Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

The man who said romance was dead must have died without leaving the bed in which he was born. The events which are described here happened to take place in South America; with a few variations allowing for locality they might have occurred in Africa, the interior of Australia, Mongolia or any one of those numerous regions where civilization suddenly stops short and the primitive as suddenly begins. Where a half-clad native comes to a rattle-trap moving picture show, sees American pictures not more than a year old, listens to jazz made on a squeaky American phonograph, then goes off to his home in the jungle which marks the end of the main street and has to be very careful that a tiger does not spring upon him from the bushes or a dark shadow looking like a tree branch suddenly come to life as a huge anaconda searching for a pleasant supper.

I got my first hint of this tragic but fascinating case from a very casual conversation with the conductor of a train of the Brazil Central Railroad when I was going up to Manaos to get some background for a rubber story. It struck me as so vivid and so extraordinary that as soon as I had the opportunity I went to considerable trouble to get as many of the details as possible from anyone left in Porte Verde—of anywhere else for that matter—who could tell me anything.

As a one-time newspaper reporter and editor, specializing in the criminological, I have written or read probably more detective cases than falls to the lot of the average newspaper man; and I have come upon some which could properly be called bizarre. But I did not dream how bizarre and mysterious a case could be until I encountered this. I claim no credit for the narrative. I have merely visualized and tried to put down in as dramatic a fashion as possible what I saw and what I heard from the lips of persons whose authority was unquestioned.

Some few persons who read Spanish or Portuguese may have seen some mention of the case in South American newspapers; others will not have done so, for nations naturally try to suppress news of the calamitous or horrible, just as the official communiques during the war suppressed the news of defeats. In fact, the correspondent of one of the New York newspapers at Rio de Janeiro told me afterwards that he tried to get some word of it through and was gently informed that even though some of the persons concerned were Americans, it would be infinitely more tactful not to send any report.

The curious may find details which I may have passed over in the "Jornol do Commercio," published at Rio de Janeiro or the "La Bazon," at Pernambuco. For obvious reasons the names of the Americans involved have been changed. Those of the Brazilians have not. But I am wasting time talking about the story and not telling it.

The case began in Porto Verde, a small town in the more mountainous section of West Central Brazil on one of the lesser tributaries of the Amazon. Desite its smallness, it is really a New York in its cosmopolitanism. Its native population is Brazilian, of course, ranging in color from coal-black to mild-white—the color not always indicating place in society as there is no color line in Brazil. Besides these are Italians, who have come to work on the coffee plantations nearby, Germans who have come to farm, English to develop the rich industrial resources of the region, a few Americans who have journeyed there to cooperate or compete with their fellow Anglo-Saxons, and a few others, pioneers in spirit, who seek the adventurer's ever-shifting frontier.

Like so many of these tropcal cities, the settlement seemed to exhaust its energies on one or two buildings, making these magnificent and letting the rest manage for themselves as best they might. There was a splendid municipal building that would have been a credit to a city ten times its size, built of a sort of red volcanic rock abundant in the region; a very creditable theatre which every man, woman and child in town must apparently visit every night to prevent a dreadful deficit; a fair hotel, and beyond that nothing but shacks of every description, shacks of wood, of battered pieces of tin, and even of thatched rushes, in whose every door fat negro women sat grinding corn or shouting affectionately at their naked children laying in the mud.

It was a city of contrasts. Here was a shop where for outrageous prices could be bought American soap, razors, chewing gum or a single second-hand watch; across the street from it was the unescapable American cinema where the latest exploits of the kings of Hollywood waited all who had the necessary number of reis. But between these two buildings walked a huge black savage whose only clothing was a breech-clout and whose ears were pierced and lobes widened until they could hold heavy steel ornaments as big as saucers.

Around his neck he wore a string of human teeth which probably reresented at least four victories over his jungle enemies; if spoken to he could only answer with a series of grunts. Next door to the shop which displayed the watch was a store where, if one had a little money and knew the proprietor, he could enter a back room and These he could buy if he felt so In-These he could buy f he felt so inclined, though the transaction must be a trifle surreptitious for the traffic is banned by the government in far-off Rio de Janeiro.

If the watcher stood for even an hour before the stately city building, the concrete for whose sidewalk had come from the state of Washington, the likelihood is that he would see at least one cascavel, the beautiful and deadly Brazilian rattlesnake, dash across the road for a frog or chameleon on the other side; if he chanced to be a native and left a pet goat out in his yard one night, he might wake up in the morning and find nothing but the bloody tracks of a great puma.

The contrast extended to the landscape. Here and there on the low hills surrounding the valley in which lay the town, showed a field plowed with an English plow, fenced with American fence; but everywhere else, behind, in front, in back, beside, wherever man's hand had stopped, was jungle, green, dank, poisonous, a monstrous infinite-legged octopus, waiting only till the intruder's vigor had slackened for an instant, when it would dart out its swift green tentacles and claim its own once more.

As convenient a point as any at which to begin the story is with the arrival of one of the principal actors in the tragedy, not because his arrival in itself is important, but because it happened to coincide with events that began to mark the case's climax.

He was a little man of perhaps 65 or 70, with a sleepy, kindly look in his round brown eyes, one of the few features of his gentle face which could be seen, for the rest was much obscured by heavy nose glasses. The lower part of his head was bordered by a slight fringe of beard, very scanty, but whose well kept appearance showed his pride of ownership. His quick, rather jerky movements, as he got off the steamboat that chugged into Porto Verde, betrayed him at once as a man of nervous temperament, which, together with his appearance, marked him almost certainly as a scholar; a figure a bit unusual in Porto Verde, but quite common in Cambridge or any other university town.

He listened with apprehension to the grumbling of the black, shining Brazilian who took his bag and began dolefully trudging off with it to the hotel. "Don't tell me . . . er . . . any more," he said after a moment, speaking in jerks much like the movements of his wispy body. "You've told me . . . er . . . quite enough. . . Quite. . . . It's absurd, really . . . absurd. I don't know whether you are trying to frighten me or not. But I certainly do not think you are a wise . . . er . . choice to receive visitors here. Not wise. If I took all your gloomy . . er . . prophecies seriously, I would take the next steamboat back to . . er . . . Rio de Janeiro and the next steamboat from there to New York."

He wiped his wrinkled forehead with a tiny immaculate handkerchief. "Don't you . . er . . frighten me any more. You save your energies for carrying that . . er . . bag of mine. You're letting it drag the ground every other foot. Yes, every other foot"

The Brazilian shrugged his shoulders apathetically. "No fright you," he mumbled thickly. "Why Frascito fright you? Tell truth. Frascito always tell truth. Anybody come here Porto Verde big fool. Bad people here. Murder. Theengs here. Evil theengs. Theengs which kill. One month, one peoples. Two months, two peoples. Three months, three peoples. And how? Knows nobody. Kill more peoples two, you see. Give Frascito tip for tell you this. Huh?"

The newcomer hesitated, put his hand into his pocket and, drawing out a coin, gave it to his gloomy servitor. They reached the hotel from whose brick walls the plaster and paint had begun to fall, and entered. The newcomer wrote in a tiny, very legible hand "Lincoln Nunnally, Ridgewood, New Jersey, U.S.A."; saw his luggage safely deposited in his room, took out a package of artistically labeled cigarets of a mildness which a teamster would have laughed to scorn, obtained a light after many futile, nervous attempts, then sauntered outside to a blistered balcony where a wooden blind flapped feebly in the hot wind, and looked down upon the narrow, shack-lined street.

(To be continued.)

Sixteen interesting pages showing 100 new and attractive Embroidery designs for Hot-Iron transfer patterns and stamped goods.

The most valuable paper of its kind for all the latest ideas on Embroidery and other kinds of Fancy Work, Embroidery lessons, Cooking recipes and other instructive information most interesting to the practical housewife.

There are many valuable things for the gift season.

75,000 women all over Canada are receiving their copies regularly, why not you?

Remember it costs only 12c per year to get your copy each month.

Cut your coupon and send in your 12c to-day!

CORCY EMBROIDERY JOURNAL
572-H St. Catherine St., E., Montreal

I enclose 12 cents for one year's subscription.

Name .....

Address .....

Province 1

WHAT *New York* IS WEARING

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern

By Annebelle Worthington

You'll adore this geometric print in silk crepe in new tete de negre shade in combination with tobacco brown, which shade appears again in bows at neckline and hip in sheer velvet. The collar is in the tete de negre shade plain silk crepe.

It is one of thos wearable dresses that meets almost any daytime occasion. An economical choice for early Fall wear.

Style 2908 is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. In the medium size, it takes but 3⅜ yards of 39-inch material with ⅜ yard of 27-inch contrasting and 2¼ yards of sheer velvet ribbon.

A two-piece hip yoke inserted between waist and crcular flaring skirt, molds the hipline and makes it suitable for women of average full figure.

It is so easily made. The bodice is in one-piece at back; front in two sections with right side overlapping in diagonal line to waistline. Sleeves are set into armholes and collar stitched at neckline.

It's stunning in black crepe satin and so serviceable. The collar may be made of reverse of crepe or of plain white silk crepe to carry out the fashionable black and white theme, with bows of black sheer velvet.

Canton crepe, plain silk crepe, wool crepe, crepe Elizabeth, crepe Roma and georgette crepe appropriate.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by an early mail.

New Style Proves Useful

Still another "trick" dress has been evolved by an ingenious designer, the dual purpose of this model being effected by an easy transition from formal evening gown to equally formal afternoon dress. As both these types of attire now follow the princess contour, with closely molded hips and deeply flared skirt with elongated back, the important details of difference between evening and afternoon formality are confined to the neckline and sleeves.

The basis for this combination model is the evening dress, with particular attention given to the down-in-the-back feature of the flaring skirt. This is the line that is to accord with the lower edge of the princess tunic which slips over the sleeveless evening gown and conceals its formal decolletage. The idea is simple when once understood, the long-sleeved, close-fitting tunic, finished with a flaring peplum, covering the upper part of the evening gown and uniting gracefully with the flare of its skirt.

Two materials are well adapted to combine in such a model, satin for the upper part and chiffon, lace or the new coarse-meshed net for the flaring skirt finished and peplum. This combination of fabrics makes it possible to repeat the transparent material of the flared skirt by using it for the long sleeves of the satin tunic for afternoon wear and also for the circular peplum which finishes the edge of the princess tunic and serves as an effective complement to the skirt flare.

In experimenting with models of this type, it has been found that in the so-called "junior" sizes, including girls of the boarding school and college type, the afternoon tunic with sleeves and round neck is popular in simple "pull-over" fashion. In larger sizes there is a preference for a more sophisticated neckline, the tunic closing invisibly at the left side. This allows more freedom in putting on the afternoon tunic and does not disarrange the coiffure as does a garment of the "pull-over" type. This convenient side opening can also extend to the hipline, insuring a snugness not otherwise possible. The closing can be made a decorative feature of the dress with jeweled link buttons or tie-bows at neck, waist and hipline. The slanting, a symmetrical neckline is particularly becoming for the dressy afternoon tunic with long side opening, outlined by a soft jabot. The material for the afternoon tunic should be sufficiently thick to conceal the line of the decolletage of the sleeveless evening gown that serves as its foundation. The long sleeves, of matching color, are usually transparent, this type of sleeve being especially suited both to home and restaurant dining.

One of the advantages of such a two-purpose dress is that when an afternoon entertainment develops into an evening party it is only necessary to slip off the tunic and one is in formal evening dress. The shop featuring this model in an up-to-date store window display made the most of this point one manikin appearing in afternoon attire with dressy turban to match; the other in formal evening dress, the discarded princess tunic laid over a chair. At an evening party, the opera or theatre, this superfluous garment would be suitably handed to the cloakroom attendant.

As both aspects of this combination frock are formal, it in no way resembles the informal dinner jacket ensemble of last year, although the tunic can be as easily donned or removed as was the little jacket.

Trimming the Felt Hat

Few women make their own hats nowadays, but many like to trim them at home, and so obtain an individual touch not always easy to find on moderately priced ready-to-wear models. Felt is still one of fashion's favorite fabrics, and is much worn between seasons and for sports. Shades for autumn and winter are deep and rich, and include bottle-green, prune, black, dark brown, and crow-blue.

Felt is the easiest material for the amateur to work on, as a good quality does not bend out of shape when handled as straw might, or show marks like velvet. Most felts may be cut with a pair of sharp scissors, leaving the edge without need of a binding, so that a model that is otherwise becoming but has too wide or too uneven a brim, can quickly be altered to suit the purchaser.

Ribbon and Cross-Stitch

Velvet, panne, fur and satin, fine-corded or grosgrain ribbon, is used to trim felt shapes. Ribbon is effective with tailored clothes and is simple to manipulate. A novel way of using grosprain is; three triangles are cut in the crown, and two strips of ribbon sewn at the side, on the inside of the hat. A band of ribbon with the ends cut diagonally is then fastened with invisible tacking. Endless variations of this scheme are possible; diamonds, squares, circles or other shapes may be cut and arranged in different ways, and other fabrics used for lining. Material to match the scarf or frock is chic in some cases, and a band is not always necessary.

Cross-stitching is decorative and original for millinery, and quite simple to work. Embroidery silk or fine wool may be used. Here there is opportunity for attractive blending of gay colors. The model is in string colored felt with embroidery in nasturtium shades, which would also look well on the fashionable dark brown; bright blue and violet are good on black, and oyster gray with the new ink blue.

Pressing and Lining

Millinery bows are usually made by folding one or more strips of ribbon for the loops and ends, and putting a separate piece round for the center knot. Flat bows should be pressed before being sewn to the hat. The hat can be smartened by pressing with a fairly hot iron. Fold a clean cloth into a pad, and hold the hat over this in the palm of the left hand, press carefully, beginning on the crown and turning as necessary. Hats that are out of shape can often be improved in this way.

To make a head lining measure the circumference of the crown, and cut a strip of thin silk on the bias about two inches longer, to allow for turnings and easy fitting, and 5½ inches deep. Seam the ends together, and make a narrow hem on one edge, turn in the other and stitch to the hat. Then run a draw string through the hem, and tie at a suitable length. Cut a square of silk to cover the opening, slip inside and stick or tack it invisibly to the crown.—Christian Science Monitor.

Minard's Liniment relieves stiffness.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs.

All that shower and sun can give—in fragrance

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

538

'Fresh from the gardens'

We Want Poultry
TOP PRICES PAID
Write For Quotations
The Harris Abattoir Co., Limited
St. Lawrence Market - Toronto (2), Ont.

FREE valuable information

Facts-Figures-Suggestions-

If you raise hogs—if you keep poultry—if you wish to add to your perennial flower borders—if you have trouble in controlling moths or any other kind of household insects—here is a wealth of valuable information—yours for the asking.

These bulletins and pamphlets were written by men and women who are specialists in the subjects they discuss. They have a real dollars-and-cents value. Just mark with an "X" those you would like (one or all four), fill in your name and address, clip out the coupon and mail it. No postage is required.

Director of Publicity
DEPARTMENT *of* AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA, ONTARIO

Please send me the booklets I have marked with an "X".

PAMPHLET NO. 40:
"The Bacon Hog and Hog Grading"—all details concerning the revised grades for market hogs; the "why" of bacon hogs in Canada.

BULLETIN NO. 20:
"Preparing Poultry Produce for Market"—fattening, dressing and packing of market poultry; suggestions for attractive packing of eggs.

BULLETIN NO. 113:
"Herbaceous Perennials"—Best varieties for different purposes and different districts; varieties for shady and sunny locations.

BULLETIN NO. 112:
"Household Insects and Their Control"—how to control flies, moths, carpet beetles, cockroaches, weevils, house plant pests, bed bugs, etc.

E51A

Name..... *R.R. No.*.....

Post Office..... *Province*.....

Needless Pain!

People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over.

And Aspirin would bring them immediate relief!

The best time to take Aspirin is the very moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless?

Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.

You can always count on its quick comfort. But if pain is of frequent recurrence see a doctor as to its cause.

BAYER ASPIRIN
TRADE MARK REG.