

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"No Dice"
By FLOYD GIBBONS,
Famous Headline Hunter

NOW the moral of this story, boys and girls, is that gambling doesn't pay. Not that I need any story to convince me of it. I once bet two bucks on a horse I thought would come in first at Saratoga, and the next time I saw him was two years later, pulling the steam calliope in a circus parade in Denver.

Yep, it's risky business letting a horse invest your money for you, but not half as risky as the chances Lieutenant Tommy Griffin, of the Eighteenth infantry, Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., took when he started wooing Lady Luck that fateful July night back in 1922.

Lieutenant Tommy has gone a long way in the army since 1922. Then he was just plain Private Tommy, of the One-Hundred and Seventeenth field artillery, a national guard outfit of Goldsboro, N. C. The One-Hundred and Seventeenth was doing its regular two weeks' field work at Fort Bragg.

It was a hot night, and some of the boys were holding cavalry maneuvers on a blanket in one of the tents. For horses they were using little white, spotted cubs, and those "horses" were galloping back and forth across the blanket in a way that would have scared an enemy army out of at least six weeks' pay.

Tommy and Pal Are Attracted by Galloping Ivories.

Of course, an unsympathetic officer of the day might have suspected that those fellows were shooting craps, but I'm going to take Tommy's word for it that those shouts of "Come on, seven!" that came from the tent, were just the cries of excited rooters who wanted to see the Seventh regiment win.

Tommy and a friend were coming back from an evening in a nearby town when they heard the boys cheering the Seventh regiment on. There was also a lot of encouragement being given to Big Dick, who, I presume, was the captain of the Seventh regiment, and Little Joe, who must have been the first lieutenant. The rooting attracted Tommy and his pal, and they dropped into the tent to see what was going on.

There were three men in the tent—a sergeant named Joe and two privates, Bill and John. The sergeant had been drinking, and he rolled



The Argument Got Pretty Hot for a Minute.

out the ivories with a sort of grim determination. He had lost several dollars, and Tommy could see that he wasn't taking it any too well.

Losing Sergeant Returns to Make Trouble.

The other two lads were in a jovial mood, though neither one of them had imbibed any alcohol. John had the dice and Tommy watched him while he set a point, made it, and picked up his winnings. And it was right there that the friendly game began to take on a serious aspect.

Joe, the sergeant, claimed that John hadn't won the money and told him to put it down. There was an argument that got pretty hot for a minute, but in the end John put the dough back just to humor him, and the play was resumed. A couple more throws and Joe left, weaving his way unsteadily out of the door. But a few minutes later he was back again, a .45 revolver in his hand and an ugly scowl on his face.

Joe was looking for trouble. That much was plain to everybody. He began to accuse John of talking about him behind his back. His finger was tight against the trigger, and looking over, Tommy could see the yellow of cartridge rims in the chamber of the gun. There was no joke about it. That gat was loaded.

Drunken Maniac's Bullet Wakes John Up.

Tommy didn't wait for any more. He made a leap for Joe and grabbed the gun. But Joe kept his grip on the revolver, too, and the pair of them rolled over on the tent floor, fighting desperately for possession of the weapon.

Says Tommy: "I wasn't sure I could hold him long, and I yelled to John to go away. He just sat there looking at me. Then suddenly Joe pulled the trigger. There was a sharp crack that deafened me for a minute, and a bullet whizzed by my head and ripped on out through the top of the tent. I should have been scared then, but I wasn't. At that moment I was too excited to feel the effects of fear."

And still John sat calmly on his cot, watching Tommy wrestle with the drunken maniac. Whether he was dazed or scared stiff or just thought it was all a joke, Tommy never learned. But he sat there until another shot rang out, and this time the bullet hit John in the hip. That broke the spell. John leaped to his feet and streaked out of the tent. Tommy says he's never seen a man run so fast in his life.

Tommy Stares into the Muzzle of a .45.

Tommy was tired by that time—dead tired. Joe was strong as a bull, and he knew he'd never be able to get that gun away from him. "John was gone," he says, "and I didn't think Joe would shoot me. I took a chance and let him go. He got up, drunk and furious, and for a full minute I lay on the ground staring into the muzzle of the .45. That's when I did get scared. I have never seen a gun muzzle grow to look so large. I expected every second to be my last, and I began wishing he would shoot and get it over with. But no! He just stood there, fingers convulsing on the trigger, face purple with rage. Then all of a sudden he seemed to realize that John had gone, and he ran out of the tent after him."

That was the beginning of the end. In another ten seconds the whole camp was in an uproar. They caught Joe and took him to the guardhouse, and later they found Johnny and sent him to a hospital, where he spent several weeks getting over that wound in the hip.

And Tommy says that just about the time John got out of the hospital was when his nerves quieted down and his hair stopped standing on end.

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Letters of Junius

The Letters of Junius, a remarkable series of political letters to the number of 69, were written under the pen name of Junius and appeared at intervals between January 21, 1769, and January 21, 1772, in the pages of the Public Advertiser, the most popular newspaper in Great Britain at that time. Masterly in style, they attacked all the leading characters of the government, not excepting royalty. The authorship has been attributed to no fewer than 50 persons, but it is generally accepted that they were written by Sir Philip Francis.

Different Forms of Lightning

The world has been slow in learning that lightning assumes a large number of different forms. As recently as the middle of the Nineteenth century the leading scientific authority on lightning—the French physicist Arago—recognized only three varieties of lightning, and his list found its way into textbooks in all countries. Strange to say, of the three kinds enumerated by this authority, one—zigzag lightning—certainly does not exist, and the existence of the other two—sheet lightning and ball lightning—is somewhat doubtful.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

For the Pacific States
A Good Example
It Sold for \$700

The Pacific states should interest themselves in air defense, apart from the national government.



Arthur Brisbane

When a committee of rich men from New York called on Abraham Lincoln, told him how much money they had, and urged that he send a good battleship to do nothing but protect New York city, his reply was that if he had as much money

as they said they had, he would build a battleship for himself.

The west coast states, California, Oregon, Washington, co-operating perhaps with their vigorous neighbors of Vancouver, and other points above the Canadian border, might well have a few flying ships of their own, a sort of air militia.

San Francisco, where they combine patriotism with plenty of money, and great civic pride and energy, might well start the idea of a Pacific coast flying force. That need not be very expensive. A hundred machines to begin with, a hundred plucky young fliers, practicing the gentle art of flying at night, and dropping bombs, practicing especially mimic warfare against other flying machines, would constitute an admirable object lesson to the rest of the country.

And if California, in San Francisco for instance, should start a little flock of one hundred machines, Los Angeles could be relied upon to hurry in with two hundred, Seattle and other coast cities also.

Such machines need not be a total loss.

In the first place, many young gentlemen with rich fathers, not knowing exactly what to do with themselves, extremely anxious to find work worth while, and preferably dangerous, would delight in each equipping his individual machine, for the service of the Pacific coast and of Uncle Sam, as the nobles in the old days delighted in equipping each his regiment, or his fighting ship, for the service of the king.

Two hundred or three hundred high-powered, swift flying machines, directed by quick and courageous American brains, would be

worth more to the safety of the Pacific coast than a hundred battleships. For the fighters that come, if they do come, will fly miles above the battleships.

They would come less gaily, less confidently, if they knew that trained fliers awaited them.

Hideyo Noguchi, who gave his life to fight yellow fever in Africa, will inspire many men. He was born of a proud, warlike race, intensely self-centered, for 2,000 years a hermit people. The loyalty of a Japanese was to family, clan, above all to the emperor representing his race. The rest of the world was nothing to him.

Born one generation after Japan opened her doors to the world, Noguchi felt the new spirit of the times. He was loyal to family, clan, emperor, race; but he was devoted chiefly to all human kind.

From boyhood to the last, through poverty and many perils, he studied how to wipe out disease. He discovered the germ of yellow fever, developed serums to prevent the fever of cure it, led in the work that has driven it out of America and will soon put an end to it throughout the world.

Yellow fever killed countless millions of all peoples. Noguchi's skill and devotion have saved the lives of millions, too many to estimate, most of them foreigners to whom his forefathers would have paid no attention, calling them hein-kin, or no-folks.

Noguchi's self-sacrifice to human welfare sets an example that is sure to be followed. Perhaps, in time, most men will see that it is better to help one another than to kill or even rob one another.

It is said the Hackensack Indians sold to the white men for so many bars of lead, and some finery, worth altogether \$700, land on which now stands the entire city of Newark, N. J., and a great deal of land beyond.

The poor Hackensack chief, with his \$700, couldn't buy today enough land or a tight grave at the corner of Broad and Market streets in Newark. Land goes up wonderfully.

Doctors at Kansas City report that birth control information so much discussed does little good to the poor, and has caused an "alarming slump in child bearing among educated families."

That is how reform works, usually. But since 90 per cent of human beings worth while come from poor families, providence may be working in its usual mysterious way. © King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Furred Suits "Must" for College

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



START your autumn wardrobe, Miss Collegian, with a fur-trimmed suit if you would underwrite for yourself a guarantee of being smartly and handsomely appareled throughout the coming round of campus and social activities. In fact the verdict handed down from the supreme court of high fashion declares a suit dramatized with lavish fur embellishment becomes an absolute "must have" this season for every woman and most especially for the college girl who would do the correct thing in matter of practical stylish daytime dress.

Since fur-laden costume suits are so outstanding on the current style program we are picturing a trio of late-minute models that simply radiate with style-significant details. These stunning ensembles were recently shown at a fashion revue presented by the style creators of Chicago in the wholesale district—a brilliant affair that intrigued a vast and appreciative audience to a point of high enthusiasm.

In these striking fashions three distinct trends are indicated—peplum, tuxedo (with reefer suggestion) and tunic. Generally speaking, the costume suit program for autumn and winter classifies into these silhouette influences.

The daring, flaring youthful peplum effect that distinguishes the colorful trottet suit to the left carries appeal to the slender figure. This snappy walking suit of imported wool in the new moss green is lavishly bordered with red fox, a color combination that tunes in superbly with a glowing autumn landscape. The blouse is of rich

lame. The elegance of the material of which the blouse is made carries an important message in regard to the new fabric collections which foretell the use of most opulent and grandiose weaves for fall and winter fashions. Per example the latest move is to wear a waistcoat of costly brocade with the new suit as a happy diversion from the regulation blouse. As to evening velvets and satins and such they are superbly beautiful and "classy."

A tuscan wine costume of nubby wool is centered in the group. Here we have a jacket with fitted back and a spectacular lynx tuxedo front that dramatizes the picture. The very new and popular fur reefer fronts such as stylize both jackets and long coats are quite similar to the tuxedo treatment. The dress with the "tuxedo" jacket is of matching material. It interprets a new neckline and has a double pearl ornament fastening down the front. Speaking of leading colors the wine shades repeat their triumph with dark rich greens (spruce green's the new theme) contesting for first honor.

The costume to the right is of spruce green wool trimmed in mink-dyed kolinsky. Here we have the more-than-ever popular tunic lines. The tunic suit is a leader among leaders this season. The deep fur bordering is typical of the smartest fur treatments for fall. The matching muff and self-fur collar add a final touch of chic. © Western Newspaper Union.

SHORT, FULL SKIRT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Skirts shorter and fuller is the exciting headline flashed from fashion's realm for fall and winter. Another significant style message is that the new modes reflect a strong British trend influenced by the forthcoming coronation of King Edward VIII. All this as a prologue to the story of the dress here shown made of black spotproof transparent velvet with full circular Victorian skirt and a basque blouse trimmed in royal blue chiffon with metal coin dots—inspired by fashions popular in the days of Queen Victoria. We learn furthermore from the series of fashion revues presented recently by the Style Creators of Chicago in the wholesale outlet that the coronation theme reflects in street outfits as well as in the richly colorful and jeweled evening costumes, also that the red being used is strictly a British wine color and that a typical British tunic and cap influence is evidenced in new stylings.

DECORATIONS FOR HATS FOR AUTUMN

Judging by the forecasts of autumn millinery we are getting back to the days when a hat which wasn't trimmed wasn't considered as worthy of attention.

Autumn hats have all sorts of novel decoration, usually in a shade which contrasts so that there is no chance of overlooking the elaboration of detail. Bonnet-like shapes that look suspiciously like those great-grandmothers once wore are trimmed with pompons and perky ostrich tips. Tassels, silk cords and even spangle arrangements in several different shades trim more sophisticated models.

The alliance of different tones is as significant as the trend toward trimming. Novel fancies of ribbon in two shades of green appear on black felt models and those of very dark red shades. A soft raspberry tone is effective as a contrast for grayish blue.

Tunics Are Now Designed for All Types of Women

The vogue of tunics has reached the state where there are tunics designed for fat women, tunics for thin women, tunics for young and tunics for old. Woe unto the follower of fashion who happens to choose the wrong one.

Those flaring, knee length tunics which start from slender waistslines and shoot out in all directions are intended for the young and willowy creatures. The more they flare and the puffier the sleeves of the accompanying blouse the younger they are. Stylish stouts are permitted to adopt the tunic theme providing they select the straight line version.

Bouffant Effects

At recent Rue de la Paix shows, the silhouette varied from the strictly tailored pencil lines to bouffant effects, more effective perhaps in the full skirts because of the transparent laces which retained the willowy grace of the slim figure as heavier materials could not do.

It Doesn't Pay—

Doing Favors for Others With Thought of Return Disappoints

"THE older I grow the more I am appalled by the ingratitude, the complete lack of a sense of obligation on the part of our fellow human beings.

"With me the people who come first are always those to whom I have any obligation whatsoever. Anything that is done for me is constantly on my mind and I am on the lookout to repay. But look about you and you will observe the most inconceivable indifference on the part of most otherwise decent people to what they owe to others. Indeed the code seems to be to cultivate those from whom some advantage may be forthcoming and neglect those to whom we are indebted. The answer to it all is to put yourself out for nobody; it doesn't pay."

The above lament was received by an international writer of note, who answers as follows.

It must have been an unusually unfortunate chain of experiences that gave this woman such an unhappy slant on human nature. But certain it is that favors done with thought of return are bound to bring disappointment. In this busy, hectic world, people are likely to be rather casual about give and take. That does not necessarily mean that they are unappreciative. They are just not punctilious. Frequently a kindness makes its mark but time passes before occasion presents itself to show appreciation, or to reciprocate. After all, if we think

enough of people to put ourselves out for them, as our reader says, there must be a certain amount of faith.

If we do things for others only because we want to do them and find a certain satisfaction in it, we have nothing to lose. But the expected reward is something like the watched pot—very disappointing. In fact, it doesn't pay. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Spirited Kittens on Cross Stitch Towels



Pattern 5572

A dull moment's unthinkable with these seven, mischievous kittens about! In fact, they've thought up enough cute tricks to give you decoration for a week's supply of tea towels. Sit right down and send for this pattern, and get started on your set. The seven simple motifs work up very quickly in a combination of cross stitch, single and outline stitches. Use colored floss.

In pattern 5572 you will find a transfer pattern of seven motifs 5 by 8 inches (one for each day of the week); color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Planets of Gas

What kind of creature could live on an island of ammonia in a sea of gasoline and breathe air made up of methane, or "marsh gas?" He would certainly have to be a lot different from earthly beings.

Astronomers at Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., reported not long ago that the atmospheres of the four planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are composed chiefly of marsh gas, and suggested that the large spot on the planet Jupiter is an island of ammonia afloat on a hydrocarbon sea.—Washington Post.

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