

# 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 famous chemist.  
An air of mystery seems to hang over the place. In the barber shop, the barber, a strange, dark man with an Oriental cast to his eyes, speaks to Nunnally, who then recognizes him as Vilak West, known to him as Vilak, a fellow American. Vilak says he has sent for him. The barber business, he explains, serves to conceal his real activities. He and his cousin, Elise Marberry, need assistance in getting at the root of a mystery that has already cost several lives and threatened Elise's.

Vilak is interrupted with news of another death and he and Nunnally hasten to the spot where the victim, Tony Barbeta, one of Elise's foremen, lies on the ground, almost at the feet of Limy Potts, another foreman, who admits having hit him with a club.  
Barbeta seems to be in a strange sort of paralysis. He dies after accusing Potts, and Vilak astonishes Nunnally by declaring his belief that Potts was not the murderer.

**NOW BEGIN THE STORY**  
**CHAPTER V.**  
The chemist gazed at Vilak in bewilderment. "But . . . er . . . Tony said Potts did it and Potts admits it himself. How can there be any doubt . . . er . . . doubt where facts are as clear as that?"  
"Don't forget there are two kinds of facts," Vilak responded. "The tangible ones that you can see and hear and the intangible ones which you can neither see nor hear but only feel. This is a case where the latter are obviously the more important."



"A good scientist like yourself ought to know better than to let a suit and a trifle of makeup fool you."  
"Er . . . who . . . er . . . who do you believe is the murderer then?"  
"Again, mon cher, I answer my ideas are deplorably scanty."  
"You think it was . . . er . . . Prentiss, perhaps? Or Prentiss! Haven't you any idea of what's happened to make him look and act so Satanic . . . er . . . yes, Satanic? His . . . er . . . eyes appear as though he were working some evil spell upon everything at which he looks." Suddenly he jerked out the cigarette he had placed in his mouth a moment before, made a wry face, and spat bitterly.  
"What's the matter?" drawled Vilak. "Too powerful for your Anglo-Saxon blood?" He chuckled. "You don't wish a bit of betel nut to top it off? No? Well, that's the advantage of having several races speeding through your veins. Increases your pleasures enormously. To me there's nothing like a little betel with a good smoke."  
He pressed another section of the golden dragon. It opened, disclosing a number of tiny pellets. One of these he extracted and thrust into his mouth "I agree with you that Prentiss hasn't exactly the drawing-room manner. Certainly he appears to be a man who has lost his soul. Personally I feel rather positive that he's connected in some way with these terrible tragedies, but I've little to base it on."  
"I do know that anyone who tries to be concerned in his affairs, even with the kindest intent, suffers. As I think I mentioned to you, some time ago, Elise got interested in him largely because of that old feud which existed between their fathers. By some legal technicality it seemed that the land which old Prentiss developed for his forefathers turned out actually to belong to the Marberrys and Elise's father always insisted that Prentiss was not

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## Which Wins— Crook or Bank?

**Crib-cracking Versus Safe-making is a Struggle Not Yet at an End**

In New York a sixty-story skyscraper is rising, and at its heart is a mammoth vault, an armored fortress of steel and concrete. Behind the doors of that vault may lie \$1,000,000,000. Every human and mechanical device will be employed to guard that treasure. Will it be safe?  
"I put that question to a distinguished vault engineer, who has built some of the strongest vaults in existence. His answer amazed me.  
"Give me a million dollars with which to build a vault," he said, "and there would still be half a dozen men in the world who could open and rob it."

"Nor are these men Hindians, or Jimmy Valentines who open tumbler locks with sandpapered fingers. They are experts in the use of two of the most terrible safe-breaking weapons known—the 'fixing rod' and the 'oxygen lance.' Against these latest mechanical tools of safe breakers, no absolute defense is known. The financial world is waiting to see if any super-criminal will dare to use them. Nothing is 'impossible' in the never-ending battle between safe makers and safe breakers," says Henry Morton Robinson in Popular Science.  
"Burglar-proof" vaults have perforce undergone great and revolutionary changes in the past fifty years. From the days of the eighties, when a bank's idea of the last word in security was a four foot thick door studded with cannon balls and bolted home into their vault's framework . . . which door was incidentally pried out completely by thieves to the tune of nearly three million dollars . . . to the up-to-date strong-box such as described at the commencement of this article is a far cry. The progress of the opposed sciences of safe-making and safe-breaking has been an interesting one through the phase of the "stepped" door, the introduction of nitro-glycerine and the "soup man," the cone door machined so closely that that artist could not get his "soup" into the cracks, and finally the "last stage" but one . . . the oxy-acetylene torch, which will bite through a six-inch steel plate in a few minutes.  
"To-day science meets the threat of the 'cutting-burner' with composite walls that embody materials resistant to heat, drills, and explosives. Yet even such walls cannot meet the new threat of the 'fixing rod' and the 'oxygen lance.' The first is simply a stick of soft steel which the expert operator holds against the metal to be burned. Then he applies the oxy-acetylene flame to the tip of the fixing rod, which oxidizes so rapidly that the temperature can be raised to unbelievable heights.  
"The 'oxygen lance' has been known for some time, but until the invention described in the past fifty years, its use was limited to the cutting of pipes through which oxygen gas is forced. The business end of the pipe is heated red-hot by a cutting-burner. The hot iron ignites in the oxygen stream and flares so fiercely that it will burn its way straight through anything. Blast furnace men use the oxygen lance to cut away 'frozen' steel from the tapchests of the furnace.  
"So expert must be the men behind these instruments that only half a dozen men in the world are capable of breaking into a vault with them. Fortunately these men are not criminals. They are experts whose names are well known. Moreover there are practical objections to the use of such instruments. The oxygen pipe is dangerous to use without cumbersome shields. And it generates billows of black smoke when it meets cast iron, leading to probable detection.  
"Still, in face of possibilities from their friends the enemy, engineers have been spurred to design super-vaults that will stave off safe breakers, if not indefinitely, at least as long as possible. How successful they have been was demonstrated in New York not long ago, when wreckers were actually called upon to demolish a newly built vault because a bank mottoed that it was a vault. The outer shell of the vault was a four foot thick wall of concrete or fireproofing and protection against earthquake shock.  
Then came a six-inch thickness of material especially developed as a protection against the cutting-burner. It consisted of large iron slabs, the outside face tool-proof and its inside filled with a core of magnesium oxide—a material manufactured at Niagara Falls under a fusing temperature of 3000 degrees Fahrenheit, and proof against tremendous heat. Inside this came a seven-inch buttressing wall of cast iron, crosswise round bars, a metallic rib, crosswise round bars, a filling of rich concrete, and a binding of steel plates half an inch thick bolted to the H-beams. The doors were smooth-faced, conical plug doors impervious to explosives.  
"A competent wrecking company using the most modern tools found itself all but baffled by this vault. The best progress that the wreckers could make through the walls, even with the advantage of being able to attack them from the inside, was half an inch a day. It took thirteen and one-half weeks to demolish the entire vault. Although a safe breaker might have entered it in less time, it is doubtful if he would have cared to tackle the job.  
"With the tools of safe breakers."

After a few hours spent thus, he began unpacking his luggage, and happening to place a clean shirt upon a table, found that it instantly took up a gray smudge of dust from the table top. Investigating, he discovered that every piece of furniture in the room was similarly coated. Horrified, he took out his pocket handkerchief and gingerly set about cleaning the room. So absorbed was he in the task that he failed to hear a light knock outside and only looked up when the door opened and a tall, striking appearing stranger clad in riding suit stood at his side. He started. "I . . . er . . . beg pardon," he stammered. "You were looking for me?"  
"Yes," the stranger replied bluntly. "Stop being cleanly and Nordic and put on your hat. A good scientist like yourself ought to know better than to let a suit and a trifle of makeup fool you."  
The chemist stared then smiled sheepishly. "You take too many . . . liberties with me. Too many liberties. What shall I . . . er . . . wear?"  
"Come just as you are. We can pick up storm boots, heavy gloves, and a pistol for you at my cousin's. What sort of a raincoat have you?"  
"One of those . . . er . . . oldfashioned ones, like the heavy army ones."  
"That'll be just the thing. Bring it with you."  
The chemist gave a parting flip of his handkerchief to the dust on the washstand, then looked out of the window. "Why must I wear a raincoat? The stars are shining very . . . er . . . brightly. It's too hot to wear a raincoat."  
"Observe, my dear Nanny, that I also carry a raincoat. We won't need them until after we leave my cousin's. Then they will be vitally necessary. Perhaps perceiving this necessary. No. I'm not going to tell you why. It's no use asking. Come on now. Don't pother around any more. Or I'll make you smoke another of my cigarettes."  
(To be continued)

**FALLEN LIVES**  
Recently a man, prospecting in the mining regions of Arizona, found a remarkable natural bridge. It spans a deep canon, forty-five feet in width. The bridge is made by a great petrified tree that lies across the gorge. Scientific men say that many ages since, this tree was prostrated by some terrific storm, and fell across the canon. By the effects of the water and time, it has passed through many stages of mineralization, and is now a wonderful tree of solid agate. And there it lies, making an agate bridge over which men may pass from side to side. This tree seemed to be a failure when, that day in its prime, it was broken off by the storm and hurled to the ground. But, instead of being a failure, to what nobler use could it have been put than thus to become a bridge of agate, to stand for ages, and on which countless human feet may walk across the chasm? This fallen tree is an illustration of countless human lives which have fallen, and seemed to be bridges over which others can walk to honor, success and triumph.  
—Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

"Woe to you when all men speak well of you."—Stanley Baldwin.  
Minard's Wards Off Grippe.

## No premiums with Salada but finest quality instead

# "SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

## WHAT New York IS WEARING

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished with Every Pattern  
by Annabelle Worthington

The Ensemble in Tweed is back in vogue and undoubtedly is the most practical and smartest fashion that Paris has sent us in some time. Style No. 2963 sketched achieves youthful sophistication through simple tailoring in blouse of flat silk crepe in toast-tan shade, with suede belt in soft brown tone indicating higher waistline. The skirt is box-plaited across front with plain straight silk back, preferred for general wear.  
The coat is in seventh-eighth length. The fronts are underlined with plain woolen in harmonizing tone and rolled into revers with collar. Sleeves have cuffs of plain woolen which appears again in applied bands of pockets.  
It is designed in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years, and you'll find it very simple to make.  
It is very youthful too in mauve-red tweed with matching silk crepe blouse.  
Another swagger idea is bottle green novelty woolen with blouse of lighter tone silk crepe.  
For more dressy occasions, it is made of woven plain transparent tulle, used for dress with coat of suede finished brocade in blending tone, or of Royal blue velvet woolen coat with dress of matching flat silk crepe.



2963

**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.

**LOST OPPORTUNITIES**  
Who can tell another's shortcomings, lost opportunities, weigh the passions which overpower, the defects which incapacitate reason?—What extent of right and truth his neighbor's mind is organized to perceive and do?  
"Do you read all the health papers?"  
"Not all," answered Mr. Chuggina. "In my efforts to keep out of the hospital I limit myself to a study of the traffic regulations."  
That Sore Throat Needs Minard's.

**GRACES**  
Virtue and genuine graces in themselves speak what no words can utter.—Shakespeare.



## Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course." They wait for their headaches to "wear off." If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.  
Meanwhile, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote, Aspirin, which always offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists, consult your doctor as to its cause.  
Save yourself a lot of pain and discomfort through the many proven uses of Aspirin. Aspirin is safe. Always the same. All drug-stores with complete directions.



## Tale of the Trail Of the Blue Goose

More Information on Successful Quest of Dominion Ornithologist Dr. J. Dewey Soper

Meager information was all that we first learned of Dr. Soper's good work in solving the mystery of the life habits of the Blue Goose but the tale now unfolds.  
Ottawa—With the discovery of the breeding grounds of this feathered bird of mystery one more arctic mystery has been solved. Ornithologists have been on the trail of this elusive bird for half a century, but only recently, from certain known facts in its migration, it was finally assumed that it nested at some point in the eastern portion of northeastern Canada probably the northern interior of Quebec or on Baffin Island.

In 1923 Mr. Soper took up the quest of the blue goose which, after nine years of long and arduous journeying around the coasts and through the interior of Baffin Island, even to the western shore of Fox Basin, and north of the arctic circle, terminated last summer in complete victory. The Dominion Government, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Hudson's Bay Company and all the Eskimo tribes of Baffin Island united their forces in order to track one species of humble waterfowl to its domestic lair. In the spring of 1923 Mr. Soper landed at Cape Dorset and traveled inland with four sledges, 42 dogs and five Eskimo drivers and camped for two months at Camp Kungovik, near the rendezvous of migrating flocks of both snow and blue geese. This year he returned to the same spot, knowing that the nesting sites were at no great distance.  
"For about 19 days we searched the region on foot for nests without success," said Mr. Soper. "The outlook was decidedly discouraging, as late June approached, for much of the success of the venture depended upon the actual discovery of nests and eggs. Blue geese were nearly everywhere, but it is a vast expanse of territory in which to locate the nests of a species which is colonial in habit, and without the tendency apparently to nest with individual freedom over the country. Finally, however, on June 23, a small colony of breeding geese was discovered on the tundra near Fox Basin, with 10 nests. Eight of these were nests of the blue goose and two of the lesser snow goose. Sets were incomplete, with only one or two eggs—one nest alone contained three."  
Later many more nests were discovered and thousands of blue geese seen. The sets were located on a slight grassy swell of the plain, where the ground was comparatively firm and well grown to moss and grass, and most of them were constructed of finely plucked and shredded tundra moss, lined with a mixture of fine dead grasses and light-colored down.  
After securing a nest and a large collection of adult specimens, sets of eggs and downy young as material for the scientific study of this beautiful bird (a photo of which was obtained) upon its breeding range the party turned to the long trek homeward by dog-sledge, schooner and steamship.  
The biological survey of the American Wild Fowls is now attempting to band specimens of the blue goose so as to more definitely fix its routes and habits, to the end that sufficient protection will be afforded to insure its permanence.

**THE RIGHT WAY  
TO WATER MILK**  
In spite of all the jokes about the dishonest milkman and his fondness for the pump, good dairymen are finding that there is a legitimate way in which the output of milk can be increased by adding water, and without any complaint from patrons or milk inspectors. The important point of the plan is that the water is mixed with the milk by passing it through the cow's body. Tests at various experiment stations show that a good dairy cow drinks about 4 gallons of water to each gallon of milk produced or about 20 gallons of water per day for a cow producing five gallons of milk. Also that icy cold water, failure to have water available at all times, or any other reason which prevents the cow from drinking her full quota of water will cause a comparative decrease in the amount of milk produced. These results have been abundantly borne out by the experiences of practical dairymen and explain why so many dairymen claim that their barn watering bowls have paid their whole cost in one or two seasons.

**HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY**  
Take time; it is no use to fume or fret, or do as the angry boy who has got hold of the wrong key and pushes, shakes and rattles it about in the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.  
The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

**WISDOM OF LIFE**  
The wisdom of life is in preventing all the evil we can and in using what is inevitable to the best purpose.—John Ruskin.

Sunday  
January 12, 1930  
Temptation of  
13 to 41; H. G.  
my beloved Son  
pleased.—Matthew  
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