

FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER FLOYD GIBBONS ADVENTURERS CLUB Hello Everybody

"Hornets and Bullets" By FLOYD GIBBONS

CROWD over there, boys and girls, and make room for a new Distinguished Adventurer in this club of yours. He is Ralph Gewehr of South Orange, N. J.

I've got to admit, right at the start, that Ralph's yarn is a stinger. It happened to him in August, 1934, up in the Adirondacks, when Ralph and his pal, Billy, started out with a couple of .22 calibre rifles to hunt eagles.

Well, sir, that's a good enough start for any adventure. An eagle is a pretty tough proposition, and a .22 calibre rifle is a pretty small piece of hardware to try to handle one with.

Those lads were slated for trouble. Their numbers were up—especially Ralph's. Anything they did that day would have been wrong, and when Billy took a pot shot at the only game in sight, he started something worse than a whole flock of eagles and a couple of buzzards thrown in for good measure.

Boys Find Hornet's Nest Is Dangerous Target.

With their rifles in their arms, Ralph and Billy headed up the trail on foot. They trudged up to the top of Blue Ledge, a distance of ten miles from the summer camp of Ralph's folks at North river.

Now a hornet is pretty far from an eagle, but a hornet's nest makes a nice target—if you don't care what you shoot at—and Billy didn't care.

He got a glimpse of Billy tearing through the woods with a million or so of the enemy on his shoulders and the next second tripped and fell.



Bang! Went a Shot Right in Ralph's Ear.

Bang! went a shot right in his ear. He thought it was Billy's rifle for a moment because his had fallen out of his hand. Then he felt a stinging sensation in his side. That must have been a big hornet, he thought, from the way it felt.

Ralph Is Shot by His Own Rifle.

The hornets were stinging him everywhere, but none of them hurt as much as the one in his side. He put his hand on the spot and drew it away covered with blood! Ralph was shot! His own rifle had exploded on hitting the ground and the bullet must be in his body!

Hornets were forgotten in the face of this discovery. The situation was deadly serious. Here was a boy shot in the side and he was ten miles from civilization. Besides, both boys were already tired from their long walk. And, to make matters worse, the only doctor was eight miles more beyond Ralph's cabin.

Ralph says they Boy Scout training came immediately to mind. The thing to do in case of a sudden shock, they recalled, was to apply heat, externally, internally and eternally. So Billy built a fire, heated some water and made coffee. Ralph drank the coffee, which heated him internally. Then Billy wrapped him in the blankets for the external heating.

Wounded Lad Makes Heroic 10-Mile Trek.

Did you ever try to walk ten miles with a bullet in your side? Ralph advises you not to. In addition to the mental torture of not knowing how badly he was wounded, Ralph suffered intensely from the heat. It was mid-August and hot enough without the blankets and the coffee, and he had to trudge along bundled up like an Indian papoose.

That walk, says Ralph, was a nightmare. He figures he must have lost at least ten pounds and laid the foundations for a headful of gray hair. But he kept on going, even if he did think that each step would be his last. Finally they got back to the camp where Ralph's dad had a car.

It was late at night when the boys finally staggered into the doctor's office after a ride that shook the daylight out of Ralph. The doctor looked at the wound and ordered him to the hospital. Then began another ride that Ralph will remember all his life. It was forty miles, but Billy drove it almost as fast as those hornets could fly.

State Troopers Ask the Boys Searching Questions.

At the hospital another surprise was in store for them. State Troopers—called by the doctor, as they always do in cases of gunshot wounds—met the boys and questioned them. Ralph says they seemed to think that he and Billy had been shooting at each other or holding somebody up. But they cleared themselves of that suspicion and Ralph went on the operating table.

An operation is an adventure in itself, but Ralph's was one with a happy ending. The bullet—which, fortunately, was not a high powered one—had entered his side and, striking a rib, had glanced off and missed the vital organs. The doctors, after an X-ray had been taken, picked the slug out of his shoulder and when Ralph woke up there was his mother, more scared than he was. Billy had found her and told her "Ralph had been shot."

The Palo Verde Tree: The palo verde is a small, intricately branched tree of the pea family. It grows from 15 to 20 feet high, with a short trunk, smooth, green bark, and minute leaves which fall soon after appearing, leaving the tree leafless most of the year.

Gems in Volcanoes: Three of America's semi-precious stones are products of Hawaiian volcanoes. The olivine, most widely known of these, is a transparent olive-green stone somewhat like an emerald.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Spenders of Yesteryear Gone With Their Billions Paris Hotels Empty England Learns Also Europe learns that political experiments cost money. England decided to prevent Mussolini taking Ethiopia, camping along the imperial British highway, and controlling Lake Tana, source of Nile water.

When the dust had settled and England, with her chicken-feed assortment of 51 league nations, had apologized to Mussolini and tossed Haile Selassie into the waste-basket, England found her foreign commerce much damaged. She had missed Mussolini, and shot herself in the pocketbook.

Paris, which is France, decided to sing and dance a new carmagnole with Russian dressing; clenched fists raised in air a la Russe; red flag waving; the doleful strains of the Communist hymn, l'Internationale, and its Communist injunction, "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation," excellently sung from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Bastille.

There were, and are, manifestations everywhere. Now in the chamber of deputies, Monsieur Gaston Gerard, practical French statesman, asks, "What has become of our foreign tourists and their spending money?"

M. Gerard tells the deputies something must be done. In 1927, 2,125,000 foreigners from all over the world visited France, spending much money. Visitors now number only 700,000; as a rule with little money to spend—oysters containing no pearl; many that come to help sing l'Internationale bring no money.

Foreign visitors, says M. Gerard, used to give highly paid employment to half a million French men and women; spent 500,000,000 francs for French railroad and steamship tickets; scattered throughout France from 12 to 15 thousand millions of francs.

Fifteen billions, even in francs, are "real money" here. M. Gerard tells the chamber French prices are too high. There is something in that, with the four-cent franc costing six to seven cents in the United States—a comic-opera situation, considering the relative wealth of the two nations.

Nothing happens to the car of grand luxury; it crosses the Avenue of the Champs Elysees, about 300 feet, in less than twenty minutes. The French, newly self-identified as "prisoners of starvation," are interested in the auto American, which is careful not to bump anybody.

Halter Neck, Princess Lines, Capes



A NEW party dress this time of year brings two-fold joy. There's the fun of rounding out the summer season of social activities in lovely array and then when midseason dances and dinners are over, it's off to college where the fun begins all over again for your dress will take on new glamor in new environment.

The gowns pictured have smart features that are scheduled to carry through into late fall, since their styling is decidedly advance. The skirt of the lovely flowered chiffon dress on the seated figure is that full and billowy it floats beguilingly with every move of its fair wearer.

Designers are all enthusiastic over the new princess lines that are destined to play an outstanding role this coming season both for dresses and coats. The charming gown centered in the picture adopts princess lines that develop into a full hemline.

A theme of absorbing interest is the new gowns fashioned of black satin for dinner and evening wear. They are in decided contrast to the fluffy ruffles type of shimmering and sheer frocks. The idea is to make them up classically simple.

Feathers are coming into the conversation, too—and how they will increase our vocabularies! Our plumage, it seems, is to be one of our most important autumn features. We'll be using the term "Coq feathers" again, and "coquille."

Buttons Now Offer Style Touch for an Old Costume Seekers of the latest in accessories for the modern well dressed woman are missing an important bet if they don't make a special point of keeping close watch on the button market.

Itchy Palm

By BARBARA BENEDICT

MISS ABBY FORBES was not superstitious. That is, not very. Of course, she would never walk under a ladder when she could walk around it, and if a black cat crossed her path it gave her the horrors, and when she spilled salt she always tossed a pinch of it over her shoulder on to the stove.

No, Miss Abby was not really superstitious, but when even non-superstitious people have an itchy right palm it continues to itch for no apparent reason despite your best efforts to ignore it—well, you just can't ignore it. Miss Abby knew that an itchy right palm meant you were going to meet some one new.

Today Miss Abby sat in her rocking chair near the dining room window scratching her itchy right palm and staring out at her flower bed and wondering. It was spring, and the flower bed was a glorious riot of color. Miss Abby was proud of that flower bed; just yesterday she had left off putting around in it, planning to spend the remainder of the week spring house-cleaning.

And right then a knock sounded on Miss Abby's front door. She gave a little start, even though she had expected the knock, and sat very still for a minute, conscious of the fluttering of her heart. But presently she stood up and made her way through the living room and opened the door. The person standing there was a man, a very tall and handsome and clean-looking man, with gray eyes and graying hair, and a wide, humorous mouth.

"Good morning," said the man, and stepped, uninvited, inside. Abby didn't answer him, and he regarded her queerly, and then went along the hall and through the living room door. Miss Abby didn't know what to do. It was all so strange and queer and unreal. But after a moment she mustered her courage and followed him through the door. And right then her heart seemed to stop beating. A terrible coldness came over her. For, looking through the dining room into the kitchen, she could see the man gazing up at the gas meter on the wall and writing something down in a book he carried, and she remembered that Lora Inman had said there was a new gas man on the route.

A tear welled up in Miss Abby's eye, and she quickly brushed it away. She felt suddenly older than her years and very tired. She wanted to sit down and rest—and cry. Folk couldn't understand how she felt, because no one could possibly know.

The gas man came back through the dining room and stood over Abby and stared at her and there was a strange light in his eyes. Unexpectedly he said: "Aren't you Abby Forbes?" And Abby looked up at him and caught her breath, because there was something about him that fanned into flame a dying ember of memory.

Abby felt as though she were going to faint. But she didn't. She recovered and said of course she remembered him and wouldn't she sit down a minute and she'd make some tea and they'd talk of old times. So Orion Pratt sat down in the rocker and looked out at Abby's flower bed, and presently Abby brought him a cup of tea, and they talked of old times. Abby's palm began to itch again and Orion looked at it and told her that she'd better be careful of poison ivy at this time of year. He noticed, he said, that some was growing out in her flower bed. And Abby blushed and said that must be it, because he really wasn't someone new, was he? Which puzzled Orion, but he let it pass and mentioned that Abby was prettier than she'd ever been before, and that he wasn't married and—but, shucks, you can guess how it all turned out.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

When blankets are washed at home do not wring them dry. Instead hang them outdoors on the clothesline to dry.

After washing white silk stockings or gloves and rinsing them thoroughly be sure to hang them in the shade to dry. This will keep them white.

If the chicken is well rubbed inside and out with a cut lemon before being cooked it will make the meat white, juicy and tender.

Custard pies should first be started to bake in a hot oven to set the crust, then the heat of the oven should be quickly reduced so that the custard may cook slowly.

When you have potatoes left over from a meal do not peel, as a cold potato keeps better with the jacket on. If peeled, it dries on the outside and must be trimmed before using, and that is wasteful. Also, an economical way to prepare mashed potatoes is boil them in their jackets, peel and then mash.

Before heating milk in a sauce pan rinse the pan with water and the milk will not scorch so easily.

Never beat or stir cereals or rice with a spoon. It makes them pasty. Use a silver-plated fork.

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HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA

FOR SCHOOL WEAR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



In every back-to-school wardrobe there should be at least one dress of light weight wool. Light in weight but warm enough for coolish days, the sheer wool used to make this beautifully tailored two-piece frock makes it equally acceptable for business, campus or spectator sports wear.

FEATHERS IN YOUR HAT THIS AUTUMN

Now comes a word about fall hats. Higher crowns and off the face lines in brimmed styles are being shown. One advance model developed in black leghorn for late summer, and in velvet for fall, has a turned-up brim, cleverly slit at the back and trimmed with a dark gray ostrich feather.

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