

SMOKED MONKEY A FEAST

Rare Delicacy for American Explorers Among Amazons.

TRACKLESS FORESTS OF BRAZIL

Experiences and Hardships of Map Makers in Jungles, Swamp and Rivers in South America.

As full of thrills as any story of polar exploration is the narrative of Dr. Hamilton Rice, the medical and scientific explorer of Harvard college who has just got back from seventeen months of travel in the jungles about the headwaters of the Amazon.

Five years ago he finished an exploration of the then unknown territory adjacent to the Uaupes river turning up at Manaus Brazil, after rumors had reached here of his death at the hands of fabled white Indians.

AK-SAR-BEN CLOTHING GORGEOUS

Thousands Are Already Preparing for Omaha's Glistening Annual Ball.

Dresher Now Laden With Cleaning, Repairing and Remodeling of Clothes for the "Big" Event.

What is the most talked of, most thought of gala event in Omaha? For which even so Omaha's look forward from one year to another?

Why the glorious, glittering, Ak-Sar-Ben Ball, of course!

Many of the ladies participating will naturally wear new gowns; but just as many will have Dresher Brothers, the dry cleaners and dyers, clean, press and generally rejuvenate the costly attire they have been wearing at other recent affairs.

Omaha gentlemen who will participate are just as particular as the ladies, and many indeed are the full dress suits that are pouring in here; all slated for complete rejuvenation.

Plain cleaning—or fancy cleaning—there is no other concern that quite touches Dreshers in scope, capacity and excellence of workmanship.

Phone Tyler 345 for a Dresher man, or leave work at the plant, at Dresher the tailors, 1515 Farnam street, at the branch in the Pompeian Room of the Brandels Stores, or at the new branch at 24th and Leavenworth streets.

Dreshers pay express charges one

Phone Doug 1729 2016 Farnam St. Fred C. Wilmoth, Manager

way of out-of-town shipments amounting to \$3.00 or over.

east from Douglas on the bluffs, or plains.

"Many days of bad weather prevented good observations but I had exceptional opportunities to study malaria—which is prevalent—and the disease of cattle and mules. Both tetanus and sub-tertian forms of malarial fever abound. I had all the instruments necessary for scientific study and examined blood smears of between 800 and 1,000 cases.

"I found a man suffering from an abscess, and performed three operations on him, single-handed, reducing his temperature by soaking sheets in a small mountain stream. I had to cut his arm from his shoulder to his hand. As a result of this successful operation hundreds of cases of all kinds came to me. Those people are extremely poor. I made no charge, but I asked for milk and eggs. Would you believe it, in all the time I was there, five weeks, my fees amounted to six eggs and half a pitcher of milk!

"The rubber craze has made that a poverty-stricken region. When I was there six years ago it was a prosperous country and full of cattle. The people have sold everything, sons in for rubber, and have sunk down to a poor, fever-ridden community. The town was established almost 500 years ago, but there is still no telegraph.

"Having spent two weeks taking observations to finish my work of five years ago, I found that Dr. Jaramillo, the commandante, was about to undertake a government expedition south in the direction of the Mosaya river, and I accompanied him as topographer and surgeon. We had twenty-six men, consisting of caucheros, or rubber gatherers, and Indians. Early in September a camp was made on the Rio Illiza, a branch of the Uaupes. It was necessary to cut a path through jungle, swamp and forest.

"We found the Mosaya river teeming with all kinds of fish. I saw a man in one canoe with a hook and line 100 feet different varieties, ranging from seven inches to two feet in length. I had opportunity here to study the Hututo Indians. They are very docile and never intermarry. Naturally intelligent, they learn very rapidly. The Caribona Indians, on the other hand, are much more fierce and warlike, and continually intermarry. This nation has been hunted from time to time by the Peruvians to make way upon the peaceful Hututos.

"Struggling in Dense Forests. We were in a dense forest, filled with canoe, or small streams, among swamps. We had to continually fell trees to get them out of the way. The waters were filled with rays, which inflict terrible stings, causing ulcers. The food got scarce. The Indians refused to proceed, and two had to be chastised. The party was reduced to six. We had left behind everything but our instruments and hammocks and the cutlery, which were absolutely necessary to cut a way through the jungle. The rain poured down heavily all the time. Finally, on November 12, we reached the Ajuju river at its source. This was our definite goal. We made observations for latitude and longitude, christened the place Puerto Mercedes, left records under trees, and started back.

"We were now without food, and depended upon the supplies which we had ordered to be sent from our base. Sometimes we found a scrawny monkey, sometimes a bird, which furnished the whole food supply for a day. Once I found a huge land turtle, on which we feasted for two days. Gradually we threw away everything except our instruments. We grew weaker and weaker. Finally Castro, a giant who had been in the habit of carrying 50 pounds on his back, came down to motor asphyxia.

"However, we all got back to our base alive, there to find that all the party who had left had died, except those who hadn't been able to get away because of rays wounds or sickness. All the dogs had been killed by jaguars. However, there was plenty of food, and after two days' rest we went back to Illiza and reached Calabary in December. From Calabary I went back to my base at San Jose, sending maps of the region traversed to the Royal Geographical society and to the Colombian government.

"Shortly after Christmas, with two ca-

How to keep Face Young and Attractive

(National Hygienic Review.) To fear it nor to allow one's self to be oppressed by the dread of advancing years. Use only legitimate preventives and avoid trying expensive and unproven preparations not approved by physicians. An entirely safe and very effective way to keep the complexion young-looking and beautiful is to apply ordinary melted wax at bed time, using it like cold cream, washing it off in the morning. This gradually absorbs the withdrawn, faded cuticle, which is replaced by the more youthful pink-tinted under-skin. One ounce of this wax, to be had at any drug store, is enough to completely rejuvenate a worn-out complexion. Crow's feet and other wrinkles, the first signs of advancing age, may be removed by a simple, harmless preparation made by dissolving an ounce of powdered saxolite in a half pint with exact is used as a face hair—Advertisement.

tees and seven men, I started out for Tolima. Leaving the Cano Grande in January, I descended for five days to the Rio Yutrida. From this point we ascended the latter river, and on February 8 reached a beautiful waterfall over 100 feet high, which is a break between high precipitous hills running in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction.

Country Teeming with Jaguars.

"I took two days to portage our big canoe around this fall and five days more were spent in the hardest kind of work, smashing our way through to the source of the Yutrida, which we reached on Sunday, February 16. Three days later we began to descend to the river. The country on both sides teems with jaguars, tigris and anacondas and the river is filled with rays. The tigris were so tame that they swam around our canoe, curious and absolutely fearless. Some stood on the shore whistling at us, I shot a magnificent specimen of jaguar and found inside of it a whole tapir.

"I carefully examined the stomachs and intestines of all the animals shot for traces of diseases of a helminthic origin, as some scientists suppose that all animals suffer from some form of worm disease. This I did at the suggestion of Dr. Lieper of the London School of Tropical Medicine.

"For fifty days we descended the Yutrida without seeing a sign of a human being. We camped on shore at night, and the jaguars and tapira would come up and nose us at will. They showed no fear of men. In this journey we passed three great raudales, or rapids.

"The first encampment we saw was a fishing village on the bank. These Indians had had no contact with whites; they do not belong to the great Tupi-Guarani family, which extends the whole length and breadth of the Amazon valley, but probably are members of the great Carib family, which embraced all the Indians of Venezuela, Guiana and the central, northern and northeastern portions of Brazil.

"Among the Amazons. A curious feature of this region was that the Indians for the most part not only lived back from the main streams, but in the villages were found a great predominance of women, who from all we could make out, were permanent inhabitants of their respective settlements, while the males were transients. This brings to one's mind the question whether this may not be the district whence come the reports so well known on the Amazon for two centuries of the existence of a race of women living alone except at stated periods.

"By a Guiana Indian I was taken to a settlement of Indians living back several hours' distance from the Papanaua, where I found a very intelligent native who spoke the Tupi-Guarani language, which would make it seem that here was the dividing line between the nation of that name and the Caribs. The Papanaua Indians travel from their river to the upper Ucayali, and have a well-made path nine miles in length, which crosses elevated land flanked on the east and west by enormous impassable swamps and lagoons. By doing a lot of medical work I got this old Indian's good will, and he entered my service.

"At this point the Colombians I had, who had become cautious through exposure and hard work, were sent back. The old Indian had promised to get me natives for my party, but they did not turn up, so I had to compel him to take us down the river. The first village we reached contained one man and fifteen women.

Amazons Prevalent Smoked Monkey. "From this point we descended four days through terrific thunderstorms. The bed of the river was entirely lost, and we paddled through the forest. Giant trees had been struck by lightning and hurled across the river. Our guide had said that on the fourth day we should arrive at a small garage, which means canoe road, and, sure enough, we did. There we found a settlement of two men, some twenty women of all ages, and any number of children. They had little or no food, but gave us smoked monkey to eat.

"We had left all our supplies behind four days up the river and had with us only our theodolites and chronometers. The two men in the town, with the old Indian from Papanaua, and all the women in the village except two old crones started out in two canoes to bring down our freight. They got back in six days with the assistance of the Indians we came up with the curious festivities which go on during the wet season on the Ucayali river. The women all paint themselves over the body and head, wear necklaces of monkeys' teeth and triangles of silver, while the men put on great headdresses of feathers. They have strange dances and big drinking bouts, the liquor being made from manioc. The music is played on long flute-like instruments.

"Continuing on down, progress was difficult. We had to go in small canoes whose loads left only an inch and a half of freeboard. Map making under such conditions was about the worst job I set up against. However, there was nothing of special note on the way to the Negroes and San Felipe, which we reached early in August.—New York Times.

Pointed Paragraphs. A soft answer never turns away a book agent.

And many a man who tries to live right gets left. The kicker is bad enough, but he has several advantages over the man who whines.—Chicago News.

LOST IN DAKOTA BAD LANDS

Lively Thrills Experienced by Exploring Tenderfoot.

STORM ADDS TO HIS TROUBLES

Dark Night in Deserted Sheep Camp, with Water Everywhere, but Little Pit to Drink.

To be lost on the prairie is no joke under any circumstances. To be lost on the prairie in the midst of a thunderstorm of tropical violence is an experience a little short of terrifying. At least a Brooklyn tenderfoot found it so.

It was in North Dakota. The man, with his horse as his only companion, had started out for a trip into the mysterious Bad Lands. The Bad Lands of North Dakota are at once the most picturesque and the most desolate country imaginable. The hills in the Bad Lands are called "buttes." They are conspicuous, isolated summits with precipitous sides, turret-like in their formation and innocent of trees. They are freaks of nature. Rising up out of the dead-flat prairie they appear in all sorts of fantastic shapes. Seen by night they present a particularly weird appearance. Sometimes they look like gigantic petrified figures of men and women.

In the Bad Lands there are practically no trees except cottonwoods, which grow along the edges of the winding water-courses, and stunted firs and cedars in the "draws." It was into this kind of a ghostly country that the "tenderfoot" was journeying, his course set for Glendora, a little town in Montana.

He had been riding all afternoon without seeing anything living except a distant section gang working on the tracks of the Northern Pacific railroad, and now and then a large herd of grazing cattle. In and out of the buttes, first on one side of the trail and then on another, wound the harrying, boiling Yellowstone, yellow as its name, and dangerous. There are quicksands in it, and fording the river is far from pleasant, but the tenderfoot had successfully gotten past these obstacles, and in the late afternoon struck a rise of ground which led off toward a country even more desolate than that he had just left.

Sighting a Storm. The horse had been worked hard during the preceding days, and on the uplands he suddenly gave out. He refused to go a step further. The tenderfoot dismounted and led him. It was slow work. While he was doing this he became aware that the sky was rapidly taking on an indigo hue and a faraway growling among the shoudering buttes told him that a storm was brewing. Funnel-shaped clouds like water-spouts hung low in the heavens.

It grew darker and darker. East, west, north and south nothing was to be seen for the wild hills and the roaring river. There was no sign of human habitation, not even a log hut. The tenderfoot was very young, and because he was very young he was frankly frightened. His oilskin slicker was but a poor protection against the elements, and there was apparently nowhere to get in out of the wet.

A sudden, sharp flash of lightning cleaving the cloudbank followed by a deafening crash among the hills which awakened all the echoes, did not serve to allay his fears. He put on his oilskin coat and struggled on, hoping against hope, it seemed, that he would find some sort of shelter, even if it were only a grove of trees.

Suddenly the green plateau fell away and before him appeared a deep basin at the bottom of which was a frontiersman's one-story log hut with a single window and door and a rude chimney. Some rods further on was a long, low lean-to, in which sheep were stabled. Between the two structures lay the bed of a watercourse, now dry. Back of the lean-to was a thick grove of cottonwoods.

The tenderfoot did not stand on ceremony. With a grateful feeling in his heart that here was shelter at last, he strode to the door of the cabin and opened it. Within all was emptiness. There were no signs of furniture unless a rhenumatic table standing on three legs could be regarded as such. The only other article in the place was a rusty stove. In one corner was a deep pit of sheep's wool. The wall paper was old newspaper pasted together.

The tenderfoot unsaddled his horse, tied him to some stout reeds, dragged the saddle inside and made himself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Scarcely had he done this than the rain came down, and such a storm! It seemed as if the skies opened and spilled all their contents. The roar of the rain mingled with the vivid flashes of lightning and the crash of the thunder turned the howl among the hills into an inferno. The cabin shook and swayed as if it would leave its foundations. Time and time again the lightning struck among the cottonwoods and there was the sound of big trees splintering.

Water Everywhere. Two hours the storm lasted. So thickly fell the rain that when the door was opened and the tenderfoot gazed out it hid the country like a dense fog. He could not even see his horse, although it was tethered not more than twenty feet away.

At the end of two hours the rain ceased, the sun came out for a brief period and nature smiled. But the coun-



Read This Apology

For quite some time our store has been torn up—while workmen removed the old Farnam street entrance to the Paxton block. It is a great disadvantage to us and our customers—but had the new 16th street building entrance progressed more expeditiously—the building inspector would have granted a permit enabling us to make the change in August. Bear with us a short time yet and we'll try to reward you with still better store service.

AD-itorial

by the Store Ad-itor Six girls employed by a Paris dressmaker recently made a gown in twenty minutes. The fact was duly advertised and some comment created. To us—it wasn't such a wonderful accomplishment. When we contemplate the countless number of fittings made, crudely designed and faulty fitting garments offered by lots of Omaha stores—we are constrained to believe that these six girls would be altogether too slow to hold jobs in the average New York Fashion Foundry.

The Most Captivating of Millinery Modes

A comprehensive display of reproductions of the most recent Parisian Tailored Millinery. American creations of the most exquisite character—A little more conservative than the ultra French models—yet all work toward what we call the vital point of all true fashions—practicability and reasonableness.

You're asked to \$1.50 to \$15.00 see these Hats.

OMAHA'S FASTEST GROWING STORE THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S OWN STORE BENSON & THORNE 1518-20 FARNAM STREET.

dry bed of a creek when the storm broke was now a roaring, tumbling torrent. The tenderfoot had not eaten anything since morning, save some oatmeal crackers, and a few of these were still left. He was very hungry and very thirsty. He wanted to get some water somewhere, but outside all the world was so wet that there was no way of getting down to the creek. Casting about for some means of getting out of the dilemma he described an old rubber coat. With his knife he cut down and carved two strips out of this. These he fashioned into rude, but serviceable rubbers. Then he went down to the creek and filled an old earthen jar he found back of the stove, with turgid water.

It was vile stuff, unfit to drink. The tenderfoot tasted it, spat it out and assuaged his thirst, satisfying his hunger by dipping what were left of the crackers in the muddy water. By the time he had finished this poor apology for a meal he was dark.

Toads and Snakes. The tenderfoot had sunk into a half doze when he awakened with a start. Several toads were hopping about the floor and striking against his person. He did not mind toads so much, but when he heard a shrill rattle in among the wool and remembered all that he had heard of the dreaded diamondback snakes he got up from the floor hastily and lay down on the table, which was a very small table, indeed, and extremely cramped sleeping quarters. He was not going to take chances and poke amid the sheep wool in the dark to satisfy himself if there really was a snake there.

The night wore on very slowly and it seemed ages before the widepawns redened with the flow of the morning sun, and the interior of the cabin was light once more. Then the tenderfoot, stiff and sore, climbed off the table, unbuttoned and saddled his horse—the creek had disappeared again and left a bed of mud-

table, addressing the tenderfoot. "Oh, that is a deserted sheep camp," said the foreman. "It is lucky that you found it, for it was as much as a man's life was worth to be out in that storm." The tenderfoot agreed with him heartily and then he devoted himself to the task of finishing as fine a plate of buckwheat cakes as he ever turned on a griddle.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Importing Grocers Cowmeys Table Delicacies Fill Your Pantry With Pure Foods The Following Prices Fairly Bristle With Economy TEA SPECIAL CONCORD GRAPE SPECIAL FRENCH OLIVE OIL

TOILET SOAP SALE Extraordinary Values Cream Silver Polish—Shinen Best for cleaning and polishing gold, silver or glassware. Three 25c glass jars 56c or jar 50c

Wines and Liquors You get the acme in purity and value here—and will realize a big saving by supplying your needs at these low prices. One Bottle of Port or Sherry Free—To further introduce our Lotus Whiskey during this sale we will give FREE one bottle Port or Sherry wine to each customer purchasing a bottle of our Lotus Whiskey.

The Dingbat Family—'Tis Werry, Werry Troot! Drawn for The Bee by Herriman

