

Floyd Gibbons

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello, Everybody!



"The Iron Tomb"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

FILL up those lemonade glasses and drink a toast to Alex Mackail of Port Chester, N. Y. Fill up the longest, tallest glasses you can find—fill up one for each of the thirty thousand members of the Adventurers' club—and still you won't be drinking as big a toast as the one Alex himself almost drank.

Alex started working on a tall, cool one that was 20 feet long and 12 feet high. And no lemon juice or sugar in it, either. It was only by the sheerest luck that he managed to get out of finishing that cocktail, too. Boys and girls, it's a lulu of a story.

It happened in school. Alex wasn't going to that school to get a cranium of knowledge, though. He was there for the good hard cash there was in it. Maybe the fact that the school was in Scotland had something to do with that. It was in the year 1922, and Alex, who was just a kid then, had nailed himself a job as apprentice with a boiler repairing firm in the Scottish town of Glasgow.

Trapped Inside a Rapidly Filling Boiler.

They were working on a huge boiler in the basement of the Clydebank public school. There were three of them on that job—Alex, his boss and an inspector. The inspector had climbed out of the boiler room and gone home. Alex's boss had decided that they'd done enough work for the day and had climbed out after him to telephone the shop. Alex was going to wait until the boss came back from telephoning so they could both go home together. While he waited, he pulled a copy of a Diamond Dick novel out of his pocket and sat down beside a guttering candle to read.

In a few minutes he had forgotten that he was sitting inside a stuffy old boiler. He was out on the open prairie, following Diamond Dick through a series of adventures that would curl the quills of a porcupine.



In a Frenzy He Pounded on the Metallic Wall.

He didn't realize that in another minute or two he'd be going through a real, honest-to-goodness adventure of his own—an adventure that would make all of Diamond Dick's exploits look like so many pink tea parties.

The next thing Alex knew, there was a tremendous rush of water at the far end of the boiler. He jumped, and the candle beside him rolled to the floor and went out. Alex looked up then, for the daylight that should be streaming through the manhole in the top of the boiler—but the big tank was black as night. His boss had come back and, thinking Alex had gone home, had replaced the manhole cover and started to fill the boiler up.

Alex lost his head then. He rushed to the front of the boiler and began hammering on it with his bare fists. That didn't do any good. The noise of the pump outside drowned any sound he might make that way.

In a frenzy of fear he ran to the pipe through which the water was coming and made a futile attempt to stop the flow with his hands. That didn't get him anywhere either, but the cold water that dashed in his face sort of brought him to his senses, and he started telling himself to keep a level head.

The Deadly Water Kept Pouring In.

"My breath," he says, "was coming in sobs. I remembered that I had left a hammer and chisel at the other end of the boiler, and I started back to get them. The boiler was just twenty feet long, but it seemed like twenty miles. The water was getting higher every minute, but I finally made it, found the hammer and started pounding on the sides. I pounded hard enough to loosen the rivets, but still the water came pouring in.

"Nevertheless, I kept on pounding. I knew there must be someone outside to shut the water off when it reached the gauge level. That wasn't much comfort, though, because by the time the water reached the gauge level, it would be a foot over my head."

Another few minutes, and Alex began to get dizzy. The pressure caused by the inrush of water was going to his head. Still, he pounded away—not because he thought it would do any good, but because, in his terror, he didn't think to stop.

The Grim Reaper's Scythe Nearly Fell.

Fearsome thoughts were going through his mind. What would his mother say when he didn't come home that night? Would anybody ever find him? What would happen when they lit the fire in the morning?

"It was then," says Alex, "that I went insane. I started screaming and tearing with my bare hands at the rusty iron wall of the boiler. I seemed to hear voices outside saying, 'Hold on, Alex—I'll get you!' But I was too far gone to realize what it meant. I hadn't even noticed that the water had stopped coming in. I seemed to lose my senses somewhere in there, and the next thing I knew, I was lying on my back, out in the school yard."

Yes—Alex's boss had dragged him out of that boiler—unconscious. He had fallen in a faint and had taken so much water into his lungs that the boss had to give him artificial respiration before he came to. Alex is a grown man now, but he still has nightmares about that horrible fifteen minutes when he was trapped in a filling boiler.

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Hunting Dogs Were Used Long Ago by Egyptians

The history of the hunting dog is clouded in antiquity. Ancient rock carvings tell us hunting dogs were known in Egypt thousands of years ago, but the story of the first domestication of the dog and its development into a hunting companion for man is lost to us for all ways. Possibly somewhere back in the dim ages, when man himself had just risen above the brute and lived in terror of monster carnivorous creatures which then roamed the earth, a caveman captured his first wild dog puppy and brought it back to his home among the ledges where, in his loneliness, he fed and nurtured the animal until he won its affection. Later, probably, he taught the dog to assist him in the chase.

breeds are recognized than in any other country, the hunting dog is employed for a variety of purposes ranging from pointing and retrieving on upland game birds and waterfowl to big game hunting for panther and bear.

Most stories or accounts of hunting dogs are concerned largely with the efficiency of a well-trained animal or, otherwise, the serious side of the hunting dog question.

Platinum Used in Machines
Rare platinum is used in machines. Screens of platinum, costing \$12,000 each are used in sulphuric acid plants. Platinum and iridium are used in other apparatus because they are inert to other substances even at highest temperatures.

Faith and Understanding
Faith that depends upon perfect understanding is not faith at all. Where one has positive knowledge there is no call for belief.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Hear Lloyd George
News From the Cosmos
Statesmen and Politicians
Sloan's Fine Figures

Lloyd George, who ran the big war for England and won with the help of old Clemenceau, not sympathetic with France this time, says England is dangerously involved and "we shall send our young men to die, this time on German soil, to punish those arrogant and aggressive Teutons for daring to make preparations for the defense of their own soil against a foreign invader."



Arthur Brisbane

Lloyd George is bitter in his denunciation of the suggestion that England be dragged into another war. "France," says he, "can spend \$500,000,000 on the erection of huge fortifications. We can vote plans which involve expenditure of an extra fifteen hundred million dollars for protection. But if the Germans propose to throw up even a pillbox to guard their famous cities and their greatest industrial area . . . then 'measures must be concerted' between the general army staffs of Britain and France."

The "fastest" double star is found, and that is the big news. "Twin suns" close together, in the constellation of Ophiuchus, revolve completely around each other in twenty months. The shortest period of revolution for any other "binary" star is five years. Some revolve only once in a hundred years.

Nature is both fast and slow; the electron in the atom revolves around the proton thousands of millions of times in a second. The lens-shaped Milky Way above your head, in which our sun is one of thirty thousand million specks of light, revolves once in 225,000,000 years. No limit to bigness, no limit to smallness, apparently.

That naval conference in London ends, quite to the satisfaction of England, with the situation about as it was when Hiram Johnson of California put the situation in these few words:

"Great Britain builds as she prefers; the United States builds as Great Britain permits."

England actually says to the United States, "You must build no more cruisers with eight-inch guns; we do not like them." And the United States humbly says, "All right, then we shall not build any."

It is the old story: England has statesmen, we have politicians—and some of them are Anglomaniac snobs.

Big business, like little business, has had its trouble, but here and there it is still big business. In his annual report for General Motors, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., reports net sales last year amounting to \$1,155,041,511, against \$862,672,670 the year before; a gain of more than two hundred and ninety-two million dollars. That means many new cars, and families made happier. The company paid out in wages more than three hundred and twenty-three million dollars, not including wages paid indirectly to thousands of workers producing materials of which automobiles are made.

Sixty of Mussolini's planes have wiped out Harar, Ethiopia's second biggest city, one of 40,000 inhabitants. "Civilized" Europe, England leading, bemoans the fact that a Mohammedan mosque, the Coptic cathedral and a Catholic church were blasted.

They forget what happened in the big war, at Rheims, Louvain and elsewhere, and the German cannon "Big Bertha" throwing at Paris shells that might well have wrecked Notre Dame, the Madeleine or the Sainte Chapelle.

War is as ruthless as was nature in the earthquake that destroyed the great cathedral of Lisbon.

When Pittsburgh is through with the disaster that has almost overwhelmed the city, a monument should be erected in a park, or on the mountainside, in honor of the courage and recuperative energy of the great industrial city. With lights turned off, water flooding the streets, many men and women calmly continued their work, wearing coal miners' light-bearing caps, like so many gigantic glow worms. Americans still possess resourcefulness and can do what they must do.

"To him that hath shall be given," even in Wall street speculation. Beginning May 1, if you buy \$100 worth of stocks, you must put \$55 of your own into the deal. This will compel small fish to operate on a small scale and get rich slowly, if at all.

Another ancient custom is "Bottle Kicking," observed at the Hallaton Hare Pie Festival every Easter Monday. After the bottles—iron-bound kegs filled with ale—have been kicked, pieces of pie are distributed. Owing to a scarcity of hare, this delicacy is now composed largely of beefsteak.

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EASTER BUNNIES



Coloring Easter Eggs



IN HOMES where there are small children, it usually is the task of the mother to prepare colored eggs for an Easter egg hunt. This is an important occasion, and the eggs should be cooked and colored so they may be eaten afterward, observes Edith Shuck in the Chicago Daily News.

It doesn't detract from the fun of the occasion or beauty of the eggs to prepare them according to the correct cooking rules. Put them on to cook in plenty of cold water. Place the pan over a low flame and bring the water to the simmering temperature slowly.

When the eggs are partially cooled, place them on a soft towel and dry them so they will not have water circles on them. Keep the eggs away from any grease. Most commercial dyes are best dissolved in hot water, but follow whatever directions are given on the package of dye you use. Stir the dye until it is dissolved, with a well-polished silver spoon, so the dye is not discolored. Dip the warm eggs into the hot dye and then drain them on cake racks. When they are cool, rub them with a buttered cloth to add a high gloss.

Fancy eggs for Easter place-cards may be made if you paint initials on eggs. Give the eggs a very light tint, and have a different colored egg for each guest if possible. Do not polish the eggs. Put the names or initials on the eggs with a fine paint brush, dipped into the liquid vegetable coloring that is



When Eggs Are Cool Rub With a Buttered Cloth.

used for coloring foods. If you are very ambitious you can draw an Easter lily or daffodils on the eggs. Use egg yolk coloring for the flowers and grape green coloring for the leaves.

A number of customers and superstitions have been woven round the festival of Easter. One old custom, that of Pace-egging, is still carried out in Germany and in parts of the eastern countries. Children go round to the house asking for "pace-eggs," as Easter eggs are sometimes called. These are boiled hard, and then painted with bright colors and the names of children, according to London Tit-Bits Magazine.

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The First EASTER Lily



THE original Easter lily was developed in Philadelphia only a half century ago, according to G. B. Stichter, field inspector of the bureau of plant industry, Pennsylvania department of agriculture.

In 1879, a woman returning from Bermuda brought with her two bulbs of a lily which she found growing wild. These bulbs were given to Mary, a florist who had greenhouses in Gray's lane, below Woodland avenue, Philadelphia. The florist planted the bulbs, and for some time they attracted no attention.

A Dutch lily had been used at Easter time, but this was unsatisfactory because it was impossible to control accurately its time of blooming. Since Easter comes at varying times, it was impossible to "force" this lily in order to have it bloom at a specified time. Therefore, the Dutch lilies were not popular as Easter flowers.



Florist Was Successful in "Forcing" the Easter Lily.

The florist propagated the lily from Bermuda until in three years she had about 100 bulbs. It was then that a Philadelphia florist purchased the bulbs and experimented with "forcing" the lily, in order to have it bloom when wanted. This florist was successful in his experiments, and the Illum harris resulted. Since it was possible to cultivate this lily so that it would be in flower exactly at Easter time, it became the Easter flower.

The growing of Easter lilies is today a giant industry, but strangely enough the lily used now—the Illum gigantum—was propagated and improved in Japan from the lily first developed in Philadelphia. It was taken to Japan, where conditions for its cultivation were ideal, developed, and brought back to America. The present-day lily has a larger flower, with more sturdy foliage than the original Easter lily.

Bacon, Eggs, Easter Dish
According to Brand's Popular Antiquities, the custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, still kept up in many parts of England, was designed to show their abhorrence to Judaism at that solemn commemoration of the resurrection. There is also mention, in the same authority, of eggs and bacon composing a usual dish on that day in the Sixteenth century.

Strength to Bear Them
God hangs the greatest weights upon the smallest wires.—Bacon

All Around the House

Lard used in deep fat frying should be strained through cheesecloth after use to remove the food particles which accumulate in the kettle.

Oysters have a better flavor if not overcooked. They may be rolled in fine cracker crumbs, dipped in egg, rolled again in crumbs and fried in deep fat at 380 Fahrenheit.

Cut flowers will keep fresh much longer if removed from the table after each meal and placed in the refrigerator. Cover stems with water.

To bring out the brilliancy of cut glass, add ammonia to the water in which it is to be rinsed.

A tablespoon of borax placed in the water in the tea kettle will remove the coating that forms on inside of kettle.

Dressing tables, like little girls' dresses, are now flounced from top to bottom. For a young girl's room five crisp, sheer flounces of white organdie make a most attractive table.

Tie a little bow of bright colored ribbon on the handles of the scissors and they can be quickly found in the sewing basket.

If the paint on the outside of your house has blistered it may be necessary to take off all old paint. No paint will bond well with poor old paint.

When scouring with wire wool use a snap clothespin to hold wool, this saving your hands.

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OUR LOWLY CENT NOW TRAVELS WITH DIGNITY AND ECLAT

The humble and lowly cent, once scorned, derided and spurned, is now embraced and welcomed back into the American family purse. Never in the history of our present monetary system has the cent achieved such a volume of appreciation and circulation.

Through the channels of trade it goes on its little mission of mercy. Clever mechanical devices have been invented to snare it and hold it momentarily, at least, in captivity. But once released it continues its endless journey here, there and everywhere. Back in the boom days of prosperity it did not emerge into the marts of trade without a nickel or a dime for an escort. But today it travels alone, respected and acclaimed.

Through the labyrinth of bargain counters here and yonder, attractively priced merchandise flirts daily with the cent. It cuts quite a figure in the shopping district. It is esteemed by the wealthy as well as by the poor. No longer is its habitat confined to the Sunday school and foreign missionary collection box. Its domain has widened and lengthened. Its sphere of usefulness is unlimited. It chums with ease and grace with nickels, dimes, quarters, half-dollars and dollars. The cent has influence these days!—Indianapolis News.

BOYS! GIRLS!
Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

Smiles

The Place for It
A ducky came home all flustered one day and told his wife: "Liza, I've got a lawsuit on me hands." Liza replied: "Dat's fine, Sam. Take hit offen yo' hands and put hit on yo' back. Dem ole overalls look conglomerous."—Toronto Globe.

Start Over
Customer—I haven't come to any ham in this sandwich yet.
Waiter—Try another bite.
Customer (taking huge mouthful)—Nope, none yet.
Waiter—Dog-gone it! You must have passed it.—Arcanum Bulletin.

WRIGLEY'S HAS A SMOOTH FLAVOR



Daughter—Father, our domestic science professor is teaching us how to spend money.
Father (interrupting)—Next he'll be teaching ducks to swim.

It Suits Him
Judge—You want to collect damage done to two pairs of trousers?
Man—Yes, sir, it's a two-pants suit.

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Write for a free copy of our Home Garden Catalog to help you plan your purchases from the Ferry display in your local stores. Ferry-Morse Seed Co., Detroit and San Francisco.

And Wish for a Third
One relaxes and loafs on a Sunday, but if two such holidays came together one would be bored with the second one.

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