

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



Widow Maker

HELLO EVERYBODY: William Pellegrinetti of Chicago comes to bat today with a yarn about a place where tree stumps grew on trees. You know, at first glance a fellow would be liable to say that a tree is a natural place for a tree stump to grow. I ought to explain that these stumps didn't grow down at the bottom of said trees, where they were supposed to. No—you found them hanging in branches of other trees—trees they didn't even belong to. The fellows had a name for those dangling stumps. Bill Pellegrinetti will tell you about that later. But now let's get on with the story of how Bill won the reputation of being a man of iron nerve. Bill says he doesn't deserve that reputation at all. It's true, he stood his ground when death came bounding toward him—but Bill says he stood there for a totally different reason from the one the other fellows attributed to his action. It was in August, 1933, that it happened, and Bill was a member of a CCC outfit in a camp twenty-three miles from the town of Mehama, Oregon. They were building a mountain road, and Bill explains that the road builders worked in three crews. The first gang to follow up the markings made by the surveyors were the timber fellers. They went up the line cutting down all the trees that stood in the way of the road. Then followed the dynamiters, who blasted all the stumps and roots out of the ground. After the dynamiters came the laborers. Bill was with the laborers. He was with a crew whose job it was to lay small, temporary bridges over all the mountain streams that the road crossed. And now, before we go any farther, we'll let Bill himself take the floor and tell us about those tree stumps. "When the blasters were dynamiting the stumps," he says, "large parts of them flew into the air. Often stumps, with the roots still on them, flew great distances, and became lodged in the tops of standing trees. We called those hanging stumps 'widow-makers' and they were rightfully named. For a slight breeze would often dislodge them, and when they came crashing down, it was very bad luck to be on the spot they picked to land on." It was one of those widow-makers that started all the trouble for Bill. They were laying a cedar log foundation for one of the bridges they had to build when all of a sudden things began to happen. The stream they were bridging ran through the bottom of a deep gully. The mountains rose sharply above them and the trees, at that point, were few and scattered. Up that steep mountainside, there was one tree, standing by itself, with one of those large stumps swaying from its upper branches. It was about three feet in diameter, and parts of its roots were still sticking out like the tentacles of an octopus. Nobody paid any attention to it until, suddenly, as the boys were working busily away at their bridge foundation, they heard a loud crackling noise above them. "Widow Maker" Crashes Down Through Branches. It was the stump—crashing down through the branches. Once it hit the ground it would come hurtling down that slope at express-train speed. And it was right above the spot where that crew was working. One of the men yelled, "Widow-maker!" And immediately every one in the crowd started making for shelter. That is, everybody started making for shelter but Bill Pellegrinetti! He was absorbed in his job and didn't see the stump coming until he heard the first man cry out. Then he looked up just in time to see the stump make its first bounce. "It came down that slope," he says, "gaining momentum with every fraction of a second. It bounded in enormous leaps, straight toward me. For a moment it fascinated me. Then, I tried to run and found to my horror that I couldn't. I couldn't move a muscle!" Afterward, Bill's pals called it cool nerve. They told other fellows in the camp how he stood still, never flinching, while that great stump came hurtling right at him. But Bill says it wasn't nerve at all. In fact, it was just the opposite of nerve. Bill was scared stiff. "It kept right on coming," he says, "looking bigger at every bounce it took. Somehow those long spidery roots shooting out from its sides looked like arms reaching out to grab me. "It all happened in a few brief seconds, but in that time a million thoughts raced through my mind. Already I was figuring that I was a goner. I wondered what people would say about me, and recalled small incidents, long since forgotten, about my parents and other members of my family. The Hurling Stump was Taking Its Last Bounce. "Some folks say that when you're faced with death you think of all the evil things you've done in the course of your lifetime. Maybe I had never done anything really evil. "At any rate, all my thoughts in that long, ageless moment were of my home and loved ones. I realized, then, how much I wanted to live. But up ahead of me that hurling stump was taking its last bound before it would reach me. "That stump was high in the air, and coming down again straight at Bill, when all of a sudden, he snapped out of it. In that instant the power of motion came back to him. He flung himself down and to one side with the speed of lightning. And as he fell, he could hear the stump whistling by in the very spot where, a second before, his head had been. The fellows all said that Bill stood his ground and dodged that stump like a bull fighter would dodge a bull. Only Bill knew that he stood there because he simply couldn't move from the spot. "Now, when things go wrong," he says, "I recall that picture of the 'widow-maker' bearing down on me. I remember all the things I thought I was leaving, and how much I wanted not to leave them. Then I say to myself, 'Bill, you dope, you're not so bad off after all.'"



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(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Steno's Cosmetic Tax Bill: The National Consumers Tax commission says the average city stenographer pays \$7.32 in hidden taxes on her annual cosmetics bill. Boston's Fires: Boston has suffered severely from fires. Destructive fires occurred there in 1676, 1679, 1711, 1760, 1872, 1889, 1893.

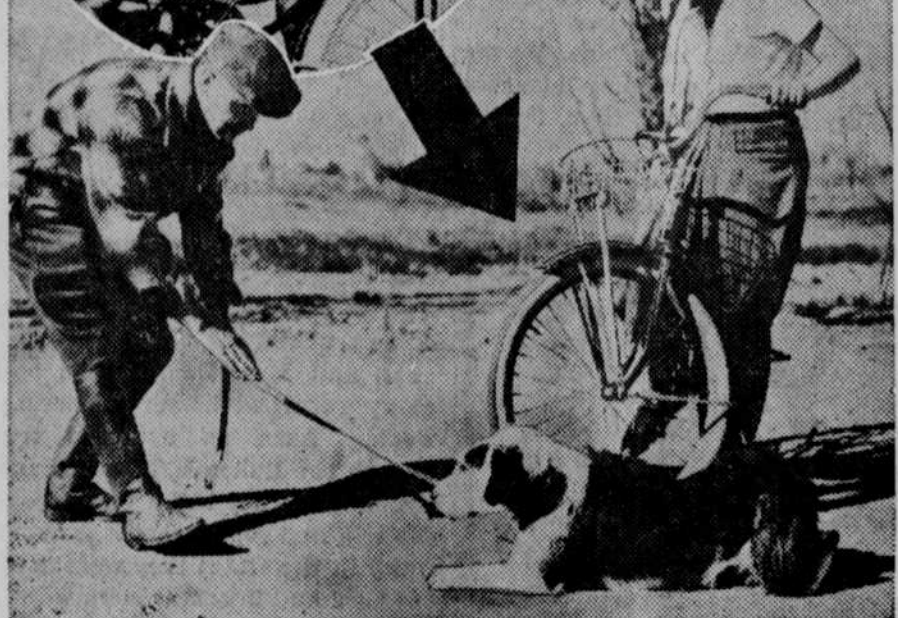
HOW TO DO IT Break Your Dog's Bad Habits By Using Hollywood's Method



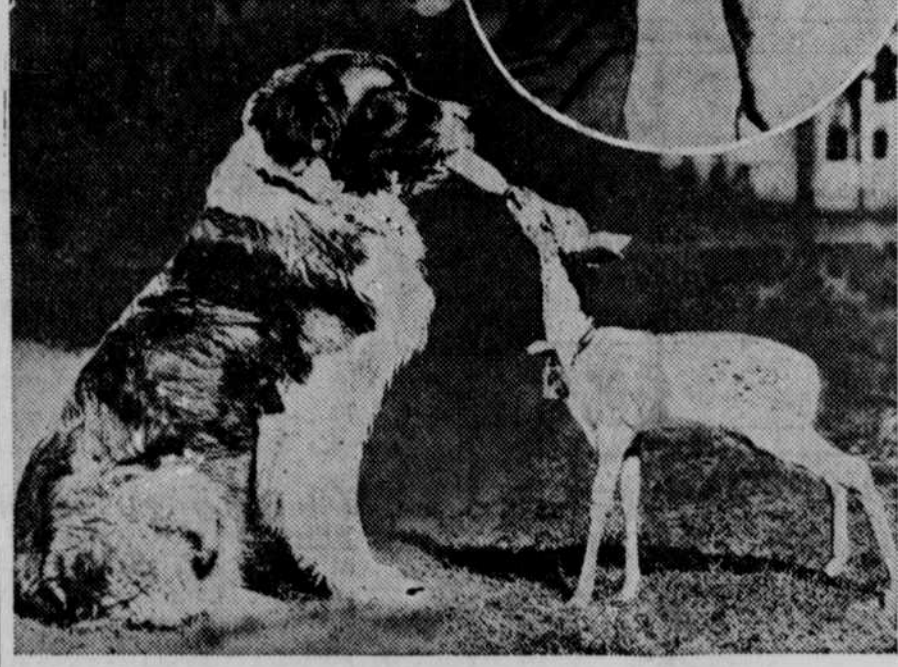
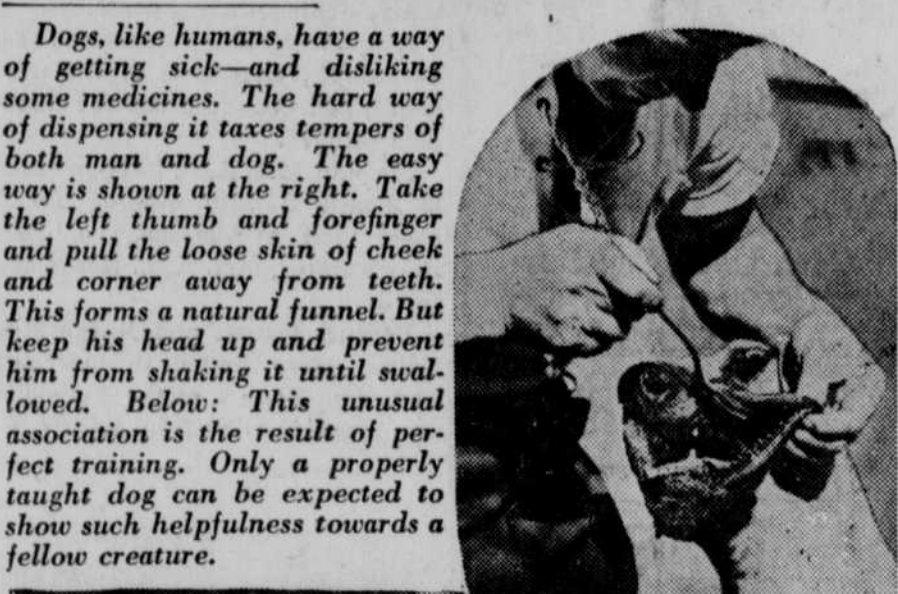
Picture Parade

Since national dog week comes September 17 to 23, it's a good time to train that pup Junior got last Christmas. Carl Spitz, who trains Hollywood's dogs, says any half-way intelligent beast can learn these tricks. First (above) is teaching him to carry objects. A newspaper is recommended as the first step. But remember, the dog can learn only one trick at a time and patience is all-important. Never hesitate to praise the dog.

Right: If he jumps up on people, hold his front feet and walk him backward 10 or 12 feet. After doing this several times, your hound will think twice before leaping again.



Above: A bad dog habit is chasing vehicles. The above bicyclist is braced against a nasty fall. But curing this trick is a simple procedure. Following the arrow, you'll see Mr. Spitz making the dog crawl several times around the vehicle he has chased.



ELIZA By JOHN C. HAYWOOD (McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

ELIZA, maid of all work in Mrs. Small's boarding house, made three trips up and down stairs for the new boarder. First with a suit case, then with hot water and finally with matches, which the woman seized almost rudely. Eliza watched while she lit a cigarette, laid her head with its chalk-white face back in the cushions of the chair, and inhaled vigorously. Eliza was fascinated. She had mumbled, "That be all, mam?" and was glad to receive no answer. The woman swallowed all the smoke, then with her eyes closed she very, very slowly let it out through her nostrils, after which she gave a long, shuddering sigh and opened her eyes. "You still there? What's your name?" she asked in a husky voice. "Eliza, mam. You look sick. I was wondering—" "Don't wonder. Where's your mistress?" "Out, mam. I expect as she'll be in any minute." "What's she like?" "Different folks has different ideas—she's my mistress, mam, and a good one. I ain't talking about her." Eliza spoke with as much dignity as her freckled face and mop of bronze-colored hair could assume. She was beginning to hate the woman with her painted face, straggly hair, natty figure and bold gray eyes behind double lens glasses.

She looked what Eliza termed "a bad 'un" and Eliza was a church goer of strong views. The woman, Mrs. Agnes Hart she called herself, had answered Mrs. Small's advertisement for boarders from Albany, said she was a widow out of health and wanted a quiet room with meals served in it, for which she was prepared to pay adequately. As she was then traveling with friends she would not write again but might arrive any time. So she had come. Mrs. Small was marketing and Eliza was quite sure her mistress would not have taken the woman had she seen her first. This Mrs. Small confirmed later but said she had paid well and in advance, and Eliza did not grumble at the liberal tips which came later. It was on the second day that Mrs. Hart asked if there were no other boarders. "Yes, mam. We got a man roomer. He don't eat here. He's away mostly. He's a policeman, though he don't wear no uniform as I ever see."

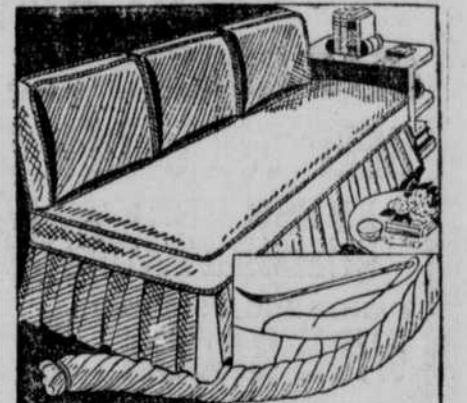
"A policeman! What sort of policeman?" Mrs. Hart looked startled. "I dunno what sort. He's a very nice man!" "Well, don't bring him near me. It was through a policeman my—my troubles began. I hate 'em!" She watched Eliza narrowly and seemed satisfied that she had impressed her and accounted for the agitation that had overtaken her, which the girl must have noticed. In the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Small called Eliza. "Mr. Lang has returned from his trip. He's lying down in the front room all nervous and broke up. I just got word Mrs. Bates is took sick and I'm going round for a minute. You keep handy in case he wants anything." "Yes, mam." The front door had scarcely closed when Mr. Lang called. Eliza went in. The detective was on the sofa; in the shadow Eliza saw that his gray hair was tousled, his eyes bright. "Come in, Eliza," he said in his soft voice. "Sit down and talk to me. I'm all in!" "Where you been, Mr. Lang?" "Boston. Picking out the threads sewn into a case by a woman. Queer dick she must be somehow." "I'd love to hear about it." Eliza clasped her hands. In her spare hours she read detective stories and had always suspected Mr. Lang was a detective. But she never asked him. She kept him surrounded by a halo of romantic adventure. "There ain't much to it," Mr. Lang commenced in a slow drawl, watching Eliza with interest. "Seems there was a dentist named Mount who sort of tired of his wife, so he took up with another woman and the other woman took up with him so as to set him plumb crazy. The wife wouldn't stand for no divorce but pretty soon she took sick, died, and was buried. "So he could marry the other woman," Eliza said. "That's what he thought. The other woman was crazy about him all right, but he sort of miscalculated how crazy she was. She suspected all wasn't quite right and not wanting to harbor any unjust suspicion of her husband that was to be she wanted to make sure, so she dropped a letter to the police which she forgot to sign, suggesting that they dig the lady up and look for poison." "And did they prove it? Oh, I hope they didn't. Poor girl and she in love." "Wait a minute. The police don't act on such letters right away. They tried to find the writer but she had disappeared and as she had maybe

hinted to the dentist what she'd done, he disappeared, too." "They ran away together after all." "No; the girl's mother said—they found who she was easy—the girl's mother said she was going to hide away until she was sure. A very proper thing to do, I call it." Mr. Lang clearly enjoyed telling the tale and watching Eliza's expression. "And she's hid away somewhere, maybe"—Eliza's eyes told the thought that she behind them—"playing sick so she could keep to her room." "Maybe. I dunno about that. Any-way they dug the lady up and there was the poison!" "Oh, Mr. Lang! And the poor girl that loves him. Her life wrecked, you might say, by a poisoner. It's a wicked world, ain't it, Mr. Lang?" "It sure is. My heart bleeds for that poor girl." He studied Eliza attentively. She was clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. "Mr. Lang," she said, leaning forward and whispering, "maybe it's the lady upstairs." "Tain't likely. She's too old." "Old! Say, Mr. Lang, she's not old. She's made up a bit but she washes it off night and morning, 'cause I hear her splashing before she lets me in. She looks like a long, thin doll with her fair hair an' everything." Mr. Lang could read Eliza's hopes, hopes that would surround her life with a touch of romance. "No, I think 'tain't likely—but I got her picture here—her mother give me. They had some sort of theatricals and this was one of the lady parts." He fumbled in his breast pocket and drew out a photograph. "There is nothing against her. Not a thing." He handed the photo to Eliza. "My Lord!" she gasped. "That's her." Mr. Lang asked Eliza to go to the corner for a package of cigarettes. When the front door closed he ran quietly upstairs, opened a door, and before the occupant could move had leveled his revolver. "Don't stir," he said quietly. "'Tis a good make-up you've got, Robert Mount, but I guess you're wanted on another stage."

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An Amateur Decorator Uses a Curved Needle

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS "DEAR MRS. SPEARS: Some time ago in an article you suggested using a curved needle, such as upholsterers use, for sewing heavy cord trimming in place. I found that these needles are also used in making candle wicking bedspreads and are on sale in most notion and fancy work departments. Mine has been very useful to me; especially when reupholstering an old chair. This is just one of the many useful



hints I have found in your articles and books. Thank you so much for all of them.—G. H." Here is the picture of the curved needle used to sew bright contrasting cord to an upholstered couch. It is a useful tool when you are sewing to fabric that is stretched tightly. Everyone who finds pleasure in making a home attractive needs to know these little tricks that give work a professional touch. Original ideas with complete directions for slipcovers; draperies and other furnishings are in the new Sewing Book No. 3. Every homemaker should have a copy; as well as everyone who likes to make gifts, and items for bazaars. The price is only 10 cents postpaid. Send coin with name and address to Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Strange Facts Air to Float Wood Easter Lily Is Out Real Wash Out Like water, the pressure of air increases with depth. For instance, if a mine shaft were 35 miles deep, the air at the bottom would be about 1,000 times as dense as that at the earth's surface, or heavy enough to float several kinds of wood and even water. In northern Ireland it is a serious offense, punishable by a fine, to wear or carry an Easter lily on Easter Sunday, as this flower is a symbolic reminder of the unsuccessful Easter rebellion in Dublin in 1916. In several towns along the Italian Riviera, a balcony is considered to be such an essential decorative feature of a house that those without one usually have a painted substitute, some being made more realistic by the inclusion of the family wash, which is generally hung to dry on such railings.—Collier's.

Pull the Trigger on Constipation, and Pepsin-ize Acid Stomach Too When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with certain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up fast that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your Laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that wonderful stomach-relief, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how pepsinizing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the Laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family Laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your druggist today!

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