

# 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 Vilaka West, known to him as Vilak, a fellow American. To his amazement, Vilak says he has sent for him, that he and his cousin, Elise Marberry, own the Porto Verde Development Co. and need assistance in getting at the root of a mystery that already has cost several lives and threatens Elise's. The barber, Vilak explains, serves to conceal his real activities. In the midst of his explanation word reaches him that another man has been murdered. He and Nunnally hasten to the spot where the victim, Tony Barbetta, one of his cousin's foremen, lies on the ground, still alive.

**NOW BEGIN THE STORY**  
**CHAPTER IV.**  
Vilak drew a pin from the lapel of his coat and touched the point to Barbetta's arm. The flesh did not twitch as ordinary living flesh would have

responded to the experiment, but the little Italian's eyes showed that he felt the pain.  
"This is certainly unusual," Vilak whispered to his companion. "I can't conceive of anything which could possibly have put him into such a state. His muscles are completely paralyzed, yet his sensations of pain aren't affected in the slightest. His blue eyes half closed and the closing accentuated their distinct Chinese cast. He stood thus a moment, lost in thought, then abruptly knelt beside the body. 'I think I may have it,' he whispered. 'Take hold of his arm there. We'll try artificial respiration.'  
Nunnally leaned to obey. As he did so a step sounded near him. Prentiss, the archaeologist, came forward from the bushes where he had been watching, the curious mark on his forehead suddenly aglow. 'You can't save him,' he mumbled. 'No power on earth can save him.'  
Vilak glanced up, peered at him an instant, then with Nunnally began alternately lifting Barbetta's arms above his head and pressing them against his chest. There was a slight movement as of restored breathing at the Italian's lips; the pain evident in his eyes lessened. For ten minutes the two friends labored vigorously; then one of Barbetta's legs jerked feebly.  
"I think we've won," Vilak murmured.  
Five minutes later Barbetta was staggering to his feet. With Latin passion he shook his fist at the handcuffed Englishman who had watched him rise as stolidly as he had watched him lie outstretched. Then he turned to those around him and recognized Vilak. "I tell you, Meester Riggs," he burst out passionately. "Then you tell Miss Marberry. Limey he badda man. He try to keel her like he keel me. You will tell her he try to keel her? You will tell? You will tell?" He gasped violently for breath.  
Vilak nodded. "I'll tell her, Tony," he said soothingly. "Don't you worry. And he hasn't killed you. You're all right now. You're not going to die."



VILAK TOUCHED HIS WRIST. "DEAD," HE PRONOUNCED LACONICALLY.

He went on feverishly. "I cross to the road where it is not so bushy, where I can run faster and warn her. I run. I cry out: 'Run Miss Marberry! Run! Fast!' She hears. She drives fast. Too fast for him to fall upon her. She is gone. Limey jumps from the tree to the ground. He runs after me. 'What you mean by screaming like that, you dago blighter?' he shouts. 'What you mean?' 'What you mean?' I not dago blighter. Good Italian. Good American. Not—' His voice suddenly dropped to a whisper. His face resumed its gray pallor. His grip on Vilak's arm became weaker than a child's. 'He kills me,' he murmured. 'He kills me. An' he kills Miss Marberry like he kills me. Tell her, tell her. He pitched forward and fell to the ground.'  
Vilak touched his wrist. "Dead," he pronounced laconically.  
The gentleman looked in a sort of stupid awe at the motionless body, then began to move off with his prisoner. The Englishman turned to the barber. "It's a damn dago blighter's dope dream," he grumbled. "A dope dream. You just remember that if they call on you to testify, you remember that and I'll make it all right with you. See? All he says about my killin' him is true. I killed the blighter all right. But it was in self defence. He was wavin' a knife at me. Anybody'd kill if somebody was wavin' a knife at him. Bloody well ought to. Will you remember?" His lip curved in an expression between a threat and a sneer.  
The barber smiled affably. "Sure thing, I'll remember. Then you weren't in the bushes over near his house the way he said you were?"  
"Nowhere near his bloody house. And haven't seen Miss Marberry all afternoon. I was just walkin' along the road, comin' back from town, when he comes up to me and begins gettin' bloody nasty about that money I won from him playin' cards. You know all about that like every blighter in town does, so I says to him we'll settle the bloody thing right now, we will. We comes over here where we knows there won't be no bloomin' fools to interfere an begin fightin'. It was goin' all

right, fair fightin', fair sport, an' I was beatin' the blighter when he outs with his knife an comes wavin' it at me. So I picks up that club bloody quick and hits him with it."  
He turned and glowered at the black policeman at his side. "An' I wouldn't be sorry I done it either if I didn't forget when they bring you to court that all he said about me and Miss Marberry is lies."  
The policeman and his prisoner began to move off toward the town. The grimy-limbed Prentiss, who had moved back a few yards from the circle of onlookers, stepped into their path. The mark on his forehead twitched vividly again as he glanced, first at the rainbow-hued gendarme then at the scowling captive. His lips moved slightly; he seemed about to speak.  
"What does it you would say?" the policeman grunted.  
The question seemed to bring Prentiss to a decision. He mumbled something to himself, spat scornfully upon the ground, shrugged his shoulders and again taking hold of his straw basket, which Vilak saw was filled with cans of condensed milk, walked briskly away. A wide lane quickly opened in the crowd of motley half-breeds to let him pass, while two or three of the bold mutterers stepped off to melt the fat. Mix in a bowl: 2 cups yellow cornmeal, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups sour milk or buttermilk. Add the drippings, stir well, and pour into the greased pan. Bake in a hot oven (375-400 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes.

## Tested Recipes

**To make a delicious filling for rolls chop celery to make one cup, add half a cup of chopped raisins, half a cup of chopped butternut meats, one tablespoon of chopped parsley and salad dressing to moisten. Split finger rolls and put a tablespoon or more of the filling in each.**

**Peanut Butter Uses**  
A new suggestion for the use of peanut butter is to add it to salad dressing. In making a salad of shredded cabbage and sweet peppers make a dressing as follows: Place a small amount of peanut butter in a bowl and, using a fork, gradually work in the amount of mayonnaise needed for the salad. The amount of peanut butter to be used should be determined according to taste.

**For children make a sandwich by spreading one slice of bread with peanut and the other with jam or jelly. Grape jelly has an especially good flavor with the peanut butter.**

**Mount Holyoke Corn Bread**  
"This is so called," the contributor writes, "because it has been tried with success by so many alumnae. To make it place three tablespoons of lard or bacon drippings in a large shallow pan and set it in the oven to melt the fat. Mix in a bowl: 2 cups yellow cornmeal, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups sour milk or buttermilk. Add the drippings, stir well, and pour into the greased pan. Bake in a hot oven (375-400 degrees F.) for about twenty minutes."

**Nut Bread**  
A simple recipe for nut bread calls for the following ingredients: 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 cup nuts. Sift the dry ingredients together. Add the milk to the well beaten egg and combine the mixture. Add the flour and nuts and bake in a slow oven (250 degrees F.) for about an hour and a half. This bread is even better twenty-four hours old than when it is fresh. Dates or raisins may be substituted for all or part of the nuts.

**Another Sandwich Filling**  
Put half a cup of sirloins, half a cup of cooked chicken liver, half of a pint and half of a Bermuda onion through a food chopper. Season with salt, pepper and paprika; moisten with mayonnaise dressing and spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

**Tangerine Salad**  
Peel, separate into sections and remove the seeds from six tangerines. Arrange the sections in circles on beds of lettuce leaves. Fill the centers with fresh currants, or if these are not available with tiny seedless raisins or dried currants which have been steamed. Cover with mayonnaise and serve with fish or chicken.

**Creamed Cheese Turnips**  
Pare and cube turnips to make three cups. Boil or steam until tender. Drain and cover with hot water and a half cup of medium white sauce to which one teaspoon of onion juice has been added in addition to salt and pepper. Mix in a half cup of grated cheese, dot liberally with butter and sprinkle with grated cheese and bread crumbs and brown in the oven.

**Barbados Dumplings**  
1/2 cup cornmeal, 1/2 cup flour, 3 green bananas, grated, 1 egg, beaten well, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon melted butter. Make into balls and drop into boiling water. Cook for twenty-five minutes.

**Williamstown Waffles**  
1 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 cup sour milk, 1/2 cup cream, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon melted butter. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk, cream, egg and melted butter, keeping the mixture smooth. Bake as usual. Makes about six waffles.

Panama is to have a new railroad to be devoted exclusively to hauling bananas.

## Every careful housewife knows it is the best.



**Prince Preparing For African Hunt**

**Visits Shooting School and Purchases Many Modern Rifles**

London.—The Prince of Wales evidently believes in having his shooting eye just right for his forthcoming trip to South Africa. Lately he's been visiting a shooting school just outside of London.  
It is now definitely understood that his engagements will terminate in a big game shooting expedition. Many of his weapons are now out of date. Some of his favorite rifles belong to his grandfather. He recently purchased several models well adapted for elephant hunting.  
Another one of the numerous interesting tales about the Prince has just been told by a man who attended the heir to the English throne on a big game hunt.  
"I remember on one occasion he was mounted on the howdah which the king used when he last shot in Nepal, when a wildebeeste was spotted.  
"The prince insisted on dismounting, to the consternation of his attendants, and stalked the wildebeeste on his hands and knees for a great distance in a grilling sun. He succeeded in bringing it down and was in at the death.  
"The mighty head and neck of the animal remained hanging on a tree for several days, and admiring crowds gathered from the surrounding countryside. The Royal bag on that occasion totalled for tons."

**A Jewish View**  
Dr. A. Cohen, minister of the Hebrew congregation in Birmingham, preaching at the Birmingham Synagogue recently, said:  
"There is a part of Judaism which is meant for the whole world. The great ethical principles enunciated in the Ten Commandments, the moral code of the Scriptures—these are the foundations upon which a better world may be constructed, and these are independent of any one creed.  
"The basic doctrine of human relationship—'thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'—can be practised by everybody, irrespective of race and denomination.  
"It is not necessary for Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and the other religions to come to a common agreement before that Divine command can be acted upon. It is not necessary for the synagogue, church, chapel and mosque to devise a mode of worship in which all can join before that Divine command can be put into general practice. . . . There is so much wrangling about religion with a small 'r' that we neglect Religion with a capital 'R.'"

**OPPORTUNITIES**  
As for our opportunities, we can make a heroic life out of whatever is set before us to work with or upon.—Anna Robertson Brown.

Every noble work is at first 'impossible.' In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will be diffused through immensity; inarticulate, undiscoversable except to faith.—Thomas Carlyle.

## An Amazing Baby

Secrets of the world's wonder baby were revealed by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Best, at a London West End hotel.

It is claimed for their two-year-old daughter Marjorie, one of the most photographed and discussed children of to-day, that she:  
Can swim farther than any child in the world;  
Is afraid of nothing, living or dead; Dived fifteen feet when eleven months old;  
Has never been smacked;  
Has been petted and admired in two continents;  
Is training to swim in English Channel.

That is quite enough to be going on with, but nothing new or wonderful that develops in Marjorie surprises her parents.  
**Dropped in at Eleven Months**  
Marjorie began her public career when 11 months old. At that tender age she was taken to the end of a diving board and dropped fifteen feet into nine feet of water.  
"To-day she can already do the side-stroke and swim 45 feet with ease."  
"Yes," said Mr. Best, "we have made a world-beater of Marjorie. Her mother and I worked to a plan, and now you see the result."  
Here Mrs. Best broke in with the information that Marjorie's training began with her bath after birth.  
"I noticed," she said, "that my baby did not cry in the water. She seemed to like it! As the days and the weeks passed she seemed to like it even more."  
"When she was about five months old she used to delight in putting her head under water, and I was struck by the fact that she was not at all afraid."  
**She Does Not Know Fear**  
"Later on I held my hand under her chin and allowed her to float. I believe to this day that if it had been a bigger bath she would have floated alone."  
Marjorie, both parents asserted, does not know the meaning of fear. She has never been frightened of anything in her life.  
She is not even afraid of the darkness, and merely laughs when she is unable to find her way about in the pitch blackness.  
"My wife," said Mr. Best, "is a bit of a Christian Scientist, but I also believe that fear is a thing that ought to be foreign to children."  
"Too many parents frighten them with threats of bogey-men, and that sort of thing. They do not realize that they would never be frightened of anything unless they were taught to be."  
The story of how little Marjorie received her first baptism of water was related by the proud parents.  
"I knew that she was a born swimmer," said Mr. Best, "and I had not the slightest hesitation in arranging for her to take her plunge. She was fit, willing, and, in fact, just as much at home in the water as out of it."  
"And I," said Mrs. Best, "took her to the end of a diving-board and dropped her in."  
**Swam Forty-five Feet**  
"And I," said Mr. Best, "was in the water waiting for her. When she came to the surface she was smiling and clapping her hands with glee."  
The distance from the diving-board to the water was 15 feet, and the depth of the water was 9 feet.  
"Did she really like it?"  
"Like it?" said Mr. Best. "She loved it, and everybody who was there applauded her. She had her picture and all about her in the papers right away."  
During a recent trip in the Berengaria the little mermaid was the heroine of the swimming pool in the ship. Her antics both above and under water earned her unstinted applause. She swam the length of the bath—45 feet—calmly and comfortably and was still fresh enough afterwards to frolic in the water armed with water-wings. Once during the voyage her balloon was blown overboard and sailed away over the Atlantic.

**Baby Brother Her Rival**  
"Marjorie," said Mrs. Best, "rushed for her little swimming suit and gravely inquired whether she could go over the side after it!"  
"All the passengers who heard her were amazed, and I really believe that if we had allowed her she would have dived then and there into the ocean and gone to the rescue of her toy!"  
**How Not to Catch a Cold**  
Robert Lynd in the London Daily News (Lib.): There are as many ways of avoiding a cold as of catching one. One doctor recommends singing as a preventive, another the eating of raw onions. "An apple a day," says one; "reformed dress," says another. Cinnamon, breathing through the nose, avoiding stuffy rooms, never going to a party, never going to a theatre, never travelling in a bus, tram, or railway train are other preventives that have their fervent advocates. All these suggestions are excellent, if one has the time to follow them. But we cannot spend all our time avoiding colds. There are other things to do in life besides this. If one must risk a cold by going to the theatre, one prefers to go to the theatre and risk it.

The British bishop of Manchester says he fears a struggle for mastery between men and women. Where has His Reverence been that he doesn't know that was settled quite a while ago?

## British Columbia Attracts More Winter Visitors Each Passing Year



A view of Victoria, B.C., showing one of its well-known hotels and other buildings, where they boast of Canada's finest climate.

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands