

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"The Tale of the Galloping Tooth"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You may have been in France during the unpleasantness that went on there in 1914-1918. You may have seen towns shelled to a crumbling ruin. You may have seen regiments decimated by poison gas. You may have seen men torn to pieces by bursting grenades and families pauperized and turned out of their homes by the onward plunge of the great German war machine. You may think you know all the horrors of war, but Don Aspinwall of Rochelle Park, N. J., will tell you you haven't seen anything.

Don was somewhere in the Villers Cotteret area on special duty with the Second division. A deafening barrage had been rolling back and forth across the lines for more than two hours. The Germans were tossing every form of pyrotechnic display in their bag of tricks. Huge 9.2's roared overhead like great express trains. Machine-gun bullets zipped by. An occasional ash can from a miniewerfer battery would tumble lazily through the early morning haze to spread itself with a devastating roar in front of the barbed wire. It was a swell time to be someplace else. But horror? Horror, nothing! The real horror was going on right inside Don Aspinwall's face.

Don Had a Toothache.

It was undoubtedly the outstanding disaster of the whole war. It had been going on for 24 hours and Don was convinced that if it went on two hours longer nothing could keep the Germans from taking Paris. And Don was miles away from any possible agency of relief. The only thing that could have stopped that ache would be a well-placed bullet, and Don was all in favor of that. "I tell you," he says, "the actual Gospel truth. I poked my head over



"He had no anesthetic, but glancing behind me I knew the worst. A stolid-faced six-foot Yorkshire orderly had sneaked in."

the top of the trench several times and gave Jerry the Bronx Salute in the sincere hope that some German officer might take offense and order me erased with a machine-gun, field battery or some other similarly effective weapon."

Attempts at Suicide Came Back Labeled "No, Dice."

But no German officer would have been sucker enough to halt such an effective blow to the Allied cause. All Don's attempts at suicide came back to him labeled, "No Dice." He had to wait until he was relieved from duty and then, in a semi-delirium he lit out for the nearest British medical unit two miles away. Eventually he got there and was ushered into the presence of a brass hat who turned him over to a young medical lieutenant. "It took him five minutes to diagnose the case of acute toothache," says Don, "and then he seated me in an improvised dental chair and looked worried. It seems there wasn't any local anesthetic in that part of the country and—well—what to do?"

Don told him what to do. He told him to get that tooth out of there and to hell with the anesthetic. That didn't seem quite cricket to the young Englishman. He demurred for a moment. Then he seemed to have an idea and said, "All right, Yank. But I say, it will bally-well hurt you more than it does me."

"With those words of comfort," says Don, "he stepped out for a minute. When he came back I watched him open a shabby black bag and produce a none-too-clean pair of ordinary gas pliers. He had no anesthetic, but glancing behind me I knew the worst. A stolid-faced six-foot Yorkshire orderly had sneaked in. He stood at my back toying with the barrel of a massive British Webley navy type revolver and gauging the distance to certain sections of my skull with a practiced eye. I didn't have long to think about that though."

Don didn't have any time to think about it at all. The minute he turned his head he felt something hit it that felt like a nudge from a howitzer. There was a blinding flash and a million stars, pin-wheels, constellations and blue lights danced before his eyes.

"I began to fall into a deep, black void," he says. "At last, I thought, the Germans had planted a nice, juicy shell under the dental chair, and I was all ready to put forth my hand and receive my harp and halo. Then I began to be aware of a disconcerting fact. I could still feel a dull throb where my toothache had been, and now there was another dull throb in the back of my head."

Gradually both old and new throbs increased in intensity. The black before Don's eyes faded to a gray haze, and through it he began to see the features of the young British medical attendant. There was a large moving blur behind the attendant. The haze cleared a little more and Don could see it was the Yorkshire orderly. The orderly was calmly wiping the butt of his Webley and Don distinctly remembers noticing that several brown hairs still adhered to that butt. Don's hair is brown, too. He says that might, or might not, have been a coincidence.

And What a Climax.

And then the doctor spoke. Don couldn't hear what he was saying very well, but the picture of what happened was beginning to take shape in his brain. That Yorkshire orderly had been the anesthetic. He had socked Don on the cocc with the butt of that revolver. And now the medical attendant seemed to be apologetic about it.

Don stopped him. "Don't worry, doc," he said. "It's all right with me. It was a swell job, even if your anesthetic was a bit rough."

The attendant shook his head and began to repeat his words. "Then," says Don, "my confused brain began to function as I heard that Englishman say, 'Oh, I'm sorry, Yank, but I haven't done anything yet, you know. You see my orderly worked too fast and I had to wait until you come out of it SO YOU COULD TELL ME WHICH TOOTH IT WAS!'"

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Scientists Find 2 Distinct Kinds of Locusts

There are two races of the periodical cicada—the seventeen-year race and another that appears every 13 years. Scientists have found no differences in the two except that one remains underground in the larva sand pupa stages four years longer than the other.

Every year is locust year in some part of the country. There are 17 different broods of the 17 year race and thirteen broods of the 13-year race, writes a correspondent in the Chicago Tribune. The broods have been catalogued by Roman numbers. Broods Nos. 1 to 17 compose

the 17-year race. The 13-year race is numbered from 18 to 30. Broods are thus easily distinguished.

There is overlapping of the territories occupied by the two races and also by the different broods. In some sections, however, the locusts only appear at 13 or 17-year intervals, indicating the presence of only one brood.

The periodical cicadas are not found in the western part of the United States. They live mainly in the wooded regions from the Atlantic coast westward to central Kansas.

Lace by Day and Lace by Night Continues Its Magic Dominion

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FASHION is growing increasingly lace-inspired. As the style picture for the winter social season unfolds the importance of lace is emphasized throughout every phase of the mode.

Time was when lace was considered a special-occasion item but as regarded today, lace becomes a positive fashion "must" in every well-planned wardrobe. It's as good style to wear lace in the daily routine of affairs as it is to array in lace for those dramatic highspot moments when every woman seeks to look her loveliest and most alluring.

To be sure in the interest of good taste discrimination must be exercised in choosing the right lace for the right place.

With suits as popular as they are this winter the call for a collection of blouses becomes imperative. Of course there should be at least one lace blouse included in the list and several of varied-type lace will prove none too many. The lace blouse pictured to the right in the foreground of the illustration here is styled to a nicety, with a softly draped front, wide full sleeves and a peplum which has a slight bustle treatment in back. Wear it with a velvet skirt and a cunning velvet toque for any afternoon occasion which calls for a dressup costume.

The new metallic embroidered laces make up beautifully into fitted jacketblouse types such as you see centered in the group, and if you are going to dinner dances this winter or banqueting with socialites, a formal jacket and skirt dress becomes a necessary luxury these times. Perhaps the charming model here shown will help you in making a selection when it comes to "looking up" a correctly styled evening dress. A truly beautiful lace is this in creamy beige embel-

ished with metal threadwork achieving that air of elegance so characteristic of this season's fashions. The classic simplicity of the handsome flared skirt of monotone net sets off the glory of the superbly beautiful metallic embroidered lace blouse to perfection. The resplendent bib necklace and wide bracelets are just such as fashion decrees shall be worn on gala occasions with one's handsomest gown.

When a very voluminous skirt is of black lace with a deep flounce of matching lace about the very wide hemline, when the bodice blouse worn with it is of cerise red satin with a mantillalike lace fichu enveloping the shoulders as pictured to the left in the group, you sense, and rightly so, that the costume reflects Spanish influence. You know also that the ensemble interprets the "last word" in high fashion.

Also the message of exquisite black lace for evening wear is conveyed to you in unmistakable terms. The separate little shoulder cape or fichu is a decided feature of evening dresses this season.

The flair for lace is, however, not confined to formal dress. On the daytime program lace is assigned a leading role. One of the cleverest uses of lace is to trim sheer black wool or crepe afternoon frocks with black lace edging in exactly the same manner as val lace edging is used on lingerie dresses and blouses. You will find these lace-trimmed blacks very flattering and youthful in aspect as they are styled with naive simplicity.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Evening Glamor



There is no limit to the wealth of jewelry fashion urges ladies who are style-ambitious to wear this season, especially when it comes to attending night-time functions. In the picture hand-fashioning gold plated beads strung on heavy knotted silk cord, designed by Simonne Geril, as new as the world of tomorrow, contrast dramatically with the old world elegance of an evening bag of ancient Egyptian silk brocade which is re-embroidered in gold thread. The dynamic young designer medallions the hundred-year-old Egyptian frame with butterfly motifs in Italian mosaic. The story of handbags for this season promises to be a thrilling one.

Hooped Peplum

Designed to fit over the newest wide-hipped evening frocks is the white ermine wrap shown by Bruyere. The coat is about fingertip length and has a peplum fringed with white silk and held out with a wide hoop.

Sober Hues Found In Fall Clothes

The independence of 1940 fashions is further emphasized in its colors. Sober, discreet hues—browns, blues and greens tinged with gray—are much used, and new near-black shades—such as emerald and ruby black—have appeared. A gay Robin Hood red, often paired with dark forest green is the brightest shade on the winter color card.

The fabrics of which the new daytime clothes are made give important play to smooth supple wools of the duvetyne type, jerseys and mat crepes. Silk and rayon jerseys, lace, velvet and such stiff fabrics as brocades, satins, moire and faille are ready to go places at night.

Gold Braid Favored For Accessories

Collar and cuff sets of gold braid are being displayed in the neckwear sections. You can also buy gold braid military looking frogs and epaulets for shoulder decoration on your new black dress.

Effective new-neckwear shows intriguing collars styled of gold kid, to wear with your afternoon black sheer wool or velvet afternoon dress.

Wide Inset Belts Appear on Frocks

Many of the incoming frocks are styled with wide inset belts that accent high bustline and small waistline. The trend to jeweled girdles is also noted. Belts of gold or silver kid give a dramatic touch to black velvet gowns that stress utmost simplicity in their styling.

Jeweled Accessories

Four diamond clips in two sizes are the jeweled accessories shown by Ardans for evening frocks.

THE GREAT DRAGON AT SEVEN

By WILLIAM L. GAYLORD

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

DORIS fingered her coffee cup, two tiny little tears glistening in the corners of her pretty chestnut eyes.

Morning after morning there were crisp slivers of bacon, golden scrambled eggs, hot buttered toast, fragrant amber coffee, all just as Ned loved them. But Ned, abominable creature, buried his nose in the Morning Telegram, gulped his coffee, and pecked at her absently when he left.

"Ned dear, I subscribed to the Jobless Students' relief fund yesterday. Six dollars and seventy-five cents, as a matter of fact."

Absorbed now with the sporting page, Ned poked his coffee cup at her without glancing up.

"Could use some relief ourselves, I should think," he grumbled.

"My gosh, how much did you say? Six seventy-five?" Ned was certainly looking at her now.

"But Ned, you don't understand. The nice boy who was soliciting needed help so badly—"

"Should think you'd grow up some day, Doris!"

"I think you're just terrible!"

"Well, my gosh, letting a slick-tongued crook wangle you out of six seventy-five!"

"He wasn't a crook at all!"

"Ever hear of the fund before?"

"Well, no, but—"

"Got your money, didn't he?"

"Of course, but—"

"What else can you call the bird then? Gee, kid, got to tear off. Late already!"

Ned grabbed his hat and coat, pecked at her nose, and was gone.

There! You see? Ned didn't love her any more.

Suppose, just suppose, there was something besides business behind Ned's growing preoccupation? Suppose it wasn't just middle-age indifference creeping on him at twenty-four? Suppose it was someone else he cared for? Doris put in a bad half hour on these supposings.

Then she heard the mailman on the front porch.

Half a dozen bills, an invitation from Janice to spend the week-end in the city, and a plain, thin envelope addressed in a masculine hand she didn't recognize. Its contents made her plump down hard on the davenport:

Dear Mrs. Wilton:

Perhaps you'll be interested to know that your husband is carrying on a rather serious affair with a pretty little chorus girl in the city. He has a dinner date with her for Wednesday evening at seven, at the Green Dragon cafe.

Regretfully yours,
A Friend.

It wasn't true, she told herself over and over.

Some smart wisecracking friend was just trying to be clever.

Ned wasn't that kind. And she wouldn't under any circumstances demean herself and Ned by going to the Green Dragon. Certainly not.

Just as she had reached this chivalrous decision the telephone rang.

"Hello, dear! Everything K. O.?"

Ned's voice sounded anxious and labored, exactly as though he wanted to seem unconcerned but couldn't.

"Of course, why?"

"Listen, dear, I can't make it tonight until late. Got a business engagement."

A business engagement! Doris strove to keep her own voice untroubled.

"Oh, very well. I suppose I can manage."

"Bye!"

That settled it.

Precisely at six forty-five Doris entered the Green Dragon.

She was wearing her new hand-knitted frock and a saucy suede sport hat to match.

Ned's pretty little chorus girl would have to display a lot of class to outshine her.

Choosing a chummy, secluded booth, but one where she could watch the entrance, Doris gave a few deft touches to her hair and face.

Almost immediately she saw Ned come in, striding handsomely past the head waiter.

How many times had he been there before? Doris wondered, with a savage leap of her heart.

Ned's eyes scanned the tables with a quick businesslike sweep, and came to rest finally at her own booth, without, however, a trace of the astonishment she expected.

"Am I intruding?" he asked, striding toward her.

"Not at all, Mr. Wilton. Sit down, won't you?"

"You bet I'll sit down!" He fairly shouted.

"You might just explain, Doris, what this means."

"Hain't you better do the explaining?"

"You're in reverse, old girl! I can read writing, can't I?"

"I don't know what you mean, Ned."

"Take a squint at that then!"

Ned told her, planking a thin envelope in masculine handwriting before her astounded eyes.

"You might be interested in my

correspondence," Doris suggested, taking her own letter from her bag.

Ned stared at the two letters and then grinned.

"Somebody's trying to pull a swift one!"

He leaned over and grabbed both her hands as though he intended to kiss her then and there—with no absent-minded peck, either!

"Gosh, Doris, this fool thing had me going. You're wonderful, tonight. If I'd found any other guy here—"

"And if I'd found you with any other woman—"

"Let's eat," he proposed. "And then we'll go places!"

They reached home after a perfectly gorgeous evening. Ned went in first, switched on the light.

Chaos met them inside.

Sideboard doors gaped, drawers were open, the silver gone, Doris' pearls and her diamond ear rings.

On the dining table lay the remnants of a hurried but ample feast. Two empty bottles, recently supposed to contain some very authentic old stuff which Ned kept for state occasions, graced the center of the debris. From the neck of one of these the third and final note protruded:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Wilton:

Hope you enjoyed your dinner engagement as much as we did ours. Sorry to paw things over so, but you didn't leave a diagram. Thanks for the lift.

Gratefully yours,
A Friend.

But Doris only snuggled deeper into Ned's arms.

Professor Attempts Definition of Poetry

No famed beauty of literature has yet been able to surpass the time-honored but exquisite Helen of Troy, even though Homer himself did not leave a description of her.

Her reputation was built up by the Greek bard through a device that the ancient Hindus recognized as the essence of poetry and which now is the basis of their most important theory of literary esthetics, according to Prof. Franklin Edgerton, professor of Sanskrit and Philology at Yale university.

According to the leading school of thought in India, all literary art of the first rank contains a "dhvani" or a "tone," something that is not directly said in words, but indirectly suggested, Dr. Edgerton says.

It is this "unsaid" meaning which always is found in poetry of the highest rank and which constitutes its prime source of esthetic appeal, he declares.

Thus, Homer suggests Helen's beauty by "dhvani" in the celebrated passage in which the Trojan elders, seeing Helen, say to each other that such beauty was worth all the trouble that it had caused.

Dhvani is something utterly different from the form and the usual prima facie meaning of the words used, Dr. Edgerton asserts. "The words constitute the 'body' of poetry, to which dhvani furnishes the 'soul,' the breath of life. Poetry can be scientifically analyzed by knowledge of grammar and the dictionary, plus prosody and the literary figures of sound and sense. But dhvani cannot be analyzed, just as, according to Hindu philosophy, the soul of living beings cannot be analyzed.

It can only be felt directly by those cultivated and sensitive persons who understand its true nature by direct appreciation. It is only great poets who possess the power of using language in such a way as to evoke a 'suggested' meaning over and above the primary meaning of the words."

The Hindu theory of indirect suggestion in poetry seems to have originated in Kashmir, not much before the Ninth century, the oldest full exposition being the "Dhvanysloka" (Light on the Dhvani) by Anandavardhana, Dr. Edgerton says. His work is composed as a commentary on a somewhat older, anonymous collection of mnemonic verses, which were intended to help a beginner memorize the chief points of the system.

Resourceful Swain

When it comes to resourcefulness an unidentified marriage-bent young man from Kansas City, Kan., almost made history one night recently, but the best of plans sometimes go awry. Awakened at his home, Justice of the Peace Norman Sortor was asked to perform a marriage ceremony. "Have you a license?" the justice asked. The prospective bridegroom said he did, but that the girl's name would have to be changed. "Did some one make mistake in filling out the license?" sleepily inquired the justice. "No," the man replied. "I got the license a day ago and then the girl I intended to marry backed out. So I got another one." Justice Sortor said it couldn't be done and went back to sleep.

Supreme Law

Article VI, clause 2 of the Constitution says: "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

LEARN WELDING

We're Creating Greatest Demand ever for trained all position Welders. For full information about our air and gas welding courses, this includes AIR PLANE and PIPE LINE welding, write STANDARD WELDING INSTITUTE, St. Louis, Mo.

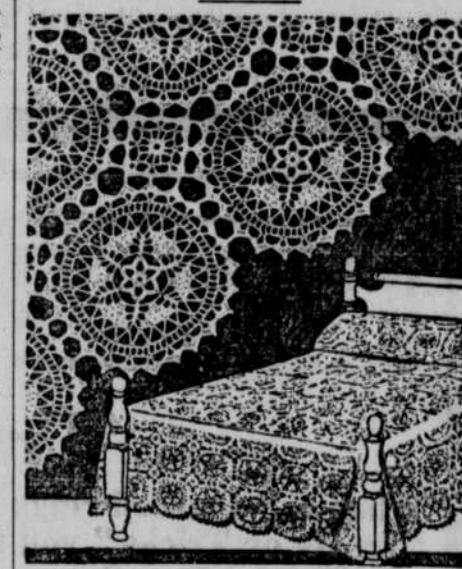
STOVE & FURNACE REPAIRS

REPAIRS FOR ANY STOVE FURNACE or BOILER Prompt Shipments Since 1882 Order Through Your Dealer OMAHA STOVE REPAIR WORKS

OPPORTUNITY

Woodburn Auto Camp, 9 units. Mod. home, one acre space on 99 Hi-way. Heart town. Sac. \$22,000. Details, John Hoffman, Woodburn, Oregon.

Form These Lovely Lace Accessories



Pattern 2210

When medallions are as easily memorized as these, there's no excuse for not having a variety of lovely accessories. And it's all accomplished by crocheting and joining these simple medallions in mercerized string or finer cotton. Pattern 2210 contains directions for making medallions; illustrations of them and of stitches; materials required; photograph of medallions.

Send 15 cents in coins for this pattern to The Sewing Circle, Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



According to Kind Each thing lives according to its kind; the heart by love, the intellect by truth, the higher nature of man by intimate communion with God.—Chapin.

Try Lemon Juice Recipe to Relieve Rheumatic Pain

To relieve rheumatic pain, go to any leading druggist and secure a package of the REV PRESCRIPTION. Mix it as directed and add the juice of four lemons. This will make a full quart of the best medicine for rheumatic and neuritis pains you have ever tried. Costs only a few cents a day. This doctor's prescription guaranteed and for sale by leading druggists. Homix Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Cause of Misery Much of the misery in this life is caused by being unkind to those who love us.—G. F. Hoffman.

FEEL WEAK, TIRED?

Lincoln, Neb.—Mrs. Rose Rossi, 2240 R St., says: "My mother was weak and miserable before she used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it stimulated her appetite and helped to strengthen her wonderfully. Buy Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in liquid or tablet form your druggist today. See how vigorous you feel after using this tonic."

From Trivial Causes In war events of importance are the result of trivial causes.—Caesar.



A Sure Index of Value

... is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS