

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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THE STORY: Barry Fielding has come to Guatemala in search of a quicksilver mine operated by the Quiche Indian tribe. He and his Mexican guide, Jose, finally reach Quiche territory. Barry's plan that America needs quicksilver and promises to give him an answer the following morning. When an Indian girl is attacked, Barry is accused and held prisoner. Jose manages to steal two mules for their escape. On the trail again, Barry is suddenly stricken with malaria. He chafes when the faithful Jose insists they find their way back. Allison Youngling, plantation and lawyer the Quiche Indian venture until he is completely well.

LILA IS WORRIED

CHAPTER XIV
JOSE and Barry had broken camp a little after midnight. A yellow disk of moon floated in a cloudless sky. "It will be cooler traveling at night," Jose had said. "And with a full moon we can make good time. We will reach the jungle about daylight."

Barry rode ahead and Jose trailed closely behind. Jose insisted on frequent stops and made Barry stretch out on the sweet-smelling grass and rest a while. Barry's arms and legs felt like sticks of wood with the strength drained out of them. His fever had gone, but it had burned the energy out of him and left only a listless husk.

Barry got slowly to his feet, his legs wobbling under him. "I feel much better," he insisted. "I'm sure I can make it now."

"One more hitch now and we will reach the jungle," Jose said. "We should make it to the plantation before noon. I will take the lead now. The path through the jungle is treacherous. If you feel faint, call out and we'll stop again."

On they plodded, their sure-footed little beasts picking their way cautiously over rocks that projected themselves abruptly from the earth. With a trained eye, Jose picked the narrow opening in the solid wall of trees and they started down the jungle trail. The light of the moon was shut out, and they were moving more slowly through the inky blackness.

It seemed to Barry that years had thin passed when he saw ahead the thin fingers of sunlight where they broke through a clearing. It was like finding the reassuring beacon of a lighthouse in a world of black uncharted water. He knew they were approaching the plantation. Next, men's voices came to him. Clear, deep, chesty voices that rang through the stillness. He knew the native chicleros were at work slashing their zig-zag pattern in the trunks of the zapote trees. Jose, riding ahead, looked fuzzy and distant. He could again feel burning fever on his brow. Jose pulled his mule to a stop.

"Hurrah! We have made it!" he shouted triumphantly.

Barry turned his eyes then to the chicleros perched like monkeys high up in the lowering trees swinging their machetes, the bright blades glistening in the sun. Then his eyes followed the trees down to the ground where he heard the sharp, efficient commands of a woman's voice as she directed the bleeding of the trees.

At that instant the owner of the voice stepped out from behind a tree—it was Allison. A new Allison, a vital, commanding Allison. Her golden hair was cropped close like a man's, she wore a white man's shirt open at the throat, her leather boots were splattered with gray mud. Barry looked for a moment and then the light faded and he slumped from the mule's back to the ground—he had fainted.

Jose heard the dull thud as Barry fell to the soft ground. He slid from his mule quickly and picked Barry up in his powerful arms. Allison came running across the clearing. "What's happened to him!" she cried as she looked at the chalky, drawn face, the wasted thin body. "He's been very sick," Jose said quietly. "For over a week now I have nursed him for malaria."

"Bring him to my estancia," Allison commanded. "I'll go ahead to get the bed ready." Jose carried the sick man in his arms as if he had been a baby.

SLOWLY Barry opened his eyes and then closed them again against the strong light. When again he opened them, objects in the room took on a dim, ghostly shape.

"Where am I? What has happened?" he asked thickly.

Allison was standing in front of the dresser stirring some medicine in a glass. She turned and came to the side of the bed. Her hand closed over Barry's.

"You're going to be all right now," she said quietly. "You've been very sick. It was just a week ago today that you and Jose arrived here at the plantation."

Strange wonderment filled Barry's eyes as gradually full realization dawned on him. He smiled very faintly. "I remember now—you—chicleros—then all went black."

"Let me see the letter."

ALLISON handed it to him and left the room. He read it slowly and then read it again. It was so typical of Lila. She was frantic that he hadn't written. A plane arrived from Puerto Barrios that carried no letter from him. Didn't he know how impatient she was to hear? She would never let him get out of her sight again. After this trip she was going to insist on a desk job for Barry, right there in New York; no more of these trips into places so remote, so dangerous. Barry released the letter and it fluttered to the floor. He lay there quietly for a while staring at the ceiling.

Later Allison came back with some fruit juice in a glass and bent over the bed. Barry drank it slowly.

"Sit down," he said. "I want to talk to you." Allison brushed a hand across her forehead after she had drawn up a chair.

"This heat," she said. "I wonder if anyone ever gets used to it?" "They tell me they do," Barry said. "But it wasn't the heat that I wanted to talk about." "I know it's that letter!" Allison said brightly.

"Just what did you say?" "Oh, not much, really. Just a short, friendly note to tell her that you had been sick, but that you would come along all right."

"You told her, of course, that I was staying here, with you?" "What else could I tell her?" Allison said a little sharply.

"Oh, I know I'm an ungrateful cad, after all you've been through for me—but well, I just wish you hadn't written her—that's all."

A light twinkled mischievously in Allison's blue eyes as she said.

"What else could I tell her?" Allison said a little sharply.

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"I'm sorry, Barry. For once I really thought I was doing the right thing."

(To Be Continued)

It is a terrific blunder to assume that war promotes science. Ninety-nine per cent of scientific inventions have not been the result of the stimulus of war as many people believe. These inventions are only applied or adapted to war. War distorts science—namely, wasting energies on things which are not beneficial to humanity.—Dr. Robert A. Millikan, physicist.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Slanted in front of you. If you held it overhead as you did when standing, your legs would get wet.

PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTER

- 1 Pictured daughter of a president. — Roosevelt
- 12 Entreaty
- 13 Precipitous
- 14 God of love
- 16 Squander
- 18 Mouths (anast.)
- 19 Series of clans
- 20 Exists
- 21 Malt drink
- 22 Meadow
- 24 And (Fr.)
- 25 Greek letter
- 27 Leg joint
- 30 Small shoot
- 32 Outlet
- 35 Babylonian deity
- 38 Left hand (abbr.)
- 37 Rot by exposure
- 38 Item of value owned
- 40 Multi-pronged harpoon
- 42 Fish
- 43 Locality
- 44 Laughier sound
- 46 Electrical unit
- 19 Fruit
- 23 Piece out (abbr.)
- 25 Transpose
- 26 Was ill
- 28 Symbol for erbium
- 29 Weird
- 30 Ocean
- 31 Right of precedence
- 33 Siamese measure
- 34 Streets (abbr.)
- 35 Yes (Sp.)
- 40 General signals use (abbr.)
- 41 Near-
- 44 Possesses
- 45 Alms box
- 47 Native of Latvia
- 48 Precipice (Hawaii)
- 49 Dart
- 50 Scatter
- 52 Short-napped fabric
- 53 Circle part
- 55 Narrow inlet
- 57 English river
- 58 Tavern
- 60 Senior (abbr.)
- 61 Half an em

12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24			
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48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66
58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73

In practically all industrial accidents, you find the element of human carelessness. Women, with their instincts for orderly procedure and good housekeeping, tend to reduce that factor.—Clifford Tagg, industrial education executive.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



THEY MISS HIM IN AN OBNOXIOUS SORT OF WAY

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



BY FRED HARMON

HOLD EVERYTHING!



BY WILLIAM FERGUSON

Freckles and His Friends



BY BLOSSER

Wash Tubs



BY CRONO

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Leaders from all walks of life will be required (after the war). They will be those who have applied practical consideration to man's complete desire for a peaceful world of opportunity.—Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones.

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The kind of peace we wish to see can only be achieved if there is some sort of practical world organization and our own country assumes its share of that responsibility.—Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles.

Boots and Her Buddies



BY V. T. HAMLIN

Allep Oop



BY MARTIN

Little Orphan Annie



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Little Orphan Annie



BY HAROLD GRAY