Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, owner of a large plantation near Porto Verde, Brazil, but so far she has escaped harm, due to the shrewness of her cousin and protector, Vilak. Vilak believes Gaylord Prentiss to be at the bottom of several deaths that have occurred in the vicinity. Warning comes that the dam has burst, and Vilak, Elise and Lincoln Nunnally ride to warn Prentiss. They discover that the warning is but a ruse to get Prentiss out in the open so that the natives may murder him. Prentiss' house is besieged and Vilak, in order to drive off the attackers, dynamites a small lake and floods the place. When the water recedes they discover that Prentiss has deserted them. The next day, Tinky, Elise's little nephew, is stolen. They hunt through the jungle for him.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIII.

They stopped half an hour to eat and rest, then went on. At two o'clock they came to a narrow river, seeming almost subterranean so enclosed was it on all sides by the jungle blackness.

Stately, gorgeous-colored herons stalked through the water; long, ugly alligators lay in the mud of the other bank.

The beaters ahead halted. Vilak urged them forward for he could see where the path continued through the trees. The beaters shook their heads.

Paulos come to say he 'shamed what he do today. Paulos brave man. You know."

Vilak demanded the reason. Paulos made cylinders of his hands, put them to his mouth, and puffed his cheeks.

"What does he mean?" Elise asked Vilak.

"Afraid of being shot at by blowpipes, I imagine." He questioned the negro once more.

Paulos nodded. "Ya-a-a," he grunted. "Ya-a-a. 'Fraid Indians past river here. Bad Indians. Never go. Nobody never go. Kill. Blow pipes. Thees way."

He repeated the signs he had made with his hands. "Eat people, too, think. Never go. Bad. Bad. Go home now, yes? Late. Not want spend night jungle. Jungle not good night."

Vilak curtly ordered him forward. The other doggedly refused. "Me brave man, Paulos. Everybody know me brave. Fight jaguar. Kill jaguar. Many times. But not go cross river."

Vilak turned to the others. They reechoed the giant's words, their refusal being even more vigorous as their fear was greater. Elise joined her efforts to those of her cousin. Together they pleaded, ordered, promised lavish increases of pay, threatened; the natives gloomily replied that they would rather be killed at once than cross the black-shadowed river.

Vilak took a bit of betel. He shrugged his gaunt shoulders. "Looks as if we're up against a stone wall. I'd go on alone, but it would accomplish nothing. Nothing to do but go back and try to get some men in Porto Verde who won't be afraid of crossing. Just as well, perhaps. We have to go back anyway and get supplies t last us a couple of days, perhaps a week. And a canoe possibly. Appears that this trip's going to last longer than I expected.

He saw Elise's face quiver slightly. "But don't you worry" he added quickly. "We'll find him. Can't help but find him. Just a little time. Just a little time."

They retraced their footsteps, and reaching the spot where they had left their horses, mounted and set off, leaving the beaters to find their way in on foot. Though they rode as swiftly as possible, it was night when they reached the fazenda.

Vilak at once set about superintending the collection of canned meats, blankets, hammocks, medicines and the other equipment necessary for an extended trip to the jungle, while the fat, asthmatic Schwartz, who knew most of the Indians round about, was detailed to search in the shacks and reed shelters on the outskirts of Porto Verde for fifteen or eighteen men who had the courage to make the journey.

Long after midnight the three Americans were still making preparations for the journey. They were in one of the storehouses, Elise and the old man helping Vilak plug the leaks in a light canvas canoe when Paulos, the huge black who had refused to go forward in the afternoon, shuffled uneasily through the door.

"What is it, Paulos?" Elise asked without looking up from the brush with which she was liberally applying the shellac over a long tear in the bow of the boat.

"Got something say you, Senhorita Marberry."

"Go ahead and say it, Paulos."

His heavy black arms twisted awkwardly. "Paulos come to say he 'shamed what he do today. Come to say very 'shamed. Paulos brave man. Everybody know. Paulos kill jaguar for you. Six, seven times."

"Yes, Paulos. I know you're a brave man. A very brave man. I'm glad you're sorry."

"Yes'm. Paulos very sorry. Come to say him go cross river any time you want cross. Other fellahs black fellahs, Indian fellahs, they not cross, but Paulos cross. Paulos brave."

"I'm glad to hear that you are a brave man, after all, Paulos." She put down her brush and smiled at him. "From tonight on, your salary's doubled."

He grinned and showed his white teeth, three of which had been filed into sharp points, Indian fashion. "Paulos come to tell you something else, too. Something about baby gone."

Elise put down the can of shellac she was holding so abruptly that it splashed over the blue apron she had donned. She hurried toward him. Her slight body was tense with eagerness. "You haven't found him? If you have—"

"No. Paulos not found him. But talk to somebody who have seen him. You get on horses this afternoon, after Paulos afraid. Paulos 'shamed he fraid. Paulos him very 'shamed. Look sad. Look very sad. Other fellah see, laugh. 'Paulos sick,' they say. 'Paulos sick 'cause he fraid. Paulos just like us. Us no longer 'fraid Paulos. We not 'fraid any more when Paulos tell us do something.' Paulos him not like this. Hurt Paulos. Hurt Paulos here."

He beat his enormous breast with his fist. "Paulos not like other fellahs. Paulos brave. Want other fellahs always do what he say. Paulos turn round. 'I show you,' he say. 'Paulos go back and cross river. Come and see if Paulos cross river.' So Paulos go back. Only one come with him see. Indian fellah."

"Come to river," he went on. "Cross. Stay in bushes while Indian fellah wait. Going to go back to other side when different Indian fellah, bad Indian fellah, come out from tree, have bow, have arrow. Think he going try kill Paulos. Get knife ready. But other fellah not try kill. 'What you want?' he say Paulos. 'Kill Indian?' Paulos know Indian talk.

"'Not kill Indian.' Paulos answered. 'Paulos friend Indian. Paulos just look for baby.' 'White baby?' say Indian fellah. 'Yes,' say Paulos. 'e see white baby,' say Indian fellah. 'White man have baby. Ugly white man. Look sick like fever. Tall like jungle reed, skinny same way, mark on forehead, white thing like white men wear round neck high round neck.' Right away Paulos know he mean Senhor Prentiss. Ask him more questions. Indian get tired of Paulos questions and go away. Then Paulos cross river again and come back to fazenda."

Elise's fingers began twisting her blue apron into a knot, heedless unconscious of the sticky varnish spattered upon it. Her eyes did not leave the form of the huge black before her. Vilak put a pellet of betel into his mouth. "Astonishing," he grunted. "So astonishing as to be almost incredible."

Elise roused herself sufficiently to shift her glance to him. He crunched the betel nut between his powerful jaws. "Facts are facts. Have to revise my theories. That's all. No mistaking Prentiss. Not another man could be mistaken for him in all South America. Even an untrained person wouldn't do it. And these natives are keen observers. Whatever else they aren't."

The negro shuffled out. Elise picked up the can of shellac again and stonily, mechanically, began to apply the liquid to the canoe. "I tried to be fair to Prentiss," she said dully. "I felt sorry for him. You saved his life. But I'm afraid it was a mistake. A dreadful mistake. There are some people you can't be fair to. We shouldn't have interfered. Those persons who attacked him were avenging something brutal he had done to them. I know it. I feel it and if we had not done it . . . Tinky . . . would still be . . . here."

Vilak began lashing a thin strip of springy wood to one of the canoe ribs which had broken. They worked in silence. The old man heated a gummy mixture over an alcohol flame. The heavy, old-fashioned silver watch which he had taken out of his pocket and laid on a table, ticked out the minutes loudly, monotonously. A shadowy bat flapped against the window, and flew squeaking away.

Vilak looked up. "I think we'd better prepare for a long journey," he said. "Much longer than I expected. A month. Perhaps even two."

(To be continued.)

WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S is good company on any trip.

It's delicious flavor adds zest and enjoyment. The sugar supplies pep and energy when the day seems long.

In short it's good and good for you.

ISSUE No. 28—'30

Reggy—"Yes, although it is monotonous I turn in every night at 10 o'clock sharp."

Peggy—"How do you manage it?"

Reggy—"Manage what?"

Peggy—"Why, to turn in sharp after being dull all day."

"Literature is like a garden," says William Lyon Phelps. "One enters and admires the flowers, but one has individual preferences." And he might have added that in the garden of much present-day literature there is great need for weeding and thinning out.

If insects can't think, how does a fly know when you reach for a swatter instead of a sweet?

Minard's Liniment for all Strains.

Cherry Time

Cherry time and robin time
And summer time are here;
The scent of fresh red clover fills
The balmy atmosphere,
And robins carol high and clear
Across the morning's glow;
"Cherry time in Michigan,
Cherry—cherry—O."

Little winds are lifting up
The silver poplar leaves
To find where snug brown nests are built
In trees and under eaves,
And through the air a robin weaves
Song ruffles row on row:
"Cherry time in Michigan,
Cherry—cherry—O."

Cherry time and robin time
And summer time again;
Could anything be lovelier
To winter-weary men
Than the song of robin redbreast when
He sings with trills a-blow:
"Cherry time in Michigan,
Cherry—cherry—O."

—Hazel Harper Harris.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

A demure one-piece frock for kiddies of 2, 4 and 6 years with shoulders forming tiny caps is typically French.

It is printed dimity in rose-pink and blue tones. The pleating that trims sleeves and scalloped hem is rose organdie. The pert shoulder bow is rose-pink grosgrain ribbon.

Cut it out and join sides and shoulders and presto! It's finished! It can also be made with straight hemline.

Style No. 3208 is the cutest ever in nile green taffeta, daffodil yellow organdie, and peach coloured georgette crepe with self-fabric trim for parties.

Orchid and white checked gingham with plain trim, navy blue wool crepe with tiny red polka-dots self-trimmed, sky-blue chambray, with light navy blue piping, white cotton broadcloth with tiny red polka-dots with red piping. French blue batiste with pleated ruffing pastel handkerchief lawn and candy stripe percale are attractive selections for service.

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.

Canada's Aerial Progress Steady

Commodore Says Great Advance Made in Dominion

The development of civil aviation is probably greater in Canada than in any other country of the world with the exception of the United States, according to Air Commodore J. A. Chamier, who was in Toronto recently after having toured much of Canada and the United States, largely by air. Commodore Chamier was formerly a director of Vickers Aviation, London.

Asked what he thought of the establishment of the Northern air mail route from Britain to Canada, Commodore Chamier said that he was inclined to believe that a better route was available on a line south of the Azores. The expenses of lighting up the northern route and heating planes and sheds in northern latitudes, would be very great, he said, and would add materially to the cost. Though the istance farther south was greater, the conditions were easier and he calculated that the trip could be done in 35 hours.

Still another possibility was emphasized by Commodore Chamier in the use of planes in connection with fast ocean vessels. The planes could put out 24 hours after the vessels leave the home port and leave it with mail 24 hours before arrival.

There is a delicate mellow flavour to Salada Japan Tea

"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

749

Ford Will Follow Carnegie's Example

Henry Ford expresses the intention of following the example of Andrew Carnegie and spending the remainder of his days in dispensing an odd hundred millions of his wealth for the good of humanity. The automobile magnate probably begins to realize that industrial success and the accumulation of wealth offer no prospect of enduring fame. Andrew Carnegie would be almost forgoteen to-day were it not for his libraries, and though Rockefeller is alive he too would already have passed almost into oblivion, as far as the younger generation is concerned, were it not for the Foundation that bears his name. True greatness comes only from service to mankind. The making and administration of millions of dolars is apt to absorb so much of a man's time and energy that he has no opportunity to win for himself an enduring name. As a consequence those who gain a place among the immortals are often poor men, or men of moderate means, to whom money is a secondary object, or on object at all. When the Emperor Napoleon commiserated with Louis Pasteur because his discoveries had not brought him wealth that greatest Frenchman of his generation expressed satisfaction that it was so, since money would have been a handicap to him in his work. There are exceptions, where money has been but a by-product, or a means to an end, as in the case of Cecil Rhodes, the great Empire builder. It remains to be seen whether Henry Ford has it in him still to win a place among the immortals by rendering services that will be remembered gratefully when automobiles are found only in museums.—Orillia Packet-Times.

Rare Earths are Elements

There are eighteen rare earths, each of which is one of the ninety-two elements. The first discovered was Yttrium and the last Illinium, says the Associated Press.

"The adventurer is within us and he contests for our favor with the social man we are obliged to be."—William Bolitho.

A man accused of stealing washing from a clothes line said that he was a staunch teetotaler. He hated the sight of three sheets in the wind.

Minard's Liniment gives quick relief.

Unwholesome Mind Creates Ailments?

Detroit, Mich.—Growing knowledge that bodily disease is directly traceable to mental causation, a conviction often expressed by eminent physicians and surgeons on both sides of the Atlantic, was given a prominent place on the program of the American Medical Association, which held its annual meeting here recently.

In a paper on "The Menace of Mental Factions in Bodily Diseases," Dr. Cornelius C. Wholey of Pittsburgh declared:

"A vast amount of evidence has accumulated to show that mental conflicts and emotional disturbances upset the normal physiological functions which regulate secretion, circulation, digestion and respiration.

"If this system is disturbed, functional disability takes place in the viscera associated with these functions such as kidneys, heart and stomach. When this functional upset persists in time it may become organic."

This "vicious circle," he declared to be least susceptible to medical treatment.

Dr. Wholey brought out that "medical and surgical conditions are often imitated and exaggerated by mental causes."

Dr. George A. Moleen of Denver told the convention that mental shock has been known to result in ulcer of the stomach.

Dr. George S. Derby of Boston said that "many cases of eye strain were mostly neurotic." He discussed cases in which patients had so frightened themselves with the dread of loss of sight that they developed bad neuroses. In most of these cases, he declared, there was little if anything wrong with their eyes.

Dr. Esther Loring Richards of Baltimore contributed the information that "40 per cent. of the men and women who consult physicians for a wealth of distressing aliments are victims of poor health associated with an unwholesome state of mind."

Dr. W. J. Mayo of Rochester, Minn., added to the cumulative evidence lodged against the mental factor as an offender in physical disorder, pointing out that heart disease "is practically prevalent among those who lead lives of emotional stress."

When is it dangerous to go to church?—When there's a canon in the pulpit.

Plan Now For This Summer's Good Times!

HUNTING, fishing, picnicing, swimming and cruising on lake, river, sound or bay add to the zest of living, happiness, contentment and enjoyment of Cruisabout owners.

This double cabin Cruisabout, 29' long, 8' 10" wide and 2' 4" draft is a completely equipped summer home and is priced at $4,185 at factory. Sleeps six, four in forward cabin and two in stern cabin. Excellent design, perfect balance and staunch, quality construction make Cruisabouts sound and seaworthy for any water. 6-cylinder, 60-H.P. Gray Marine motor gives cruising speed of thirteen miles. Write for a catalogue.

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Dare-Devil Racing Car Drivers Human?

Speed Enthusiasts Cite Many Thrilling Episodes

That the automobile racer risks his life in every event in which he takes part is taken for granted by most of us. Wet let the matter drop there. If someone feels like taking his life into his own hands for a few paltry dollars, let him go ahead. It doesn't make the slightest bit of difference so far as we are concerned. But, if one had the chance of living with these demons of the speedway for just a few days one would have no difficulty in seeing that, after all, they are earning their daily bread the same as we, and think nothing of the dangers into which they thrust themselves. In fact, some of them try to figure out why on earth some people want to work on the top of a thirty-storey structure for a dollar and a half an hour when he can take up automobile racing and earn from $500 to $1,000 a day.

Human Element Revealed

They are human. They have wives and families in their respective homes, and as soon as they receive their pay envelopes they send the bulk of it home. They think nothing of their hazardous work, for they haven't time. They are up first thing in the morning, and, right after breakfast, are taking their cars around the track to see if everything is ship-shape for the day's events. Most of them admit that they are just a bit "keyed up," as one put it, before the start of the race, but after that there is nothing to worry about unless an accident happens. And it is at that stage of the game that the alert mind of the automobile racer saves his life in many instances, for it is seldom that one hears of a driver being killed while on the track.

At the recent Shrine convention in Toronto some 20 of the most outstanding drivers from all over the United States were in town and thrilled thousands in front of the grand stand.

A Close Call

Ted Kessler, who runs a garage near Buffalo in his spare time, stated that his most exciting moment occurred last Memorial Day on one of America's prominent tracks, the name of which he did not care to tell. Norval DeLelys, whom Kessler was trailing, crashed through a fence and struck a telephone pole with such force that it cracked and toppled over in such a position that the wires ran across the track about three feet from the ground. One wire caught Kessler under the nose and lashed the right side of his face. Fortunately, he had the presence of mind to tilt his head backwards and sideways, with the result that the wire slipped over his helmet. However, he will always carry a nasty scar to recall the incident.

Of course, Norval DeLelys' story was a repetition of the first part of Kessler's. As soon as he saw that he was leaving the track he ducked, and was not much harmed.

Skidded On Oil

Herman Scharch, of Hollywood, whom one is attracted to immediately because of his pleasant smile, which seems to fit in well with his red tie, black shirt and white "ducks," had many interesting yarns, but none were as hair-raising as that in which he and many spectators were almost killed outright. The event was being run in a sunken bowl, the track of which was made of wood. While travelling at the rate of 90 miles per hour, his Fronty skidded in the oil on the wood and turned three complete circles, landed on the gravel at the bottom of the bowl, turned another circle, and then shot forward. Fortunately, his car plunged in the right direction, for, despite the time lost, he finished second in the race.

Racing Without Steering

Louis Hornbrook, of Ithaca, has the distinction of being the only driver, in his memory, to complete a full lap at top speed with his steering gear out of commission and finish among the first three. He stated that that was thrilling enough. Myron Fults, whose home is in Syracuse, hasn't had any "real" accidents, but he admits having crashed through several fences without being hurt. Freddie Frame, of Los Angeles, who broke the half mile record for a dirt track in Canada, doing that distance in 28 4-5 seconds on the opening day of the meet in Toronto, turned over a number of times on a track in Texas, his car landing just a few feet in front of hundreds of spectators. He blamed the heavy dust for this catastrophe. And so it goes right through the list. From the 48-year-old grey-haired veteran of the speedway, Ralph De Palma himself, down to the newcomers, all have had what one might call their most thrilling experiences, but, as yet, none of them compares with those related above.

The England-India air mail has now been speeded up. Letters posted by 6 a.m. on Saturday are due to reach Alexandria on Monday evening; Gaza, Tuesday morning; Baghdad, Tuesday evening; Basra, Wednesday morning; Karachi, Friday afternoon; and Delhi, Saturday evening.

"If I went through four diplomatic years on $100,000 a year I would be saving money."—Charles G. Dawes.

What goes upstairs on its head?—A nail in the shoe.

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