DAISY BATES PAPERS.

Section 17 - Articles from The children's newspaper, My Magazine and Arthur Mee's 1,000 heroes.

1. The children's newspaper.

[1]	The little group of blackfellows...	12 Nov.1921.	Typescript.
[2]	The stone age man coming on.	24 Dec.1927.	"
[3]	Men appear out of the stone age.	31 Mar.1928.	"
[4]	A creature of the great plain.	12 May 1928.	"
[5]	On the fringe of a civilised world.	9 June "	"
[6]	The chase of thirty wild men.	8 Sept. "	"
[7]	Russian Jack.	15 " "	"
[8]	News from the fringe of civilisation.	2 March 1929.	Clipping.
[9]	Heroes of a backward race.	10 June "	"
[10]	The first train to Alice Springs.	3 Aug. "	"
[11]	Australia 100 years ago: the beginnings of Perth.	14 Sept. "	Typescript.
[12]	Amazing journey of a mother and her boy.	21 Dec. "	Clipping & 2 " copies.
[13]	Life in lonely Australia, waiting for rain.	20 Sept. 1930.	Typescript.
[14]	Love of England.	25 Apr. 1931.	"
[15]	Mountains like men walking.	10 July "	"
[16]	The incredible journey: a little bird from Siberia.	13 Feb. 1932.	"
[17]	A sad little sight: the cannibals arrive.	10 Sept. "	"
[18]	The blind burrower, arru-jarru-ju.	22 Oct. "	"
[19]	The magic bones.	9 Sept. 1933.	"
[20]	Our lady of the wilds.	4 Nov. "	"
[21]	C.N.'s C.B.E.,Commander Daisy Bates of the Empire.	20 Jan. 1934.	Clipping.
[22]	Lizards on the editor's table.	3 Mar. "	Typescript.
[23]	Now there are seven.	19 May "	"
[24]	A whiteman among the blackfellows	1 Sept. "	"
[25]	Waiting for the king's son.	13 Oct. "	" & clipping (photo)
[26]	Duke of Gloucester's pockets full of sweets...	8 Dec. "	Typescript.
[27]	Daisy Bates finds new friends.	19 Mar. 1938.	"
[28]	Daisy Bates in the darkened tent.	18 Mar. 1939.	Clipping (2 copies)
[29]	Just a Cockney soldier.	22 Apr. "	Clipping.
[30]	A trail of glory.	no date.	Typescript.
[31]	A cannibal's conscience.	" "	" (3 copies)
[32]	A woman alone: 6 years of great drought.	" "	Typescript.
[33]	Children in the stone age.	" "	"
[34]	Goodbye to her lonely world: Mrs.Bates leaves her tent.	" "	"
[35]	Brave and happy folk: a German colony in the British Empire.	" "	"
[36]	Daisy Bates pitches her tent again.	" "	"

2 My Magazine.

[1]	What a romantic Empire it is. 3p.	Nov. 1926.	Typescript.
[2]	How the crane got his red legs.	Mar. 1927.	"
[3]	The white lady of the black world.	May 1927.	Clipping.
[4]	The amazing case of Australia.	1929, no.228	Whole issue.
[5]	The aborigines and their ways.	Mar. 1929.	Typescript.
[6]	The roaming wild folk in the heart of Australia.	Apr. "	"
[7]	The pioneers of the Australian wilds.	Nov. "	"
[8]	An old man's memory in the heart of a continent.	June 1930.	" & clipping.
[9]	The aeroplane and the cannibal pass by.	July "	Clipping.
[10]	Spectator of a vanishing race.	Christmas 1932	Typescript.

3 Arthur Mee's 1,000 heroes.

[1]	These two walked a thousand miles.	p.645	Typescript.
[2]	Mrs.Daisy Bates: She sits on the edge of civilization.	p.1123-1126	issue no.24.
[3]	Their tales will live when their race is dead.	p.1807-1810	issue no.38.

THESE TWO WALKED A THOUSAND MILES

From Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes, P. 645

Nabbari belonged to a native nomad tribe whose home was in the wilds of Central Australia. She had never seen a book or a railway train or a white man'snhouse, but she was learned in the lore of her wandering people and this was enough to take her, alone with her little lame boy, across the heart of an unknown land.

There had been a quarrel and a wild commotion in her tribe, and during the frenzy her husband had been carried off. Perhaps he was killed and eaten. Nabbari never knew, but she knew beyond all doubt that her husband was dead and that she and her son were in danger. She went and hid the child.

While she was in hiding her people rose up and went on a long food trek, southward. Nabbari knew that for her boy's sake she must be with her relatives.

As soon as instinct told her it was safe to move she set off to follow the tribe. She had heard of their goal - a far-off place called Ooldea Water.

All that Nabbari had for equipment when she left the scene of the camp on Mingana water was a wooden scoop for digging out animal burrows, a pointed digging stick, and a lighted fire stick.

Her little boy, called Marburning, had a broken spear to help him in his lameness. Sothese two set off alone on a journey of unexplored direction and length.

Nabbari had two guides - her instinct for direction and her skill in following tracks. Like all native Australians she could strike toward any point of the compass as straight as a bird.

For a few weeks the track led her through country she recognised. After that she stood on the threshold of the unknown - that small face,mwith matted hair hanging over the brows, like a fly fringe on a horse, stood looking out across a land that had no beginning and no end.

This journey that no white man with the same material equipment could have achieved was the crowning test of her accumulated lore and native courage.

So long as her child lived she felt that she must not turn back, that she must go on till she found her people. Her chief concern was food; after that in keeping herself hidden; after that in obeying the various taboos of her tribe.

She studied the ground day by day as an astronomer nightly studies the stars. There were both old and new tracks made by her wandering tribe. Nothing escaped that intent face; and the child following her, watching, learned lessons that explorers and pioneers would give much to know. He helped in the food hunt, looking for marks that told where he would find honey or white ants, beetles, grubs that would do for food when birds and animals failed. The two caught rabbits, bandicoots (large rats), lizards, iguanas, foxes, even dingoes. Every animal track was followed up, for to Nabbari everything that could be killed could be eaten!

Marburning kept a dingo puppy, and the little thing went with them on their way.

Their path followed that which Nabbari spelled out on the uncharted ground, and as the first instinct of any tribe is to keep near water it was an oddly twisting path; but all the time it made southward. When for the sake of water Nabbari forsook it she had no peace till she had struck it again. In very dry districts she knelt by rock holes, tied grass on a stick, and sponged up the precious liquid.

For water she was constantly on the watch. Certain marks - a broken bush, a stone in a tree, a long rush pointing in a special direction, told her their tale; and according to the signs she read she followed straight on or made wide detours. There was always with her the vivid fear of crossing a taboo mark. No matter how thirsty she was she must go round until she could avoid that. For if she crossed another tribe's taboo mark she would be hunted down by them and killed.

There were signs which told her when the tribe who had once drunk at certain waters had abandoned them. These she called orphaned waters, and after she had drunk these she would give her little death wail and go straight away.

She was, above all, anxious not to trespass on ground sacred to the religious rites of some other tribe, and would make a detour of weeks to avoid this. Now and again she and her boy came upon

the scenes of old fights, with their cannibal feasts; and Nabbari learned from the footprints who were the killers and who the victims.

So she went southward with her child, like two specks in a vast waste, seeing nothing human, as the hundreds of miles rolled on, always on the look-out for the unknown, and frightened when she saw it. She was terribly frightened when her feet crossed a track where a man on a camel or a horse had once gone by. She had never seen a white man, camel, or horse, and from these traces she fled in abject fear.

Her greatest ingenuity was spent in hiding herself and trying to hide her tracks. A breakwind of branches, disposed as only a native who wishes to hide from his own kind can place them, made a screen for the wanderers at night. When they rose in the swamp and spinifex country they sheltered beside spinifex clumps.

Four seasons passed over the heads of the wanderers before they came to their journey's end. Nabbari had made marks on her stick for every sandhill crossed. She could not count the fires she had made, but she had never let her stick go out; she knew it was forbidden to women to make fire; that is man's work. She found it impossible to remember how many times she had carried her boy on her shoulders when his lameness was hurting him badly. And they had come very near starvation once, when in following her tribe's track Nabbari had halted at a place where all the food of any kind had been eaten up, and there was nothing left but some patches of grass seed.

At last the two came on the jumble of hills in the hollow of which lies Coldea Water, and from one of these Nabbari looked down into the great plain which was the home of the great man eating snake, the railway. But all round, on hill and valley, were the fresh tracks of those she knew, and she was aware she was not far from the camp of her people.

The little white dots on the edge of the Plain that were the houses of settlers had no meaning for her. She took courage, however, to light a little fire and make a "woman smoke" signal.

Some of her people saw it and went out to greet her, and took her to the camp.

It happens that the place of the camp was not far from the home of a settler who is a trusted friend of the natives, Mrs. Daisy Bates. Nabbari was made to go to see the friend of her people, and by degrees Mrs. Bates got the story from her.

Mrs. Bates worked it out that Nabbari had walked a thousand miles in leading her boy to safety, and she thought that such a story should not be lost.

Mrs Daisy Bates

She Sits On The Edge Of Civilisation

No other woman has done what she has done. She is one of the most courageous and remarkable women in the world. For over a generation she has been helping the most primitive race still left on Earth, the Aborigines of Australia; for over 20 years she has been living alone in a tent among them.

MRS BATES WITH A LITTLE FRIEND

She is a woman of a noble spirit, great ability, and much independence of mind. She has a passionate love of England and all its scenes and sounds and quiet restfulness; yet with sublime self-sacrifice she has given up her country and all the rest of the world's enjoyments to help the most backward fragment of the human race, still in a state of savagery and recurrent cannibalism. She is no longer young enough or strong enough to do without the comforts of civilisation, but there she is, still in her tent on the rim of the great Nullarbor Plain, alone and unafraid. Far and wide the natives know of her, and to her they come when they are ill or in want. She knows their languages, their rituals, their inherited traditions, their capacities and incapacities, better than anyone else in the world. She is convinced that theirs is a vanishing race, a people of the Past with no Future, yet she stays on to ease their Present and to act as a buffer between them and their first contact with civilisation.

In 1889 she left her work as a journalist on the staff of W. T. Stead to live with her husband on a cattle station in Western Australia. The daughter of a sporting Irish family, she was well equipped for life in the outbacks, but from the first she was much besides a rancher with cattle counted by the thousand; she was a scientist, a keen observer, and a student with a capacity for languages. The problem of the Aborigines, the contact of Stone Age Man with our 20th-century civilisation, enthralled her. She picked up many of the dialects spoken by the constantly moving tribes, and obtained a knowledge of this black race and eventually an influence over the wanderers which seemed to them like magic.

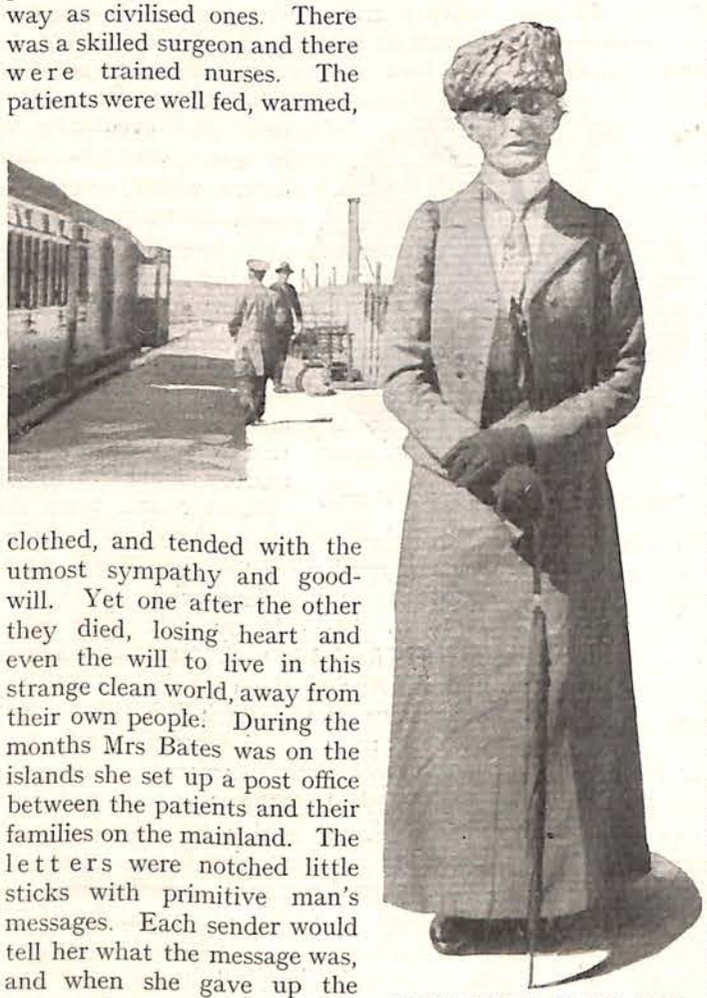
In 1904 she was invited by the Government of Western Australia to write a history of the native tribes, and for eight years she visited every town and settlement and district where a group of natives could be found. Wherever she went she found their numbers decreasing. There was no cruelty on the part of the white man, but it was impossible for the two races to live side by side. The white pioneers fenced in their farms and homes, and in fencing them in barred off the old native tracks which led from water-hole or river to the ground they had owned since time immemorial. The white man ploughed up the roots that had been their food, the native birds and animals began to decline; the black men, born hunters, could not take to agriculture, and soon they were lying down and dying.

In 1910 she went on a special Commission to observe the hospital treatment of sick and diseased Aborigines on the islands of Dorre and Bernier, which had been set on one side for this purpose, Dorre for men, Bernier Island for women.

A wild sea raced between the mainland and the islands, and the terrified natives who were being taken to hospital were almost mad with fear and sea-sickness. It was typical of Mrs Bates that though she, too, was suffering from violent sea-sickness she felt she must do something to calm them. Remembering Mark Tapley in the old screw immigrant ship, she crawled over to the hold where the black men lay and let them see her in the same distress. Many of

them already knew and trusted her, and their terror subsided.

It was at these island hospitals that she learned the futility of trying to treat the primitive people in the same way as civilised ones. There was a skilled surgeon and there were trained nurses. The patients were well fed, warmed,



MRS BATES IN TOUCH WITH CIVILISATION

clothed, and tended with the utmost sympathy and goodwill. Yet one after the other they died, losing heart and even the will to live in this strange clean world, away from their own people. During the months Mrs Bates was on the islands she set up a post office between the patients and their families on the mainland. The letters were notched little sticks with primitive man's messages. Each sender would tell her what the message was, and when she gave up the letter she would hear the message confirmed by the receiver. Their joy in these letter-sticks was pathetic.

Sometimes as she sat by a sick-bed she would learn the end of some tribal story whose beginning she had heard in a far-off inland camp. When rain was wanted she would join with them in singing the rain song of the rain totem groups. She learned that a sick native must be kept tranquil and happy. The invalid must not be worried, fussed, bathed, or washed if it irritated him. Some time later, when these island hospitals had been abandoned, Mrs Bates was able to put her ideas into practice An epidemic of measles struck the town of Katanning, near one of her camps, and the infection was brought to the camp She had forty patients, men, women, and children, on her hands, and she pulled every one through. She left them in their own bush shelters and kept them tranquil and cheerful. If Ngoong'ula wanted to visit No'tuman to have a little gossip, she wrapped a blanket round her and took her along; and if Weerijan wanted a white nightgown to "make her better" she got the white nightgown and was better. She made up songs about emus and kangaroos taking medicine; she made them laugh at each other, and they recovered.

Her book was finished in 1912, with Dr Andrew Lang's revisions, but a new Government came into power and would not undertake its publication. The manuscript was returned to her to publish at her own expense, but by that time she had realised the dire need of the surviving groups for her constant help. She decided that the only way to help this dying race was to camp among them, tend their sick and feeble, urge them to keep their own laws, and protect them as far as possible from themselves and the occasional whites who were far from being the highest representatives of civilisation.

Her husband having died, she sold her station and travelled wherever she heard of natives gathering. At Eucla in the south-east corner of Western Australia she nursed the last of a once big Eucla group At Ooldea, in South Australia, the last man of another large group died in her arms.

The year the war drums started rolling in Europe she came into South Australia from Eucla, travelling by camel buggy across the southern edge of the Great Nullarbor Plain. Five times she pitched her camp along the edge of this Plain which no man, white or black, had dared to cross till Edward John Eyre made the journey with infinite toil and danger in 1840. Her fifth camping ground was Ooldea, which she reached in 1917 and has never left. She stopped her camel cart here because Ooldea, a mile from the great railway linking South and Western Australia, would provide her with permanent water and was a centre frequented from time immemorial by the restlessly wandering Aboriginal tribes, which still come here from far north of the Great Plain never to return to their own waters.

MRS BATES AT HOME IN THE SANDHILLS OF OOLDEA

She has lived here 17 years in a tent and a bough shed encircled by a high breakwind. She must walk a mile to get water and carry it a mile home, though she is now nearly 70. Some of this water is always put out for the little finches and other birds whose chattering and splashing cheer her solitude. Sometimes the thermometer registers 112 in her tent. A year or two ago she was so ill that she thought she was going to die, and there was no one to nurse her. Day after day she got up to make her bed and her tea, and then she went to bed again, too feeble for more. The Governor-General went by in a train at the time and sent a message, as other holders of the office had done before, asking her to be at the station to meet him, but she was too ill to go. Ever in her memory are the sights and sounds of England, the primroses and the church bells, velvet lawns and the song of birds; but still she goes on labouring in solitude, in a climate often parching and only rarely bursting into beauty when the first rains bring colour like dawn to the dry earth.

She keeps a revolver, for she knows the danger from groups run wild. Once there

came to her tent a woman who had eaten her own baby, for cannibalism still breaks out occasionally among these people, and Mrs Bates is at the lowest and wildest end of the Aborigines question. A mountain has been called by her name, but she is more pleased with the name the natives have for her. To them she is Kabbarli, the Grandmother, as stern sometimes as Mother Nature herself, for she does not believe in giving a healthy young native a bit of food or a scrap of cloth.

"You must hunt or work if you would live," she will say to such a one. But she feeds the children and some of the women, and nurses the old folk with tenderness. She uses the Bushman's own medicines when she nurses a native, declaring that ours are not suited to him any more than is our form of life. He belongs to the hinterland, and there he must remain or die.

She is the one woman who knows the signs which reveal the doings and purposes of the natives, and she can talk to them in 188 of the dialects they have evolved. She knows their laws and the customs of nearly all their tribes. They have brought their sacred totems to her to guard; they have invited her to ceremonies which none of their own women may attend.

There is something very romantic in the thought of this white-haired woman sitting at the door of her tent listening to a group of black men who seek her advice, not as a powerful stranger but as one of the tribe, a wise elder of the race. She has an accumulation of material which some day she hopes to have the opportunity of putting into book form, to be a lasting record when the race has gone.

When a fire, which had been started by a careless Bush boy one Christmas time, threatened to sweep over her camp, her great fear was that these precious manuscripts might be destroyed. She buried them deep in the sand, and then spent her Christmas beating out the flames, working for hours.

She wears the same shirt-blouse, high collar, tie, and long skirt that women wore thirty years ago, but there is nothing old-fashioned about her ideas. She keeps abreast of modern thought and the world of events, and is a brilliant talker. She writes us long and remarkable letters, and has long been a correspondent of the Children's Newspaper on the edge of Barbarism. What time she can save from the carrying of water and the continuous hard work of camp life she must spend in writing articles to help to fill her cupboard, for she has spent nearly all she had on her adopted blacks.

Three enchanted weeks she had at the end of 1933, when the Government invited her to Canberra to advise on the Aborigines question. Not only did the invitation hearten her with the assurance that the value of her work was recognised, but it meant, after all those years, three weeks of life as she used to know it, with her own kind around her.

The thing she loved most was to hear church bells again. The visit over, she returned to her tent, but she had not long to wait before the first day of 1934 saw her name in our Honours List. As a Commander of the British Empire her name is now for ever linked with the Empire whose most faithful and courageous servant she has been through all these years

The editor of a newspaper receives through the post little pictures of life from the ends of the Earth, but we wonder if any contrast could be greater than the beginning and the ending of the letters Daisy Bates has been sending all these years to an editor in Fleet Street.

They come to a desk at the hub of the world from a tent in the great solitude of the Ooldea Plain. There this brave woman sits, with an intense love of England and an intense longing to see it once again, but with an intense love of this dying race of Blackfellows, and an intense longing to give them a friendly hand as they emerge from their barbaric world at the edge of civilisation. Year after year she has lived in her tent, alone for a generation, faithful to God and to mankind, faithful to our Empire and the Flag and the spirit that sustains it, faithful to these poor people of a dying race.

She has in her something of the spirit of Joan and much of Florence Nightingale, and she is overflowing with the spirit of her Master, Whom she serves.

Their Tales Will Live When Their Race Is Dead

MANY are the stories garnered in a tent on the edge of the Great Central Plain of Australia, where an elderly white woman, a hero herself, lives alone among the Aborigines. The story of Mrs Daisy Bates has already appeared in these pages. Here we give three from the store she has collected during her thirty-years vigil over a dying race. Joobaitch's capture of a convict she heard from his own lips, when he was an old man.

AWAY in the wilder and more remote parts of the Northern Territory of Australia, nearly 250 miles from the nearest white settlement, a mounted policeman with a few black trackers was sent out to arrest four natives who had raided a fencer's hut.

It may seem a small offence, but every white man trying to make a living out of prospecting, dingo trapping, or hunting for kangaroo skins, has but a small store of supplies between him and starvation.

The policeman and his trackers found the men. Fastening them to each other with chains round their necks (the most humane way, as it leaves hands free to protect eyes and body from vicious flies and mosquitoes) the mounted men set out to return to the Roper River settlement, the four prisoners walking beside them. But they reached the Roper River to find it in full flood, a raging, rushing stream, 50 or 60 feet deep. The officer loosed the prisoners from each other and told them to swim across, while he and his trackers rode their horses into the water.

The prisoners, good swimmers all, and the trackers safely reached the opposite bank; but the officer's horse was caught in the violent swirling of the rising tide and overthrown, and before the white man could clear himself the struggling animal had kicked him unconscious. The current was carrying him quickly away to certain death when one of the prisoners named Nabor switched up the ends of his chain, wound them round his neck and body and, running down the bank, plunged once more into the swollen river. Reaching the unconscious man, he dragged him out of the dangerous current and brought him safely to land.

What passed between the Blackfellows then, trackers and prisoners, as the white man lay unconscious between them, will never be known; but Nabor, still holding his chains round him, suddenly ran off at full speed, not to escape, but to seek help from the Roper River missionaries over three miles away. He returned with some mission helpers, and as soon as the wounded man recovered the party proceeded on its way. At headquarters the officer reported his rescue. As the story got known many were the gifts of food and clothing showered on Nabor, and finally, through one official channel to another, the story reached England and the King, who conferred the Albert Medal on this Australian subject of his who had chosen to save his captor's life rather than to escape. Only the ribbon was sent to Nabor; the medal was retained till such time as might enable him to wear it without it being snatched by some hooligan, or his being persuaded to part with it for a shilling or two by some unscrupulous white person.

IN those unhappy days in the middle of last century, when Australia in her dire need for labourers requested the Home Government to send out convicts, Joobaitch's Group, the aboriginal owners of what had become the colony's capital of Perth, had already begun to dwindle to an appreciable extent.

Joobaitch's father, by name Yal'gunga, had been the first to greet Captain James Stirling's young representative Lieutenant Irwin as he stepped out of the boat on to Perth territory, to shake him by the hand, and to offer him the beautiful spring beside which he and his family were sitting when they heard the sound of oars and saw what they thought at first to be a great white spirit returned from the home of the dead.

Yal'gunga's son Joobaitch was born during Sir James Stirling's governorship; and grew up in an atmosphere of kindliness, courtesy, and good feeling. He quickly learned to observe the laws of the Great White Spirit, and at the same time his father taught him their own ancient laws and customs, and he obeyed both all his life. His early years passed among the best of Britain's pioneers, and then came white men unlike his friends in high places, chained and guarded by policemen, and prisoned at night in dark sleeping-places. The coming of the convicts and the pensioners who were their guards brought many kinds of evil, including illness of various kinds, which the native group caught and from which they died, whole families in a night. But Joobaitch was always about the Government house, loving to be made use of in any way by the Great White Spirit.

One day a very desperate convict named Daly escaped from the road gang and ran far through the bush till he came to the Darling Range. Policemen and trackers followed, but they returned without him. Then Joobaitch himself went to the magistrate and asked to be allowed to go alone and bring back Daly.

"But," said the magistrate, "you know he is a very big, powerful man and a bad one. You could never bring him back by yourself; will you go with the police and help to track him?"

"I think it better I go by myself," said Joobaitch. "Daly is in my country, for the Darling Range is part of our Kangaroo Totem-ground. I will find Daly and bring him back."

"But Daly is a desperate man."

"I am not afraid," said Joobaitch.

He took his club and spear and spear-thrower with him, not as weapons, but to kill his food on the way. Every little dell, gully, and waterhole of the ground was familiar to him, and soon he came on Daly's tracks, old tracks at first, then fresh ones. He saw the tracks become crooked as day after day the white man weakened and staggered along. Joobaitch followed slowly but surely, and each day when he caught some food and cooked it he put on one side a portion for the convict. He found Daly at last, lying exhausted in a deep gully almost dead from starvation.

He laid down his club and spear and, taking some of the meat he had kept, he put it on his spear-thrower and held it out to Daly, who ate ravenously. Water was near by, as the black man knew, though the white man had not found it. Daly could not walk, but Joobaitch brought him water and each day hunted for him and fed him, showing him how to make a fire with the blackboy flower stems, and how to cook wallaby, bird, and reptile.

And when Daly's strength came back to him Joobaitch said, "Now we will go back to the Jang'ga—the white men."

"Not I," said Daly.

But Joobaitch quietly went on with the day's work, making the fire and cooking the meals, and presently he said again: "You will come back with me, Daly, because the Great Jang'ga told me you would not be flogged, and they were afraid you would die in these hills, and I told them you would come back."

The little Blackfellow was not five feet six, and Daly was a big, powerful Irishman; but to the astonishment of the whole township Joobaitch walked into the Perth gaol one morning with his prisoner.

"Would you like to be Government?" asked the Governor, meaning Would he like to take some definite office in the State?

There was no question about it. Joobaitch was overjoyed. He was given some sort of uniform, and the Governor called him and said: "Some of your people are behaving very badly and I think it is because they do not know the White Man's laws. You keep your own laws but you keep ours too. I appoint you to tell your people all about our laws and how we must punish white or black who breaks them."

And so it was that when his brother Yagan was shot for the murder of white men Joobaitch and his father kept their group from retaliating. Again, when his betrothed wife was abducted, and fled back to him for protection, he announced: "I am Government now and cannot kill the

abductor"; and because his people knew him as the best spearman and spear-dodger in the South-West they did not call him coward. The elder among his people listened to him, but the younger ones were spoiled by bad white company. One by one they fell ill and died. In the end only Joobaitch was left, the last Blackfellow of the group who had once owned the Perth area.

When Bishop Hale arrived in Perth Joobaitch found a new friend, was baptised, and, greatly to his delight, attended the same church as the Governor. He walked straight all his life, was honoured by the whites and loved by his own people. He was over 70 when he died in 1907, on his own ground, as he had asked to be allowed to. "Do not take me to hospital," he begged; "I must die on my own ground where my people have died and gone to Koorannup, the home of all our dead which lies beyond the Western Sea."

One of the finest Australian natives passed out when Joobaitch took that journey to his heaven.

THERE were not wanting adventurous English men and women who in the early days of pioneer settlement in Western Australia made their home far beyond the reach of Government or any other help, dependent on intermittent sea traffic for their yearly supplies.

In those uncharted days many were the ships wrecked along the cruel west coast, and the outback pioneers would wait in vain for food and clothing at the bottom of the sea. One day it was a sailing-ship which was wrecked somewhere between Carnarvon and Port Hedland, and only two sailors managed to reach shore. Both were young lads, both Scandinavians. They found themselves on a desolate patch of shifting sand-dunes, and, crawling to the top of a hillock, they looked out hopelessly over a long stretch of scant bushes and stony outcrops.

The younger of the two did not long survive. His mate tried to dig a hole for his burial, but was too weak. All he could do was to lie by the dead boy and keep the carrion birds away for a little longer Once he crept to the shore in a last desperate effort to find something to eat—anything. But there was nothing.

And all this time, on a hill a little higher than the others, hidden in the bushes, a party of natives was watching the young white sailors. They heard the cries of the boy whose friend was dying, and they drew nearer, but still stayed hidden, for here was something strange. They watched the solitary sailor crawl to the shore, fall down exhausted, rise again, and fall back in despair. At last, seeing his utter helplessness, they dared to approach. They knew only too well the signs of great hunger, and they had with them food, for they had been on a fishing expedition farther along the coast. Into his mouth they pushed pieces of cooked fish and native roots, and they brought him water and tended him till he was able to move again.

Then they made signs to him that there were white men four sleeps away, a four-days journey. The lad at first could make nothing of their signs, but felt their kindness and tried to show his gratitude. At last he understood. They were going along the coast and wished to take him with them. He tried to walk, but fell exhausted after a few yards.

The natives consulted together and agreed that somehow they must get him to the white men's place, but how? They were naked, without even a shield to carry him on, and the young sailor had nothing but a few tatters of clothing. They settled the matter by carrying him in turns as many a youngster has been carried round an English garden. Two men clasped wrists beneath him, and the lad threw an arm round the neck of each, while the rest of the small party were left free to hunt for food. At night they rested, ate, and slept, and next morning two others were ready with clasped wrists for ambulance.

How many days they travelled thus can never be known. The boy was weak throughout the journey and could remember little. At length they came to the group of white men who had settled on that dreary coast. Blackfellows, English, Scandinavian, none could understand the

other, and again the tale had to be told by signs. When the white men realised all that the natives had done they showed their appreciation in every possible way, giving them presents from their scanty stores.

But the natives took the whole affair as a matter of course ; they were glad the white men were pleased, enjoyed the gifts ; but, laden as they had been with the white sailor, changing their tasks of ambulance and food-getting, and always sharing liberally with the stranger, now that it was over they seemed to think nothing of the long, arduous journey of more than eighty miles. The young sailor soon recovered and worked at odd jobs in the settlement, waiting for the first ship to call ; and after some days the white settlers woke up to find the natives gone. They knew nothing of good-byes, and they vanished as they had come.

But the boat which took the sailor to Perth carried too the story of what the natives had done. The authorities made inquiries, and finally the whereabouts of the little group was discovered, and bags of flour, tea, sugar, and tobacco reached them from a Government department. It was a great surprise, for the natives could never see the connection between their deed and such generous expressions of gratitude. Their native names were never known, and they remain an odd little group of nameless Australian heroes.

SHE SAVED HER GREATEST ENEMY

Clair Clémence de Maillé : died 1691

THE great Cardinal Richelieu sprang from the middle-class. When he rose to supreme power at the Court of Louis the Thirteenth he sought to ennoble his family by arranging the marriage of his niece to the Duke of Enghien, heir to the Prince de Condé. The Condés welcomed alliance with the man who ruled the King of France, and Claire Clémence de Maillé, who was only 13, was not consulted.

Soon after the marriage the bride's uncle died. Now poor Clémence was treated as an interloper by the Condé family, who did not scruple to tell her that it had been a degrading alliance for the Duke to marry a nobody like herself.

At 21 he became famous as the hero of Rocroy. Seven years later he inherited his father's estate. But Mazarin had risen to power, and he hated the proud Condé. After scheming for some time he managed to get the prince and his brother-in-law accused of treason. They were thrown into prison. Clémence with her little son escaped in disguise.

Clémence had a wealthy father, and could have lived abroad with her child in comfort, but her one thought was to deliver the husband who had treated her so ill. She worked to raise men and money for his rescue. She made dangerous journeys and endured hardships without complaint. Once she held a riot at bay. The people of Bordeaux were all on her side, won over by her beauty, her zeal, and her oratory, but the Parliament of Bordeaux would not give her support. One day an armed mob stormed the Parliament-house shouting *Vive le roi et les princes ! À bas Mazarin !* An armed guard was called out.

The princess struggled through her supporters, begging them to disperse, and although two men were killed across her path she pushed on till she reached the Parliamentary guard. There she besought both sides not to spill their neighbours' blood ; and at length the hubbub ceased.

So strong grew the agitation throughout southern France that the prince was released. For a few months he treated his wife with some show of kindness and respect, but this soon ceased, and he was cruel enough to turn his son against the woman whose unforgivable crime was that, as a child of 13, she had allied her middle-class self with the house of Condé.

The prince was now powerful and popular once more. After some scruples and hesitations the king decided to please him by ordering Clémence to reside in the royal castle at Châteauroux till she should know further of the royal pleasure.

In 1671 she entered her prison ; twenty years later she left it, for her grave. In all that time she seems to have made no effort to escape, and to have uttered no word of complaint.