

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"Two Trains on a Track"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

"IF I'D been embarking on an expedition into some unexplored jungle," says George Force of New York city, "I might have been ready for anything. But as it happened, adventure came to me on a trip home from the office. A trip I took six days a week, fifty weeks in the year." Well, George, I've been arguing for a long time that that's the way most adventures happen.

It was on January 27, 1903, and George was on a train headed for home, which was then in a small New Jersey suburban town. It was a funny old train—as we know trains now.

The cars were wooden ones. They were heated by coal stoves, one of which was set in the middle of each car. It was a cold, snowy night. The train was rolling along about twenty miles out of New York, and just beyond the town of Westfield.

At the other side of Westfield, the train stopped. The express was coming through and the little local was switched to another track. The railroad dispatchers intended it to stay there until the express had gone by.

Tragic Train Wreck on Winter Night.

But something went wrong with the signals. The big train—the Royal Blue Line Philadelphia Express—doing sixty miles an hour—was on the wrong track. It was coming straight for the rear-end of the local train on which George was riding, but not a man on either train knew it until it was too late. The first George knew of it was when the crash came. It came with a terrible, jarring impact that shook the train from one end to another. Then, as far as George was concerned, the whole world seemed to be coming to an end.

Says George: "I was in the forward part of the third car. The crash, when it came, was so terrific that it pushed our train half a mile along the tracks. The shock of that collision alone killed many people.

But that shock was only the beginning. Jolted half out of his senses, George was dimly conscious of the whole terrible affair. Like a man in a dream he saw the car he was in turn over on its side. As it



They Led Him Away from the Frightful Scene.

turned, George went head first through a window, cutting his face, bruising his back. With the whole upper part of his body out of that window, he was dragged along the tracks as the car, lying on its side, still continued to scrape along them.

Express Locomotive Bored Into Wooden Car.

When a thousand things all happen at once, it takes a long time to tell them. Actually, George's whole adventure didn't last more than ten minutes all told. He felt the car turning over almost at the same time as the initial impact. He saw himself going through the window, felt himself being dragged along the rough surface of the roadbed, scarcely a split second after the car had toppled.

That scared him plenty, but the most awesome sight was the one that came just another split second after he fell through the window of that still-moving car.

George was up in the front part of his car. If he hadn't been, he might not have been alive today. For to the rear of the car came a horrible grinding sound. The whole back-end crumpled like match-wood. And into the car—right down its crazily tilted aisle—came the locomotive of the express.

George Describes Scenes of Frightful Horror.

George watched it in a daze of fear as it pushed its steaming head forward. It had gone through two cars already, killing and mashing and maiming their passengers. Now it was coming after George. Would that hot, smoking juggernaut get him? George held his breath, certain that it was the end, but half way down the car, the engine stopped.

The car was filled with cries and groans. Injured people were everywhere. The car was burning, as were all the other cars on the train, set afire by the up-ended coal stoves that heated them.

Says George: "The scenes I witnessed then were indescribable. The car was a twisted, misshapen mass of ruin. Burning ruin, with the locomotive embedded in its midst. Dead, wounded and helpless humans were lying along its entire length. Passengers from the few cars that were not harmed seemed stunned, and it was the less seriously wounded—some of whom had been in the worst of the wreck—who realized that help must be given to the dead and dying and that something must be done about those pinned in flaming cars."

Wreck Cost the Lives of 30 Passengers.

George himself was one of the latter. He couldn't get out alone, and only did with difficulty when three or four men came to help. When at last they pried him loose, he was still in a state of half-consciousness. His clothes, from his neck to his waist, had been torn completely from his body. They led him away through a scene of the most frightful disorder. Moaning, bleeding, scalded victims lay in rows by the side of the track, and every minute rescuers brought out more.

Every passenger in the rear car was killed outright. Few escaped in the next one. The engineer of the express train died a few minutes after the accident. All told, thirty people were killed and scores were injured.

And George—well—every time he thinks of that wreck, and the way that locomotive came crashing right into the car after him, he counts himself pretty lucky not to have been one of those poor devils in the last car.

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Diet of Japanese Beetle

The Japanese beetle was introduced into the United States in larval form in earth around the roots of a plant from Japan. The adult beetle, which is about three-eighths of an inch long and about the same width, prefers to eat apples, quinces, peaches, sweet cherries, plums, grapes, blackberries, clover and corn. When these are not available, it attacks the foliage of shade trees and ornamental shrubs. The adult beetle is bright metallic green in color, with coppery brown wing covers. It flies easily and has a voracious appetite. There is only one generation each year, five sixths of the time being spent in the soil as egg, larva or pupa.

Europeans Explored Ohio

Ohio was explored by Europeans in the latter part of the Seventeenth century. It was the pioneer state which embraced also what is now of the old "Northwest Territory"—Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and the northeast corner of Minnesota. It was the battleground of the Indian tribes. The French explorers tried hard to get a foothold in this rich territory. They planted leaden plates at the mouths of the rivers and sought to back up these claims to sovereignty. John Bull later set himself up as master of all this region, says Pathfinder Magazine, and in 1774 the British parliament passed an act annexing Ohio to Canada.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Choses Vues
Furs, Conscience-Proof
Caterpillars and Weeds
Wise Generosity

An able Frenchman, long since dead, wrote about choses vues—"things seen."



There are still many things to see and to hear, although there is nobody to write about them as that old Frenchman wrote. At the head of the London Times' "personal column," some one pays to print this impressive extract from the Psalms: "Seek the Lord, and His strength; seek His face evermore. Remember His marvelous works that He hath done; His wonders, and the judgments of His mouth." You spend a moment wondering what kind of English man or woman, strong in faith, decided to put that text before statesmen that today seek the "face" of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, but forget the greater power of the Creator of those gentlemen.

After that, you read in the same Times this advertisement:

"Furs humely obtained that can be worn with a clean conscience—full particulars from Maj. C. Van Der Byl, Wapenam, Towcester."

This being an ingenious and doubtless quite sincere appeal to the tender-hearted Englishwoman who does not like to think that the fur around her neck once belonged to an animal that suffered for days and perhaps weeks tortured in a trap.

Possibly the best way to "obtain furs humely obtained that can be worn with a clean conscience" is to buy and wear some of the innumerable furs, from rugged bears to silky chinchilla, made from the skins of rabbits that are nourished in little hutsches in the suburbs of Los Angeles, and fed with "rabbit hay," tender young alfalfa, grown on the Mojave desert, a good deal of it on a ranch owned and operated by this writer.

When you buy furs, no matter what kind, with a rabbit skin foundation, you may be sure that the

animal suffered very little, if at all, and when you buy that fur you also buy honest American alfalfa, which is a vegetarian product.

F. C. Cobb wrote from the Boy Scout reservation at Allaire, N. J.: "The last four week-ends have been spent by our scouts collecting tent caterpillar egg clusters from wild cherry and apple trees along the highways of Monmouth and Ocean counties. Many thousands of egg clusters, each containing on the average 250 eggs, have been destroyed."

No better work could be done by scouts and other boys. It is far better exercise than perfunctory "hikes," often exhausting for smaller boys.

The fathers of the boys, also in need of exercise, can be useful mowing weeds along highways, excellent work for the lungs and for reducing the waist.

Edward S. Harkness, generous young New York financier, gave to Lawrenceville School for Boys a sum that will make possible important new building, plus rebuilding and a more extensive system of small-group instruction, with more teachers.

Mr. Harkness, who does not like publicity, refused to make public the amount of his gift to Lawrenceville, but he gave \$7,000,000 to Exeter academy, \$13,000,000 each to Yale and Harvard, to finance their housing systems. That gives some idea of the size of his gifts.

Some Americans will agree that it is a good thing to have men of unusual ability accumulate wealth and use it thus generously and wisely.

Old-fashioned Americans would rather encourage such gifts and praise the givers than inculcate the notion that anybody with brains enough to accumulate wealth in this country of opportunity is probably a thief and ought to be in jail.

Mussolini knows how a dictator can keep his hold on the people. He establishes 2,000 government camps where half a million poor children enjoy free vacations at sea and mountain resorts. For nine years Mussolini has carried on this work.

In Europe, English, French, German, Italian or Czechoslovakian will believe anything you say about American crime, and that is hardly surprising.

The heading "Chicago Politician Dies Under Hail of Racketeers' Bullets" surprises nobody. There might be mild surprise if the heading read, "Chicago Politician Dies NOT Die Under Hail of Racketeers' Bullets."

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Fashion Back to Femininity Trend

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MANNISHLY

tailored to the pink of perfection during the practical hours and for sports? Decidedly so, if you would be smartly in fashion. However, it is an entirely different story which the mode is telling "what to wear" at festive midsummer events that take place amidst glamorous settings. Comes then into the style scene as lacy and lovely and sheer costumes-beautiful as ere graced a fashion picture.

The lavish use of nets, laces, organzas, marisettes, tulle and similar materials of filmy texture and transparency quite exceeds anything of its kind seen for many a year. In the daytime they are tailored and for the night hours and for garden party wear these entrancing sheers are made up as pretty-prettily as genius and imagination can possibly create them.

The trio of dainty costumes in the picture most eloquently carries the message of lovely ladies clad in beguilingly feminine array such as is gracing the midsummer landscape with romance and the picturesque. The first impression one gets from this group, aside from the beauty of the sheer materials, is that of big hats, cunning puff sleeves and hemlines that are generously and gracefully wide. Since first impressions usually ring true, we learn important facts in regard to the correct silhouette for 1936 midsummer garden party and dance frocks.

The winsome dress pictured to the left is of a very fine crossbar net. Style points to note are the fancifully picketed hemline with like-pointed ruffings on the voluminous puffed sleeves, the flower ruche about the throat, also the huge-brimmed hat that is made of the selfsame net (stiffly starched) as the gown. Here also we see the return of the parasol.

Garden party dresses when they are as fanciful and airy as the one to the right in the picture make one think of a fairy-story princess, stepping lightly across her garden. The dress is pure white, in organza most beautifully embroidered to knee-depth about the hemline of the skirt and on the sleeves. The gown is simply cut, its graceful lines taking on an added touch of the exquisite in that a double row of the exquisite in that a double row of binche lace borders the wide skirt working up into a deep point in the front in combination with the embroidery. The treatment of the puffed sleeves is fittingly quaint.

Lovers of beautiful lace will adore the gown shown centered in foreground. It is one of the loveliest from among most lovely dresses brought over on the maiden voyage of the royal steamship Queen Mary and shown at the display of exclusive British fashion creations recently presented here in America. It adds to its interest to know that it was one of four Reville creations approved for the royal garden party of King Edward VIII at Buckingham palace. The gown is of exquisitely fine lupin-blue cellophane lace. The girdle is of forget-me-nots, matching the crown of the hat in the same color. It would seem next to impossible to imagine anything prettier than this fantasy of lace and flowers which is done all in delicate blues.

In the present back-to-femininity trend, the garden party dress has its important place, especially when in the instances cited in this group it is just as perfect for country club or roof dancing on summer evenings.

© Western Newspaper Union.

"PAX" SILK PRINTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Prints continue to hold sway in the world of fashion. The lure of them is stronger than ever. Shown in the picture is one of the very interesting and unique "pax" (pax being the Latin word for peace) silk prints designed by a member of the board of directors of the international league for peace. These really handsome silk prints are available to women who are interested in adopting the peace-in-fashion movement. The dress pictured is of a blue and white silk sheer with the word pax so skillfully used as a motif it becomes a part of the patterning. The wide white-bordered cape-bertha is peated and shirred in accord with the latest styling trend.

FROSTED JEWELRY LEADS THE VOGUE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Summer's newest jewelry is "white and frosty." Rings, bracelets and necklaces that look as icy as a cool drink are being worn at fashionable summer resorts. Crystalline and opaque whites are frequently combined. Crystalline alone adds a glamorous note to costumes in the new smoky pastels, opaque white is good with copper-brown, and with the south-sea batik prints or flowered challis.

Choker necklaces are staging a come-back. Large frosty rings are frequently worn to match. To set off the rings, nails are adopting shades of smoky red polish. Massive cutout rings with multi-colored stones are also smart, and require bright nail lacquer such as robin red or coral to give the hands the proper balance.

For moments when the urge to be feminine has you in its grip, try yielding to the rage for flower jewelry. Fabric flowers, raffia flowers, carved flower motifs, are used—even the real thing straight from the florist. Any flower goes, from daisies to forget-me-nots. Some of the necklaces tie demurely at the back of the neck with a ribbon.

New Mode in Smart Sports

Dresses for Daytime Wear Smart dresses for daytime wear during the summer include grand new sports and spectator sports outfits. Molyneux has scored with a new design made for his private clients, who include several Americans known for their elegance. A suit of beige woolen has a most interesting belt which is made of natural tree bark and is fastened with a sheaf of dried grass. Another successful number is a dress of navy and white linen tweed with the skirt of wide, flat pleats. It is worn under a navy wool redingote.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

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I am writing this on a hot day—a very hot day. The thermometer on my porch

Don't Watch the Thermometer it is a hundred degrees Fahrenheit. I could believe that it is very much hotter than that.

The people that pass my door have taken off their coats—if they are men.

The women, who refuse to be beaten even if they can't really keep cool, are wearing filmy rainment, but they don't pant the way men do.

But while I admit that I am inconvenienced, and wish I could be in Alaska and lean against an ice floe like a polar bear, I know that if I stop thinking about the weather and go to work I will soon lose myself in my job.

A little way down the street is a fire-engine house. The firemen have rigged a pipe up in front of the building and from its mouth spouts a continuous man-made geyser. All the children in the neighborhood, and they make as much noise as all the children in town, are stripped to their little buffs and are shouting joyfully as they bend down their backs and let the spray from the pipe run over them.

Every time there is a lull in the proceedings to change children—for there are too many of them to soak all at once—a flock

of sparrows alight to have their turn at the cooling process.

But in the suburban town where I live, and in the great city which is not far away, men and women are doing their regular work.

If a fire should break out in another part of the town, the firemen who are now watching the children enjoy their shower baths would mount their ladder trucks and man their engines, and be off with a blare of sirens to do their appointed job.

If they decided they didn't want to get any hotter and stayed where they were perhaps the town might be consumed.

Men and women can do in a pinch what they have to do, whether the temperature is up or down.

When the need arises, especially the need to help others out of danger, their courage crops out and they all become heroes for the time being.

And I, who have nothing to do for the present but pound a type-writing machine would do well to forget the fact that it is uncomfortable, and stop breathing hard and making continuous trips to the refrigerator for ice cubes to fill my glass.

Rain or snow, cold or hot, one is easier in his mind if he forgets the discomforts that are bound to come, and to continue with his work.

And the more indispensable work he has to do, the more easily he will withstand the steaming streets and the torrid skies.

As long as it is not humanly possible to change the weather, the only intelligent thing to do is to forget about it.

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.

Use of Talents

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies.—Samuel Smiles.

Smiles

That's the Trouble

Quink—Do you believe that all money is tainted?

Guppy—Yes. Money in fact is double tainted. 'Tain't your's and 'tain't mine.—Stray Stories Magazine.

For the Laundry

"I'd like some soap, please."
"Certainly, madam. We have just the thing for that delicate, peach-blossom complexion—"

"Oh, it's not soft soap I want!"

Sure to Arrive

"Here, Tommy," said Mrs. Jones to her neighbor's little boy, "run along and put this parcel on the bus."

"Which bus?" asked the lad.
"Any bus," replied Mrs. Jones. "It's me husband's lunch, and he works in the lost property office."

Right the First Time

Little Mary—I'll bet you can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in.

Mr. Hidebound—I haven't a single idea, Mary.

Little Mary—Oh, you guessed it.

Why He Needed Job

"Am I bright? Why, I've won several newspaper competitions."
Prospective Employer—Yes, but I need a boy who is smart during business hours.
"Well, this was during business hours."

The Mind Meter

By LOWELL HENDERSON

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The Four-Word Test

In this test there are four words given in each problem. Three of the four in each case bear a definite relationship to one another; Cross out the one word that does not belong in each problem.

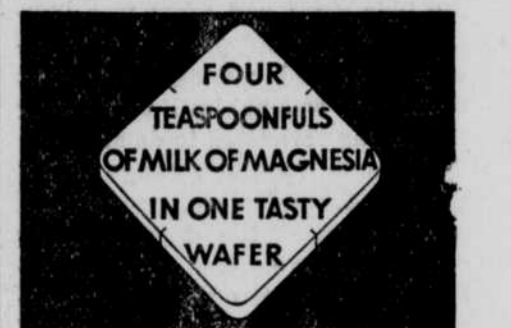
1. Holy, sacred, profane, divine.
2. Tall, squat, lofty, high.
3. Lob, double-play, net ball, ace.
4. New Hampshire, Vermont, Boston, Connecticut.
5. Vain, humble, modest, submissive.
6. Shot put, javelin throw, 100-yard dash, discus throw.
7. Hot, stolid, fiery, ardent.
8. Harvard, Princeton, Vassar, Yale.
9. Tallahassee, Sacramento, Chicago, Baton Rouge.
10. Running, swimming, walking, trotting.

Answers

1. Profane.
2. Squat.
3. Double-play.
4. Boston.
5. Vain.
6. 100-yard dash.
7. Stolid.
8. Vassar.
9. Chicago.
10. Swimming.



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DOAN'S PILLS

FRANTIC with ITCH

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