themselves of it, they must needs hazard a life or so, but that they did continually and for far less valuable objects than the present prize. And life, after all, was not so jealously cherished in those days. Even now, when the pleasures of living are enhanced a thousand-fold, men cheerfully risk life for what often appears to be the most unsubstantial of rewards. How much more in the race's young days, when there were only the most elementary desires to be satisfied and man had scarcely more prevision or ambition than the animals he hunted!

This success beyond all hopes changed the whole trend of those simple Biscayan savages' lives. No longer feeble fisher-folk, groping alongshore for small fry, they leapt at one bound into the proud position of mighty hunters, warriors who could meet the eldest-born of mammalian monsters in hand-to-hand fight and overcome them. There was rejoicing in all the coast villages. From every creek and bay arose the oily reek of whale-flesh, the smoke of the fires whereon was boiled the rich coating of precious fat. The report of these doings crept eastward and fired the imagination of all that went down to the sea for gain on the European side of the Channel. On our side at that early day there had not been established as yet the pre-eminent bent for seafaring which afterwards became our leading characteristic. Farther and farther crept the news until by the beginning of the tenth century the whale-fishery as a great industry was firmly established along the shores of Spain, France, and Flanders. The meat was carried far inland and sold, its value then being far

greater than that of the oil. For men's tastes were not delicate, and, besides, were often perverted, as a reading of any old account of Roman cookery will show. The importance of the commerce may be easily estimated by the fact that the Church took tithes of whales' tongues as a delicacy, and, doubtless, assisted in the dissemination of this form of food by declaring it to be fish, and therefore lawful to be eaten on fast-days. Later on came the Government, such as it was, claiming its share of the sea-treasure by levying an impost in cash upon every whale brought into harbour. All of which things go to prove how important the industry had become, although as yet it had not advanced to the dignity of having ships fitted out for its prosecution. There was as yet no need for such an extension, since the whales always prowled along the shore in sufficient numbers to make their capture by boats possible. Besides, the principal gains from the fishery would then have disappeared, as no means had been devised for preserving the meat for any length of time. As it was, there can be no doubt that the great blocks of black meat were often uncommonly high and gamey by the time they reached their ultimate destination on the tables of the purchasers.

Meanwhile, quite independently of the discoveries of the Biscayans, the hardy Vikings of Norway and their no less rugged kinsmen of Iceland had also set up a whale-fishery in the far North. Here, while the great mammals hunted were of a milder and less agile disposition, the conditions obtaining at sea were far more rigorous. But since the inhabitants had to live, they must needs do battle with their circumstances as well as with their game. And, as if to show how man can and does adapt himself to the most terribly severe environment, they not only did so, but succeeded wonderfully, until it is safe to say that they had learned to depend almost entirely upon whales and other sea-mammals for their bodily needs, even as those strange specimens of mankind, the Esquimaux, do to this day.

The hasteless years rolled on while whale-fishing grew and prospered, inciting these fearless fishermen to more and more daring exploits, until they rose to the height of building ships that could venture far to sea, and there find ever fresh supplies of the great sea-monsters they had learned to look upon as supplying all the primal necessities of life. In due time they reached the ice-bound shores of Greenland, of Labrador, and the milder, but hardly less dangerous, coast of

Newfoundland. There, to their unbounded surprise, they found quite a fleet of whale-ships, whose crews had nothing to learn from them either in seamanship or whale-hunting. Swarthy, keen-eyed, and black-haired, these strangers presented the most striking contrast to the blonde giants of the North. For they were the Biscayans, descendants of those gallant fishermen who had, by their courage and persistency, turned what at first seemed to be an awful calamity into a source of wealth and comfort.

Thus was the hunting of the whale for commercial purposes first begun; thus did it flourish, gradually attaining the chief place among the maritime pursuits of the civilized world. For sea-commerce was as yet in its swaddling-clothes, so to speak. The way for its development was preparing, but the honours of sea-faring were about equally divided between war-ships and whale-ships. As usual, we came in late, reaping where



A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY WHALER.

others had sown, but turning their experiences to such profitable account that in the fulness of time the trade seemed to lie about equally in our hands and those of the Dutch. By the dawn of the seventeenth century scarcely any port worthy of notice around England but was sending ships to the Northern whale-fishery, and at one time it was estimated that there were in those icy waters over six hundred sail of vessels, of which the great majority were Dutch and English. Then gradually our interest or ability drooped, while that of the Hollanders increased.

The English whale-fishery dwindled more and more as the Dutch grew and prospered, until it is recorded that one season, out of

five hundred ships in the Arctic, only six were English. A woful falling off; but then came Holland's downfall. After a struggle more heroic than any other in the world's history she was crushed by land and sea, and we again built up an Arctic whale-fishery for ourselves, being now without any serious competitor. For the next century and a half we had practically a monopoly of the Arctic whale-fishery, while the nation was gradually taking her place as the paramount sea-power.

I have, perhaps, lingered over these early whale-fishing days somewhat, but I feel that few among us have realized what they meant to commerce and navigation in general. Few allow their imagination to dwell upon the startling fact that, while the kindly mellow spaces of ocean spread themselves in silent invitation all around the globe, hardly furrowed by any wandering keel, the now deserted, ice-infested seas of the Arctic Circle

saw with each returning summer a host of thick-thronged ships, the keen and nipping air rang again with the shouts of thousands of hunters, while from shore as well as ships arose the smoke of hundreds of furnaces boiling down the spoil.

In another paper I hope to supply the complement of this story by giving an outline of what happened in America when the hardy admixture of Dutch and English stock found that upon their coasts was to be met with another species of mammal, as valuable, but far more fierce and dangerous. In dealing with the sperm whale and his tropical acquaintances at home it will be necessary to do this, but judging from experience the story will not be without interest.

By Tammers' Camp Fires.—V.

BY K. AND HESKETH PRICHARD.

TAMMERS AND THE FALSE DESPATCH.

I.



INSIDE Tammers' five feet eight inches of height and twelve and a half stone of weight there beat, some said, the biggest heart in Africa. From one point of view this was an exaggeration, for a certain line exists after which courage recedes or extends into rashness, and Martin Tammers was not by temperament, still less by training, a rash man. Yet once he had made up his mind and weighed his chances, it is a commonplace to say that nothing save death could stop him.

At the time of which I write some tribal trouble had broken out in one of our dependencies in North-East Africa. Tammers' services had been requisitioned for the war which followed: a little by-war, so to speak, but likely to have far-reaching results. I accompanied him to the sphere of activity, and at the moment my story opens some weeks had already been spent in drilling levies, collecting transport, and arranging the hundred and one other necessary matters.

At last, when the right season came, we started on our march into the country, a great serpent of men in which the centuries met. Camel corps formed its head; Maxims, spearmen, twentieth-century riflemen, bowmen carrying oryx-hide shields made up its body, tailing away into a vast number of carriers and a herd of camels to feed the new levies.

With this mixed company marched Tammers, and it was he to all practical purposes who struck the first blow of the campaign. His duties in making reconnaissance kept him constantly ahead of the troops, and he soon established the fact that the

enemy were gathering in quite unexpected force in front of us, falling back as we advanced as though luring us on.

In course of time the division, with its strange commingling of elements, reached the border of a waterless desert, the crossing of which was the crux of the campaign. The General had spent many hours studying his advance, but every plan that homed under his thinning hair was balked by the difficulties of that yellowish-brown belt of parched land, over which he well knew the slow-moving main body would travel at terrible disadvantage, exposed to the swift charges of the enemy. Such, in reality, would be our position while we traversed the desert region. Once we gained the well-watered country on the farther side the chances of success would swing over to our side, but attack in the desert might mean annihilation.

At this juncture, as Tammers and I were riding back to camp after making a reconnaissance some five miles ahead, and finding a halting-place which the Emir's soldiery had not long vacated, an officer on a small pony galloped up to us. The General had sent for Tammers.

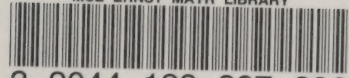
In a very few minutes the scout stood under the awning of the General's tent, waiting for orders and looking down at an open map, on which the present camp of our troops was marked by one point of a pair of compasses. This point touched the edge of the yellow band that represented the desert.



"AN OFFICER ON A SMALL PONY GALLOPED UP TO US."

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