

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"The Gray Fanged Terror"

HELLO EVERYBODY: Dorothy Dublin of Brooklyn, N. Y., wins the place of honor today with the story of a terrible experience that once happened to her dad. That makes her dad, Jacob Dublin, the club's newest Distinguished Adventurer.

It happened in Russia, in the town of Utchark, near the city of Minsk, close by what is now the Polish border, and it happened forty-eight years ago, in the late fall of 1888, when Jacob Dublin was just a little nine-year-old boy. If a grown man had gone through the adventure that little Jake encountered on a lonely country road that chilly fall evening in 1888, it would still be a wow of a story. But when an adventure of that sort happens to a nine-year-old kid—well—then you have a new definition of the true meaning of the word "terror."

They had wolves in West Russia in those days. For that matter, you'll still find wolves in certain parts of Russia today. Then, there were plenty of them—and more than a few lurked in the forests around Utchark. Those wolves gave little Jake Dublin plenty to worry about, too. For it was his duty to drive his father's horses to the feeding ground every day, and that feeding ground was on the edge of the forest.

Wolves Harmless During Morning Hours.

It wasn't driving the horses TO the pasture so much as driving them home again in the evening that worried little Jake. In the mornings, the wolves never bothered anyone. But in the evening, emboldened by the darkness, they had been known to attack grown men. The result was that little Jake had to be mighty sure to bring those horses back from pasture while it was still light. And if it ever happened he was delayed until dusk began to fall—well—then his dad took over the job of bringing those horses home.

But one day things went wrong out at the pasture—and little Jake Dublin almost didn't get back.

He started early enough. If he had come back as promptly there wouldn't have been any danger. But trouble started when he reached the feeding ground and tried to bring the horses home. There was a beautiful filly in the herd, called Tara, which was as yet unbroken. A couple of times before she had been hard to manage, but this afternoon Jake couldn't do anything with her. For almost an hour he chased her about the pasture trying to get her under control.

It was almost dark by the time he got her quieted, and still he had the other horses to round up. It took him another 10 or 15 minutes to



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get all the beasts tethered together, one behind the other, the way his dad had taught him to bring them in, and by that time it was night.

Little Jake Has Choice of Two Paths.

The forest, to one side of him, was ominously still. Dark treetops loomed over him, silent against an almost pitch black sky. Little Jake knew it was no hour for a nine-year-old boy to be out alone. He knew that the quicker he got home, the better. There were two paths he could take on his way home. One path turned into a road that ran along the edge of the forest. It was a roundabout way, but it was a little safer than the other.

The other ran part way through the forest. It was more dangerous than the first route, but it was shorter and it went straight toward his home. Faced with a choice between these two paths, little Jake chose the one that went through the forest. On either path there was danger from wolves. Jake picked the shorter way because—well—he wanted to get home just as fast as he could.

He started down the path leading his long string of horses. He hadn't gone very far when suddenly Tara, who was the second horse in the line, began to get unruly again. She bucked and reared. The rest of the horses became nervous and fidgety. Wondering what was the matter with Tara now, Jake moved down the line and tried to calm her. But the horse wouldn't be calmed. Something was frightening her—and frightening her mightily badly, too.

Little Jake wasn't long in finding out what was frightening Tara. Suddenly, a lithe, gray form shot out of the brush alongside of the path and sank its teeth into the neck of the first horse! A wolf!

Forest Turns Into a Shrieking Bedlam.

Then, in an instant the stillness of the forest was rent by a shrieking bedlam. The other horses screamed and struggled while the first horse, blood gushing from his throat, was pulled down by the wolf. So far the wolf had paid no attention to little Jake. He was too intent on making his kill. But now, other wolves were coming, attracted by the noise and the scent of blood. Jake could hear their weird howling coming nearer and nearer. When the rest of the pack arrived—well—then he'd be in for it. Then there would be a general slaughter of his poor animals, and he, too, would find how it felt to have a wolf's fangs tearing at his throat.

He stood in the midst of his rearing, plunging horses, too stiff with fright to move a step. What good would it do him to run anyway? Those wolves could pick up a scent and follow it faster than he could run.

And then little Jake saw it—a light. Far down the path, half obscured by trees, a torch was flaring. Then he saw another—and another! He could hear voices now—men's voices, shouting to him to stay where he was. The wolf heard those voices, too. He slunk off into the forest and the howls of the advancing pack were stilled. In a few moments a band of villagers came running up the trail. They had started combing the forest when little Jake didn't get home by nightfall—and they had arrived just in time to insure his getting home at all.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

U. S. Territories, Possessions Difficult to Define

It is difficult to define satisfactorily the difference between a territory and a possession of the United States. Alaska and Hawaii are, according to an official in the division of territories and island possessions, full fledged territories of the United States. Puerto Rico is also a territory, but its finances are handled in a slightly different way. In Alaska and Hawaii all of the internal revenue is collected and paid into the United States treasury and appropriations made therefrom. Internal revenue of Puerto Rico is collected and paid into a separate fund. Under the Securities act the term "territory" means Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippine islands, Puerto Rico, the Canal Zone, the Virgin islands and insular possessions of the United States. The Canal Zone is administered by the war department. Several of the other islands are under the jurisdiction of the navy department. The District of Columbia is part of the United States and is not a territory but a district.

AMAZONS Women Employed in New Role As Men March to Battlefield



War is no longer a man's business exclusively. The United States is almost the only major power which has not drafted women to perform some military duty formerly left to men. Women now fly, drive ambulances and carry rifles, ready to take their places on the battlefield. Above: Two members of England's women's ambulance corps are shown in uniform as they canvassed for recruits during London's first national defense display. Later, when war actually came, Britain's women took over many men's jobs. At right: One of the many women Soviet Russia is training for air defense work.



During celebration of patriotic days in Paris (above), French women showed what the women of the world favor in the way of attire now that war is here again. These women are members of a home defense unit. At the left: Two Turkish girl fliers who took part in the flight of a squadron of bombing planes from Istanbul to the capitals of Europe a few months ago. Commanding the group is Lieut. Sabiha Guekchen, adopted daughter of the late President Atatürk.



ABOVE—Amazons in Europe and Asia. At left, unsmiling young Italian women, uniformed and carrying bayoneted muskets, prepare for their coming life in the Italian colonies. At right, a Chinese woman soldier camouflages herself.



Women troops of Albania—now subjects of Mussolini.

Blessed Are the Poor in Spirit

By D. V. FAY (McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

TOBY, we should be ashamed. I'll never forgive myself, I know that!"

"Forgive yourself for what?" Toby Condor demanded menacingly. "Forgive yourself for what?" He was the richest man in town and there were girls in Newkirk who thought he was handsomest in a menacing mood; handsome eyes narrowed, dark face tempestuous, his white teeth a crescent of scorn. "For giving you the idea that you could..."

"Kiss you?" he finished derisively. "And what's wrong with that? There wouldn't have been anything wrong last year; but now you're engaged; is that it? Engaged to the Reverend Warren Hollis; the high-spirited Reverend Warren. He loves you; he's going to marry you. But tonight he's busy. He had to carry a glass of jelly to a sick old lady, so he lets me take you home. What's the matter with him anyway? Doesn't he know we were engaged once? Didn't he see anything tonight? He lets me take you home. Look here, Caroline, are you going through life with a solution of dish water disguised as a minister? Are you, Caroline—Darling?"

His dark face came closer, closer. Caroline drew back, murmured through a spasm of partial suffocation: "Toby! Don't!" She tried to calm herself, to talk with something like composure.

"I suppose he thought we were to be trusted, Toby. I suppose he—" "He's too good for this world," Toby said briefly; contemptuously. "Look here, Caroline," his tone changed abruptly. "You're marrying me; you may have other ideas on the subject," he pursued superbly, "but you may as well get rid of them. You're marrying me. When I go after things, I get them. You know that, don't you, Caroline? Don't you?"

"Toby!" Doubtfully and reluctantly, she consulted her sister the next day. They were arranging their mother's old-fashioned living room for the junior charity bridge club.

"I know I'm not in love with Toby, Gwen. When I'm in a sensible mood I keep telling myself that Toby Condor could drive any woman crazy. I haven't any illusions about him. But I don't know. There's something Toby has that I miss in Warren. Warren's so calm. Oh, it's exasperating. You can't know what I mean, Gwen. Warren never loses his temper. Never!"

"And you like volcanoes," her sister said. "Perhaps you'd better take Toby, Caroline. I don't know many bad-tempered ministers."

"Gwen, suppose I were to marry Toby." "Suppose you were to—" Gwen stopped, dumbfounded. She stood there, absently pleating a lace paper napkin. "It's gone that far, has it?"

"No. No, honestly, Gwenie," said Caroline, ashamed, "I just meant that I don't get a chance to think when I'm with Toby. He's so quick! Oh, I love Warren, I do love him, but he's so calm. I would like it if I weren't always sure just like that Warren will do next."

"Well, no woman will ever be too sure of Toby," her sister said dryly. "No. No woman ever will," Caroline agreed. "You don't know how much easier it's made things, talking them over with you. I could have mullered over them for hours by myself. Well, I know now," she said seriously, "that I'm willing to take Warren, whatever he does and whatever he is. Don't you think I'll make a nice sweet wife for a mild young minister, huh, Gwenie?"

Her sister laughed. "Yes, I do. But I wouldn't see any more than I could help of the very honorable Toby."

"Oh, I won't. I simply won't see him any more. He's going to phone today, he said. Well, if he does, he never will again."

They were silent. And then the imperative shrill of the telephone rioted through the quiet.

"Well," Gwen said challengingly. Quickly and rigid with determination, Caroline went to the telephone. "Toby?" She was confused, deafened. Her blood pounded. "Listen to me, Toby. It took me 12 hours to figure out that you did a despicable, dishonorable thing last night. It's going to take me 12 seconds to tell you, you aren't getting a chance to repeat it. You don't understand, Toby? I think you do. And in the light of what happened, I think it's impudence for you to phone me and sheer spinelessness for me to be answering."

She came away from the phone grim, panting, satisfied. "I feel better about Warren somehow," she admitted. "I feel almost as if I'd told him all about it."

The morning gave place to afternoon. Caroline's bridge club came and went. And with the soft spring dusk a wispy summer rain came and danced daintily upon the windows. While Caroline was sitting in the fire-lit half darkness of the living room, the phone rang again. She answered it and heard, with a happy

tightening of her throat, the voice of the Reverend Warren Hollis.

"Caroline," (she could almost see his serious, spectacled young face while she listened to his slow good-humored voice,) "I just noticed that it's raining. Be sure and wear your rubbers tonight."

Caroline laughed. She would wear her rubbers. Would he come to supper? No, he couldn't. Some Sunday School boys had spilled ink all over his books, the Reverend Warren said cheerfully; he must clean up the mess.

"For goodness' sake!" cried Caroline, exasperated, "don't you ever get mad?"

She put down the phone and smiled into the darkness. "What did she care if he didn't! She loved him."

"Caroline!" It was her father's voice with a strange urgency in it that brought Caroline blinking into the brightly lighted hall.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly, sensing something she could not define.

"Caroline, did you know that Toby Condor is in the hospital?"

"Toby! Dad, he didn't try to—kill himself?" she asked, trembling. "He didn't, did he, Dad?"

"Kill himself?" He eyed her keenly. "No. He isn't badly hurt. Had his face pretty well smashed and lost two teeth; that's all."

The front hall dipped and reeled. Her father's head swam around in a green mixture full of the front stairs and the picture frames as well as the paternal head.

"Who?" she asked. "Why?"

"The Reverend Warren Hollis did it," he said. "And we want to know why. His housekeeper says that he called our number this morning and asked for you. He listened to you for a few minutes," her father continued impressively, "without saying much, if anything. After which, he dashed from the house and committed this assault upon Toby Condor."

"Warren phoned me this morning," she muttered over a thudding chest; with dawning understanding. "There'll be trouble over this Caroline," the man said heavily.

"Oh, it's awful," she whispered seriously. But a strange, not entirely appropriate joy was seeping through her.

Early Scholars Created Little Demand for Paper

In the early days of King Tut-Ankh-Amen—and after—there was little need for paper.

It was a rare scholar who could read his hieroglyphics, and a rarer one who could write them. And so a little paper was sufficient for a long time.

But in those days paper, like everything else, was made by hand. Indeed, it was made by hand for centuries, but while so little of it was required, the limited amount a skilled workman could make in a day was adequate.

Gradually, however, things changed, and after several centuries had settled the dust over Tut-Ankh-Amen's royal tomb, paper had become a more or less necessary part of civilization.

By the time the Nineteenth century had rolled around, the demand for cheap and abundant paper was so urgent that machines for its manufacture were invented. Today, those machines have been so changed and perfected that they can produce tons of paper in a day.

Of course, the most abundantly made paper nowadays is cheap newsprint paper. A single edition of any large daily newspaper actually requires tons of paper.

Newsprint paper—which is the poorest of all qualities of paper—is merely mashed and ironed wood pulp. Many kinds of logs are used, the best sorts having little resin in them.

The logs are ground into mush, the wood fibers float off loosely separated in the water and are caught on a wire screen. The function of the paper machine is to dry and iron the wet, thin layer of pulp into sheets of paper, by means of hot rollers.

But the better grades of paper are made by dissolving out, with various chemicals, all of the impurities, like resin, in the wood until only the fiber remains. Spruce, balsam and hemlock are the best woods for this purpose.

In former years, old rags were used in the manufacture of the best paper, but now wood fiber has been successfully substituted for them. Straw, cornstalks, flax, bamboo and many other fibers are more and more taking the place of the pulp of forest trees in the manufacture of paper, which is one of the five largest industries of America.

That Traveling Pink Bollworm

The pink bollworm, described by U. S. cotton producers as a worse pest than the boll weevil, is a globe-trotting insect. Recognized as a cotton enemy in the East nearly 100 years ago, its original home is believed to be India and possibly southern Asia in general. Around the beginning of the Twentieth century, it was brought to Egypt from India in large seed-cotton imports, and has since spread widely. Its present known range includes much of Africa, Siam, the Straits Settlements, China, Korea, the Philippines, Hawaii, the West Indies, and Australia. Brazil and Mexico are recent fields for the worm's depredations. In the United States Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico play unwilling hosts to the insect, with Florida's wild cotton lately added to its victims.

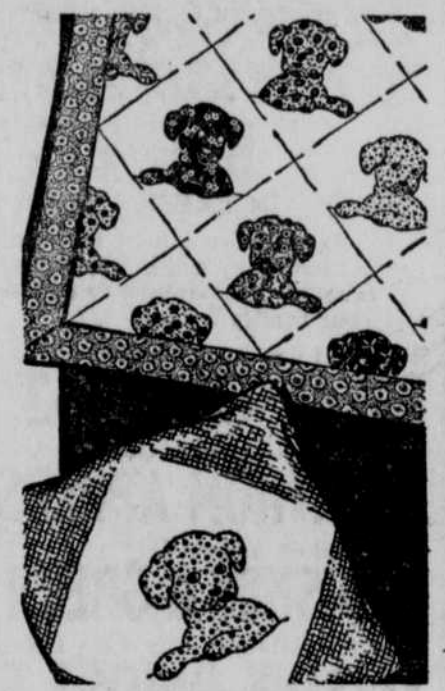
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Father of Independence
In the end injustice produces independence.—Voltaire.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 42), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.
Get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a good general system tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially for women. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Despair Final
Despair is the only genuine atheism.—Jean Paul.



WNU-U 38-39

BUREAU OF STANDARDS

A BUSINESS organization which wants to get the most for the money sets up standards by which to judge what is offered to it, just as in Washington the government maintains a Bureau of Standards.

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