

FLOYD GIBBONS
FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER
ADVENTURERS CLUB
Hello everybody

"Thunder in the Air"
 By FLOYD GIBBONS

STEP up and meet William Dill of Newark, N. J. Bill's got a yarn to tell us today, and if it doesn't make him a Double Distinguished Adventurer with an order of blood and thunder on the side, then I'll be a Chinaman and so will my brother Ed.

It was during the early days of the World war—the fall of 1916, to be exact—and Bill Dill was working in a place where trouble was in the air and danger perched on his shoulder every minute of the day.

He was a foreman in a munitions plant located in the Bush Terminal building in Brooklyn, and in those days mysterious accidents were happening in munitions plants all over the country. The big "Black Tom" explosion had occurred in July of that same year, and people said that German spies and agents had been responsible for it. The United States was expected to take a hand in the war any minute. Germans were being watched closely by government detectives.

Munitions Factory Does a Shimmy.

German boats were being confiscated and all factories turning out war material for the Allies were swarming with guards watching for evidence of dirty work at the crossroads. But just the same, "accidents" and mysterious explosions were happening all over the country. No one knew where trouble was going to strike next.

It was almost nine o'clock on a chill September evening. The plant was working 24 hours a day, and the men were coming back to work after the supper hour. Bill Dill was in the glass-enclosed office, checking over reports. Everything seemed to be going nicely, when suddenly the floor gave a lurch, a terrific roar filled the air, and glass began flying from every direction.

The first thought Bill had was one of surprise to find that he was still sitting in his chair. He was cut in half a dozen places about the face and arms by bits of flying glass, but otherwise he seemed to be



Bill Got to the Switch and Snapped It Off

unhurt. He looked over the floor of the plant. For a second or two everyone stood still. Then, all at once, they began a mad screaming rush for the exits.

Bill dashed out of the office, shouting to the men to stay where they were. At the door stood a guard, his arms outstretched, trying to still the fears of the panic-stricken workers. The men stopped for a second, and Bill thought they had calmed down. But at the crucial moment, a new menace threw them into a second frenzy of fear. Smoke! A heavy black pall of it was issuing from the direction of the sand blast room.

There Was Sabotage in the Sand Blast Room.

Nothing could stop those frightened men then. They stampeded for the doors. Bill was knocked over on a tray full of shrapnel shells. A guard tripped over a fellow carrying two pails full of oil, and both of them went down while oil ran all over them and over the floor. Bill scrambled to his feet and ran toward the sand blast room. He had a pretty good idea of what had happened. There were two giant compressors in there that stored air in great tanks five feet wide and eight feet high. Someone had been tampering with those compressors, and one of the tanks exploded.

Bill had gone about three steps in the direction of the sand blast room when suddenly, the lights went out. At the same time, several lesser explosions rocked the building and a dull red glare lit up the great room as great tongues of flame licked out across the floor. At the first flash of light Bill stumbled through the door to the sand blast room and saw the body of the blast operator stretched out on the floor.

But Bill didn't stop to pick up the blast operator. Suddenly he was feeling weak, and he knew that big explosion had hurt him more than he first suspected. While he still had his strength, he had to shut off the compressors which were still pumping air into the second, still unexploded tank.

How Bill Saved the Day for Bush Terminal.

The smoke was so thick that Bill was gasping to get his breath. The acrid fumes, drawn deep into his lungs, seared and burned them. His eyes smarted. His knees buckled beneath him. Flames were shooting up all around him. He had just about enough strength to reach the power switch and turn off the compressors. How he was going to get out of that flame-swept room he didn't know. He wasn't even thinking of that. First of all, the compressors had to be turned off.

Bill got to the switch and snapped it off. Then, suffocated and exhausted, he sank in a heap on the floor while tongues of flame lapped around him, coming closer and closer with every second. A black curtain descended over his eyes. Bill fainted.

He came to find some one bending over him, holding a bottle of smelling salts to his nose. He asked about the sand blast operator and was told that he'd been taken to a hospital. In the sand blast room, the company's firemen were getting the blaze under control. All was well in Bush Terminal. But the "accident" was not without its effect. "We discovered," says Bill, "that the explosion had been caused by someone who tampered with the by-pass safety valves, and the next night more than half my force refused to return to work. Fear and panic had done their jobs only too well."

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Electoral Votes Count in Electing President

A President may be elected by a minority, or less than half of the total number of popular votes cast. This is possible, explains a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, because the President and vice President are not elected directly by popular vote, but by electors who are chosen by popular vote. A candidate for President receives all or none of the electoral votes cast by a state, except in rare instances when the electoral vote of a state is split. Hence, it is possible for a minority of the voters of the country as a whole to elect a majority of the presidential electors.

In the election of 1824 none of the four candidates for President received a majority of either the electoral or the popular votes, and John

Quincy Adams was chosen by the house of representatives in accordance with the method prescribed by the Constitution for such cases. Since then James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, in 1860; Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield; Grover Cleveland, in 1884 and 1892; Benjamin Harrison, and Woodrow Wilson, in 1912 and 1916, were elected President without receiving a majority of the total popular vote. But in the disputed election of 1876, Samuel J. Tilden actually received more popular votes than Hayes did, and yet Hayes was declared elected, the electoral count being finally determined as 185 to 184. Likewise in 1888 the Cleveland electors received 5,540,000 popular votes to Benjamin Harrison's 5,444,337. But Harrison was elected, 233 electoral votes to Cleveland's 168.

Built by Resettlement Administration



Such an establishment in itself goes a long way toward giving new hope to a drouth-discouraged farmer. In this instance the already established trees were utilized to provide a windbreak for the cultivated land.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JERRY CAN FIND NO TRAPS

JERRY MUSKRAT was puzzled. He was very much puzzled. When he discovered that the stranger had left pieces of carrot and apple at some of Jerry's favorite eating places he had guessed at once that a trap had been set in each one of those places. So, for a whole day he had kept away from them. Then curiosity had been too much for



It Seemed to Jerry That He Simply Must Have Those Pieces of Carrot.

him. He just had to go over to see if those delicious tid-bits were still there.

The first place he visited was an old log partly under water. On the part above water were several pieces of carrot. Jerry swam along both sides of that log and made sure that there was no trap under water. Then he crawled up on the bank beside that log and looked carefully for signs of a trap. He could find none. There certainly was no trap where those pieces of carrot lay in plain sight on that log.

It seemed to Jerry that he simply must have those pieces of carrot. He tried to turn his back on them and go away, but he couldn't. He knew he was foolish, but he finally, very, very cautiously crept up on that log until he could reach out one paw and knock a piece of carrot off. Nothing happened. Jerry jumped down and ate that piece of carrot with relish. Then he climbed back and did the same thing to another piece of carrot. Finally, he

had eaten the last piece of carrot and nothing had happened.

Then Jerry visited in turn the other places where the stranger had left good things to eat. At each place temptation proved too much for him, and he ventured to take those good things. He ate until his stomach was full and then he carried what was left over to his house. At none of those places could he find the least sign of a trap.

The stranger came the next day and left more good things, and that night Jerry had another feast. The following day the stranger did not come, but the day after he did. As before, he left good things to eat, and, as before, Jerry got them to the last scrap.

But all the time Jerry was puzzled. He couldn't understand why that stranger was bringing him all

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

GOOD THINGS FROM GOOD COOKS

WHEN you cannot think of a different salad for your family try:

Cottage Cheese With Figs

Mold well seasoned cottage cheese into dome shapes and dispose on crisp lettuce. Cut plump figs into halves and arrange in an upright border around the cheese. Serve with french dressing.

Veal and Ham Pie

Cut one pound of veal steak into inch dice and place in the bottom of a casserole. Over it arrange one half pound of cooked ham cut into strips. Then add four hard cooked eggs cut into halves lengthwise. Dissolve one bouillon cube in a cupful of boiling water, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, one tablespoonful of onion juice and one pint of tomato pulp. Pour this over the meat and cover with:

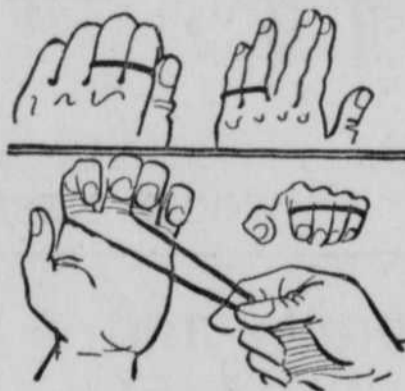
Vegetable Crust

Take one each of grated raw carrot and parsnips, one pint of mashed potatoes, one-half cupful of melted butter and salt and pepper to season. Spread, after blending well, over the pie, leaving it rough on the top. Cover with oiled paper for the first hour of baking.

Molded Crab Meat

Dissolve one package of lemon-flavored gelatin in one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Chill slight-

TRY THIS TRICK
 By PONJAY HARRAH
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JUMPING ELASTIC

The magician shows a rubber band around the first two fingers of his left hand. He uses his right hand to snap the elastic, proving that it is tightly in position.

Bending his fingers inward, the magician lets everyone see the elastic about the first two fingers. Magically, the rubber band jumps to the last two fingers of the hand.

This trick is very deceptive. The actual trickery begins when the magician snaps the elastic with his right hand. Holding the palm of his hand toward himself, he draws out the rubber band; then bending his fingers, inserts all of them into the loop thus formed.

Turning his hand so only the back is seen, the magician shows the elastic apparently on the first two fingers only. A quick extension of the fingers; the rubber band jumps.

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those good things to eat. At the same time, Jerry was growing careless. He no longer used his eyes and nose so carefully when he approached the places where those good things were left. In fact, sometimes he was in such a hurry to get them that he didn't look at all, but just scrambled up where the good things were. You see, not once had he found a single thing wrong. He was beginning to doubt that the stranger was a trapper at all. In fact, he was beginning to look on the stranger as a very good friend indeed.

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IF MY HEART

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IF MY heart were a vagrant wind It would follow you. Follow up where the sun is kind. Or amid the dew. If my heart were a rose in bloom In the border grass It would give of its heart's perfume But when you pass.

If my heart were a star tonight It would only shine. When it caught the reflected light Of your eyes divine. If my heart shall a song begin It is you must say— If my heart were a violin How you could play!

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.



"They would be like that," says fashionable Fern, "the clothes that bring the women out best certainly bring out the men."

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THROUGH A Woman's Eyes
 By JEAN NEWTON

WIFE BEATING

SHOULD a wife beater be whipped at the whipping post?

That is the question propounded by one of our readers who sends a news item of a man in Maryland who in addition to a jail sentence for beating his wife was ordered whipped at the post. Ten lashes was his punishment.

The question reminds me of one asked not long ago: "Should a woman convicted of brutal and cold-blooded murder of her husband be electrocuted?"

In the case in question the woman had been guilty of one of the cruelest and least understandable crimes which ever came to the attention of the public. Most people felt that she merited the most severe punishment consistent with enlightened ideas of punishment. Many people thought such methods were far too lenient; but we no longer put people on the rack or cut them to pieces, no matter what their crime. And electrocution being a big question in itself, the query, "should this woman go to the electric chair?" was not a simple one to answer.

And so we come to the whipping post, which is still a legal method of punishment in some states. In the light of methods of correction which are the result of greater thought than was formerly given to the treatment of criminals of greater knowledge of psychology and a greater feeling of responsibility and public conscience, this seems to many of us outdated.

And yet, if the punishment is to fit the crime, if punishment is something which is to "help the offender to remember not to repeat his offense," it would certainly seem logical to treat wife beating with the whipping post, to give the offender "some of his own medicine"—administered, accordingly, by one of greater physical force than himself! Verily if there is any offense which can justify such a horrible and debasing instrument as the whipping post, it is the crime of a man beating his wife.

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Sufficient Unto the Day
 Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a galley ship?"
 "Backache."
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A Nightmare



Unavailing Remorse

WE NEED to be careful how we deal with those about us, for Death carries with it to some small circle of survivors thoughts of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired. Such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its pains, let us remember in time.—Dickens.

Taste is something quite different from fashion, superior to fashion.—Thackeray.



Open Dealing
 Much of our dissension is due to misunderstanding, which could be put right by a few honest words and a little open dealing.—Black.



TANGLEFOOT
 has stuck to the Job of Catching FLIES and their GERMS for more than 50 Years!

Doing for Others
 Not what has happened to myself today, but what has happened to others through me—should be my thought.—F. D. Blake.



Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users of the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS



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SLEEP SOUNDLY

Lack of exercise and injudicious eating make stomachs acid. You must neutralize stomach acids if you would sleep soundly all night and wake up feeling refreshed and really fit.



TAKE MILNESIAS

Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.

ANNABELLE'S ANSWERS

By RAY THOMPSON



DEAR ANNABELLE: WHAT WOULD YOU CONSIDER A REALLY SUCCESSFUL MAN? AMBITIOUS.

Dear Ambitious: ONE WHO CAN MAKE MONEY FASTER THAN HIS SON CAN SPEND IT AT COLLEGE!

Annabelle.

Victor Stiebel created this unusual evening ensemble. The clinging bias cut gown is of black crinkled silk crepe that looks like wool. The waist-length jacket and wide sash are of multi-colored satin striped silk faille. The jacket is lined with black taffeta.