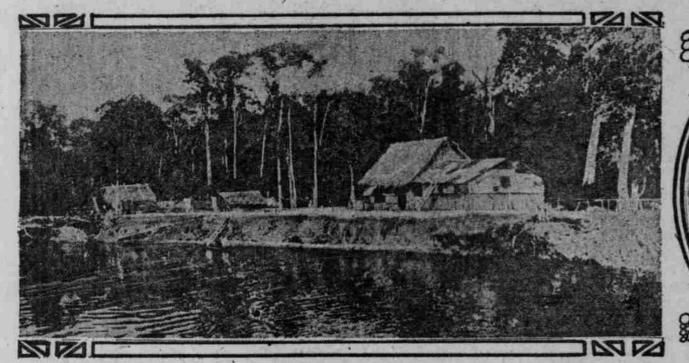
## INTO THE TRACKLESS JUNGLE WHOSE SOLITUDE CRUSHES

Topographer of Exploring Expedition Travels With Camera and Violin, Finds Grand Piano and Skilled Girl Musician in Luxurious Home Hundreds of Miles From Civilization



Home of Fontes, millionaire Portuguese rubber trader and king of the jungle, whose rule is the river,



Scenes along the Negro, where mighty forests seem determined to crowd man and his work into the river. Trees and indescribably luxuriant vegetation quickly reclaim clearings as if jealous of encroachments.

GREAT adventure in loneliness, with the oppressive weight of the vast, baffling jungle afflicting the soul with increasing intensity. An incursion into the land of supersilence, where the anathemas of monkeys, the shrick of parrakeet, the raucous cough of the jaguar and the weird scream of the saddleback tapir echo in the moss-hung, creeper-entwined forest arcades of the jungles of the Amazon

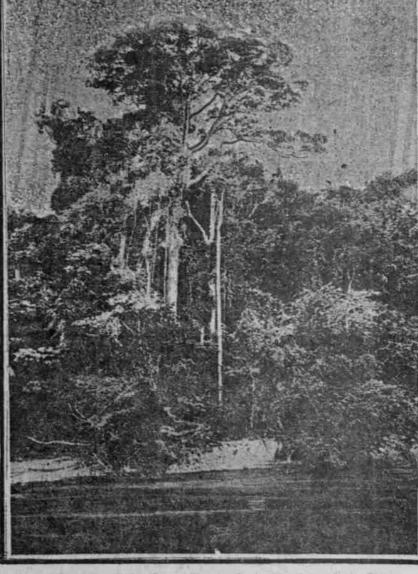
A journey into a region where Dame Nature reigns



boatman and his family the Negro river.

with an iridescence that fills the soul with awe and wonderment. To find the equal of these colors you must search the opal, the topas, the ruby, the emerald, the sapphire, the dazal-ing wings of the peacock, the chalice the stullp and the soft petals of the rost

"A night on the Negro is something never to be forgotten. The black, mysterious river mirrors the stars so perfectly that you seem to be looking at another sky. From the jungle comes the wall of the howling monattack man at the right opportunity. Frequently from some hidden water-hole you hear the cry of the jaguar. "I shall never forget one night or the Negro, a night in which a stivered



Monsters of the Negro forests rival our redwoods in size.

elty and splendor of a Cleopatraregions in mocking contempt of the artifices of civilized men, setting against him deadly fevers, legions of vampire bats with their wicked beaks, armies of sandbar ants eager for human flesh; pestilential insects which burrow under the flesh, causing nauseous ulcers; gruesome fish equipped with razor-like teeth; fish which lear from tropical rivers for the luckless hand, dangling over the side of a canoe; swarms of mosquitoes twice the size of the Jersey variety, laden with the germs of malaria. An expedition into a forbidden country, where an intense equatorial sun plays horrible pranks with the human brain; pranks which alternately make the victim

puerile or saturnine and daily crowd him closer to the borderland of insanity. And at night while the victim reclines in his hammock comes grand plano from Paris. An hour the dreams induced by the flerceness after he reached this casis of modernof its rays, dreams in which amor-phous monsters grimace and sibilate. If he was entranced by a rendition of the Fifth Nocturne by one of the Such were some of the experiences

of Lieutenant Earl Church. now associate professor of civil engineering at the Pennsylvania Military college. As topographer and astronomer with Dr. Hamilton Rice on exploration work in Brazil, he assisted in mapping some 2000 miles of the Amazon and the Negro rivers.

For seven months he traversed, in launch and canoe, the perilous network of little-known water courses of the upper Amazon and Negro, frequently penetrating regions which no white men had ever before seen. By strict attention to quinine he kept the fevers from ravaging his system, and by taking daily baths in a solution of bighloride of mercury he repelled the attacks of the poisonous insects. Sometimes the thrill of shooting rapids broke the frightful monotony of dazzling, coppery days. There were hair - raising adventures a-plenty. Sometimes his boat was caught in the turbinating suction of a mighty river cataract and whiried through treacherous passages of jagged rock amid clouds of milky spums. Death poised expectantly on every hidden rock, but was always cheated of its prey. Then, too, came the surge of deep interest upon the finding of some forest anchorite, living apart from his fellowman on the fringe of the jungle.

There were Indians of misty tradition, who stepped from labyrinthic woodlands to gaze for the first time on the face of the white man. But. more remarkable still. Lieutenant Church came upon a palace of modern luxury 700 miles from the last outpost of civilization. It was the home of a millionaire Portuguese rubber trader, a little casis of civilization on the Negro in the vast desert of rioting vegetation. The rubber trader, with his native wife, beautiful daughters and stalwart sons, lived happy and content, though separated and if that is so the jungle has also from civilization by hundreds of miles of trackless jungle.

The house was outfitted from the art shops of Europe-Nuremberg cab-inets, Italian Ranaissance furniture,



Pulling in launch wrecked in the great rapids of Negro.

bowls and tarnished armor from an- |On either bank, ranged like ancient clent castles of old Spain. But best of all, from the viewpoint of the mumonoliths, are huge trees, trees as large as our redwoods. Creepers wind slc-starved Lieutenant Church, was a from trunk to trunk, forming an impassable barrier, and behind the first row of trees are more trees and more creepers. Garlands of moss hang distance. Our guide informed us that downward from lofty branches. Orrubber trader's daughters. All chids flaunt their vivid colors everythrough the wilderness the lieutenant where. There are scores of other had clung to his violin, but never once flowers, too, such as I had never seen had he taken it from its case, so debefore, and their heavy perfume minpressed was he with the savagery gles with the dank breath of rotting and ruthlesaness of the jungle. But vegetation. now he took the instrument from its "And the beautiful rare blue but-

cedar box and played; played while terflies-they are everywhere. These from the nearby jungle came sounds dainty creatures of the air volplane that told of savage life. "When I look back upon it all," says Lieutenant Church, "it seems like the

go back. It's no place for a white

besotted of exiles would perish there

South American jungle. In its terri-

guilty consciences boom like the bar-rage of 245-milimeter guns,

"Even the man who has led a right-

cous life becomes the victim of the

impenetrable waste of tree and creep-

er extends for thousands of miles on

both sides of the river. When you

are traveling by launch or cance (and

that's the only way you can travel in

that country) you are as effectually

walled in as though the stream was

"Ulcers form and frequently these

sores never heal. These insects made

Theodore Roosevelt pay a heavy toll

in suffering during his explorations

"I have heard that cities have souls,

a malignant soul which conquers you

in South America.

you down.

fringed with insurmountable cliffs.

chalice of rare flowers to feast upon hidden nectar. Sometimes you see weirdest of dreams, so unreal as to clusters of them on a branch, and if heights. your glance is only casual you think "We made a practice of going be impossible. But the jungle has a fascination, a lure. Frequently I awaken in the night and feel it callyou are gazing upon a beautiful flowering shrub. ing, but I wouldn't go back for all of the gold in the world. I wouldn't

"Every foot of the way up the litman. In time the most miserable and on both sides of the stream is a stage on which little forest-dramas are befrom the flaying of his own guilty ing constantly enacted. Crane-like thoughts. The most hardened misan-thropist would fight his way back to birda make genuflections in the ivilization after seven months in the ble slience the faintest of thoughts you surprise a jaguar taking a midecome as the roll of kettledrums and day drink. He favors you with a of bright-plumaged birds rise from the brake and fly further into the most morbid of thoughts. It is the jungle. sun and the ever-present depressing mong the feathered inhabitants of weight of the endless jungle. This the Amazonian jungles. Almost every

note I heard from feathered throat was as discordant as the ravings of a termagant. "In the afternoon you begin to ge cloud effects which are indescribable

in their exquisite beauty. Cloudswonderful clouds-parade across a sky of turquoise, their edges shimmering as with mother-of-pearl or the most exquisite of silver. Sometimes they are heaped up like lofty mountains panoplied with the whitest

of snow, and then again they take the form of mosted castles or ancient galleons with sagging sails. "The 'cloud-maker' of the Amazor

if you remain long enough. It weights is a master artist. Just before the You feel powerless to combat its sinister influence. Right now I can picture a scene in midtropic night drops down precipitately.

sickle of a moon helped the stars to light the bosom of the river and the waste of tropic wilderness. Silent and oppressed by the encroaching influence of the vast wastes we sat upon. fingers. some rocks on a little shelving beach

where we had encamped for the night. Suddenly from the depths of the jungle floated weird music, music sweet and resonant. So uncanny and so unexpected was the sound that we gripped each other in terror and

would have fled to our launch had not a native guide explained that we were hearing the jurupan, a native nusical instrument. It was being individualities. played in a village probably miles away. Atmospheric conditions were

just right to convoy the sound a long only males of a tribe are allowed to gaze upon the jurupan. For a woman to do so means certain death to her. The jurupan is able to sound but four notes, yet there is nothing in our diatonic scale that compares with them. Probably the jurupan is the

oldest of musical instruments in the world. There is no doubt that its weird notes jostled the echoes of the in the sun, alighting frequently in the Amazonian savannas when the revelries of the hanging gardens of old Babylon were at their ingiorious

so we would be under shelter before the sudden dropping of the black tropical night. Our first work was tle-known Negro there is something tropical night. Our first work was of interest. The edge of the jungle to put up the fly and swing the hammocks. We covered the bottoms of the tent poles with petroleum to keep off the terrible sanbar ants, which are an inch in length and travel in brake, looking for all the world like armies of millions. One of our party polite old gentlemen in dress suits at left a poncho out one night and the a dinner party. On rare occasions next morning found it was eaten by sume clothing and strip flesh from sleepy stare from his topaz eyes and human bones in a twinkling. But this from its case and play some of the slithers off into the jungle. Hosts was not the only danger we had to guard against at night. It was neces-There are few songsters stantly to ward off invasion of vampire bats. These horrible creatures, called tamulus by the natives, will to say the least. bite off the nose, toss or fingers of

opportunity. It was nerve-shaking to hear the swish of their evil wings girl had no longing to return to civin the shadows beyond the circle of ilization. light. It was not comforting to feel the night minus a nose or toe.

we longed to take a dip in the cooling waters of the Negro, but did not dare teeth, which would leap from the sur- one of her sons. face of the stream and snap viciously

this variety art shops of Europe-Nuremberg cab-inets. Italian Ranaissance furniture, French and Flemish tapestries, jade afternoon on the ebony-black Negro. Spreads his fleecy canvases up aloft Para, at the mouth of the Amazon. 700 miles from the mouth of the Ne-

A Portuguese rubber station in Amazonian wilds

This woman allowed her hand to dan- | sro. At length we reached San Ga- | never been explored. We mapped the gle over the side of a boat in which briel, 40 miles above the rapids." mouth of the stream.

Here Dr. Rice's party was obliged "It is probable that if one had the she was riding, and one of the fish leaped upward and set one of her to return to Fontes' plantation for good luck to navigate the Padurf he supplies, and in running the rapids would discover that it formed a conon the way back the launch struck nection with the Orinoco water sys-"A phenomenon of the jungle coun-

try is the junction of the Amazon and a rock. Fontes came to the rescue tem. All the rivers in that region the Negro at Manaos. Here the in a smaller launch and took the seem to be connected in one way or Amazon, a river of milky whiteness. members of the party to his home. another. "But I must snaak of the dreams joins the Negro, a river of the richest

ebony blackness. For some miles after the union a black and white river because of low water. river flow side by side, refusing to mingle. There is something startl

ingly human in the contest of these two great rivers to maintain separate

"Some distance up the Negro we ame upon a river with a large mouth which had never been explored. It. was a white river like the Amazon. We tried to get our launch up this river, but were unable to do so on account of the numerous sandbars. "We were never worried about food. We had along plenty of canned stuff,

and Meguel, our guide, kept us supplied with farina, a sort of native cereal, and plenty of game.

"It was with relief, after a journey of hundreds of miles up the Negro, we arrived at the plantation of Fontes, a millionaire Portuguese rubber trader, known in that region as the ting of the Negro. He is indeed king

in that faraway jungle domain. He ashore about 5 P. M. to make camp. is the last tribunal and can impose the death sentence, if he so decrees upon his subjects, who are 50 or more Indians and half-breeds, who gather rubber in the forests. Fontes has 11 children, two of whom are now in Portugal, one being a practicing physician in that country. Among the children at home was a beautiful of them are now doing, very much daughter, educated in Portugal. She to their own peace of mind, as they was a wonderful musician and could make a piano weep or laugh at will. these ants. They will eat shoes, con- For the first time since leaving civilization I was able to take my violin classics with her accompanying me. Often at night we would play with sary to keep a light burning con- the wall of the jungle beasts mingling with the compositions of Wagner and Beethoven. It was strange,

"It also struck me strangely when human beings if given the slightest I became aware of the fact that this beautiful and wonderfully talented

"Fontes' wife is an Indian and exthat one might awaken in the dead of tremely clever. One of our engineers wore a coat of Norfolk style

"Often upon landing to set up camp attracted her attention and admiration. With a few deft motions she measured the coat with her hands and to because of the constant presence a few days later she had made a won of a terrifying fish with razorlike derfully well-fitting Norfolk coat for

"We remained at Fontes' place for at anything within reach. It was a month and then resumed our journey of fish that bit off the up the Negro, successfully navigating finger of Madame Smithlager, who is the dangerous Cannanos rapids, which ner. in charge of the famous museum at are 75 miles above Fontes' place and Ar

The next day the party decided to abandon exploration further up the which come to travelers in the trop-

never known. Shapeless monsters hop On the return to Manaos the expeand grimade all night long and the dition explored the little-known north most unreal colors float across the shore of the Negro. The mapping was vistas of sleep. The mind seems to done by Lieutenant Church.

hark back to the beginning of all "The Negro," said Lieutenant things, when the earth was a ball of Church, "is filled with small islands steaming vapor and prehistoric monand the north shore had never before strosities were in vogue in the anibeen explored by white men. The mal kingdom. An Amazonian dream width of the river ranged from three is an experience to be dreaded. Comto 30 miles. Sometimes it looks like a great island-dotted inland sea. We came upon the river Paduri, which flows into the Negro. This river has ing."



"Gun-Shyness," Infirmity of Weaker Sex, Said to Be Easily Overcome. Greatest Recreation in World, Says Chicago Woman.

O way of American women taking reasons why they the compelling up one of the very finest outup one of the very finest outthey may engage in a great out-of-door sport on absolutely equal terms of-door sports, trapshooting, and that is that most of them are naturally with men-"gun shy." Before a woman can in-

"gun shy." Before a woman can in-dulge at the traps, with any pleasure, objectionable to many women, is en-or efficiency, she must totally over-tirely eliminated in trapshooting withcome her fear of firearms. This many out the loss of interest or excitement in the game. The hunting instinct, a remnant of the primitive, is no of them are now doing, very much a remnant of the primitive, is no to their own peace of mind, as they doubt equally strong in women as in men, and surely no more satisfactory

ics-dreams the like of which I have

Everything else being equal, trapway offers expression to it in an ab-solutely harmless manner than at the traps. It takes one out of doors and hooting is just as truly within the sphere of the real womanly woman as any other form of athletic exercise or play, and that it is an ideal form into the country, with all the appeal of natural surroundings and chances for a score. It does not necessitate long hours of physical exhaustion in of sport in which the sex is bound to become interested in greatly increas-ing numbers is the sentiment of those training. An hour at practice is suf-ficient. But for a test in skilfulness, modern Dianas in various sections of the United States who have recently accuracy, control and self-confidence trapshooting is, a good many folks agree, the ideal sport for women to aken to trapshooting and have found

taken to trapshooting and have found it a most fascinating pastime, which doors sports can be indulged in the year round. In most sports where men have In most sports where men have romen as their opponents they do not Women as their opponents they do not play their hardest for victory. The in a good many masculine minds. This, however, is not true in shooting at in a soot family the the shooting at

bowever, is not true in shooting at clay targets. At the traps woman meets the man on an equal footing because there is no way by which she can be favored except when the man is handlcapped, and the good shooter frequently gives the weaker tage, either by standing farther away from the trap or by adding birds to the score of the less proficient gun-ner.