

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Ten Terrible Seconds"

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

This is a yarn about a couple of ropes. The yarn—well—it's told by Herman R. Wallin of Brooklyn, N. Y. Herman is supposed to be the adventurer and principal character in it, but somehow or other the ropes managed to take over the story.

One of those ropes chisels into this story solely on the strength of the fact that it—well—that it just wasn't. If we mentioned it here, it's only to post it as A. W. O. L. at a time when it was needed for guard duty. The other rope comes in at the crucial point in our story. Like the hero of the old ten-twenty-thirty melodrama it shows up in the nick of time to right the wrong the other rope has done and prove to the world that though some ropes may be low down and onery, there are good ropes as well as bad.

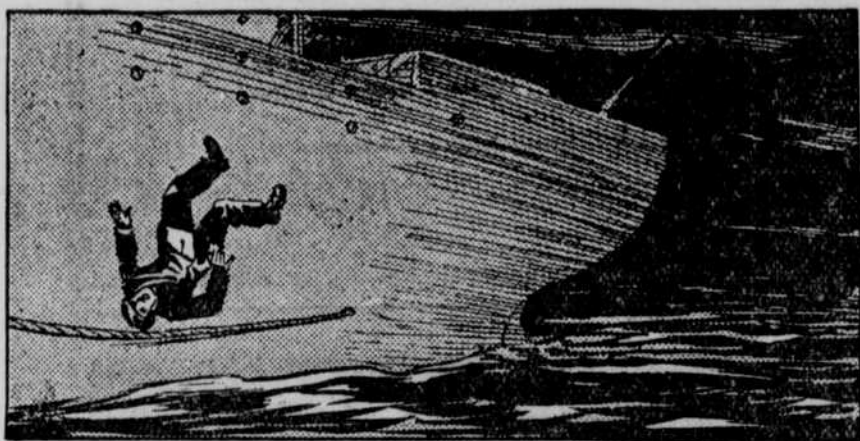
And now that I've told you the plot of today's little drama, let's bring in Herman Wallin—and on with the show.

Today, Herman is a radio operator on the S. S. Birkenhead, but this adventure happened in July, 1926, when Herman was occupying the radio shack of the S. S. Cornelia plying between New York and the West Indies. The Cornelia was almost at the end of her "out" trip—just two or three hours run from the first of the tropical island ports at which she was due to call.

Herman's Radio Shack Located on After Part of Boat Deck.

It was a dark night, and Herman was on the lower deck, making his way up to the boat deck where his room was located. And—well—before we go any farther with this yarn we'll have to tell you something about the way the S. S. Cornelia was constructed. Suppose we let Herman do that himself.

"My radio shack," Herman says, "was on the after part of the boat deck—the only quarters located on this part of the ship. A few feet away from my room, on either side of the shack were davits for two lifeboats which had been removed. Since the members of the crew



He went through an open space between the two boat davits—and walked overboard.

seldom came up on this deck, and then in the daytime only, no ropes had been stretched across the openings between the davits."

And there you have not only the layout of Herman's sea-going penthouse but also the laydown on that rope that just wasn't there.

That missing rope was quite a problem. You know they don't have any open lights on the top deck of a ship because they interfere with the vision of the officer on watch up on the bridge. On nights when there wasn't any moon, Herman used to have to watch his step pretty carefully. Usually he would start walking from the ladder in a straight line, counting out the number of steps it required to get to his door. But on this particular night he paused half way in his course and looked back.

Let's wife was turned into a pillar of salt for stopping and looking back. Herman just sort of lost his bearings, but that was almost as bad. When he started out again he was going the wrong way in the dark. He was still counting steps when, all of a sudden he went through an open space between two boat davits—and walked overboard.

And Then Came the Ten Terrible Seconds.

And then came those ten terrible seconds—the worst moments in Herman's life. It felt as if time had been slowed down like one of those slow-motion movies—seemed as though that dive from the top deck was taking a year. Herman can still count over every one of those seconds—can still remember how the lights of the lower deck went crawling past him as he fell. One of his arms grazed the rail of the lower deck as he went by, and through his mind flashed the thought that that rail was the last thing he could possibly have caught hold of.

Below him now were only the smooth steel plates of the ship's side, straight down to the water line. Herman thought of the propeller, thrashing the water at the ship's stern and remembered hearing that anyone falling overboard close to the side inevitably gets sucked into the vortex of the churning water and chopped to mince-meat.

The water was coming up at him now. He could see it gleaming dully beneath him and he braced himself for the shock of hitting it. Then, suddenly, his left arm hit something—hit it with a sharp, stinging blow that bent it double and almost took Herman's breath away.

Herman didn't know what it was, but instinctively he made a grab for it. He caught it—and his hand skidded several yards along a wet, slimy surface before he realized what it was. A rope! A missing rope had gotten him into this spot in the first place. Another one—a rope that was very much present—seemed to be helping him out of it.

His Feet Were Dragging in the Water When He Stopped.

Herman clutched at that rope until he thought his arm would come off. "My feet were dragging in the water as I came to a stop," he says, "and the tug of the water added to the strain on my hands. I heard faint shouts above me. The engineer's telegraph rang and I could feel the side of the ship shuddering as though it had hit some obstruction in the water. Then I could see heads thrust out over the deck rail and several voices were calling to me to hang on. A couple of men sitting on the lower deck had seen me flash by and had shouted to the officer on watch to stop the ship."

A rope ladder came over the side and a deckhand came down to help Herman back aboard. "When I reached the deck," he says, "I was so weak with fright that I couldn't stand up. They took me to a stateroom and put me in a bunk. Outside of a few bruises and a pair of skinned hands, I was as good as ever in a few hours, but I saw it in that day that a couple of lines were stretched between those empty boat davits."

And in case you're wondering what that other rope was doing hanging over the side of the ship, here's Herman with the answer. "It was what is known as the guest line," he says. "It's a heavy rope put over the side near the water's edge and used to tie small boats and launches near the gang-way. The ship was approaching the first of our tropical ports and this line had been put out only a few hours before."

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Donkey Was Responsible for Discovery of Silver Mines

Kellogg's Jack, a diminutive but thoroughbred jackass, was responsible for the discovery of a few decades ago of two silver mines in the Coeur d'Alene mountains of northern Idaho that were worth \$4,000,000.

The story is that the "jack," whose head was nearly as large as its body, was the pack animal for N. S. Kellogg, Phil O'Rourke and Con Sullivan when the trio went prospecting up a creek near the Mulian road, one of the first military routes through Idaho.

One night when the small *ty* made camp they turned the animal loose to graze. In the morning it was not in sight, but the trail was found easily. Kellogg and his partners followed it.

Finally they emerged into a comparatively clear canyon and spotted the "jack" on a hillside. It seemed to be on a point like a dog. Advancing they said they saw the animal gazing intently at a broad splash of mineralized rock, which proved to be a slab of rich galena.

SNARE



By B. A. BENEDICT

(Released by Associated Newspapers WNU Service.)

IT WAS common talk around Pellham that Claire Montgomery had set her cap for Rus Stanton. Folks pitied Rus, because Claire had a reputation. Ever since the day she had come home following her graduation at Vassar, Pellham's young male population had been her slave.

That is, all save Rus Stanton. He alone had withstood her intoxicating beauty and charm; but now even he seemed doomed.

Claire was without scruples, a fact evidenced, first, by her total lack of concern regarding the shattered hearts of suitors whose love she sought and, winning, spurned. And second, by her indifference toward the feelings of one Dolly Kilbourne.

Dolly Kilbourne had been in love with Rus Stanton since high school days.

Indeed, rumors had it that sooner or later the two of them would get together on a matrimonial enterprise.

But that, of course, was before Claire Montgomery had returned from Vassar.

She was pretty sure of herself, this Claire, and when Rus showed only casual interest in her frank liking for him, she merely vowed to make his punishment the greater when eventually he was gathered to the fold.

Rus did a pretty good job of holding off, so much so, in fact, that observers of the drama began to speculate as to Claire's success.

One or two, indeed, went to the extent of chiding her about it.

"You'll never collect Rus," Fred Burgess told her, grinning. "He and Dolly Kilbourne have been hitting it off together for a dozen years or so. You'll never break 'em up."

Fred was one of Claire's vanquished suitors. He was a little resentful and would have liked nothing better than to see failure reward her efforts.

Claire regarded him scornfully. "Dolly Kilbourne! My dear Fred, that ugly little hussy is the least of my worries. Her sex appeal is nil. Rus has been amusing himself with her, because there's been no one else about."

"She's at least honest," Fred replied.

Claire turned to the others who were standing about, with a derisive little laugh.

She saw the looks on their faces, and the determination in her soul to ensnare Rus Stanton increased a hundred fold.

The campaign lasted more than six months. Claire employed all the cunning tactics and womanly instincts at her command.

And in the end she won. Rus Stanton succumbed and pronounced the words that placed him in the category of suitors seeking the hand of the beautiful Claire Montgomery.

Flushed and triumphant, Claire returned home that night feeling much the same as a successful political candidate after the votes have been counted.

For a long time she lay awake, musing over the outcome of her campaign.

Tomorrow her cup of victory and satisfaction would be filled to the brim, for then the world would know that Rus Stanton had been entrapped in her snare.

Claire thought about the matter for a long time, and as she thought an unaccountable feeling of remorse began to steal into her soul.

For some unknown reason her triumph seemed incomplete.

The thing was disturbing. Analyzing it, she wondered if it lay in the reputation she had gained for herself, the esteem in which the people—especially the young people of Pellham—regarded her. And after a detailed review of her activities during the past two years, she decided that that was the answer.

The result of her cogitation was a little frightening. Those people—neighbors and friends—she knew, thought of her scornfully and with contempt. And now that the last field had been conquered, now that the last heart was broken, their friendship would be a pretty precious thing.

Then it was that the idea came. The idea would restore her to the good graces of her fellowmen, win back their admiration.

She would surprise them by becoming virtuous. It was a wholly selfish idea, because its purpose was designed merely to accomplish a personal gain.

Claire didn't love Rus Stanton any more than she had loved Fred Burgess or the others. Her original plan had been to announce her engagement to him, keep the romance alive for a week or two so that the world would know of her triumph. And then, when Rus had reached the nth degree of ecstasy and happiness, she would, as on many previous occasions, break the engagement and drop him from her lists. That was the game she played. The torment that would be his reaction was the thing that delighted her.

But instead of that Claire would become virtuous.

She would marry Rus Stanton! The thought sickened her, yet she knew it would be far better than run the risk of being ostracized by Pellham society. And Pellham society, once they knew, would forgive her for all that was past. They would cease condemning. They would shake their heads and say she had been wise to wait, for Rus Stanton and she were well matched.

Claire dropped off to sleep with the plan assuming elaborate proportions in her mind.

She was well satisfied, well pleased; no longer disturbed or afraid.

The problem had solved itself, as all problems do, once you give them a little thought.

She rose late the next day, breakfasted in her room and spent the remainder of the morning and part of the afternoon making her toilet.

There was to be a dance that night at the country club. Rus had said he would call. He wanted, she knew, to announce their engagement as a feature of the affair.

The dance was no unusual event, not unlike a dozen others Claire had attended. It occurred to her that this might be an opportunity to torment Rus a little, without sacrificing anything herself or increasing the animosity of Pellham society. Yes, it was an excellent opportunity.

Claire waited until 7:45 that evening to put her scheme into execution. At eight Rus was to call for her. She pictured him getting ready to leave, features aglow with excitement and anticipation at thoughts of seeing her.

At ten minutes before eight she picked up the 'phone and called Rus' number. His mother answered. "This is Miss Montgomery," Claire told her. "Will you put Rus on the wire, please."

"I'm sorry, Miss Montgomery, Rus isn't at home."

"Oh, he's on his way here then. So sorry. I called to tell him I couldn't attend tonight's dance."

"I doubt very much, Miss Montgomery, if that fact will affect Rus one way or another," Mrs. Stanton's voice vibrated with contempt and triumph.

"For you see," she went on, "Rus left Pellham two hours ago for Boston with Dolly Kilbourne. They were married this afternoon. He tried to get you on the phone to explain, but whoever answered said you were still asleep." Pause. "Rus left a message. He said he was sorry, but that he only proposed because you forced him into it. However, no one need know the circumstances unless you care to tell them yourself."

Black Widow Spiders

Overrated as Menace

The menacing black widow spider, once the object of considerable fear throughout the country, is much like a highly publicized fighter when it comes to actual battle, according to two University of Utah professors.

True enough, the spiders are potentially dangerous, but not half so dangerous as panicky housewives and others thought them to be.

For Dr. R. E. Chamberlain, head of the school's biology department, and Dr. Wilton Ivie have discovered that the spider's strongest point is also its weakest.

The fangs through which the insect transfers its poison to an intended victim are extremely tiny and very weak. In a large female the fangs average less than one-fiftieth of an inch in length.

Long interested in spiders and their habits, the two have spent the greater part of the past few years in two rooms of the university's Museum building. Surrounded by thousands of vials containing all types of spiders, they watched development of the black widow from egg to death.

There were plenty of specimens, for Dr. Chamberlain, formerly curator and director of research at the Harvard museum of comparative zoology, is continually receiving specimens of spiders, millipedes, centipedes and other crawling members of the insect world from brother scientists.

Not satisfied with laboratory observation alone, Chamberlain and Ivie habitually spend vacations in odd corners of the country, deliberately hunting spiders on their own grounds.

Males are generally half the size of females, but have relatively longer legs.

The female, having established herself in a favorite location—generally a dimly lit corner, under a bridge, in rodent burrows, cellars, or occasionally on dry bushes—seldom leaves the web. The male is a wanderer, and often may be seen scuttling about in search of a mate.

Buddy Poppies Sale

"Buddy Poppies" are made by disabled and needy ex-service men, the majority being patients in government hospitals throughout the country. The proceeds are used for welfare and relief work, including an allotment to the Veterans of Foreign Wars' national home for widows and orphans of ex-service men. The sale is annually endorsed by the White House. The poppy was first chosen as a memorial flower by the American Legion at the suggestion of Miss Moina Michael of Athens, Ga., who received the inspiration by reading "In Flanders' Fields," a poem by Col. John McCrae. The poppy was first sold in Milwaukee in 1919.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Metallic Scarfs.—Silver and gold embroidered scarfs will not tarnish when packed away if wrapped in black paper.

Tight Curtain Springs.—To tighten springs in curtain rollers, hold the rollers firmly and with pincers tighten the end springs.

Rest Your Ferns.—After maiden hair fern has grown all during the year it begins to turn brown. This is a sign it needs rest as ferns, like all other plants, want and take their season for rest. Repot it and set in a shady place, water sparingly until a good growth of fronds appear, then give more water.

Cleaning Felt Hat.—To clean a light felt hat brush well to remove all dust, then cover with french chalk. Let stand for several hours before brushing off.

Shiny Windows.—A lump of starch dissolved in the water with which windows are to be washed will make the glass shine.

Distributing Bluing.—When making blue-water, try adding a little common salt. This helps to distribute the color evenly and prevents the clothes from looking streaked and patchy.

Spicing Your Cookies.—Add one teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half a teaspoon of cloves to your favorite cookie recipe. The two spices will convert an ordinary cookie dough into something delightfully different.

ASK ME ANOTHER

HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



Gay aprons from unbleached muslin.

Every one who has ever lived in the country knows the possibilities of unbleached muslin. The source of supply there is flour and food sacks but even purchased by the yard it is an inexpensive, sturdy material for aprons and many other things.

If you have friends who share your enthusiasm for interesting aprons, plan and cut them in a group; then trimmings may be

exchanged and every piece-bag will produce something.

The diagram shown here gives you cutting dimensions for the skirt part of a plain little apron and shows how to shape the waistline. Belts for the bibless type are rather wide now—two or two and a half inches finished. Ties are generally 4-inches wide and as long as you like. Now, do be daring when you come to pockets or adding a bib. Try an idea of your own. These gay unbleached muslin aprons are just suggestions to get you started.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The new Sewing Booklet which Mrs. Spears has prepared for our readers, contains thirty-two new and original ideas for homemakers. To get one of these useful booklets, simply address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaine St., Chicago, Ill., with name and address, and 10 cents in coin; booklet will be postpaid by return mail.

Sure Prescription

To face cheerfully and eagerly the accustomed and ordinary tasks is the simple but sure prescription for enjoyment of life.—John Timothy Stone.

IT IS A JOYFUL WORLD



Right Word

The hour was late—so late that there was nothing left to do except go home. As the two men wandered slowly along, one said: "I say, ol' man, what does your wife do when you get home so late?" "Oh, she gets historical!" was the reply.

"Historical, you mean?" "No, historical—she digs up the past."

Down in the Mouth

"My husband was looking for the bicarbonate of soda last night, and took a spoonful of plaster of paris by mistake." "Well, that ought to settle his hash."

What's wrong with "Annie Laurie" as a hymn tune, is asked. Nothing. Annie got "him."

Boring Rain

Joan—On a wet night don't you get tired of hearing the everlasting pitter patter? "Yes; it never rains but it bores."

Hard to Beat

The haughty aristocrat was indignant: "You ask me if my family is old? Old! It goes back farther than time. Legend has it that one of my ancestors viewed the Creation from the balcony of his castle!"

The More to Kiss

"Don't you hate two-faced women?" "Not if they had lips like yours."

Well Fixed

"When this vacuum flask is filled it will keep things hot for you indefinitely," remarked the salesman to the tired-looking little man at the counter.

"No thanks," he replied. "I married something like that."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a tonic which has been helping women of all ages for nearly 70 years. Adv.

Spare the Absent

Let no one be willing to speak ill of the absent.—Properitius.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF—MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to

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