

Jungle Breath

© 1927 NEA Service

By Ben Lucien Burton

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, the American girl who owns and lives on property adjoining the queer little jungle-bordered town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil. Several mysterious deaths have occurred, including that of one of her foremen. Her two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped but is found again, largely through the efforts of Vilak, her cousin and protector, who is known in Porto Verde as Attorney Davis. Elise's lawyer, Vilak has sent for Lincoln Nunnally, elderly American chemist, to help him get at the bottom of the mystery.

They are ignorant of the cause of this hostility toward Elise but suspect that a man named Gaylor Prentiss, a relict and forbidding character, is somehow involved.

Word is brought to Elise that the manager of her property at Villapa is desperately ill and must see her at once. Vilak suspects a trick and insists that he and Nunnally accompany her.

On the road to Villapa they are ambushed by a band of ruffians in the uniforms of soldiers. They tell Vilak that he and his companions are wanted for murder. The charge is obviously a fake. Vilak is convinced their captors are in the pay of Elise's enemies.

He and Nunnally are trusted and thrown into a room, but the shrewd Vilak lets the tortoise ants swarm over his body and they soon eat nearly through his bonds. It is an easy matter for him to snap them. Releasing Nunnally, he overpowers his guard, points a gun at the leader and sets Elise free. They stampede the enemy's horses and escape. At Villapa, Wilson says he had not sent them.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XXV

He was sorry, terribly sorry the thing had happened, Wilson went on. He hoped Elise wouldn't hold it against him. Wouldn't she take his two pistols? Though they would leave the fazenda without a weapon, he'd be delighted to give them to her. And of course she needn't worry about Villapa now. He was perfectly able to take care of everything.

She refused a loan which would have seemed left him helpless, expressed her delight that his condition had so improved, and made ready to return to Porto Verde.

Wilson ingratiatingly insisted on sending a bodyguard for at least a part of the journey in order to prevent a repetition of her misadventures during the afternoon. Accordingly he sent for twenty of his laborers, armed them with machetes, clubs, and axes, gave them horses and ordered them to accompany the travelers. "Sorry I can't go with you," he said obsequiously, his great drawn eyelids opening and shutting quickly as though they were too weak to bear the light of a torches flaming in the laborer's hands. "Terribly sorry. Feel me shivering. But you know how it is—your know how it is—after fever—after fever."

The cavalcade set off, the torches outlining men and horses in fantastic dancing red against the black and threatening sky. Uphill, downhill they rode, through the ravine where they had been ambushed, then through the swollen creek

which formed the road to Porto Verde. The three travelers constantly searched the darkness for some evidence of renewed activity on the part of their attackers of the afternoon. But their efforts were wasted. They heard nothing, saw nothing. A short distance from the Porto Verde fazenda Elise, after consulting Vilak, sent their escort back to Villapa. The rain, which had ceased for a few hours, began to fall again in torrents. Elise tightened the rein about her slim neck. Suddenly she drew a sharp breath.

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly.

"Nothing. Only I've just thought about Tinky." Nervously, unconsciously she quickened her horse. "A thousand things can have happened to him while we've been away. Anything can have happened."

"But nothing has happened. Be sensible. You've been a good soldier all day, a perfect soldier. I couldn't have asked for a better. Don't weaken and start being feminine at the last minute. Tinky'll be all right. Here. You'd better have a cigarette."

She took a light from his shielded hand and let her fingers linger gently upon his a moment. Then she put the cigarette to her lips.

She smoked pensively a moment. "I'm not a good soldier," she said at length. "You're only trying to keep up my spirits. I'm a bad soldier. So wretched that I'd be given a dishonorable discharge in any respectable army. This morning you told me not to go to Villapa. I went. You were right. I was wrong. Then, when we were captured, I did nothing but sit on a log and stare weakly into a fire. You, though bound hand and foot, first freed yourself and then freed me."

"Tomorrow I'm going to be a still worse soldier. I'm going to run away from the battle. And frankly, as far as Tinky is concerned, you were right when you said I'd be glad to get away before. I want to get him to some place where things can't happen with the ease they did today. If there were a boat out tonight, I'd take it. Yes, it seems to me, all in all, I'm a pretty poor sort of Amazon."

The rain had extinguished Vilak's cigarette. He struck a match to light it. By the flickering flame, Elise saw that the bandage was no longer on the wound he had received in his wrist two days before. She snatched his hand and before he could prevent was binding it gently and effectively with a clean handkerchief. "I'm a grateful Amazon, at least," she murmured, brightening. "Even you can't keep me from being that."

They reached the fazenda. Elise hurried to find Tinky. He was in her bedroom, sleeping soundly. The jovial Hamam was sitting in a chair beside him. In the next room at Schwartz, smoking a vast meerschaum pipe. He looked up and greeted Elise as she entered. "Assured that the child was safe, though it was close onto midnight, Elise hurried to have supper prepared for her two guests and herself. The three of them quickly changed their wet clothes for dressing gowns. They ate heartily, then played a single rubber of bridge, the wearied and sleepy old man making blunders that would have driven serious-minded bridge

players into a passion. Vilak, with his monotonous regularity, won. Elise shook her dainty head. She had completely recovered her usual sprightliness. "You're getting to be really unbearable," she said. In mock despair she threw her cards onto the table. "You're always right; you always win. No matter how good a hand I have, you always manage to make me play second fiddle somehow. I've half a mind to send you home. You're terribly hard on my self-esteem. I can't have such a clever person as you around."

She rose from the table. "After all, perhaps it isn't that you are any cleverer for being a man. Perhaps it's that you're merely got a long tradition behind you which we women haven't—sort of fooling the public for hundreds of centuries, you know and that gives you confidence. Anyway, I'll comfort myself by saying it's that. Good night, Mr. Nunnally. Good night, my dear and superior relative," she said. She moved toward the door. "Just a minute, Elise," Vilak's bantering voice checked her.

She halted. "Yes?"

"Just wanted to ask you a question. Was that—kiss you gave me this afternoon a sign of homage, a tribute to your superior, was it cousinly, or was it a proposal?"

She whipped the dressing gown tighter about her. Pardon me? I tell you to go to the devil, my concealed friend," she flashed and whisked out of the room.

After bidding the old man good night, Vilak made his customary tour of the house, then retired. The pouring rain continued throughout the night, but ceased after a murky dawn.

Elise busied herself in completing preparations for her departure. Vilak, wishing to go to town to make a few purchases, sought out the old man, in order that they might make the journey together, but finding him deep in a sleep of exhaustion, did not wake him but set off alone. He reached Porto Verde, to see the usual groups of natives clustered in the road along the windows of the flimsy dilapidated shops. Today they were gazing ominously at the puddles of water which lay everywhere and predicting disaster.

One of the natives who worked on the fazenda recognized Vilak and raised his high conical hat.

"Eet is bad, eet is not all these rain, Meester Davis?" he murmured. "Eet will make for us a flood. Yes, a most bad flood. Never before have I rain like these see in Porto Verde. Never. Though I have live here 20 years. The dam at Avilas cannot but break. Any moment maybe will it break. Myself, Macedo, I am ready. To run fast, yes, ver fast. And this morning I see you see the priest an' make white my soul."

(To be continued.)

The flood peril is imminent, and Vilak decides to warn the eccentric Prentiss and save him.

Fish at Idlewild Park.

PREPAREDNESS

Factory Doctor: There's nothing wrong with you but laziness. Tired Hand: Wo'te the Latin for that, sir, so's I can tell the foreman?—London Opinion.

GOOD PEDIGREE

Fussy Customer: Is that English mutton?

Butcher: Well, as a matter of fact, the sheep was born in New Zealand, but it is of English parentage.—Everybody's Weekly.

NO CONCERT THURSDAY

Because of Chautauqua the band will not hold its usual weekly concert Thursday. The band has been appearing regularly each Thursday and the concerts have been greatly enjoyed by large crowds of music lovers. The band, however, does not desire to conflict with the Chautauqua program and so will postpone its concert.

LEGION, AUXILIARY DELEGATES LEAVING FOR STATE MEETING

Delegates from Umpqua Post American Legion and Auxiliary to the ninth annual convention of the department of Oregon are leaving today and Wednesday for the sessions July 21, 22 and 23 to be held at La Grande. A short meeting was held last evening to organize delegates and the executive committee of Umpqua Post met to authorize expenditure funds. The Roseburg delegation will have some important resolutions to bring before the convention. This year, it is understood. More national and state dignitaries and attendants are expected this year than at any other state convention of the legionnaires in Oregon. Dr. E. B. Stewart, past state commander and a member of the state executive board, left this afternoon for La Grande and among the delegates leaving today and Wednesday by train and auto are Glenn McAllister, chairman of delegates of the local post, Guy Cordon, Leo Klecker, J. A. Dean, Frank Hills and John E. Flurry. Several other legionnaires from the local post also plan to attend. The delegates from the auxiliary are Mrs. Clinton Gordy, Mrs. Wm. Strohmeier and Mrs. Carl Wimberly.

Myers pumps and water systems are standard everywhere. Repairs are easy to get. This insures you of having water when you need it. Let us figure with you. Wharton Bros.

WAR ON RODENTS SAVES \$250,000 IN OREGON CROPS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., July 18.—County agents estimates of savings in farm and timber crops resulting from the operation of the rodent control work in Oregon total \$250,000 for the past year, according to the annual report of Ira F. Gabrielson, in charge of rodent control work of the United States biological survey. The work cost about \$35,000.

The savings resulted from the department's campaign against ground squirrels, gophers, moles, rabbits, crows, groundhogs, porcupines, mice and other field and forest pests. Most of the extermination work was done by poison. Acreage over which poison bait was spread during the past year totaled 705,160. Drives against ground squirrels and porcupines were particularly effective, Mr. Gabrielson said.

The department is now spending a good deal of time in devising better means of getting rid of moles, which do great damage on bulb farms.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many neighbors and friends for their kindnesses, also for the beautiful floral offerings during the illness and death of our loved one.

C. F. Watson,
Mrs. O. C. Houser,
Mrs. C. D. Smith,
Mrs. V. B. McKean,
Mrs. C. D. Talcott,
Mrs. J. P. Brumbach,
Ella Watson,
Floyd Watson.

FIVE RUNAWAYS CAUGHT

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., July 18.—Five boys, who ran away from the Chemawa Indian school near Salem, Oregon, last week were picked up by police officers late Monday. The boys, Jess Hall, 14, Charles Plummer, 19, Edwin Lund, 14, Thomas Dubrey, 15, and Irving Cobell 14, will be returned to the school.

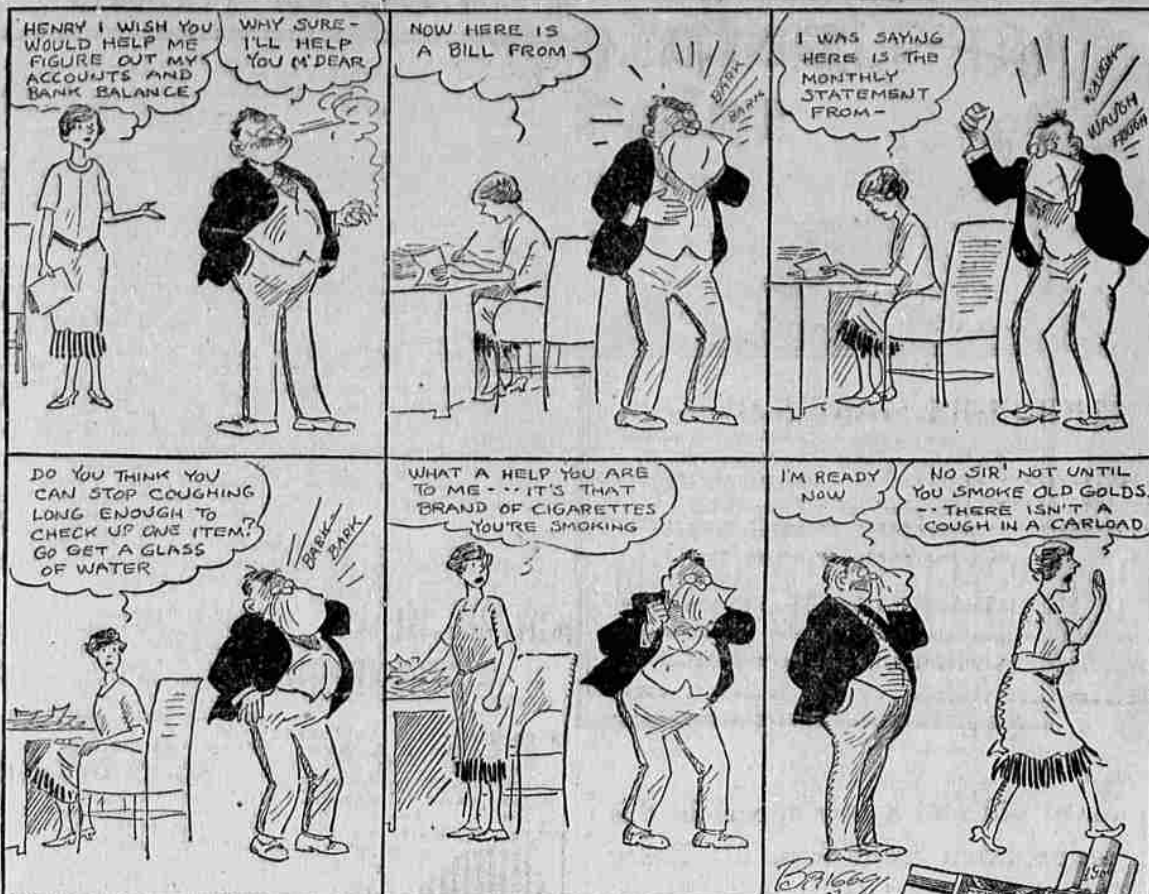
Bad for Bandits



(NEA Service, Washington Bureau) Elizabeth Tew (below) and Mrs. Rebecca Sanford have sweet smiles, but they're bad medicine for gunmen. They frustrated an armed bandit who attempted to rob the Washington office where they work by screaming about the safe and screaming for help.

"A Handy Man Around the House"

By BRIGGS



OLD GOLD

The Smoother and Better Cigarette

.... not a cough in a carload

Product of F. Lottland Co., Est. 1700



A MAN NOBODY KNOWS!

Half of the People in the United States are Customers of Samuel Insull—but They Hardly Know His Name



SAMUEL INSULL

BY ROY J. GIBBONS
NEA Service Writer
CHICAGO, July 12.—Samuel Insull, "A Man Nobody Knows."

That is the title, somewhat jocular, which Chicagoans have tacked on to their extremely wealthy public utilities magnate.

Insull detests personal publicity—so much so that, although he controls almost two billions dollars worth of public utilities, the general public had hardly heard of him until he sprang into front-page prominence a year ago by denying the Senate slush fund investigating committee.

But his little-known life story is worth telling.

He was born in a small hamlet near London 66 years ago. At 14 he was compelled by poverty to quit school and go to work. His first job—as an office boy—paid him \$1.25 a week.

Extremely Wealthy

Now he is the richest public utility baron in America. In the field of gas, electricity and traction his name means what Ford's means in the auto world. So rich is he that

he thought nothing of dumping \$237,000 into the laps of Illinois politicians during the recent primary.

It was these contributions that brought him under the survey of the Senate committee. Only after he had been threatened with jail for contempt did Insull tell any details of his gifts, the bulk of which had gone to Frank L. Smith, senatorial candidate.

These committee tilts made Insull's name familiar to people who had never heard of him before. Millions of these people contribute to Insull's wealth every time they take a street car ride, turn on the light or cook a meal; but Insull was and is an unknown quantity to them.

Insull's rise to riches and power dates from the winter of 1881.

Began With Edison
Thomas A. Edison's London representative had been instructed to look about for a good secretary for the electrical wizard. He thought young Insull showed promise, and sent him over. Insull's career began the moment he board-

ed the liner for America.

Insull entered the electrical field at the right time. Electricity as a commercial factor was in its infancy. Insull's association with Edison showed him that it held vast possibilities. Able and industrious, he advanced until he was handling the entire sales end of Edison's business; then, in 1892, he came to Chicago to assume the presidency of the Commonwealth Edison company, then a struggling concern with a poor past and a dubious future.

Insull got busy on it. The company began to prosper. It is still prospering. Insull is still guiding it destined.

A few years later the Chicago Gas company was about to fail. Insull was called on to save the enterprise. He did so, capably, started selling gas and electricity at the same time and proved that the two commodities were not opposed to each other, as previously had been supposed.

All Chicago Utilities
Today almost all the gas and electricity used in Chicago come from Insull's companies. In addition, its street railways, elevated lines and bus companies have just passed into his hands. Every major public utility in the city, with the single exception of the telephone system, is an Insull property.

But Chicago is not the only center of Insull's activities. His properties are scattered over half the country. Many a middle-western city and town is dependent wholly on Insull for its power, its light and its transportation.

Insull has shunned personal publicity through it all. News photographers in Chicago long ago despaired of getting pictures of him—after repeatedly rousing him

to a fury by their efforts to snail him. The people who are his customers know him only as a name.

Married An Actress

At 49 Insull married Margaret Bird, an actress whose stage name was Gladys Wallis. They have one son, Samuel, Jr., who is an officer in many of his father's companies. Mrs. Insull has returned to the stage in private theatricals, managed by herself. The latest of these ventures failed after Insull had leased an entire theatre here for her benefit. Insull, incidentally, is known as a patron of the arts, supervising annually the raising of a \$500,000 fund to finance the Civic Opera.

But of himself the public knows little. Half of the citizens in the country are his customers; but Insull remains, nevertheless, what irreverent Chicagoans call him—the man that nobody knows.

Camp at Idlewild Park.

COSTLY FIRE HITS DE MILLE'S STUDIO

CULVER CITY, July 19.—A fire which broke out for the second time last night in the Cecil de Mille studio, causing a loss estimated at between \$150,000 and \$200,000, was extinguished early today.

One large stage was burned and two others badly damaged. The studio garage and property shop were almost complete losses. A property shop leased by Sam Goldwyn, an independent producer, also was damaged. After a desperate fight the administration building, for a time was threatened, was saved. Several sets were burned. The fire first broke out on a ship set but apparently was conquered with little difficulty. Several hours later it broke forth again with greater intensity and stubbornly resisted efforts to extinguish it.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Try a classified adv. in this paper and watch results. You'll sure get 'em.

EXPRESSED in terms of your car, "Plenty of Rubber" means this: The United States Rubber Company has the rubber resources, and is using these resources to make United States Tires give you truly "More for your Money."

The test on the wheels of your car is the final answer to all theories and questions.

As rubber growers, rubber experts and tire authorities, we know that the plenty of rubber we build into Royal Cord Balloons will prove itself.

United States Rubber Company

Get more for your money

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Trade Mark

PLENTRY OF RUBBER IN U.S. ROYAL CORDS

For Sale by CENTRAL GARAGE

131 South Rose Phone 385 Roseburg, Oregon

OK

CHEROKEE

USED CARS

with an OK that counts

FORD COUPE—Like new.
CHEVROLET COUPE—Nearly new.
CHEVROLET LANDAU—Nearly new.
DODGE TOURING—Good condition.

Several Chevrolet and Ford Tourings and trucks priced from \$25.00 and up. Easy terms can be arranged.

HANSEN CHEVROLET CO.