

# HOW HE STANLEYED HIS WAY INTO DARKEST SOUTH AMERICA



THE HORRORS OF PHOTOGRAPHY BORORO CHILDREN Photos © by Little Brown & Co

### A. Henry Savage-Landor, Having Removed His Light from Under the Bushel, Casts Its Rays Upon Amazonian Savages; Brazilian Jungles and Startling Adventures.

THROWN for more than a year in the wildest conceivable places, with ex-criminals for travelling companions, A. Henry Savage-Landor, the explorer, who claims that in the course of his wanderings he was tortured in Tibet, tells another interesting tale. It goes to show that the romance of such journeys as were undertaken by La Salle, Balboa and Cortez can still be equalled—that while the juiciest plums have long since been plucked from the geographical tree, the excitement and dangers that met the sixteenth century pioneers are still realities.

Mr. Savage-Landor's latest path as an explorer was a thorny one, although it led him over leagues of warm red earth, amid the most brilliant flowers and butterflies in the heart of wild Brazil. He was eaten by insects, thrown perilously near starvation and threatened with death by his degenerate companions. The journey is a record of one exciting event after another—of encounters with poisonous insects and treacherous human beings, of the negotiation of unknown rapids of terrible force, of starvation, discouragement and sickness and of valuable work accomplished in the face of the greatest odds. On one occasion, Mr. Savage-Landor and two companions were forced to go without food for sixteen days. Many times they had narrow escapes from death from other causes.

**UNTRoubled BY SHYNESS.**  
The explorer does not trouble to conceal his courage and resourcefulness in the pages of his new book, published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston; on the contrary, he brings attention to these qualities as well as to the baseness of his companions. But, in spite of their low calibre, which compelled him, through lack of adequate assistance, to perform almost all of the work of the whole expedition and to be, as he has said himself, his own surgeon, geologist, hydrographer, cartographer, biologist, anthropologist, veterinarian, guide, navigator and photographer, the results of his trip were so important that the Brazilian government voted him a grant of \$20,000 in token of appreciation of his work.

In the course of a journey of fourteen thousand miles, the most important part of which lay right across Brazil, Mr. Savage-Landor says he did many things. He mapped the course of three large streams and made daily meteorological observations in the wilderness through which he was travelling; he visited the headwaters of eleven important rivers and followed the entire course of the Amazon from its mouth almost to its source in the Andes; he proved that Brazil, instead of being an impassable country, swarming with savage tribes, is a place of such vast richness that some day it may transform South America into the leading continent of the world; he photographed or sketched "everything of interest pictorially, geologically, ethnologically or anthropologically," drew up vocabularies of the savages that he encountered, and last of all succeeded in bringing himself and his companions alive through a series of strange adventures.

**AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY.**  
The explorer planned his journey with much care, for the great heart of the southern continent is almost as wild today as was North America in the time of Balboa and Cortez.

With the exception of a few Jesuit priests, runaway slaves and rubber collectors, no one had ventured even a short way into the wilderness of Brazil. The rivers, as they are marked upon certain maps, are wrongly placed, their course has been plotted by guesswork, and while the general lay of the land is given correctly, according to geographers, the details are all wrong.

Leaving London on December 23, 1910, Mr. Savage-Landor arrived at Rio de Janeiro some two weeks later, where he was well received. Volunteers from the Brazilian army were called to accompany him, but none were found willing to brave the terrors of the interior.

Trusting to luck and sure of his equipment, the adventurer started from Rio on the Dumont and Moxyana railways, finally reaching the territory at Araxua.

**SPEDDING THE PARTING GUEST.**  
Word had been telegraphed ahead of his arrival, and when his train pulled into the station he was surrounded by a group of boisterous and dirty Brazilians, who carried his baggage away to the hotel. With no other course open to him, the explorer followed them and received a remarkable welcome, for the loud-mouthed landlord ejected a dying man, with "livid eyes and skin the color of a smon gone bad," from the bed of the salubrious apartment that the new guest was to occupy. When Mr. Savage-Landor returned and in civil words expressed the wish to sleep in his private car, although being perfectly ready to pay for the room that he had not ordered, the landlors challenged him to a duel. When he appeared at the appointed time no trace was to be found of the swash-buckling Brazilian.

Leaving Araxua he went to Goyaz, where he planned to hire servants for the journey. Passing through a region where masters, dogs and hens shared the same rag beds in the same dirty hovels, he was unable for a long time to procure any servants whatever. After two weeks of fruitless effort the Presidente supplied him with six men. "They are criminals," he cheerfully informed him, "and will give you no end of trouble," a fact that was proven at once when one of them decamped with money



AFTER STARVING SIXTEEN DAYS MR. SAVAGE-LANDOR WENT DOWN STREAM ON A RAFT OF GLASS BOTTLES

which had been advanced him to buy a few clothes, while another departed a short time later after attempting to murder Mr. Savage-Landor while he slept, taking with him about forty pounds of coffee, sugar and sundries.

**DIFFICULT COMPANIONS.**  
The journey, difficult in itself, was made almost impossible by the character of the men. They persisted in firing their rifles at nothing until their ammunition was expended, and frequently discharged their pieces by accident, nearly killing their leader by each other. They refused to work on many occasions and mutinied several times, thrusting their guns into the face of Mr. Savage-Landor and threatening to kill him. The greatest tact, patience and nerve were necessary to force them along their way, and particular watchfulness was necessary, because the explorer carried a large sum of money in gold upon his person. He slept on his money belt for more than a year, and unless thoroughly exhausted, slept lightly. In spite of the low character of his followers, he, himself, travelled entirely unarmed, believing that by doing so he could secure a greater moral hold over his subordinates. The telling fact that he came out alive in spite of one or two midnight attempts to murder him speaks well for the success of this theory.

According to the ideal of modern explorers, Mr. Savage-Landor's costume was remarkable. From first to last he wore flammable attire, except when he wore pajamas. He did not trouble with a sun helmet, believing that a simple straw hat provides all the protection against the equatorial sun that is needed by the average healthy man, nor did he trouble to wear boots of any special pattern.

**THE BORORO INDIANS.**  
After travelling through a magnificent grazing country, void of life, and reaching the Barrocas River, the Bororo Indians were encountered. What Mr. Savage-Landor did when the first of them put in an appearance was to take a snapshot of him. The Indian, who was a striking looking man, wore no clothing, except a small belt and a fibre amulet on each arm. His features impressed the explorer by their Papuan characteristics and bore out one of his theories concerning the relation of races in different parts of the earth.

As he photographed the newcomer and endeavored to communicate with him other Indians assembled, all belonging to the Bororo tribe. Their attire consisted of a single garment of orange colored fibre and cut exceedingly small. Without this the Bororo feels most undressed, but with it he would venture into the Waldorf or the Ritz without a qualm. The Bororo has many interesting customs and many legends, some of which are unprofitable. They treated the invading travellers with respect and consideration. This particular tribe, Mr. Savage-Landor says, are remarkable walkers—light, graceful and springy on their feet. Both men and



THE DESCENT—CONVEYING THE CANOE WEIGHING 2000 LBS. OVER A HILL RANGE

country, says Mr. Savage-Landor, the maps were absolutely worthless, being filled largely with rivers which either did not exist at all or were hundreds of kilometres out of their position, with fancy and fictitious mountains and mistakes of latitude and longitude. Even the German maps, he says, and the American maps of the International Bureau of American Republics were exceedingly faulty in every respect, the latter placing the Serra Azul 180 or 200 kilometres south of where it actually was.

**IN DIAMANTANO.**  
Food was scarce and the course was altered to find the town of Diamantano. In spite of its wretchedness and squalor, it seemed like London or Paris to the weary caravan.

Diamantano has a population composed largely of rubber collectors and slaves. Slavery still lives in Central Brazil in the same state as it always has lived. Few of the laborers of the Matto Grosso and Goyaz provinces are free and slavery thrives to-day even more than formerly. While it was once limited to negroes, now mulattoes, whites and even Europeans are included. Among the slaves that were encountered by the explorer that was a German gentleman of considerable breeding, who had sold himself to pay a debt, was unable to repay his master and lived apparently content in a condition of hopeless servitude.

From Diamantano the country to be traversed by the explorers was even wilder than what they had crossed, and the inhabitants told them that they were going to certain death. What they had already undergone was mere child's play to what was coming. They were all about to encounter the fiercest pangs of starvation. To the natural hardships of their trip and the terrible rapids that they were compelled to battle with, Mr. Savage-Landor had the added difficulty to

## ASHES OF COLUMBUS THROUGH CANAL

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Diego. So conditions continued until 1783, when a deliberate effort was made to locate exactly the tomb of Columbus. This task was assumed by a French writer, one Moreu de Saint Mery, and he was advised that "the remains of Christopher Columbus are inclosed in a leaden coffin, surrounded with a case of stone, which is buried on the gospel side of the sanctuary, and that those of Don Luis Colon, Duke of Veragua and Marquis of . . . the remainder of the inscription having been destroyed by time. All of this happened during the absence of the Bishop, and the rector was unwilling to break open the casket.

**A UNANIMOUS DECISION.**  
But when the diocesan head returned the leaden case was formally opened in the presence of the clergy and numerous foreign officials. It was unanimously decided that the bones were unquestionably those of Christopher Columbus's grand-son. However, the incident spurred the searchers on.

Other graves were uncovered, and further excavation brought to light a second leaden casket, bearing an inscription upon the lid. When cleansed this read: "Discoverer of America, First Admiral." Naturally this created some excitement among the church dignitaries, and the Bishop quite rightly believed the cathedral had made an important historical find. Accordingly, this second casket was opened with much ceremony in the presence of the principal authorities of the capital.

When the sealing was broken, within human bones were found, and upon the under side of the top of the casket was discerned a second inscription. This read: "Illustrious and Renowned Marquis of . . ." Evidently the



A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR at work on an ILLUSTRATION for ARR-BOOK



THEY BELIEVE IN THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS (BORORO INDIANS)

contend with of continual treachery of his fellows.  
A canoe was taken on the Arinθος River at Porto Velho, which consisted of the shells of three rubber collectors. The canoe was over forty feet long, weighed 2,900 pounds, and was made of a hollow tree of gigantic size. It had the distinction of being the only boat on the river and was difficult to convey over the tremendous portages that were frequently necessary. There was only one point in its favor. It seemed to bear a charmed life amid the rapids, which once or twice were so terrible that the whole party gave themselves up for lost.

**ON THE ARINHOS RIVER.**  
The river banks were usually of red earth, with white sand on top and rich and abundant vegetation. The water was as clear as crystal and the scent of the tropical forest, which the explorer compared to Jessamine, was heavy on the air. The canoe was frequently attacked by Ariranhas, amazingly insolent little animals of the otter type. They would stick their heads out of the water close by the canoe and grind their teeth at the explorers. The red color of the British flag which floated from the stern appeared to excite them strangely, and they showed an eagerness for blood that was remarkable. They would swim pluckily at the canoe and were frequently shot or struck down by the paddles of the Brazilians.

This was one of the strangest and most beautiful parts of the trip. Great fish, ignorant of all fear, played in the clear water beneath the prow of the boat and frequently accompanied it upon its way. Birds of iridescent and metallic plumage, yellow and blue in color, fluttered and screamed in the trees along the river bank.

On their way the party met with an escaped slave, who implored that he be taken with them. In spite of his decidedly unpropitious cast of countenance, Mr. Savage-Landor assented, and as a result was entertained for the rest of the trip by his diabolical songs. Monkeys followed the canoe for amazing distances, swinging from tree to tree and screeching with excitement at the sight of the explorer's followers.

**IN THE RAPIDS.**  
The rapids became terrible. On one occasion the entire party were up to their waists in rushing water for an entire night in endeavoring to rescue the boat, which in shooting a rapid had become wedged between two boulders.

Another time Mr. Savage-Landor sent two of his men ahead to reconnoitre. They went a short distance out of sight of the rest of the party and placidly seated themselves behind a boulder to roll and smoke cigarettes. Returning they swore that they had inspected the channel for an incredible distance and that it was absolutely clear. The boat went ahead and on entering a gorge was confronted with a wave of enormous size, forty feet in height, that was caused by the impact of three currents rushing together in the narrow canyon. "Before we knew where we were," writes Mr. Landor, "the canoe actually flew up in the air in an almost vertical position to the top of that enormous wave. Bargee, men and dogs slid down in confusion, the canoe glided back into the water and progressed swift as an arrow down the channel.

"When we reached the point where the narrow passage came to an end, the waters looked so diabolical that when my men shouted: 'We are lost! We are lost!' I could not help saying, 'Yes, we are!'"  
"I held on to the canoe desperately as we were banged about for a few seconds in a way that nearly stunned us, the waves striking me in the face with such force that it took me some minutes to recover. When I did, I found that we were already out of the channel and in

the whirlpool, the canoe full of water, but fortunately saved."  
The most dangerous and unfortunate part of the trip came when Mr. Savage-Landor, with his companions, abandoned the canoe and started to cut his way across the forest in an effort to find the Madeira River. Nothing seemed to have any effect upon the laziness of the men, and the fact that they were near the end of their supplies did not prevent them from throwing away food rather than carry it. Almost all of the flour, farina, rice, lard and much of the canned food was wasted in this manner. After the party had been marching for four and a half days they found themselves with food enough for only a few days longer, although they had started with supplies sufficient to last them three months.

After being reduced to feeding on monkeys, several of the men were made severely ill by gorging themselves upon the meat. They refused to go any further and threatened to shoot Mr. Savage-Landor if he insisted that they continue. He left them with plenty of ammuni-

tion, as game was plentiful in that part of the forest and pushed on with four followers.  
One of these, an Indian, tried to murder him while sleeping. As he was crawling toward the explorer's hammock with a knife in his hand, Mr. Savage-Landor sprang to his feet and gave him a violent blow in the chest with the butt of his rifle. Taking away the miscreant's rifle, knife and cartridges, he sent the Indian with one of his companions back to the other men. He himself pushed forward with two followers.

**FACING STARVATION.**  
Nothing was found in the way of game, and hunger pinched them. They were all suffering more or less from fever and began to find their minds dulled by their sufferings. When at last they did see some birds that they might have eaten they found that their cartridges were ruined by moisture. In the meanwhile the birds appeared to take the greatest possible interest in them and to mock their awful plight.  
Fruit was seen high in the trees, but by that time the men were too weak to climb up after it. They began to experience hallucinations and thought constantly of food. The one dish that Mr. Savage-Landor longed for more than any other was a dish of good ice cream. Although the party passed over a number of clear streams, hunger seemed to have affected their throats strangely, for they drank but little water, thus adding to the danger of starvation.

Perhaps the only thing that saved the unfortunate trio was the multitude of ants that lived in the moss and the bark of the forests. Whenever a man fell to the ground from exhaustion, the ants would swarm upon him, stinging him so painfully that he would be forced to rise and continue. The ants did their work in an incredibly short space of time, and once when Mr. Savage-Landor fell and rested on the moss for a few minutes he found that the skin of his entire cheek was practically eaten away. He did not recover from this severe biting for two months.

**A GLASS RAFT.**  
Coming to the Canama River when strength had practically left them, the party discovered a small and deserted hut. On the door was written "El Paraiso" (Paradise). In the hut were discovered a number of huge glass bottles or demijohns, from which Mr. Savage-Landor constructed a curious raft of glass which he bound together in a frame of palm wood. On this he began a perilous voyage down stream.

Two of the bottles cracked from striking on rock and the raft commenced to sink. When the party at last came upon a group of rubber collectors who had strayed there by the merest chance their means of floating was completely submerged, and to the astonished rubber hunters they appeared to move forward waist deep in the deep stream, with no visible means of propelling themselves. A few hours more and they would certainly have been lost. They were skeletons covered with sores from the bites of poisonous insects, shaken with fever and with faces hardly human from their sufferings. When food was given them they fell on it so ravenously that they were made ill for days. No one seemed to know enough to restrain them.

In completing his trip, crossing the Andes and visiting other parts of South America, a thrilling adventures continued to fall to the lot of the explorer. There is no space to mention them in the present article. But for the comfort of the curious, Mr. Savage-Landor himself has done so with no lack of color, detail, dramatic emphasis and appreciation of many incidents that some explorers would pass over in silence.

A cold bath is enjoyable every day throughout the winter if you put plenty of hot water in it.