

Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED.
To the queer little South American town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, a town fringed by dark, forbidding jungle, comes an elderly American, Lincoln Nunnally. A beautiful young girl, accompanied by a negro woman and a small child, drive past in a chaise, and she waves to him. He sees two sinister looking men watch the girl, exchange mysterious signals, then follow her.
He recognizes in the barber a fellow American, Vilak West, known as Vilak. Vilak says he and his cousin, who was the young lady Nunnally had seen in the chaise, own the Porto Verde Development Co. and have sent for him to get at the root of a mystery that has already cost several lives and threatened their own. Vilak is working as a barber to conceal his real activities.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER III

Vilak rubbed the towel vigorously against the old man's face, then hurried outside. Nunnally followed asthmatically behind. They half walked, half ran down the road, along a small stream which drained into the river on which lay the town. Around them were low hills whose slopes in a few places were bright with coffee plants, but everywhere else were dark with the black greenness of the jungle. They hurried over a small bridge spanning the stream. As they crossed, they heard someone running behind them. Vilak turned. He pressed his companion's arm. "Take a good look when this man passes," he whispered. "You're having a privilege. He's the American I mentioned to you. Doesn't come to town very often. In this place of picturesque and bizarre individuals, he's by far the most interesting to me."

Nunnally did not wait until the runner had caught up with them, but turned swiftly to see the newcomer dashing behind. He was a man originally of commanding height and herculean shoulders, but whose body, as though by fever or other tropical disease, had wasted until it was a shell of its former self. He was clad in grimy white linens but in strange contrast to his tropical garments was wearing around his thin emaciated neck, a stiff, unusually high collar. He made no response to the genial salutation Vilak offered, but taking a new grip on the straw basket in his hand, darted past, and disappeared round a bend. But not before Nunnally had glimpsed a curious mark on his pale white forehead, a series of three small triangles, tattooed in thin black lines.

The old man stopped to rest for a moment and gazed after the other with a strong inclination to shudder. But resolved to imitate his companion's coolness, he repressed the impulse, took a cigar and reached in his pocket for a match he could not find. "He looks . . . er . . . fantastic. Quite fantastic. What's the matter with him? Is he white? Or is he some . . . er . . . queer sort of . . . er . . . half-breed?"

"He's white, white, you accidental egoist," Vilak returned, "white as the lilies of Sharon. You'll probably be interested to know that his name is Gaylord Prentiss."
"Er . . . Prentiss, the archeologist who explored for the Museum of . . . er . . . Natural History . . . Natural History and left a few years ago . . . er . . . concerned in some . . . er . . . scandal?"
"None other, my dear Nanny."



The travelers rounded a tangled bend, then saw a crowd clustered about a lofty parasol pine.

His cotton breeches were torn and stained with mud; his hands and wrists were cracked and raw, and his face was scratched and stained with blood; in his scalp was a jagged red hole. Yet though his body was rigid as a statue, seemingly in the paralysis of death, his eyes were gleaming and appeared to express intense bodily anguish.

Near his outstretched feet, handcuffed to the ground and staring sickly at the group, stood a heavy-set man of the English colonial type, who supplies the gangs that work the mines of Kimberley or tap the rubber trees of the Congo. His face was hard, like the faces of most of those who command in the primitive places of the world; like Prentiss, he had tattoo marks. But these were on his arm and about them there was nothing extraordinary. They seemed merely the tattooing such as is to be found everywhere on a ship's crew, or on a sailor, or a skunk and cross-bones. Vilak instantly recognized him as "Limney" Potts, Bargetta's long-time enemy and fellow-worker on the fazenda. Not far away was a heavy-wooded cleft.

Vilak touched the arm of the huge ebony gentarman. "The doctor, you have not called for him?" he asked in quick Portuguese.

The gentarman grinned amiably and thrust out his hands in expostulation. "Dens; am I the Almighty God? I cannot all do."
"Pedro! Go to the fazenda of Senorita Marberry and fetch the doctor quick!" Vilak snapped to one of the bystanders he knew, then turned to Nunnally, who had joined him. "I should have known better than to depend on these chaps. I could curse myself for dawdling the way we did coming out here. 'Lift up thy head,' the old man obeyed. Vilak took the right wrist and felt the pulse. "Twenty," he said in perplexity. "And getting weaker all the time." He looked toward a young man whose face bore the sign of more intelligence than his fellows.

"How long has he been this way, amigos?" he asked.
The native took a thoughtful puff of his cigar. "Half an hour, three-quarters, maybe he is there way. I think. Eet is ver' strange how a hit dead an' he ees also alive." He shuddered and crossed himself.
(To be continued.)

When Greenland Was Tropical

Changes of Climate in the World's History

By Professor A. C. SEWARD

Is there good reason to suppose that the climate of the world was in former times different from what it is now? How do we set about trying to find out what sort of climates there were at different periods of the world's history? In order to obtain facts likely to throw light on what has happened in the course of hundreds of millions of years before man came into the world, and therefore long before there was any written history, we have to search among the rocks which form the surface of the earth and can be examined in mines and other places. Rocks are of many different kinds and of many different ages; they are the documents from which it is possible to follow in some measure the successive events which Geologists have classified the rocks into several groups or systems, each of which represents, as it were, a chapter of earth-history; these chapters are known as geological periods and are called by various names. We gather information from the nature of the rocks themselves as well as from the remains of animals and plants which they contain.

Deserts in the Heart of England

Near the centre of England in the Charnwood Forest district of Leicestershire, there are low hills made of hard rocks like granite, which belong to a very remote epoch when there was little or no life. Some of the granitic hills of Leicestershire were once covered by softer material belonging to a later period and consisting of sandy mud which was originally spread out in layers as sediment from muddy water which had covered the country that is now Charnwood Forest. In course of time these newer layers of rock were removed by the action of air and water, by rain and frost; and parts of the buried granite were gradually exposed to view. In the hills thus exposed we have a glimpse of a very old landscape, a piece of the earth's surface as it was before the days when the mud and sand levelled the immense floor of the older rocks. We can therefore form some idea of the state of the country which for long ages had been hidden. It was found that the exposed surface of the older rocks was smoothed and polished and in some places had been worn into broad grooves and rounded ridges: surface-features which remind us very strongly of those seen on hard rocks in deserts of the present day, and produced by storm-driven blasts of sand. This comparison suggests that at one period there may have been a desert in the region that is now Leicestershire.

But is there any other evidence, are there any other kind of evidence, are there any other facts which we can

This unquestionably is the finest green tea

"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

"Fresh from the gardens" 656

day. What does this mean? It means that at one time—some millions of years ago—there lived in Greenland ferns which were members of a family that in the course of ages wandered far to the south from Arctic regions, and eventually settled in Central and South America, Africa, the Malay Archipelago, and farther to the East, several thousand miles away from its original home in the far north. If most of the living members of this family of ferns are now tropical, are we to conclude that, when very nearly related ferns lived in Greenland, that country enjoyed a tropical climate? It would be going too far to answer the question by a simple "Yes." We can only say that the facts lead us to suppose that Greenland in the Cretaceous period was much warmer than it is now.

With the fossil ferns are leaves and twigs of many other kinds of plants. Some of the fossil twigs and cones are very like those of one of the big trees in California, a tree which is often grown in our parks; it is known as Sequoia and is sometimes called by gardeners Wellingtonia. This tree now grows wild only in California; but it is certain that traces of its existence in the rocks of Greenland are now living either in the south of Europe, in the Southern United States, or in tropical countries.

Let us next look at Greenland as it is: by far the greater part of it is practically destitute of life. During the short summer, in June, July and August, there is a comparatively narrow strip around the coast with little or no snow, where flowers are abundant. In that part of Greenland where the fossils occur there are now no trees, and stunted willows and dwarf birch growing close to the ground rarely reaching a height of more than two or three feet. The hill slopes are in places covered with a vegetation reminding us of our own moorland, but there are no trees, and the familiar heather of the British Isles is replaced by another member of the heather family; there are many small flowering plants on the hills and in the valleys which are free from snow in the summer, and some of them are well known friends at home, especially on the Scottish mountains and in the English Lake district. In the Chalk period there was a rich vegetation made up of many different kinds of trees and shrubs instead of the low-growing plants of to-day; there were many ferns differing widely from the few which now grow in Greenland. In a word, the contrast between the forests which are left their scattered fragments in the rocks

Camera Aids in Antarctic Dispute

Inventor Tells How Pictures Will Map 2,000,000 Square Miles

BRITAIN'S CLAIM

New York.—A wealthy young New Yorker's hobby, now a valued instrument of science, may play the decisive role in an international complication over Antarctica.

As Commander Richard E. Byrd's successful South Pole flight centres wide attention upon "the bottom of the world" and its commercial possibilities, the prospect grows that Great Britain and the United States may come to diplomatic blows over the question of sovereignty there.

Statements on both sides of the Atlantic, it seems, are alive to the possibility that fabulous deposits of coal, oil and other minerals may lie buried beneath the Antarctic's centuries of ice and snow.

THE CAMERA DOESN'T LIE

While they are framing circumspect notes to one another, Sherman M. Fairchild, still in his early 30's, goes about the daily routine of directing the varied aeronautic enterprises of which he is the head.

High up in one of Gotham's monolithic business buildings, remote alike from the cold of Antarctica and the mounting heat of diplomatic pique, he is not unaware that the first aerial photographs of the South Pole territory may determine whether Britain or the United States is to have dominion over the frozen wastes. For Fairchild made these pictures possible.

As heir to the fortune of a millionaire New York Congressman, Fairchild devoted part of his patrimony to the hobby of amateur photography. The development of aviation turned his thoughts aloft, to equipment that would accurately picture what the birdman sees.

VALUABLE BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

Thus was developed the camera now in use by the United States military services, and a science which soon attained proportions beyond all expectations of its young originator.

Fairchild may not have had potential international consequences in mind when he suggested to his friend Dick Byrd that aerial cameras be included in the elaborate equipment he was assembling for his South Polar venture. Thinking of the advantage Byrd lost on his North Pole flight by having neglected so to equip himself, he foresaw only the scientific value of such pictures of Antarctic regions.

From a mere adjunct to his exploit, Byrd's camera became an indispensable factor in it, for he relied on its lens to see for him many things which speed, distance or glare rendered invisible to him and his three companions as they sped from the Little America base to the pole and back.

OPERCOME SNOW'S GLARE

"Our experience with aerial photography in other sub-zero territories enabled us to supply Byrd with the best possible equipment for his South Pole undertaking," Fairchild explained.

"To a stock K-5 camera, standard with U.S. Army, we added a blue-minus filter to eliminate the excessive glare of the snow-reflected sun. We lined the camera with black wool as insulation against the cold and lubricated it with a special oil which is fluid at any temperature. To carry off static created by movement of the metal parts, the camera was grounded to the plane with a heavy, detachable chain.

"At 5,000 feet, the mean altitude of Byrd's 1,600-mile flight, the camera's focal plane was 2,800 square miles. Of this, however, perhaps only 500 square miles in the foreground would have any useful detail. With 650 exposures, which Photographer Ashley C. McKinley was believed to have taken, this would give Byrd camera coverage of 1,845,000 square miles of Antarctica.

"Pieced together, these photos will constitute a huge pictorial mosaic of the regions over which he flew. In a stereoscope, they would be lent a third dimension, bringing into accurate proportion every minute elevation of the terrain."

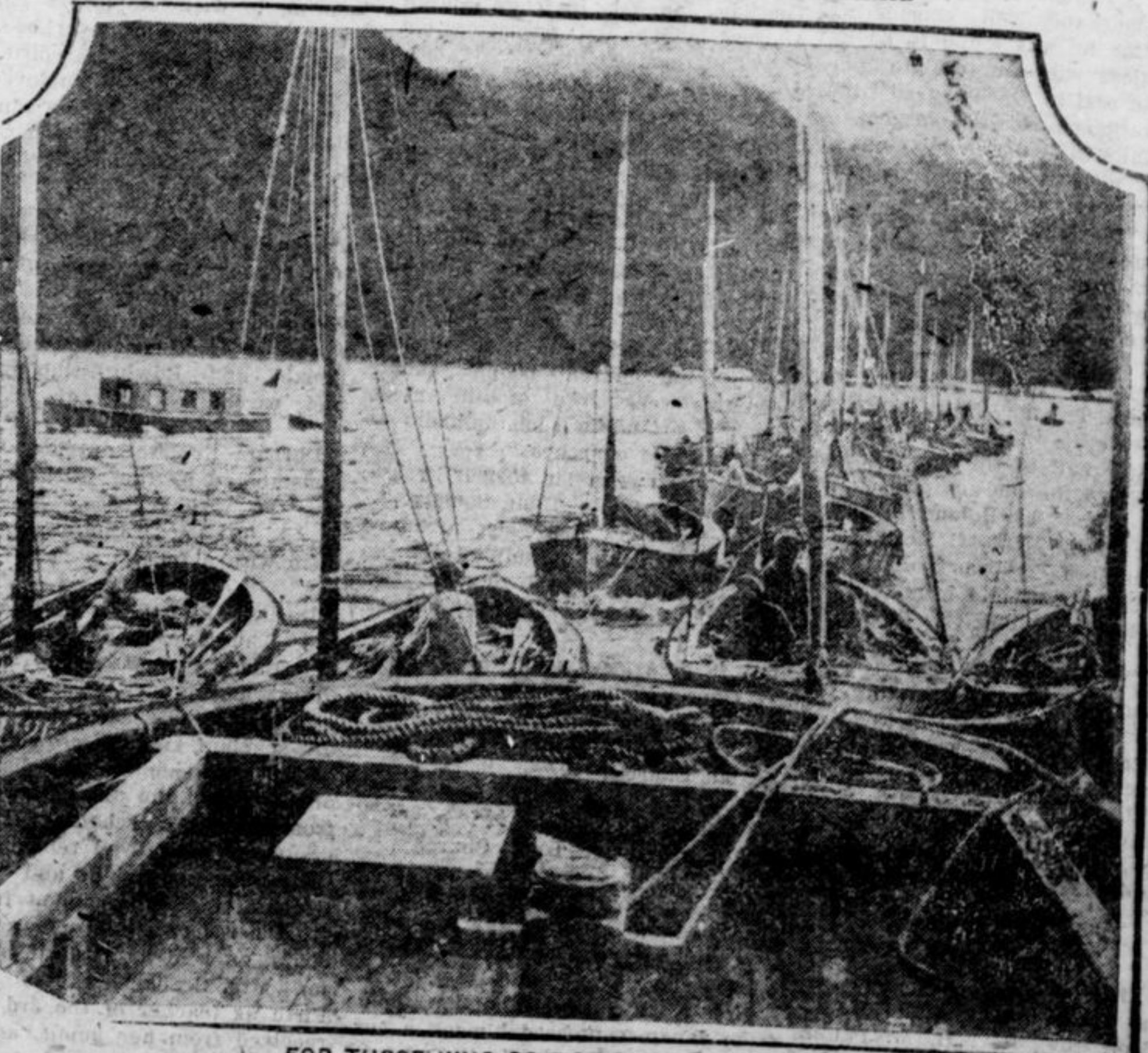
It is this close-knit patchwork of air views, revealing topographical features behind neither by Byrd nor the British adventurers who went before him, which would be of inestimable value in establishing or discrediting their rival demands. Byrd already has officially claimed for the United States two vast ranges at the edge of British-claimed territory.

On Vulgarity

"To me the paramount test of vulgarity in any person is the way in which that person treats his inferiors," writes Beverley Nichols in the Christmas London Magazine.

"If a duchess is rude to her maid, even in the privacy of her own bedroom, then that duchess is a vulgar woman, though she may trace her ancestry to the remotest beginnings of history. If, again, an employer is rude to his office boy, and takes advantage of his position to make sarcastic remarks about him in front of his clients, then that man is a vulgar man even if he holds an entire industry in the palm of his hand. Anybody, in fact, who indulges in that cruellest form of blow, the snub, is vulgar."

Ships That Pass and Those That Trail Behind



FOR THOSE WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS
The photograph here shows a portion of the salmon fishing fleet at Skeena, B.C., being towed out of harbor by power boat.