

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Death From Aloft"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

I guess you'd call this a success story, because it's about a young lad of eighteen who made the grade. On the other hand, you can call it an adventure story, too. Because it's one of those yarns where success and adventure are all mixed up together. It's from John R. Mills of New York City and while I don't claim it was the adventure that made a man out of Jack Mills, I do think it convinced a lot of other fellows that he was one.

Jack's New Job Was Plenty Tough.

This story starts in the fall of 1927, when Jack was hired by a structural iron working firm as a rivet jack. And Jack sums up that job of his very neatly in two sentences. "My duties," says he, "were to supply four or five riveting gangs with rivets and with coal for their forges. The duties of the riveting gangs were to supply skyscrapers for New York city."

But it wasn't that easy. Structural iron work is one of the hardest trades in the world to break in on. You've got to get accustomed to walking like a cat along narrow steel girders only a few inches wide and hundreds of feet above the ground. The only way to do that is to get up there and walk those girders. There are no schools that teach a man to keep his head in a tight or dangerous spot. You can't acquire a steeplejack's courage out of a book, or learn it in some safe place on the ground.

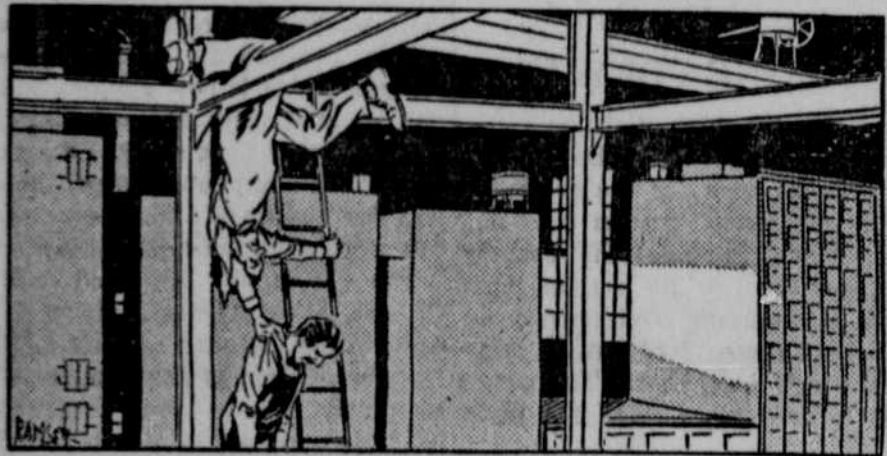
"In the ironworkers' trade," Jack says, "you have to develop those iron nerves you hear about. Even the bravest man is nervous at first, walking along those narrow beams with arms and back loaded, and not even a semblance of a hand or foot grip to catch hold of if you lose your balance. My debut in the business was on a building that was an extra hazardous job because there was a double shift of ironworkers and that created a lot of confusion. The ironworkers ran up a framework of steel that was far in advance—eight stories at least—at all times, of the concrete floorlayers who worked below."

Jack was on the night shift, but somehow he couldn't feel that he was one of the gang. It wasn't that he was afraid. It wasn't that he didn't do his work. But somehow or other the veterans on the job made him feel like an outsider. To them he was just another rookie. They weren't unfriendly to him—but they weren't friendly either.

Things Went Haywire After Payday.

Jack didn't let that bother him. He went right on doing his work—and then came a night when everything went haywire!

It was the night after payday and the men on the job, with hardly an exception, had been celebrating their fat pay envelopes. A lot of that stuff out of the little brown jug had been imbibed and those boys were



Like a flash Jack swung and caught him.

not quite up to par. The raising gang was having trouble holding onto the great iron beams they were lifting, and the riveters were dropping red hot rivets right and left. A couple of beams had been allowed to fall and a couple of men had had narrow squeaks.

"A 4 by 12 beam missed me by inches," says Jack, "and with the deafening chatter of innumerable riveting guns, the clang of beams against beams and the banging of hammers on steel, the scene was akin to pandemonium. It was no place for a man with a case of nerves, and I still had some, although a few weeks of work and a few narrow escapes had hardened my nervous system considerably. It seemed to me that the quietest of the lot were my fellow apprentices, the rivet jacks."

Jack was just a little bit nervous as he went about his work. To get coal for the riveters' forges he had to climb down through eight stories of open steel work. He was on his way back to the top with a bag of coal on his shoulder, and as he struggled up the ladder with his load he began envying a couple other rivet jacks who had rigged up a make-shift hoist and were hauling their coal up by means of ropes.

Jack Sees Doom Dropping From Above.

At that moment Jack reached the beams of the third story below the top, and stood waiting while two other ironworkers climbed up the next ladder. Another ironworker was following him up the ladder he had just left and Jack watched him coming for a moment, and then turned his attention back to the rivet jacks who were hoisting bags of coal. He had just turned his gaze in that direction when he saw the bag of coal slip its noose and come hurtling toward him!

Jack was right under that descending bag. He dropped to a sitting position and wrapped his legs around the beam. He knew he was going to be hit, but with luck, he might keep his hold. Gripping the beam he waited. Then—CRASH! The bag hit him on the shoulder, tore off his shirt sleeve, and ripped a big patch of skin from his right arm!

He was numbed—bewildered. But his eye took in everything that happened. At that moment the ironworker who had followed him up the ladder had almost reached the top. His head was about even with Jack's waist. And the bag of coal, glancing off Jack's shoulder, hit the other fellow square on the head!

Like a flash, Jack swung out and caught him with his injured arm. And none too soon either. That fellow was out cold. His eyes were closed and he had let go his hold on the ladder. He was a dead weight, and Jack, hanging from the beam by one leg, now, was holding him with the fingertips of a numb and bleeding arm.

Five Stories Aloft and Concrete Below!

Says Jack: "We were five stories above the nearest floor and that was nice hard concrete. The weight was causing my left leg to slip, and that leg was holding me on the beam. I grew dizzy from the strain and began to feel sea-sick."

Meanwhile, another ironworker, coming up the ladder, began maneuvering himself into a position to straddle the injured man and hold him. But all that took time. And when, at last, other help arrived and many hands were assisting the man on the ladder, Jack was so far gone with dizziness and fatigue that he had to be helped himself before he could get back on the beam.

Both Jack and the other fellow were back on the job the following night, and that same night, other ironworkers began to speak to Jack. They didn't say much—just a remark or two about the weather. But it was enough to let Jack know that he had made the grade.

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A Famous Coffee House

Across the square from the cathedral in Exeter, England, stands Mol's coffee house, favorite meeting place of those gay adventurers of Queen Elizabeth's time—Drake, Hawkins, Gilbert and Raleigh.

Test for Wool

To test woolen fabric: Boil it in a solution of caustic soda. The wool will dissolve into a jelly-like mass, but any cotton that may be present will remain intact.

How Patent Leather Is Made

Patent leathers are made of a leather that is soft but not stretchable. It must be solid and minus all grease. Several coats of black varnish are applied and the last coat is baked on.

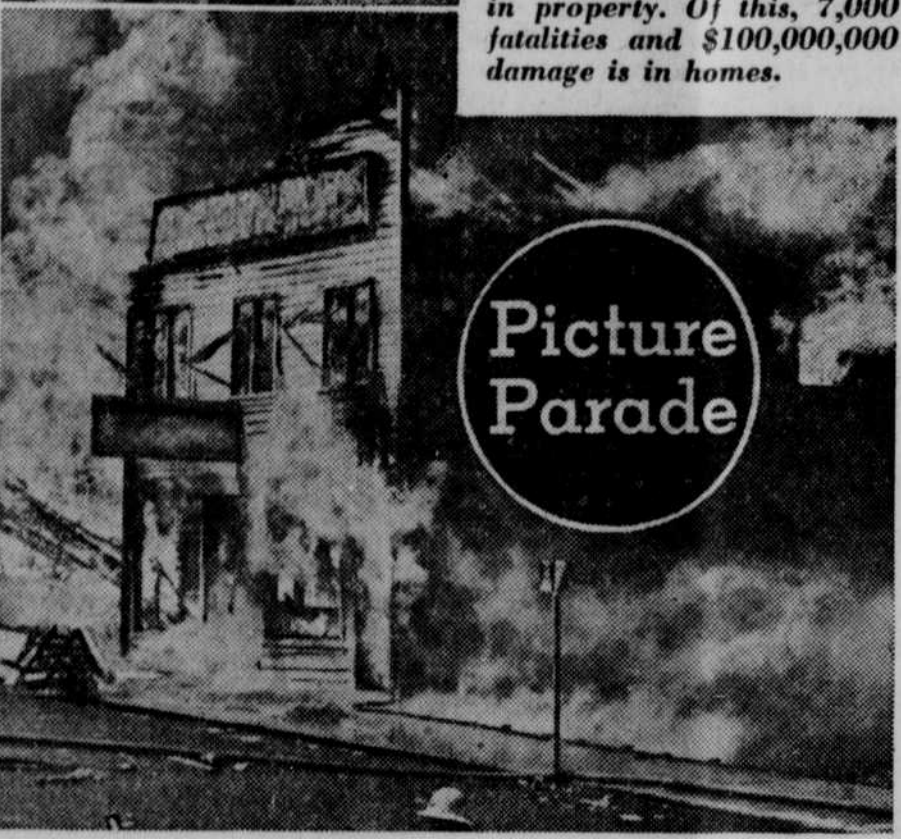
Prefers Simple Language

"I admire education," said Uncle Eben, "but I don't believe a man ought to say 'assistance,' when he might get so much quicker action out o' just plain 'help.'"

America Fights Fire Menace

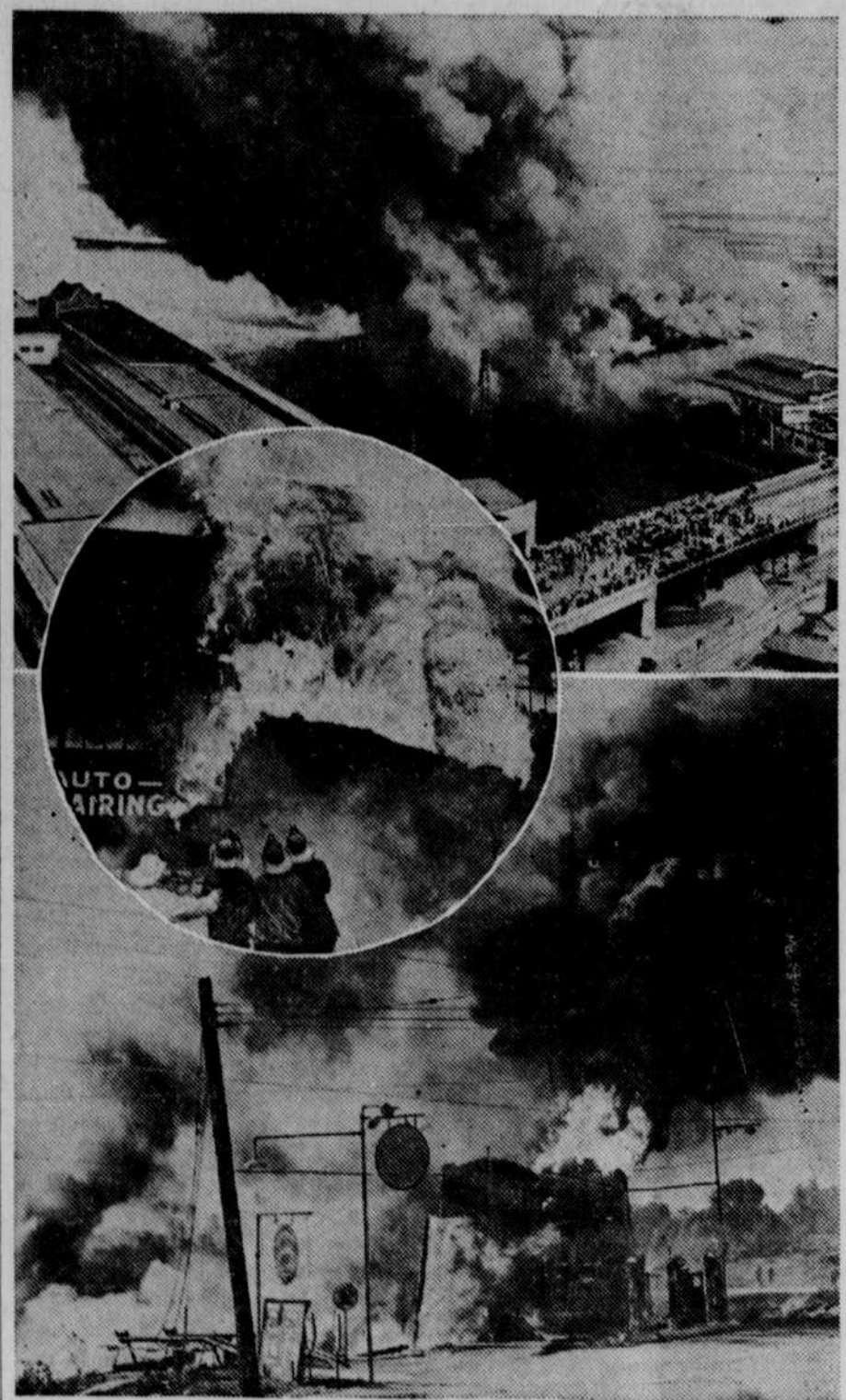


Each year, the fire demon takes 10,000 American lives and destroys \$300,000,000 in property. Of this, 7,000 fatalities and \$100,000,000 damage is in homes.



Picture Parade

During Fire Prevention week, most of the 25,000,000 homes in America will be inspected for "fire susceptibility" by firemen, 4-H clubs, rural scouts, state fire marshals and others. They will look for such menaces as forgotten rubbish piles and faulty heating plants. Many fires are caused by carelessness, but the more important consideration is that most fires are preventable. The bare truth is that America has one of the highest per capita fire losses in the world. Every two minutes of every hour, an American home catches fire.



Here are the greatest fire hazards in order of their importance: (1) rubbish; (2) defective chimneys; (3) combustible roofs; (4) defective heating equipment; (5) matches and defective smoking; (6) gasolins and kerosene; (7) electrical defects, and (8) hot ashes. Watch for these menaces in your home and help keep down America's fire toll. Remember that every 24 hours, 19 persons—half of whom are children—die as a result of fires; burned to death, suffocated or asphyxiated!



WRONG NUMBER

By ISABEL TOWNS
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WNU Service.

MARTHA MATSON opened the door marked "R. B. King & Sons." The door was only partly marked. Rectangles of gold leaf had been plastered securely across it over the outlines of the letters spelling "R. B. King & Sons." The man who was doing the work had evidently heeded the call of a luncheon appetite and gone off duty.

Pushing the door open, Martha entered what was evidently destined to be the reception room of the new offices. Furniture stood about awkwardly where it didn't belong. Bulging filing cases played hide and seek behind stuffed leather-covered chairs. A big persian rug was cramped uncomfortably against a glass-topped mahogany table.

Martha looked anxiously about the room, sighed with relief at sight of the telephone switchboard completely installed, looked at her watch to make sure it was not quite twelve-thirty, and made her way through the furniture to the far corner.

There she sat down before the switchboard, pulled off her white chamois gloves, pulled her small, smart black hat more securely down over her right eye, and relaxed.

Five minutes later a young man poked his head around the outside door, surveyed the clutter of furniture and looked annoyed. But when he spotted Martha he grinned.

He took off his hat and deftly flipped it to a place beside hers.

"Well, you're here!" he said.

"Are you the telephone man? The company said they'd send a man to show me how to work this board. I'm the new operator, and I'm just raring to go!" Martha said this out loud, in a charmingly musical crisp voice.

To herself she said in a cross voice, "Fresh piece! But I suppose I've got to take it."

"Ah-ha," said the young man. "A lady in distress. They're my specialties." He hopped and pranced across the room and leaned against the board. "Where do we go from here?"

"We get down to business, young man," said Martha. Her musical crisp voice was a bit hard. "Show me the secrets of this board and hurry up. I've got to earn my living."

The young man up-ended a packing case and sat down beside Martha.

"In 30 seconds I can tell you all I know," he said. "It's simple, once you've got the hang of it."

He took one of the long rubber plugs from its hole and gesticulated it as he talked.

"You see, when that buzzer buzzes you tune in and get Watkins 4-6763—or anything else you think of. Only you first say, 'R. B. King speaking,' if it's from outside, and if it's from inside you say, if it's your boss, 'Yes, sir. Just a minute.' And if it's an office boy, you say, 'Hey, kid, step on it. I haven't got all day to sit here and listen to you!'"

Martha stiffened. Her voice was icy as she said, "Suppose we get to work. What does that little red light mean?"

"Well, I know more than you do about that. That means somebody's talking—some connection is up somewhere. How about lunch?"

An iceberg enveloped Martha. "I've no time for fooling."

"I'm not fooling. Here, fair lady, are your gloves and your little dinky handbag. Where did you get it? Paris?"

"Really, I've got to get the hang of this thing right away," Martha said crossly.

"I never can see what you carry those little handbags for, anyway. Our pockets are a lot better. Bet you've got more in that silk thing than I've got in all my pockets together. Lipstick, mirror, two or three hankies, some money, powder doo-dabs, a couple of letters, and maybe an evening dress. That's the way Betty stuffs hers."

Martha showed exasperation, but she smiled in spite of herself at the young man beside her.

"Please help me. It's awfully important," she said.

Her voice was softer. The young man responded with immediate helpfulness.

"Well, you see, you just un-plug all of these things and then you poke them in all the holes you can find until the bozz stops and then you knock off for the day and come down to my waiting chariot and speed away to lunch."

As he talked, the young man pulled out all the plugs. The red light went out, and a loud raucous buzzing started up. A buzzing that could not be quieted. Martha and the young man both tried plugging in the different cords to the different holes in the board before them. But the buzzing went on.

"Why don't you do something about that noise?" Martha said plaintively. "You're losing my job for me before it's begun."

"Call me Peter," said the young man, as his hands got tangled with Martha's hands and the cords. "I never tried any of these things before. Are you really the telephone girl? I bet that's King himself buzzing his head off. He said he was going to stay here all day. Why,

for heaven's sake don't you do something about it if you're so smart?"

Martha giggled. "I never worked one of them before, either. But I had to have work. I've only got money enough left for a month or two—I came to New York to make good, and I'm making bad. I don't want to go home and admit I'm a flop, even in these depressed times. So someone I know knows Mr. King and got me a chance at this job. And the telephone company said they'd send their best man to demonstrate the board and I thought I could pick it up, you know. I said my name was Helen Hawkins."

"Well, I'll be darned," said the young man. "You've got a nerve, I must say. Why didn't you say you meant it? I thought you were Doris Stokes, friend of my sister. I was going to pick her up here and take her out to Scarsdale—that's where we live. I missed her at the steam-er. She telephoned Margie and so did I and Margie arranged for us both to meet here. And now we've done it."

As he spoke a very wrathful middle aged man appeared at the inner door to the destined reception room.

"Well, who in thunder is monkeying with that board? You the new telephone girl? I was just ordering my lunch sent up when the line went dead. Don't you know anything?" He looked severely at Martha.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't dad himself," said the joyous young man. "Dad, let me introduce you to Miss Martha Matson. We've been waiting here to see you and we were just in thunder monkeying with this board, as you so cleverly put it, and now see what we've done. Martha, this is my father, Mr. R. B. King. I'm one of the sons."

Martha, flushed with embarrassment, jumped to her feet and took the firm warm hand that Mr. King extended.

"I'm sorry, Miss Matson," he said. "You see, I'm just moving and I expected a new telephone operator. In the meantime, I had a trunk connected up in my room and was getting my own numbers. Hope you'll forgive me?" A gleam of Peter's joyousness showed in the older eyes as he looked contritely at Martha. She flushed rosily.

"Oh, but Mr. King—"

"Enough said, Martha," said Peter. "You see, Dad, Martha and I—"

Again the outer door opened. A charming young woman pushed her way into the room. "I'm Doris Stokes," she said. "Betty King's friend just landed from Europe. She told me to meet her brother Peter. Here my taxi got jammed in traffic. And it's my guess you're Peter," she pointed a forefinger at the joyous young man, "and that you're Margie's father. You both look exactly like her. You know we were at school together all last winter in Switzerland."

Peter hooked Martha's hand through his arm. "Isn't this great?" he said. "You see, Miss Stokes, Martha and I were waiting to meet you and in the meantime we were trying to tell Dad that—we're going to be married within a month." Peter looked gravely, appealingly, at his father. He patted Martha's hand reassuringly. "Come on now, Dad, and let's make it a foursome for lunch. Your connection's down, and I bet none of us knows how to fix it up. What do you say?"

A couple of minutes later, as the four walked down the hall to the elevator, they met a hurrying young man. "Bet that's the switchboard man," whispered Peter to Martha.

Much of Energy of Sun Radiates Out Into Space

Scientists figure that the sun gives off enough energy constantly from each square inch of its surface to supply the equivalent of a 50-horsepower automobile motor. This figure is out to mean that the sun is constantly tossing 50 followed by 21 ciphers horsepower into space, relates a writer in the Boston Globe.

Here and there, as the planets wheel, they intercept a bit of it (the earth receives 250,000,000,000,000 horsepower constantly), but most of it simply radiates out into space, where, so far as present knowledge goes, it is lost forever.

The real mystery of the sun is, however, where does the sun obtain this energy? For it seems possible that, despite the bulk of the star (more than 1,300,000 times that of the earth) this constant radiation of heat would have consumed much of its substance.

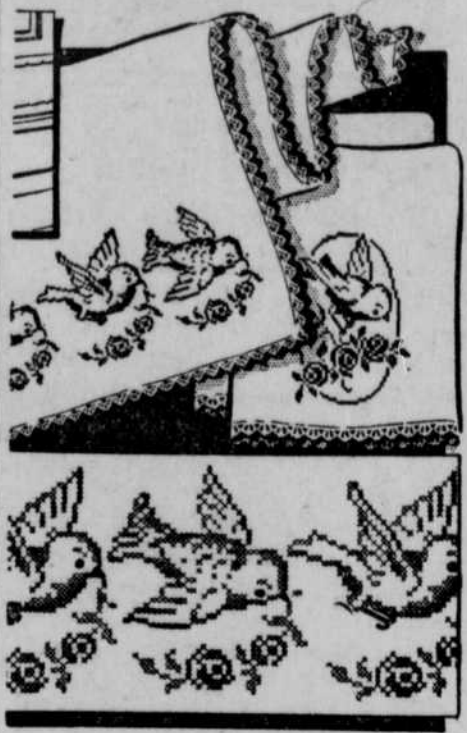
This does not seem to be the case, for astronomical calculations indicate that the sun is as large today as it has been ever since the planets were torn away from its heart.

Old scientific laws held that while matter could never be lost, energy was constantly being reduced to a lower degree and that in the end the universe would be a frozen cinder. New ideas, however, at least indicate that energy may be constantly created as, for example, in our sun where, it is suggested, the supposed central heat of 36,000,000 degrees (ordinary thermometers) is certain enough to cause atoms to behave strangely.

If that is so, if energy is created inside the sun, then whether or not the surface temperature is 4,500 degrees or 6,000 degrees, we have no need to worry about the loss of our source of life. It has shone now for many millions of years and it seems likely that it will shine on for at least as much longer.

Add Note of Color to Your Dainty Linens

These bluebirds have a charm all their own. Cross stitch them in soft colors (shades of one color or varied colors) on scarf, towels, pillow cases, or cloths and enjoy the pride of possession! Pattern 6032 contains a transfer pattern of



Pattern 6032

12 motifs ranging from 4 3/4 by 1 1/2 inches to 1 1/2 by 1 1/2 inches; illustrations of stitches; materials required; color schemes.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Lengthen Life of Towels.—Machine a piece of tape along each side of your roller towels before you use them.

A Bit Ahead.—Call the children for their meals a little before time so they have an opportunity of washing their hands and faces without holding up the dinner.

Hand Powder.—Hot hands can be refreshed with a powder made of two parts talcum powder mixed with one part borax.

Stiff Curtains.—To stiffen net or marquisette curtains take 5 cents' worth of gum arabic, soak it in three quarts of water overnight and use instead of starch.

Sun Ruins Mirrors.—Place mirrors in a position where the sun will not shine on them for any length of time. Heat causes the quick-silver on the back of a mirror to crumble.

CONSTIPATED?

Here is Amazing Relief for Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. **Nature's Remedy** acts alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. **Without Risk** get a 25c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. **Yea's Fair** the box to us. We will get NR Tablets today. **NR TO-NIGHT** (MORNING ALIGHT)



ALWAYS CARRY TUMS QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

A Shortcoming
It is a great evil not to be able to bear an evil.—Bion.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery. Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use **Doan's Pills**. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love the days of cloud and rain With everything in mist half-hid. When motor cars go gliding past It thrills me so to see them skid.

