

\$700,000 Carried in a Ginger Ale Bottle Fortune in Diamonds from Guiana Jungle

Adventurers Induce Thousands of Natives to Dare Mysterious Interior to Hunt Gems For Them—"Hot Dawg! Ain't We Civilized?" Screamed Excited Blacks

Fate played a grim jest upon William La Varre when, after he had found diamonds, apparently in large quantities, in the forest of British Guiana and wrested many stones from the yellow soil, he was stricken with a malignant fever, which necessitated a hurried departure and the abandonment of his mining project. But fortune smiled again when, recovering from his illness upon his return to the United States, in a chance meeting with a New York city capitalist, himself a diamond enthusiast, he told of his renewed hopes to open up the jungle country for civilization, and was backed by a large organization to carry out his plans. His accomplishments are related in this, the fifth and concluding article of his series.

By WILLIAM J. LA VARRE

ONCE back in Georgetown, we found everybody everywhere talking diamonds. Day after day, with each new ship, diamond traders were arriving from New York, Amsterdam, London, and their signs became visible on every hand.

As soon as we had landed, we spent a week in getting office and living quarters and seeing our baggage and equipment through the customs house. We were able to get a lease of the old quarters of the Colonial Bank.

The whole location took up one and one-half acres of land, was nicely planted with colorful flowers and waving palm trees, and entirely surrounded by a tall iron fence. A broad driveway led from arched gateways to the front door of the office floor, and another to the private entrance at the secluded side. The blacks considered it a most elaborate and awe-inspiring structure.

During my short absence from the country many traders, both Chinese and Portuguese, had gone into the jungles where they built little huts; each one of these had a Georgetown office, usually no more than a little dingy cubby-hole up two flights of stairs over some gin shop. The fact that we had such comfortable and exclusive quarters set us apart from the rest of the traders immediately. The blacks watched our movements eagerly, expecting great things to happen.

The Mazaruni House, as we named our quarters, stood in the midst of the city like a silent advertisement, adding prestige both to the growing industry and to our own organization. The planters on the coast, the men who were dependent on their crops of rice and sugar, watched us also. They required labor to work their large estates.

Hostility of Planters

THEY did not relish having an industry spring up that would rob them of laborers. It was these planters who had, through holding most of the political reins, kept the interior from being investigated and opened up under the auspices of the government; it was they also who took every occasion to scoff at the thought that the interior held anything of value, or that diamonds would be found in paying quantities. Like dogs in a manger, they tried to make enemies for us.

"Stay on the coast and work!" they advised the negroes. "There are only

a few diamonds in the jungle. You'll not be able to find any. You'll only starve."

They had created such an atmosphere of danger and mystery around the interior that the blacks, except for a few of the more adventurous, had decided not to give up their jobs in the rice and sugar estates. Voodoo doctors had been secretly commissioned to spread vivid warnings against diamond mining. It was only a device of the seventy devils, they ranted, to lure poor negroes to their death.

There were seventy-five thousand blacks working on the estates. It was estimated that there were at least twenty-five thousand of them who would have already gone into the interior after diamonds had not the planters and the voodoo doctors made them afraid of the jungle. I wanted them to go up the Mazaruni River and dig for diamonds and sell them to me. I had arranged for a great supply of food, equipment and clothing to be shipped to me from the States. Many thousands of dollars' worth of stock which I had picked out as appealing to my prospective customers. But what was the use of it all if there were not going to be any negroes in the jungle, with whom to trade?

Then ten negroes, like ten angels from heaven, came down the river chanting about a big diamond they had found. The news traveled ahead of them that they had discovered a tremendous gem. I sent a messenger to meet them, telling him to hire the best automobile possible and give them a joy ride through the town before bringing them to my office. I sent another messenger to cash a check for \$10.

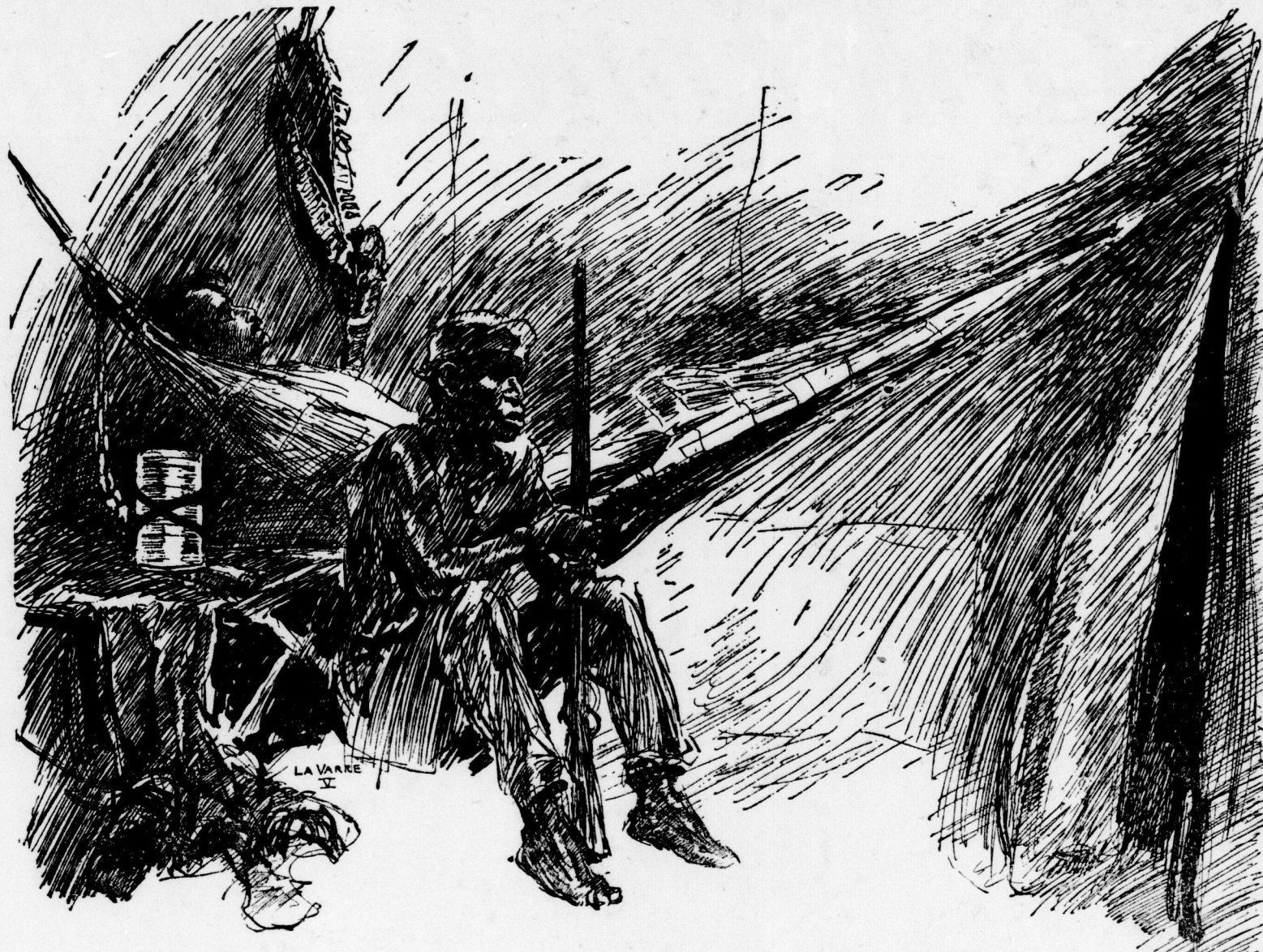
Presently I had given this sum to the ten negroes for their diamonds, including a thirty-carat stone, the largest by ten carats that had ever been found in Guiana. They went away radiantly happy, with more money than any of them had ever seen. The news of their good fortune spread like wild fire through the plantations, arousing the blacks to the highest pitch.

Jungle Knights

THEIR interest was further aroused by a story I wrote for the local newspaper, telling of the finding of the big diamond and the sum paid for it and painting the adventure of the ten negroes in such glowing colors as to make them seem heroes and knights. It was glorious. I declared, to see these men go into the jungle like true pioneers and to watch them wrest from its heart such magnificent treasure. The edition carrying this story and an advertisement offering to any man wishing to go diamond mining a free passage to the interior if he would serve as a paddler on one of our cargo boats was sold out immediately, and a large second edition had to be printed.

Soon there was an exodus by thousands from the plantations to the jungle. Within two months fifteen thousand blacks had gone up the river. The banks of the Mazaruni River thrived with their happy voices and the primeval forest resounded with their glad cries of discovery.

By that time we had a fleet of twenty cargo boats, and several motor boats. They went back and forth between Georgetown and Bartika, at the mouth of the Mazaruni River, and Kamakura (the Indian name for treasure), as we called our station in the interior. Flying our house flag,



"Every black in the jungle knew that within those thin walls was hoarded a tremendous fortune. A black boy was detailed to sit on guard with a rifle in hand, while I slept with a revolver within easy reach."

the boats made a great impression upon the negroes. There is an innate longing in the black man for things ornate, gaudy, or pretty, and the cut of boats going back and forth, their pennants streaming out in the sunlight against the sombre shadows of the jungle, was especially appealing.

Shortly after purchasing the diamonds from the ten negroes, I started up the river again, leaving the Georgetown office in charge of an American manager, and the Bartika depot under a supervisor who was recently a star athlete at Harvard. Two of the launches and a dozen boats set off up the river together. The negroes of the village crowded lower the river's edge to watch the power boats pull the heavy cargo vessels, in which the paddlers sat temporarily idle. The blacks were excitedly screaming: "Hot dawg, gasoline boat! Now we gettin' civilized!"

Those who were going up the river in boats owned by other traders eyed us unhappily. The bright-colored flags, the throbbing motors, the glamor of a fleet instead of a lonely trip in a single boat, took hold of their imaginations. Many of them were for putting back to Bartika and waiting for our boats, but I called them that we had a very long waiting list. Yes, the boom was on!

When we at last arrived in a joyous, yelling fleet at the first clearing above the rapids, I found that great progress had been made. The two college men, who had been left in charge, although these two young men had never been outside of cities before in their lives, and one of them had not been

trained in technical subjects, they had taken hold of their assignments with such eagerness and vision that when I arrived I found the jungle cut down and entirely cleared from ten acres of high level ground along the river.

Visions of Future

THEY had supervised the cutting of timber, the sawing of logs into boards with hand saws, the making of shingles, and the later construction of temporary dwellings out of tar-paper and poles while the permanent structures were being prepared. The native wood-cutters, shingle-makers, carpenters, and sawyers all knew their jobs and worked well, but it was quite a feat for these two white men to coordinate the work in such a manner that everything was under way in so short a time.

Other crews were despatched to the upper reaches of the Mazaruni to build small outpost stations in the same creeks. The first one was started in the creek called the Kurupung, to which seven Chinese and Portuguese traders had rushed and set up their flimsy thatched huts. Our outpost had to be built on the only remaining parcel of dry land in the creek, a small slice of about half an acre between the other huts. Tai Chung, a Chinese trader, was there, and there were six other huts. Going into the creek and grabbing this piece of land right in the center of this nest of independent traders was like crawling up on a half-awake dog and grabbing his bone.

It must be remembered that we had gone into the jungle with only such tools and equipment as could

be carried in the cargo canoes, paddled up through the rapids. Nothing very cumbersome or heavy could be brought in because there were so many portages. Therefore, we had to get along with such materials as we could make in the jungle. It was hard work to cut the giant trees and saw them into thin boards and beams for the structure, hard work to haul the boards and beams into the clearing and to set them up.

The first clearing had been marked off in streets, one running along the river bank and others at right angles leading into the not far distant jungle. We plotted the location of each structure, the main storehouse first, then the living quarters of the black miners, then a small hospital, then a provision and retail store, then the long bungalow off to one corner for the white staff, then the small office bungalow in the central street and finally prepared to build a dance hall and saloon well back from the river at the edge of the jungle.

As hard as the work was, the pioneering efforts of the white men who supervised the blacks resulted in making the clearing quickly into the nucleus of the village that we felt it was some day destined to be. This compound was the first building construction, the first settlement in the interior. It was constructed so carefully and the buildings were so solid in workmanship that I often had the thought as I watched the games of make black holding a rough-hewn beam in place, that those buildings would be there long after I died.

They were, I felt, destined to be

historic landmarks. It is over such ashes of traders' fires that throbbing metropolitan centers are often born. I was keenly awake to the future. Sometimes I went far into the years to come, and visualized the trend of civilization into the South American forest land. I could see cities and villages along the rivers, and hear the booming and throbbing of machinery that worked into the earth and did in one day more work than we could have done with thousands of men in a year. But I had to awaken myself from my dreams to attend to some detail that required tedious thoughts and construction. The pioneer has much hard work to do, before machines can come in.

The blacks who traveled on the river were amazed at the rapidity with which the buildings of our organization were springing up. I often heard them talking among themselves, gesticulating and exclaiming in talky-talk: "Hot dawg! Ain't we gettin' civilized!"

White Man's Burden

OUR efforts were now concentrated upon getting sufficient food and supplies into the jungle for the fifteen thousand blacks there. A grave responsibility rested on us, the men had left their jobs on the coast and come into the jungle and depended entirely on us to provide the necessary means of life. Each boat coming into the interior brought kegs of salt beef, salt pork, and pigstails.

There were large boxes of dried fish, cases of canned goods ranging from salmon to maraschino cherries, tins of flour and sugar, barrels of soda biscuits. Every boat brought its portion of liquors, whiskey, wines, gin, rum, cordials, and even champagne. I was much opposed to selling whiskey to the blacks, but I realized that it would be necessary to keep a large supply in each outpost if we hoped to do an extensive business in the interior.

And the blacks, no sooner were the supplies in place, began to get their diamonds for everything they saw. They had been living all their lives on salt fish, rice flour, bananas, and sugar, and had worn little more than rags. This new freedom gave them the where-withal to purchase food they had never tasted.

When they came in from the jungle they spent the first hour eating and drinking. Then one after another would walk up to one end of the big counter where the diamond scales were and hand their diamonds to the supervisor. They would watch him intently as he weighed each stone, and marked down on a slip of paper its value. Then they studied him as he added the figures and told the total amount of the diamonds.

Sometimes the blacks would argue a little and say they ought to get more money for their diamonds at another trader's shop. We knew what prices the other traders were paying, and we knew also that they paid according to weight and not quality.

Knowing nothing about the intricate values of diamonds in accordance with their shape and color, these traders felt that they had to have a very wide margin to protect their profit. We worked on a different basis. We paid not for size, but for quality. It would therefore happen that a black who had shown an unusually good diamond of one carat to another trader and been offered the scale price of twenty dollars per carat would have his diamond appraised by us at thirty. He would shout angrily back at the other trader from our very doorstep, calling him names for trying to "buy me diamonds for nothin'!"

Another black, eager for thirty dollars, would bring up his diamond,

We would explain to him that his diamond was not as good, it lacked color, or the shape was bad. The blacks knew that at times we paid very high prices (as it seemed to them) for diamonds, and they took it for granted that somehow we had a system of paying which always would range higher than the smaller traders. If they brought us large stones which were very bad in quality and color, we would tell them frankly to take them to another trader, as he would pay them more because the stones were big.

Profits on Goods

IN that way it became known that we paid the best price always for perfect stones, and the other traders paid the best prices over all perfect. We were offered the perfect stones, while the others were able to get sight of only the flawed crystals. Of course, they could not keep up with us long, especially when they sold practically no provisions. Our supplies had been brought in the States at wholesale prices, and shipped directly into the jungle, and stored in the large warehouse in the central station. The other traders bought their supplies from the provision houses in Georgetown. We had a big lead over all the traders in getting our supplies landed in the jungle for the same price, and usually less than they were able to buy them initially from the Georgetown merchants.

When we arrived in the jungle we found that the small traders were charging outrageous prices for their commodities, irrespective of their original cost, or the cost of getting them into the interior. Their profit was usually around three hundred per cent. It was a bad state of affairs, because it made food so high that many blacks were afraid to make the trip in the jungle for fear of not finding enough diamonds to keep them from starving.

We studied the cost of transportation, apportioned the overhead of our organization, and reckoned the least figure at which we could sell at a profit. Then we doubled this figure and added another fifty per cent. for unforeseen losses. We were guaranteeing ourselves a very clear one hundred per cent. on all commodities. Whiskey, cigars, and canned goods were sold at a larger profit, as we did not consider them necessities. A bottle of whiskey which at Georgetown cost one dollar and a quarter could easily be sold for five and six dollars in the interior.

We picked out a few commodities and advertised them at cut prices. Rice, sugar, flour, salt pork, and salt beef were offered at prices that would be within reach of every miner, and no black would again be in danger of starving through having to pay three and four times the value of the necessities of life. We also advertised a can of corn for seven cents. Now this last advertisement was received with great approval by the blacks; it was the one food they liked and could eat previous to this only lucky men could buy at two dollars.

We started out by paying about thirty dollars a carat for diamonds. Sometimes, for the sake of an opportune advertisement, we paid more. Our system was to divide the price we paid into three portions, one a ticket for a certain amount of provisions, another a ticket entitling the bearer to receive a stated sum of cash on presentation in Georgetown, and thirdly, we arranged to pay the miner a few dollars in actual cash, but never over ten per cent. of the total value of the

stones. This worked out to their benefit as well as ours.

The publication in Georgetown of our system, and the detailed price list for our supplies caused a new exodus from the plantations. There were many blacks who had hesitated because they had heard that food was very high, and did not have any way if they went into the jungle to support their families on the coast.

We had accumulated more than ten thousand dollars, and we had been very near death many times—all this in quest of fortune and empire building. But now that I had a fortune in glittering gems, my mind was far from being at rest. On the contrary, it was filled with vague fears of impending trouble. I became more and more nervous.

Guarding the Treasure

EVERY black in the jungle knew that within the thin walls of that small trading post was hoarded a tremendous fortune. My imagination continually pictured an attack by the negroes, and I realized how easy it would be for them to rush the trading post and seize the diamonds. It was not difficult to conjecture what might happen to ourselves.

We had accumulated more than ten thousand carats of fine gem diamonds. At current prices in New York, these were worth approximately \$700,000. I had in a tall ginger ale bottle, one of the large variety we had brought up the river for our own use—a strange receptacle for such a treasure.

Every night the ginger ale bottle was locked in a heavy steel canister, which was chained to my hammock. A black boy was detailed to sit on guard with a rifle in hand, while I slept with a revolver within easy reach. The possibility of attack and the loss of our fortune, and the desire to dispose of the treasure, influenced me to return to New York as quickly as possible.

And so at the end of four months preparation were made for my exodus from the jungle. After packing up the rest of my personal belongings, the top of the ginger ale bottle was sealed, and the bottle with a fond caress was put in a canister with cotton padding. This canister was again sealed, and through the two handles at the side a strong rope was bound. The rope was twenty feet long, and was coiled around a red and blue oil drum, which would act as a float should the precious cargo be wrecked in the rapids.

One of the cargo canoes was fitted with two outboard motors and an especially picked crew of giant sawyers and wood-cutters, who had finished their labors for the time being, the settlement having on hand a good quantity of beams and boards. Leaving behind a long list of instructions as to the plan of work, I took my place in the center of the boat under the high curved canopy and we pushed off. Christmas was coming and I was bound for New York.

The giant negroes dug their paddles into the river. The mechanic spun the outboard motors. The canoe spun ahead in a first speed. The blacks screamed with the ecstasy of the adventure that lay before us in the rapids. The captain gripped his heavy stern paddle, and the bowman stood up on the gunwale to meet the falls. The canister of diamonds lay at my feet tied to the red and blue buoy.

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Next week: "In the Dead City of the Jungle," by Gertrude Emerson.

His Inspiration

"WHAT a lovely Dutch landscape!" exclaimed the admiring visitor. "You've been to Holland of course?" "Why, no," answered the artist modestly.

"Then how were you ever able to paint such a realistic picture?" "To tell the truth, I copied it off a beer mug."

Ghost of Black Prince Said To Warn Against Socialism

Lady Limerick Mother of New York Millionaire's Second Wife Declares She Has Seen Armor-Clad Spirit of King Edward III.'s Warrior Son Three Times at Hall Place

By ARTHUR E. MANN

WHEN James Cox Brady, the New York millionaire, a few months ago purchased Hall Place, the wonderful 600-year-old mansion near Bexley, Kent, he unwittingly became possessor of two ghosts. One merely lives in legend, but the other and more imposing spectre is vouched for by no less than Lady Limerick, who has lived in Hall Place for three years. Lady Limerick was the mother of the late Lady Victoria May, Mr. Brady's second wife. Mr. Brady is the younger son of the late financier, Anthony N. Brady.

Trice during that time, she declares she has seen the ghostly, armor-clad figure of a certain King Edward III. of England, who bore that name because of his famous suit of black armor. "I am a very practical woman," said Lady Limerick when telling the story of her encounters with this restless spirit, "and am not in the least superstitious, but I am convinced that three times have I seen this figure."

"It is always the same," she asserted, "and resembles a youth wearing armor, while a dim, ghostly light partially shrouds the whole body. It only stays for a second and then eerily disappears."

"I saw it twice during the war, and then after a long absence it reappeared but a few weeks ago—on a Sunday evening. I had just come up into my small dining room with a friend when suddenly I saw the dim figure standing by the fireplace. I started forward, but in an instant the figure seemed to glide away through the window into the garden."

"On the two previous occasions the figure made its appearance after dark, first in the chapel and then in one of the corridors upstairs. But this last time it came during the daylight."

Despite her practicality and unimaginativeness Lady Limerick says

she is "very psychic." That is how she accounts for her having seen this ghostly prince. Nor was she frightened by the apparition. "No harm can come from this spirit whom I think to be the Black Prince," she said. "It is a spirit of peace, and there is no cause to be afraid. The strange thing is it seems to appear when special danger is threatening our country. On both occasions during the war Britain was in grave peril, and I associate the figure's last appearance with the menace of socialism. I look upon it as a warning, and I am convinced that the vision I have had portends that the Prince of Wales is destined to play a wonderful part in the saving of this country from the forces of social destruction and anarchy."

Curiously enough, this is the second time in the last century of years that the name of the Prince of Wales has been connected with that of the Black Prince. The first occasion was when George Harvey, then American ambassador to the Court of St. James, after referring to the Black Prince, dubbed the Prince of Wales the "White Prince."

There is historical justification for the spirit of the Black Prince, it is said, does haunt this earth, appearing at Hall Place. It was there that he wooed and won "the Fair Maid of Kent." It was from the nearby village of Bexley that he and his brave archers, whose bows were made from the famous yew trees of the district—set out for the Battle of Crecy. And, according to tradition, the body of the Black Prince rested in the house for one night while on its way to Canterbury for burial.

The other ghost, which legend gives to Hall Place, Lady Limerick has never seen. It is the spirit of a fair young woman. About the fourteenth century, it is said, Hall Place belonged to a family named Atwell. The owner married, but within a short time he was gored to death near the house while stag hunting. His young wife saw her husband killed and is said to have died of grief a few days later. The young couple were buried in the neighboring town—N. Y. World.

Parking Car Takes Skill and Courtesy And Regard For Others Is Essential

Have a Heart for Property and Convenience of Motorists Parking Near You

By H. C. BROKAW

IT is something of a fine art to properly park a car in a narrow space and especially in a reserve section where the parking is in block formation. To park in such a place the driver must either stop and back into his proper niche, being sure no cars are approaching from the rear that might smash into him, or he may in some instances be able to drive directly ahead into his space. In the latter instance he will probably be required to back up when he comes to take his machine away. In any case the driver will want to park his car as near to its next neighbor as possible and yet accomplish this without scraping the sides of the car next to him. Sometimes it will be necessary to squeeze in between two standing cars, where the margin of space on either side of his machine will be very limited. Considerable care will be required in accomplishing such a feat.

In parking a car alongside of a curb it is better not to get too close to the machine ahead. In the first place, if the driver does not go too close he is less apt to run into the car ahead when stopping or when starting up again. And the car ahead is less liable to back into his machine when it pulls out. If a driver parks right up against the car ahead and another car parks close to the rear of his machine, it is difficult or impossible to get the middle car out.

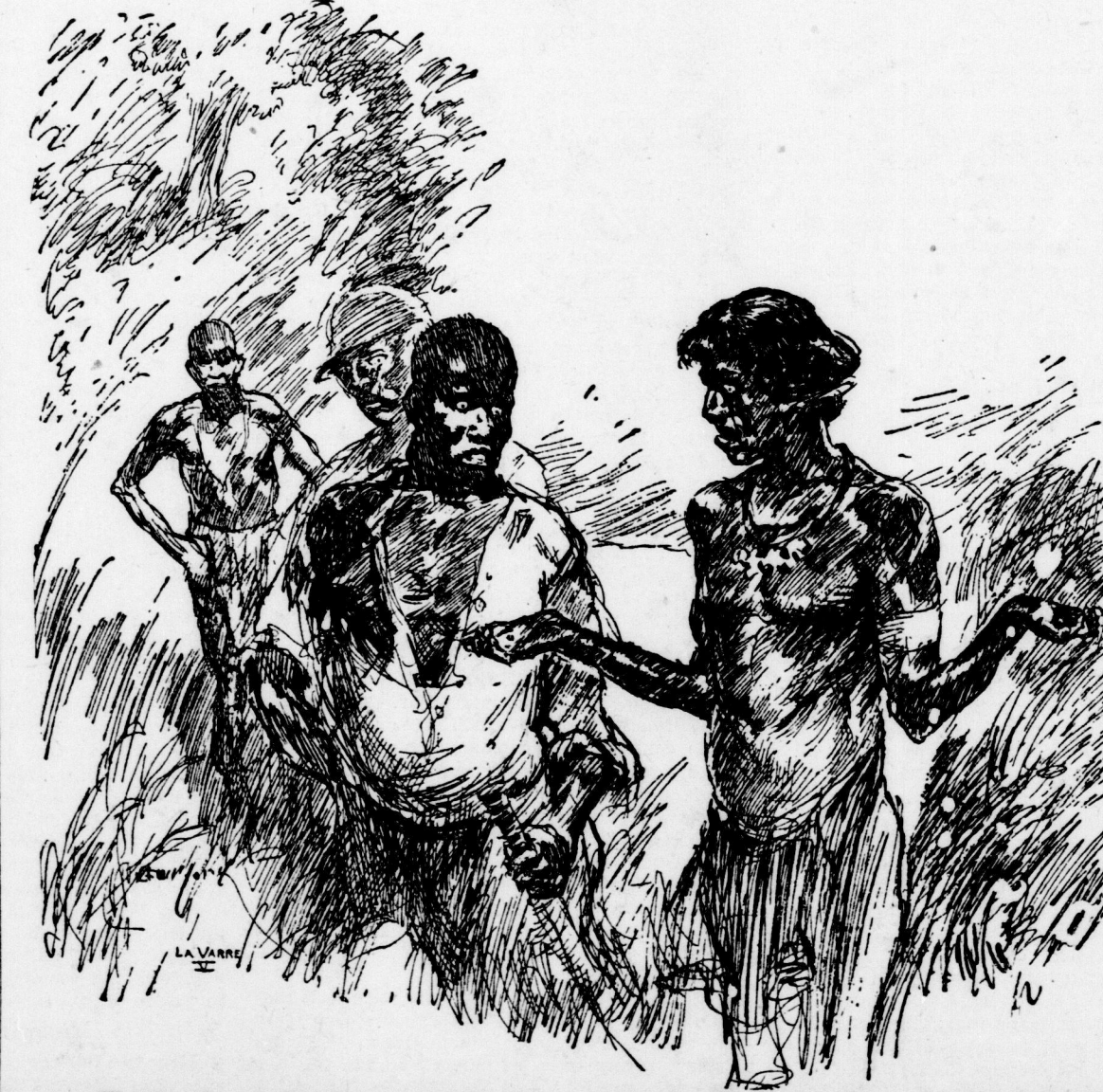
A parked car should have its lights turned on at night. It is easy to forget this, especially if the car is parked before sundown and left until after dark. If the lights do not show a white light ahead and a red one behind the standing machine may not be visible to an approaching automobile until it is too late to avoid a collision.

Any contents that might easily be stolen should be removed if possible. If the car is enclosed and the doors have reliable locks on them, these should be locked when the car is parked.

The car itself should be locked and the key removed by the driver, as thieves not only rob the automobiles of the contents but they also quite readily steal the machine as well. Spare tires should be locked on parked.

An automobile should be parked close to the curb. The regulations prohibit parking a car within ten feet from a fire hydrant. It is desirable, if possible, not to park a car in front of a public building. Often it is prohibited. When a parked car is occupying a space where another car desires to stop it is a courteous act for the driver to move forward a little if he can possibly do so. A car should not be parked near the intersection of two streets.

When on tour and camping en route it is often necessary to park a car all night in the open. It is desirable to put it in a sheltered spot and as dry a one as possible. If there are indications of rain the side curtains should be put on.—New York Tribune



"Voodoo doctors had been commissioned to spread warnings against mining. It was a device of the seventy devils, they ranted."