

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"Death Straddles the Fences"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

TODAY, boys and girls, Dave Sherin takes the floor. Dave lives in New York city. "I met with my strange adventure in Ireland," he writes, "and strange to say, it didn't have to do with the Black and Tan revolution or anything like that. I had my adventures with a horse."

A horse. That's the answer to almost anything in Dave's life. Dave doesn't remember the time when he wasn't on a horse and going somewhere. Back in 1924, when his adventure happened, he was a steeplechase rider. And a more dangerous sport doesn't exist, unless it's playing post office with a roomful of man-eating tigers.

Dave had been riding steeplechases and hurdle races for two years over in England when, one September day in 1924, he set out for Ireland for a two months' vacation and a whiff of good Limerick air.

His home was in Kilmallock, and he'd only been there a couple days when a neighboring farmer brought him a high-spirited, half-bred colt and asked Dave to break him to the saddle.

Unbroken Colt Has Wicked Glean in His Eye.

"The horses I'd been dealing with for the two years before had all been full-blooded 'chasers,'" says Dave, "and I looked on this new horse as being a very soft job indeed. I was wrong. My first inkling of the mettle of that colt came the first time I entered the stable. I was no sooner inside than he began to lash out in all directions. He practically kicked me out the door.

"I decided then that he'd been spoiled by bad handling, and set about coaxing him into a better frame of mind. After a few days he seemed to respond to my efforts and I put the 'back' or breaking-in equipment on him. By that time I had forgotten the first reception he gave me. I should have been warned, though, by the wicked gleam that was still in his eye."

Well, sir, Dave had the harness on him, and for a few days he let him buck all the hellishness out of his system around the corral. Then one day, he saddled the colt and took him for a canter. For all of three miles, that animal was gentle as a lamb. But finally they came to a field where three or four young horses were grazing, and the sight of those horses seemed to infuriate Dave's mount.

Dave Goes for a Wild Ride Upside Down.

"He quivered a moment," says Dave, "and pushed his head down as far as he could. Then, suddenly, he swung it sharply around, ending up



The Plunging Colt Headed for the Boundary Fence.

with it under my right stirrup, and at the same moment he plunged sideways, to the left. His sudden action unseated me, and as my left foot slipped from its stirrup I fell across his back to leftward.

"But my right foot held fast in its stirrup, and there I was, slung at the furious animal's side, my right leg sticking up in the air and the back of my head hanging an inch from the ground."

And with Dave dangling at his side, standing on his head on empty air, that wild colt started. Off he went, hell-for-leather across the open field.

Dave's Cranium Bumps the Ground at Every Stride.

"At each long stride he took," says Dave, "my head hit the ground and his hoofs grazed my skull. I have never been in a tighter corner in my life, but strange to relate, my head remained clear and my thoughts connected. I knew he was heading for the boundary fence at the other side of the field, and I never expected to cross it alive. Dangling at his side as I was, I must inevitably hit that fence. Then, if I wasn't smashed lifeless, I'd be a lot tougher than I ever thought any human could be."

On the colt galloped, crossing that field in a length of time that was all too short to suit Dave. Now the fence loomed up before him. Now the colt was falling back on his haunches for the jump.

It all took place in the twinkling of an eye, but to Dave, whose mind was racing with the agony of the doomed, it seemed like slow motion. The colt rose into the air—and the incredible happened. That horse didn't jump that fence. He flew over it like a bird, carrying Dave's head well over the top of the barrier and letting it down on the other side.

Colt's Somersault Saves Rider's Life.

"Then we were in the open again," Dave says, "and he was galloping faster than ever. Across another fence and another he went, clearing them with room to spare every time. And still he kept on, as I swung under his belly, my head brushing the tops of the blades of grass and his hoofs beating a tattoo on the side of my cranium. Then, through the lashing legs I caught a glimpse of a solidly built wall ahead and knew that the most dangerous leap in County Limerick barred his way.

"It was a stone wall, five feet high that dropped away six feet on the other side to a dyke 20 feet across. It's all over now, I thought to myself, and I still remember that I forgot to say a prayer. Then the wall seemed to be rushing toward me and I could feel the colt bracing himself for a great effort. He rose in the air, and the last thing I remembered was a crash like a ton of bricks falling about my ears."

Dave awoke three days later, and they told him of the miracle that had saved his life. The colt's front feet had struck the wall, and he had turned a complete somersault—the one sort of spill that could possibly have saved Dave.

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Bird, Animal Pests Not Kind That Affect Humans

The idea that swallows, bats, flying squirrels and other wild animals and birds carry on their bodies such pests as bedbugs and lice of various kinds and that these birds and animals actually bring them into human habitations, to the detriment of the human race, is nothing but superstition, according to George B. Lay, Junior Biologist at the North Carolina State College.

Most of our native birds carry at least one species of louse, sometimes more than one; and often one species from each of the two orders of chewing lice and sucking lice. Usually, each species or group of birds has a particular kind of louse as a permanent resident or occasional visitor and such lice, if they try to get along on a different species or group of birds, find the food not to their liking and die.

For this reason, man is not trou-

bled by the insect pests of wild birds and animals. Bats do carry such pests, in at least two orders of insects, but such pests cannot get along on a human being. Most lice, to the casual observer, look alike and the differences between species is structural or very insignificant and would not be noticed except with a magnifying glass, due to the small size of the insects.

Famous Belgian Cathedral

Malines has much to interest visitors but the Cathedral of St. Rombold is the outstanding attraction of the city. It was commenced in the early Twelfth century and took 200 years to complete, and is one of the finest Gothic in Belgium. It has a solitary western tower, 324 feet in height and out of proportion with the rest of the building. Its clock face is enormous—more than forty feet across and nearly twice as large as Big Ben on the houses of parliament in London.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

A King's Farewell
Good Soldier Obeys
An If or Two
40,000,000 Degrees

Paris.—To "last words of dying men" will be



Arthur Brisbane

added those of the late King George of England—"I am sorry to keep you waiting like this." Typical of a good, modest king, always obedient to duty.

At the request of his ministers, including Sir John Simon, who waited upon him at the last moment, the king struggled pathetically to sign his name to a state paper, succeeded, then, turning to his advisers, spoke those last words, followed by a smile and nod with which he was accustomed to end an audience.

This was published in the Star of Johannesburg, South Africa, in a Reuter dispatch. Mr. Gunia sends the clipping from Gibsonsia, Pa. Much obliged.

The Italian soldier Badoglio, in the striking uniform of an Italian marshal, returned to Rome and embraced Mussolini, who wore the uniform of a corporal of fascist militia. Napoleon also liked to be called the "little corporal."

Marshal Badoglio is an Italian soldier who obeys orders. When Mussolini's forces were marching on Rome, Badoglio, according to the story, said to the king: "What shall I do—wipe them out?" The king ordered: "No; no violence." Now, Mussolini rules, and on his orders Badoglio wipes out Haile Selassie and the government of Ethiopia.

Anything could happen in Europe, and one of the things considered quite possible, extremely disturbing to respectable old England and others, is an agreement between Mussolini and Hitler to make "a deal on Austria" profitable for both; not for Austria.

There is always, however, the memory of 1914, when Austria, Italy and the Kaiser had the triple alliance that did not "stand up." Such alliances usually go along racial lines, if they are to last.

France and Italy are natural allies, both Latin; England and the United States would probably be found not far apart if a really big World war should ever come, with one or two other IFS.

Science proudly demonstrates for the Westinghouse company a new lamp that "rivals the beams of the sun." The demonstrator explained that the temperature at the sun's surface is about 11,732 degrees Fahrenheit, while the new lamp reaches 25,332 degrees Fahrenheit. That, however, as scientists know, is a long way from the sun's best temperature.

According to Sir James Jeans, there prevails in the depths of the sun temperature of "forty million degrees centigrade," which is considerably higher than any man-made temperature.

If you came within 1,000 miles of a 5 cent piece with a temperature of 40,000,000 degrees centigrade, you would be burned to a cinder; hard to believe, but true.

England protested against raising the elevation of guns on American warships because that would make our guns shoot too far. In case of war we might hit a British ship lined up against us.

Are animals capable of any thought?

A dog on Prince Edward island, whining and howling with its muzzle against a pile of clothing on the edge of a pool, attracted men who took from the water the bodies of two brothers, fifteen and seventeen years old. Could the dog have "thought out" a connection between the clothing and the disappearance of its young owners?

At Ur, ancient city of the Chaldeans, they show a gigantic brick temple, recently uncovered, where it has lain in the ground covered through the ages. It was constructed originally, like the tower of Babel, to enable the builders to get up into heaven and reach the gods. First they invented those pagan gods, and then they actually believed in them.

The United States navy has ordered 191 "bomber" airplanes; cheerful small news.

It is to be hoped that the government is trying to build bomber planes able to fly an ocean.

If war came, our bombing operations could be carried on in countries across the Atlantic or the Pacific. We should not want to do any bombing in America. After the first experiment, no country would send any ships within easy bombing or submarine range of these shores.

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For Style-Conscious Little Girls

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



motifs on the new printed linens are a special lure to children. Then there are the exquisitely sheer printed handkerchief linens and the fine dimities which are adorable for dress-up wear.

IT IS with ever increasing enthusiasm that designers are yielding to the urge of catering to the needs and fancies of style-conscious little girls.

The story of the modern child's wardrobe resolves itself into many chapters dealing with all phases of fashion. Beginning with simple, novel and amusing beach, swim and playtime togs and cunning sun suits, the plot carries on through thrilling adventures in the realm of smart school and dressy daytime clothes reaching a grand and glorious climax in a way of entrancing pretty-pretty party frocks that make every little girl look like a fairy princess of story book lore.

For practical daytime and playtime frocks the call is outstanding for cotton reps, gabardines, chambrays, crinkled seersuckers (no ironing required in their big appeal), ginghams, novelty cottons soft and spongy, piques and most important, new lines both plain and printed. Now that a sturdy non-crush type of linen is obtainable mothers are jubilant for in it they have discovered the fabric ideal to withstand the vigorous test of the wear and tear of the thousand and one antics which little folks enjoy in a day's sport.

Perhaps the most exciting news is gay printed linens in bold patterns and colorings. Peasant designs in a blaze of daring colors abound and these rustic prints are especially good-looking when made up into separate little coats with hats to match. Florals in effective spacing, cunning animal, vegetable and fruit

IT'S EMBROIDERED

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The latest call of the mode is for frocks of monotone silk crepe with complementary jackets made of the identical silk crepe of the dress, the same handsomely allover embroidered in bright contrasting colors. In the instance of the model pictured the sport dress is of pink silk crepe with a short-sleeved box jacket of the same crepe embroidered with green and blue wool. Blue buttons are on the dress.

Short-Term Wigs

Wigs are proving popular among fashionable women in London, who use them to cover hair while it is regaining its natural color after a "blond" period.

Black Is Smart

Much black is shown for summer wear with tailored white jackets and white accessories.

DESIGNERS PRESENT SKIRT INNOVATIONS

Unusual color combinations and a strong Oriental influence characterize the new Alix collection. Some skirts are so full and flaring that they resemble parachutes or lamp shades, while others, are caught under at the hem like Turkish trousers.

The feminine silhouette is stressed at all times and clothes at Alix are fashioned to display a slender waistline and curving hip line. For day wear, bodices are skin tight and are usually made with a high neck trimmed with bows or loops of material. All clothes show a certain amount of fullness at the hip, and this is frequently stressed by the use of a full and flaring peplum.

Glamorous Apparel Wins Approval of Parisiennes

For the polo matches, the races and late afternoon occasions of summer in Paris, it is now the smartest fashion to wear frocks and hats of the glamorous variety. Sheer fabrics like organdie are altogether enchanting and feminine for frocks with wide and sweeping skirts and hats with wide and flattering brims.

These decorative full-skirted frocks, with little capes or puffed sleeves, have not by any means replaced the tailored evening costume with a jacket, an important fashion for parties from five o'clock on. Daylight dining will enhance this tailored idea.

Culottes More Popular

The fashion for culottes (divided skirts) is no longer confined to the active sports field, say stylists. They will be seen everywhere for all daytime occasions this summer. Last season saw them first spring into popularity for sailing, bicycling and beach wear.

Lady's Choice

By SCOTT RYALL
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MARTHA GRAY looked at the two young Union soldiers. "Remember," she reminded them, "I'll marry the one who proves the bravest."

Joe Brady was big and handsome, and a lieutenant. "Fair enough," he said grinning and turned to Andy. "I hope you'll be my best man."

Andy Tait, only a sergeant and just as handsome, grinned, too. "Certainly, Lieutenant. Whom are you going to marry?"

They marched away to the stirring strains of the town band. They endured two years of mud, rain, heat, beans and bullets. Then they came back, each determined to claim the hand of Martha Gray.

Both had been cited for bravery. Both now were captains and both had been wounded. Andy Tait, however, was unfortunate in his scar of war. He hadn't realized a Confederate sniper was hidden in a barn. He had been too interested in quenching his thirst with the clear, cold water of a Virginia well while they were with Grant's forces.

Andy had bent over to catch the cool reflection down the shaft and at that moment he caught a bullet. The wound caused a slight limp. While he walked with some difficulty, he sat down with much inconvenience.

The two soldiers were welcomed with a dinner at the town hall from which few were absent.

Martha Gray was there, her face flushed and looking more than ever a prize for the better man. Joe gave them all a round history of his part in the war, after they had polished off a good dinner.

The crowd called on Andy for a speech and he stepped from the corner where he'd been standing in melancholy seclusion.

"I guess, friends," he said haltingly, "I ain't a speech maker. All I can say is, it was quite a war. Thank you."

Joe was hilariously happy. He looked at Martha Gray in the front row and winked broadly. Andy saw the wink too and took the opportunity of reaching Martha's side while Joe was in the midst of an admiring group.

"I couldn't tell them about it," he said, flushing hotly. "Just you, Martha. We're both holding you to your promise."

"Certainly, Andy. The truth is—she stopped in embarrassment. "Well, I—I don't know what to decide. There doesn't seem any difference between you. You're both brave. I can't marry you both."

Joe was approaching as she finished. "No need," he boomed heartily, "no need ay-tall. You think I told them all about the war but I ain't said nothing yet! At Gettysburg—"

"Suppose," she said, intensely embarrassed by more than one neighborly ear bent toward them, "both of you boys come to the house this evening."

In the evening Joe wasted no time in coming to the point. He made himself at home and altogether appeared a fine prospect for a husband as he sat by the fire, legs crossed, nursing his wounded shoulder just obviously enough to call for attention.

"At Gettysburg," he said, "we were charging a nest of field artillery. There were bullets flying all around. One of them hit my shoulder. I was so intent on getting that gun emplacement, I didn't notice it."

"I'm so glad," she murmured happily, "that neither of you was seriously wounded. I've wondered and prayed for your return."

Joe expressed his thanks for that and turned to Andy. "Let's see," he said maliciously, "where was it you got your wound, Andy?"

"I guess, Martha," Andy said slowly, "I'd just rather not talk on it."

Joe smiled victoriously. He leaned back in his chair and seemed generously inclined toward the world. Martha was obviously perplexed. "But, Andy," she objected, "you boys want me to make a choice tonight. How can I? You both were cited for bravery, both made captains, both wounded—"

"—capturing gun emplacement," murmured Joe.

Andy flushed miserably and said harshly, "I didn't do anything worth talking about. Or I can't put it into words. I was in the same battles as Joe and when he was capturing guns, so was I. As for wounds"—he glanced at Joe in the chair comfortably nursing his shoulder—"I don't think they have anything to do with courage."

Martha suggested allowing more time but Joe eagerly pressed her.

"You mean I must answer tonight?" she asked, and Joe nodded. "Well, you're both brave and fine soldiers. There is only one difference in the world," she said, and Joe leaned forward gleefully while Andy gave no indication of sensing the fateful decision. "One is a nice boy but he's done little except boast. The other has borne himself modestly all evening, like a gentleman."

She looked at one apologetically. "I'm sorry. But you see it does make a difference. You insisted, Joe, so I'll have to make my choice. If you'll kindly go now. We have some things to talk over—Andy and I."

Smiles

Speedy Age
Biggs—I want you to be present at my golden wedding next week.
Jiggs—Golden wedding? Why, man, you're not even married.
Biggs—No, but I will be next week. I am engaged to Miss Goldrox.

Answered at Last
"How far is it up?"
"As far as down is from the middle."

With Rope or Gun?
Student (to Professor in English Literature)—What subject are you going to give us tomorrow, professor?
Professor—Tomorrow we shall take the life of Robert Louis Stevenson. So come prepared.—Stray Stories.

Bounded Out
Teacher—What are the bounds of Australia?
Mary—The kangaroo!

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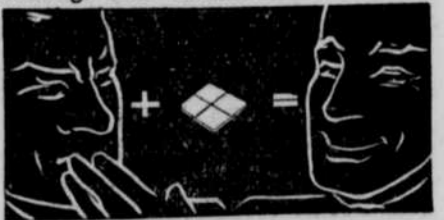
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