

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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JEALOUSY

CHAPTER XVIII

THE acid odor of wood smoke filled Barry's nostrils as he came down the steps of the estancia and stepped out into the early morning sunshine. Renaldo, his shirt sleeves rolled high on his muscular arms, his shirt open at the neck, was shouting orders and moving quickly among the numerous copper kettles that boiled over banked charcoal fires.

"Looks like a busy place around here," Barry called when he was only a few paces away.

"From now on it will be," Renaldo said good-naturedly. "We've got to get our shipment packed and sent out by mule train to Puerto Barrios for the steamer leaving there next week."

Barry stooped by a boiling kettle and watched the Indian pour a large bagful of the milky latex into the hot mass.

"What happens after you boil this stuff?" he asked Renaldo.

"We boil it till it's very thick," Renaldo stopped to explain rapidly, "and then pour it into molds where it hardens like bricks. We put our plantation trade mark on it, and the chicle's number and then it is checked and packed into waterproof canvas bags for shipment." He held a match against the side of the hot kettle until it flared then touched it to his pipe.

"Good morning!" They turned at Allison's gay call, and watched her crossing the clearing from the Indian huts. She was in white jodhpurs and a lemon yellow shirt. She was strutting like a happy boy, and whistling blithely. "Don't you love all this excitement?" she cried to Barry. "What are you two pow-wow-ing about?"

"He was telling me how chewing gum is made," Barry grinned his greeting.

Renaldo went on with deep satisfaction. "It will be our biggest shipment to date. We have orders for all the chicle we can produce. It seems that armies in the field like their chewing gum."

Allison grimaced at Barry. "There!" she cried. "I told you I was coming down here to do my bit for the soldiers and you laughed at me!"

"No great benefactor is appreciated at first," Barry winked at Renaldo.

Renaldo turned to test a kettle of the boiling latex. "Nevertheless," he said as he worked, "chewing gum is recognized now even by the War Department."

"Morale builder, eh?" Barry said.

Renaldo nodded. The latex had not boiled long enough. He gave the stirring paddle back to the attending Indian.

Barry's smile was fading into a brooding look of concern. "I must get back to my own job pretty quick."

Allison smiled. "You're just bound to get those quicksilver mines to help the allies to shorten the war to cut down our chicle business, aren't you?"

"That's it," Barry told her with a terse grin.

She turned to Renaldo, abruptly serious. "How soon can you go with him?"

"I must finish this batch of chicle and get it packed on the mules," Renaldo told her. "Then I must make a quick trip to the new grove to get the chicleiros started there. But in a week—"

"A week is too long," Barry's impatience burst through his voice. "I'm going alone."

Renaldo's sharp dark eyes rested thoughtfully on Barry. "I know what you are enduring," he said gravely. "I am not a patient man myself when my work is not going forward. But, believe me, it would be fool's haste for you to go now. In the first place, this fever of yours is treacherous. It would strike you down, addle your thoughts when you wish to be most lucid."

"He's right," Allison cried to Barry.

"Then," Renaldo went on, "I doubt you would reach Moncha Suma alive. The Indian girl died, you know. The tribe is up in arms. And your work will not be proof of your innocence."

"It's got to be!" Barry cried irritably. "What other proof can I get?"

"My friendship," said Renaldo quietly. "When I go with you, they will not harm you. And when I tell Moncha Suma that I, his friend, vouch for you, then he may absolve you from blame. That is the only way I know you may be able to accomplish your mission."

Barry drew a deep breath. "I suppose you're right."

"And you will put in a word with the chief about his quicksilver mines?" Allison demanded of Renaldo.

Renaldo nodded. "Yes, I will be glad to do that," he said.

"Thank you, Renaldo."

The Spaniard's eyes glowed as they met Allison's. Barry felt a new twinge of irritation. He deliberately broke up the glance.

"I'm the one to thank you," he said hastily. "I appreciate your doing this even if I do sound grouchy."

RENALDO'S hand dropped onto Barry's shoulder. "It's a great pleasure to do it for you—and Miss Topping," he said. He turned to an Indian waiting with his testing ladle.

Barry and Allison strolled across the clearing toward the estancia. Allison was frowning.

"There must be some way we can cut down that week," she murmured. "But I know Renaldo has to go to the new grove. He

tune teller told him he would be rich and powerful and marry a beautiful blond." (To Be Continued)

Leroy Pickett, shoemaker of Frankfort, Ind., made a flower vase from old pop bottle tops.

An automobile's connecting rods should be tightened every 20,000 miles.

Trees breathe and perspire.



AT SEARS... IT'S NOT THE IDLE RICH WHO CLIP THE COUPONS

No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purse. Get a bookful today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge. GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: London.

FORMER U. S. PRESIDENT.

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted first president of the U. S. A., George Washington

9 Excludes

13 Symbol for silver

14 Bustle

15 Chinese aborigines

16 Genus of shrubs

17 In three ways (comb. form)

19 Expert

21 Staff of life

22 Lampreys

24 Native metal

25 Sorrowful

26 South Dakota (abbr.)

27 Liberate

29 Insect egg

30 Mountain pass

31 Mimic

32 Summit

33 Corn bread

34 Skin of a beast

36 Folding bed

37 Units of energy

38 Lubricants

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

11 Motives

12 Horseman's seat

18 Sick

20 Before

21 Baseball club

22 Suitable

23 Negative word

29 Gear tooth

32 Plaything

33 Peep

34 Plunder

35 Cloth measure

36 Mine shaft

37 Age

38 Dollishness

39 Honey makes

40 Close-fitting coat with loose flaps

42 Cunning

43 Rocky

45 Habituated

46 Coin

48 Anger

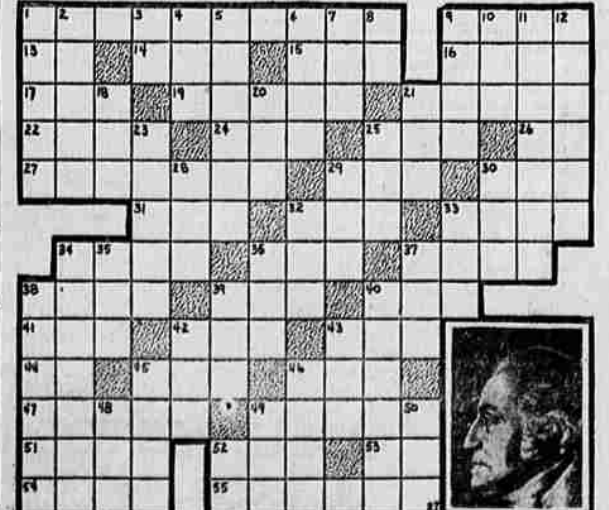
49 Feathered creature

50 She

52 Provided

53 He was known as "The Great Emancipator"

54 Reward



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



HIDDEN IN HAY



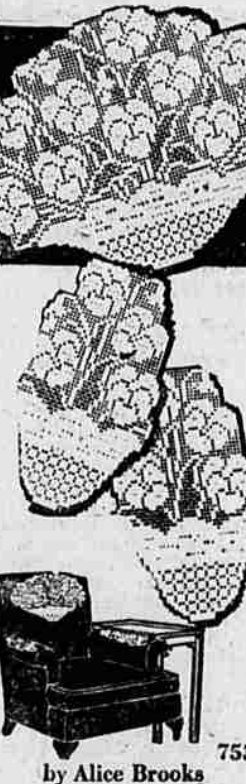
HE AND JAKE WERE THE TWO MEN

HOLD EVERYTHING!



Go 'way! You're making 'em nervous!

PERT PANSIES IN FILET CROCHET SET



7537

by Alice Brooks

Give added distinction to your furniture--and make it wear better--with this lacy filet crochet set. The pert pansies make a decoration to enhance any chair and are something new in filet crochet. Make a buffet set or scarf ends, too. Pattern 7537 contains charts and directions for set, stitches; materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. _____, to _____ followed by your name and address."

CURIOSITY AWARDED

CHICAGO, (P)—Bill Hay, Chicago advertising artist, was given six years ago an exquisitely decorated Easter egg. The design was so beautiful, Hay could not bear to part with it and each Easter displayed it in his studio. This year a new girl employee became curious as to whether the egg was still edible. When Hay stepped out of the studio for a few minutes, the girl's curiosity overcame her discretion. Hay announced his office will reopen May 1.

A rubber life raft can save at least 10 lives. The sale of five \$50 war bonds, at \$37.50 each, will pay for one.

Philadelphia shoemakers organized the first labor union in the United States in 1792.

Ghost writers often fail to catch the spirit of the thing.

Red Ryder



AND THE JUDGE SENTENCED HIM TO BUY A \$1,000 WAR BOND EVERY MONTH!

AND THAT'S NOT ALL! MR. SCUTTLE HAS TO KEEP THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL SUPPLIED WITH FRESH VEGETABLES FOR A YEAR!

THAT WAS A MIGHTY SMART WAY TO PUNISH HIM--JUDGE HAY MUST HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON!

THAT'S RIGHT, OALS--BUT YOU CAN CALL ME "SOL" FOR SHORT!

THE RAMBLING ROBERT LIFTS HER NOSE IN A LAST GALLANT EFFORT...

THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF IS CLEARED BY INCHES!

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Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



ALLEP OOP



Little Orphan Annie



By Fred Harmon



By Blosser



By Crano



By V. T. Hamlin



By Martin



By Harold Gray

