

# In Ethiopia



Ethiopian Warriors in Mock Cavalry Charge.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—W.F.U. Service.

SINCE the fall of Aduwa, important trading center of northern Ethiopia, to the forces of Italy, the towns of Aksum, Harar and Dire-dawa, and the province of Ogaden have taken important places in the news owing to the further movements of Italian and Ethiopian troops.

Perched high in the mountains, about 7,000 feet above the sea, and only 12 miles almost due west of Aduwa, Aksum today is a small town of only about 5,000 inhabitants, but the memory of ancient glories still clings to huge stone monuments that stand there.

Aksum was the capital of Ethiopia, according to ancient records and since time immemorial has been regarded as sacred by the people. Its sacred character has made the city immune to attack or plundering by brigands or the armies of rival Ethiopian chieftains fighting for the surrounding country.

This is not the first time that Italian armies have held Aksum. The Italians conquered the city and nearby territory in the war which was ended by their disastrous defeat at Aduwa in 1896.

In Aksum is a church which, according to legend, contains the original Ark of the Covenant of the Hebrews. The church has been so closely guarded by the clergy, however, that no scholars from the Western world have been able to confirm or deny the legend.

Tradition says that the Ark was brought to Ethiopia by Menelik I, son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Menelik, according to the story, was educated at Jerusalem by Solomon until he reached the age of nineteen; he then went to Ethiopia with the Ark and a large delegation of Hebrews.

Ark May Have Been Burned. The original church in which the Ark of the Covenant was supposed to have been lodged was burned when the city was sacked by a Moslem invader, Mohammed Gran, about 1535, but a new one was erected soon after by the Portuguese, who had visited Ethiopia earlier, and had established friendly relations there. There is no record of whether the Ark was destroyed in this fire, or carried to some safe place before the invasion and later restored to the new church.

Native tradition says that Aksum dates back many thousands of years. The earliest authoritative mention of it is in a manuscript written in 67 A. D., in which it is described as the capital of the Aksumite kingdom, which was the successor of the ancient land of Punt and the forerunner of Ethiopia. Punt is mentioned in Egyptian records as a place with which the Egyptians traded for gold, ivory, ostrich feathers, and other valuable merchandise.

Aksum is thought to have been much larger in ancient times than now, for there are traces of stone foundations of large buildings over a wide area near the present town, some of them probably temples and palaces.

The city of Harar, about 180 miles south of the railroad from Addis Ababa to Djibouti, was originally settled by Arabs who migrated from Yemen on the eastern shore of the Red sea.

Harar a Walled City. A survivor of the Middle Ages of Europe would feel at home in Harar, for it has long been the custom to close the five gates in its high stone wall at nightfall. None may leave or enter the city until the following morning, just as was the former practice in European walled cities. The wall, about three miles in circumference, is guarded by 24 towers. Recent reports from Harar say that the governor of the city has torn breaches in the walls to make it possible for the inhabitants to flee without congestion at the narrow gates in case of raids by Italian bombing planes.

The streets of Harar are little more than narrow alleys, some of them only three or four feet wide, steep and ill-paved and cluttered with refuse. They wind between one and two-story buildings built of undressed stone and mud, with

## "Bird Cage" Pot Holders Make a Practical Gift

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This cute pot holder set makes an attractive addition to any kitchen or an inexpensive practical gift. With very little handwork you can make this charming set. Good-looking pot holders are always in demand. Make up one of these sets and you will want to make more.

Package A-8 contains bird cage and two pot holders stamped and tinted on unbleached muslin to be embroidered and made up. Instructions are given for embroidery stitches and the color scheme is also given. Embroidery thread is not included. Fifteen cents each or four for 50 cents, postpaid.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Inclose self-addressed stamped envelope when writing for any information.

## Fishing Fleet Concocts Funeral for Ghost Ship

The Flying Dutchman, encountered usually in the neighborhood of Cape Horn, and prophesying disaster at that most dreaded ocean corner, is the most famous of ghost ships, but now we hear that another sinister vessel has taken to appearing and disappearing in the South sea. It takes the form of a phantom launch, which haunts the fishing grounds near Chatham Islands, a lonely outpost 400 miles southeast of New Zealand.

Four years ago the craft was first reported, and soon afterwards a launch in which 11 fishermen were going to a football match foundered, all being drowned. More recently a lonely fisherman claimed to have seen it; a few days later he was swept overboard to oblivion by a heavy sea. Perhaps with the idea of exorcising this grim visitant, the whole fishing fleet assembled on the approximate spot, and held a solemn funeral service. The ghostly launch is said to appear in misty weather and to travel at supernatural speed.

## NO UPSETS

The proper treatment for a bilious child



A cleansing dose today; a smaller quantity tomorrow; less each time, until bowels need no help at all.

ANY mother knows the reason why when her child stops playing, eats little, is hard to manage, Constipation. But what a pity so few know the sensible way to set things right!

The ordinary laxatives, of even ordinary strength, must be carefully regulated as to dosage. A liquid laxative is the answer, mothers. The answer to all your worries over constipation. A liquid can be exactly suited to any age or need. Just reduce the dose each time, until the bowels are moving of their own accord and need no help.

This treatment will succeed with any child and with any adult. The doctors use liquid laxatives. Hospitals use the liquid form. If it is best for their use, it is best for home use. The liquid laxative most families use is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Any druggist has it.

WNU-4 48-35

## Ringworm on Head. Child Cried All the Time

Cuticura Relieved

"Ringworm started with a white crust on my little boy's head. Then it turned into eruptions and his head was in a terrible way. These eruptions itched and when he scratched them they would burn, and more broke out. He could not rest, but cried all the time.

"I tried different remedies, but the eruption lasted one year. Then I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and now my boy's head is relieved. I will never be without Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Margaret Carter, 840 Greenmount Ave., Baltimore, Md., May 27, 1935. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 25c. Sold everywhere. One sample each free. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. R, Malden, Mass."—Adv.

sewing done on the moccasins, muffs all eaten, woodpile nearly used up. You'd better cook and eat all the meat you can before the rest of the wood is burnt. When the fire goes out, we'll have plenty of four-legged visitors to relieve us of those moose legs—wolves, foxes, wolverines."

There followed a silence, broken at last by Miss Ramill. She repeated her first question, but in a very different tone: "Mr. Garth, may I pour you a cup of the tea?" "Thank you, I do not need it. The rest of you will. I suggest keeping it for breakfast. You'll have no other taste of sweets for over a month, unless we find a bumblebee nest."

The girl silently covered the top of the pot with the inverted tin cup. Her father heaved up his soft bulk. He beckoned to Huxby. "Come, Vivian. The agreement was that Garth should be skipper. That wood pile will not last another hour. We can't permit any bear raids on our bull market."

Garth lifted one of the moose quarters from the smoke rack and began to cut off large thin slices. These he laid on the poles for quick-smoke curing and drying. He paid no attention to Miss Ramill.

When the girl saw he did not intend to speak to her, she picked up the salt and tea pouches and went into the leanto. Garth thought she meant to go to bed. Instead, she crawled out again, put one of the freshly cut slices of meat on a willow spit, and held it over the end of the fire where the muffs had simmered.

As soon as the steak was broiled, the cook sullenly offered it to Garth. He took it with no betrayal of his surprise and sat down to eat. "Thank you, sister."

She frowned. "I never hated anyone so much in all my life as I hate you. But that was a mean trick, stealing your sugar."

"All the more reason for you to hate me. Not that it matters a penny—the sugar or your hate, I'll admit, though, it's very interesting to watch the reactions of yourself and your father. Huxby is just a commonplace wolf. But your father and you—the lady of leisure and the millionaire acquirer—tossed from the lap of luxury into the raw wild. You'll have to acknowledge it's high comedy."

Miss Ramill turned her back on him and went to crawl into the leanto. Her father and Huxby came with still more wood to pile on the already high heap of fuel. The engineer went to lie down at his sleeping place on the lee of the fire. During the day he had gathered a much thicker bed of spruce tips and dry moss.

The long hours of twilight slowly faded to the semi-dusk of mid-night and as slowly brightened towards full day. Sunrise found the three visitors from the cities still asleep. Two hours or so later the crack of moose bones under the blows of the belt-ax awakened Huxby. He sat up to turn hungrily in the direction from which came a savory odor. Garth had drawn a thigh bone from the fire and was buttering a piece of broiled meat with hot marrow.

The engineer came around and laid one of the thigh bones on the fire. Above it he slanted a steak on a spit. Neither he nor Garth spoke. He started to eat his steak and marrow before either was more than half cooked. Garth finished his own breakfast and began to sew a moccasin. As soon as Huxby had bolted down his food, he picked up the emptied gold pan. Miss Ramill had sat up in the front of the leanto to lace her boots. Her father crept out past her.

"Morning, Vivian," he greeted. "I see you're going to set the pan on the fire again. Good idea. That muffle aspic is all Garth told us it would be." "No," Huxby's tone was almost curt. "We've lost too much time already. I am going to make a complete test of that placer deposit."

He looked with cold wariness at the rightful claimant of the placer. Garth smiled. "Go to it. The more you pan out, the more of my 60 per cent I'll be able to jingle in my pocket." "That sent the engineer off with a cresset between his hard eyes. Mr. Ramill studied Garth's amused face.

"What is the idea?" he inquired. "Do you infer you still stand by the terms you offered?" "Well, I may at least allow you four-tenths of what your Man Friday sweats out of my placer. The laborer is worthy of his hire—I'm going for a dip. You and Miss Ramill might get your moose bones to roasting. The marrow goes well with the steaks. Let me suggest that you build a large fire in the regular cook hole. When it burns low, rake out the coals and lay in one of the forelegs, thickly smeared with mud. Then rake on dirt, embers and ashes, built a small fire on top, and keep it going four or five hours."

Miss Ramill looked down at her slender hands. They were already roughened and grimed, and two of the highly manicured nails had been broken. The large diamond of her engagement ring flashed blue-white fire up into her angrily flashing blue eyes. She jerked her head up to stare out at Garth. He was already disappearing in the brush on his way to the rock pool.

When he returned from his plunge, a fire was flaming high in the cook hole. Well away from it, the hairs on his millions were smearing one of the moose legs with mud brought up from the lake shore by her father in his expensive soft hat.

Garth raked the thigh bones from the smudge-fire and set back the spits of the partly broiled steaks. He then dripped melting moose fat into a small twist-cup of birchbark that he had brought back with him. The cup already held two or three gills of spruce pitch.

Garth offered his dose. "Best cosmetic in the North. You may as well go the limit."

"I'll die first!"

Her father dipped his fingers in the dose and smeared the stuff on his face and neck as Garth had done. Garth said: "Eat your fill. Miss Ramill will stay to tend the fires. You and I are to climb. You'll wear Huxby's leather trousers outside your own."

"But they're too small for me around the belt."

"They'll not be after a few days. You'll wear the jacket also."

A taste of hot marrow roused the



"You Are Very Kind, My Dear Lady. I Could Not Deprive Any of You of Your Sweets."

girl's appetite. Hunger overcame her other cravings. She said nothing even when, at the end of the meal, her father drew on Huxby's flying suit over his clothes and started off with Garth.

Though Garth had spoken of a climb, he first led along the lake shore to the beginning of the muskeg swamp. Then turned and slanted gradually up through the belt of spruce trees until the west side of the trough was reached at timberline. He stopped to look at Huxby while Mr. Ramill caught his second wind. The mining engineer gave no heed to them. He was hard at work panning out gravel, midway up to the discovery stake.

Garth led across to the east side of the trough. After every halt he started the portly millionaire on again as soon as he could draw a deep breath. They kept plodding up the tundra slope until at last Mr. Ramill's legs gave out. He staggered and collapsed. He lay, purple-faced and quivering, spent. Three hours later found them still below the lower end of the glacier. Garth at last called a halt to the climb. He headed back.

When able to speak, he gasped an appeal: "Ka-quit! 'U'll kill-me!" The exhausted man turned fat on his back and basked. Within a few minutes he drowsed off. Garth let him nap a long two hours, then started him on up the long climb.

Midway down to timberland, Ramill collapsed, so utterly spent that he could not get up even after a long rest. Garth took him on his back and packed him on down to the camp, without a halt.

Huxby and Miss Ramill were feasting. They had prided the moose leg out of the fire hole and broken off the clay shell. The meat had baked to juicy tenderness. Even the gristle was melted into gelatine.

When Garth laid her father in the leanto, the girl brought a big chunk of the best meat. But the millionaire climber was too exhausted even to eat. His daughter turned upon Garth.

"Another of your damnable jokes! He's dying! You've killed him!"

Garth smiled approvingly. "So, after all, you're capable of feeling a little concern for someone else than yourself. Boil the cup two-thirds full of water, and put in enough of that sweet tea to cool it for drinking."

"The tea is hot already. I've kept back Dad's share. I'll give it to him straight."

"You'll warm that water."

The mining engineer stood up. "I've told you to speak respectfully to Miss Ramill."

Garth paid no more attention to him than to the buzz of a mosquito. The girl looked expectantly at her father. He stood waiting for Garth to apologise. When Garth neither replied nor so much as glanced around at him, the engineer's cold assurance gave way to doubt. He turned and went down to the lake.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Heart Trouble. The serious heart malady, angina pectoris, strikes men more often than women, due apparently to their more strenuous activities.



### SYNOPSIS

An Alao Garth, prospector, is preparing to leave for his mining claim in the Far North, a plane lands at the always emergency station. In it are Burton Ramill, millionaire mining magnate; his daughter, Lilith; and Vivian Huxby, pilot and mining engineer. Believing him to be only an ignorant prospector, the men offer to make an air trip to Garth's claim, although they refer to his samples of platinum-bearing ore as worthless. Lilith Ramill, product of the last era, plainly shows her contempt for Garth. Through Garth's guidance the plane soon reaches the claim site. Huxby and Ramill, after making several tests, assure Garth his claim is nearly valueless, but to "encourage" young prospectors they are willing to take a chance in investing a small amount. Sensing treachery ahead, Garth secretly removes a part from the plane's motor. Huxby and Lilith taunt Garth with his "gullibility," but their tone changes when they try to start the crippled plane. Huxbury, to shore they try to force Garth to give up the mining part. Garth manages to set the monoplane afloat and the current carries it over a fall. He points out to the engaged trio that he is their only hope in getting them out of the wilderness. Garth begins the work of preparing for the long journey. He insists that the others help. Ramill and his daughter must be hardened for the hardships ahead in their tortuous trek to the outpost on the Mackenzie. Garth experiences difficulty in getting his companions into the plane.

### CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Shut up," Garth ordered him. "That roar is only a warning. She'll not charge if we mind our own affairs. You and Mr. Ramill take hold of that nearest untorn leg and start quietly. Don't hurry and don't run."

The cool certainty of Garth's tone compelled belief and obedience even from Huxby. Mr. Ramill was already reaching up for one of the two moose legs that had not been pulled down by the wolves. The engineer hastily turned to help him. As they started off, Garth took the other unmaimed leg on his shoulder and snarled after them.

Garth's gray eyes twinkled as he glanced back over his shoulder at the huge beast. He could not have asked for a better bugaboo to make his companions behave. Safe out of her sight, he told the two to halt and get the moose leg on a tote-pole. Huxby at once started to curse him for not shooting.

"Go try it yourself," Garth replied, and when Huxby drew away from the offered rifle, he nodded approval. "You are wise not to attack a she-grizzly with cuba."

Spurred on no doubt by the knowledge of that gray monster behind him, Mr. Ramill managed to hold up his end of the tote-pole all the way to camp. Then he sank down purple-faced, wheezing that the exertion had killed him.

His daughter sat by the fire brooding. Though refreshed by her bath in the warm pool, she had begun to feel the craving for drink and tobacco. She had done little stitching on the moccasins. But she listened to horrified alertness when Huxby told about the grizzly.

Garth forestalled an outburst of hysterics. "Keep cool. The old lady will let us alone if we keep clear of her cuba. Keep up the fire, and she will shy clear of you. She doesn't fancy fire. Burnt her pawa trying to rob me of a roasting porcupine."

A look at the gold pan showed Garth that the moose muffle had begun to dissolve. He cooled some of the gelatinous broth in the small pot. Mr. Ramill not only gulped down the drink. He smacked his lips and asked for more. At that, both Huxby and the girl were stirred to try the rich drink.

Garth was glad to have all three take their fill of the savory, highly nourishing dish. He knew what was coming. He asked only that the man be refilled to dissolve more of the muffle.

The three were accustomed to the free drinking of their kind. They had already begun to feel the lack of the usual cocktails, mealtime wines and between-meals whiskey. This was aggravated by the lack of tobacco. To ease them as much as possible, he broiled lynx meat on a grating of willow stems, basting it with moose fat. The tender meat kept them occupied until the middle broth soothed their jangled nerves.

There was a limit, however, to eating; and once its effect began to pass their craving returned more intense than before. First Miss Ramill, then Huxby, and last of all Mr. Ramill began to make ironical remarks aimed at Garth. He reacted to them for some time. The remarks became more offensive as they went on. He dropped

the moccasin upon which he had been sewing, and picked up his rifle.

"I've had enough bitters and sour berries, thank you all. Feed them to yourselves for a while. I'll go get the sleep I missed last night while acting as guardian angel of your sweet slumbers."

### CHAPTER V

#### Mate Woman.

UP the tundra slope, above the trough of his platinum placer, Garth found a dry moss-bedded nook on the sunny side of a boulder. He lay down, pulled his hatbrim over his eyes, and let himself fall asleep.

A full eight hours later the sun swung around its wide circle until the shadow of the rock fell upon Garth. Roused by the passing of the warm rays, he pushed back his hat and sat up. He came down to the camp. Mr. Ramill sat beside the fire between his daughter and Huxby. Two or three pouches that Garth had hidden under the moss in the leanto lay open before the men.

Miss Ramill was emptying the last contents of the sugar pouch into a pot of thick tea. She was first to see Garth's noiseless approach.

"Hail to the chief," she mocked. "My dear Mr. Garth, you are most fashionably late to dinner. Will you not join us in a cup of tea?"

Her father turned to eye the uninvited guest with a shade of uneasiness. "You see we found what you were holding out on us, Garth. It's the only trick you failed to put over."

Garth laid down his rifle and came forward. He ignored the wary hostile look of the mining engineer, nodded to Mr. Ramill, and took off his battered hat to bend low before Miss Ramill in a polite bow.

"You are very kind, my dear lady. I could not deprive any of you of your sweets. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—You may recall the rest of the quotation."

Mr. Ramill went red. "What if Lilith did happen to find these things you were hogging for private use? We need them as much as you."

"Quite so. While you're about it, you may as well make a clean sweep. Here," Garth tossed the gold-mounted cigar case to Ramill. "Oh, so that's how Dad lost his smokes," exclaimed Miss Ramill. "Who's the real sneak around here? Steal all those cigars, and the gold case, too. Then come whining because we've kept you from cheating us out of our share of these things you hid."

Ramill handed the case back to Garth.

"Wa-wait!" cried his daughter.

He waved her away. "No. The joke is on us. He knows what is ahead. We do not. We've emptied



"That Roar is Only a Warning."

the sugarbowl and half the teabag. Tie up that bag and the salt, Vivian, and hand them to him."

Garth shook his head, and bowed to the angry-eyed girl.

"Thank you, no. Miss Ramill has taken charge. As I recall my Anglo-Saxon, 'lady' originally meant bread-cutter. She was the one who rationed out the food. I figure upon at least five weeks before we reach the Mackenzie. Miss Ramill will keep charge of the salt and tea—do with them whatever she thinks best."

She stared. "I will not! I'll do no such thing." He glanced around, taking stock of the camp. "Everything in keeping, I see. No