

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!

"The Death That Saved"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

"HANGING by the neck," as it's spoken of in the law books, is generally considered fatal. In fact, the only man I ever heard of who was hanged by the neck to save his life is Harry J. Perry of New York City. It just goes to show how a difference in circumstance will change the whole picture for you. For most people hanging is tough luck. But Harry is not only alive and kicking, but a Distinguished Adventurer.

A lot of people out front are clamoring to know what Harry was hanged for. Well, I'll tell you—it was this way. Harry was hanged for being accommodating. It was about the middle of February, 1915, and the city of Boston was just getting over a bad snowstorm. A freezing spell had followed the storm, turning the snow to ice. It collected on the streets and on the housetops. Big icicles hung down from the roofs, threatening to fall on the crowded sidewalks below. And before that cold snap was over, there were icicles on Harry Perry's heart that threatened to fall down and punch holes in the soles of his shoes.

Harry was living in Boston in those days, and working in a store on Boylston street. The store roof, like a lot of other roofs, in the neighborhood, was fringed with icicles a foot long. They had to be cut down before they fell and hurt somebody, but when the foreman suggested it to the handymen, none of them wanted to do it. "That slanted slate roof is coated with ice," the foreman told him, "and it's so slippery that it would be suicide to try and get out on it."

The foreman was disgusted. He called the handymen a bunch of sissies, and he went through the store telling the world that if they'd give him just one man with nerve enough to try it, he'd go up there and do it himself.

"So I decided to be the little tin hero," says Harry, "and volunteered for the job."

Wished He Had Been Less Hasty in Taking Job.
Harry says he was young in those days. He didn't know much about roofs, and he didn't realize the danger until he got up there. Then he took a look at the prospect and wished he hadn't been so hasty. He was eight



So He Strung the Noose Around His Neck.

stories up, on the ridge of a roof that was steeply slanted. It fell away both sides of him, a smooth, slippery sheet of ice, with nothing to get a hold on, and nothing at the edge of the roof but an ice-filled gutter. That was what he was going to have to stand on while he chopped away those big, thick icicles.

The foreman had a rope with him, to lower Harry down to the roof's edge. He looked around for something to snub it on and found nothing but the chimney. The chimney was square, with sharp corners, and he knew the rope wouldn't slide around it very easily, but there was nothing else in sight, so the chimney it had to be. He looped the rope around it and began lowering Harry toward the edge.

The rope was hard to maneuver. It stuck and jammed against the sharp corners of the chimney. It let Harry down in a series of short jerks that scared the life out of him. The ice was so slippery that nearly all Harry's weight was on the rope—and that rope wasn't a new one, either. In fact, it was pretty old. Harry began to wonder if it wasn't going to break, and as he did, beads of perspiration began popping out on his forehead—beads of perspiration that froze before Harry could wipe them off. By the time he reached the edge of the roof he was trembling like a leaf. But the worst was yet to come!

All at Once Things Began to Go Wrong.
The gutter was full of ice, and Harry couldn't depend on that rope to hold him if he ever slipped over the edge. He chopped out a place to rest his foot and, standing on the gutter, began to cut away icicles. Then everything went wrong all at once. Suddenly he felt the gutter crack under him and drew back. But no sooner had he shifted his weight to the rope than he heard the foreman's warning cry: "Don't move, Harry. Don't move till we get another rope! THE EDGE OF THE CHIMNEY'S ALMOST CUT THIS ONE THROUGH!"

Harry looked up at the foreman. "His face," he says, "was deathly white. I looked down at the ground, eight stories below. Then I realized what a fix I was in. My senses were becoming paralyzed, and I felt as if I couldn't support myself any longer. The leg braced against the gutter began to get numb. The rotten gutter itself would slip from under me at the least pressure. I could see the old rope now—badly frayed and holding by only a few strands. I never felt so weak in my life. I wanted to move and relieve my numb leg, but I didn't have the strength.

"I began to hear voices below me. A crowd had collected in the street. I had been perspiring freely, and now my underwear felt as if it were coated with ice. I felt some slight jars as the strands of the rope broke one after another, and I could see the foreman, sick to his stomach now, and his face green. My nose began to bleed, and the blood froze as fast as it came out. But at last the boys arrived with another rope. They made a noose and slid it to me."

Too Frightened to Put Rope Around His Waist.
They yelled to Harry to put the rope around his waist, but he was too weak and too frightened. If he moved that much, he knew, the old rope and the gutter would break and he'd go hurtling to the street below. So he strung that noose AROUND HIS NECK. And then, with his two hands he did his best to relieve the pressure while they hauled him, choking, to the ridge.

Harry says no torture could ever be worse than that trip up the side of the roof. He says he'd rather be shot than go through it again. They got him up safely, but he was more dead than alive when he arrived. And volunteer for any more heroic stunts? Harry will be hanged if he does!

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Yak, Half Bison, Half Ox

The yak's shaggy coat of hair enables him to exist comfortably in deep snow, and to survive blizzards which would prove fatal to cattle. The yak is half bison and half ox. For centuries he has been the best friend of the Tibetans and his wild neighbors. He can carry heavy burdens through high, treacherous mountain passes, and subsist on meager fare. The wild species, confined to inaccessible areas of the Tibetan plateau, sometimes stands six feet tall at the shoulder. The wild yak is solid black.

German Beakers

Beakers were popular in Germany during the Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries. They were used as gild cups, and many are to be seen depicting Scriptural and classical scenes in silver relief. Tankards were also made in great quantities, but mostly of another product combined with silver, such as serpentine, stoneware, amber and ivory. The fact that they were nearly always decorated with silver borders proved the very definite flare for silver in the Reich.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Despite all the indications that Pennsylvania will go Democratic as reported in a recent dispatch, this writer believes Pennsylvania's 36 electoral votes will be found in the Landon column on election day. This is his opinion despite a belief that if the election were held today the Keystone state would go for Roosevelt.

One of the things on which the Republicans are counting very heavily is a campaign of education among the miners. The point here is that the Roosevelt administration is committed so vigorously to a program of developing every possible source of hydro-electric power. Which means, of course, displacement of coal as a source of power, and further restricting the ever decreasing—as compared to population—consumption of coal.

Another is the fact that many strong groups in the state, notably the Pennsylvania Dutch, seem to be turning slowly against the administration because they do not like the political machine James A. Farley has built up. They have always hated Tammany, and they are beginning, so many Republican workers tell the writer, to fear that his machine, on nation-wide lines, holds a worse menace than even the old Penrose-Vare machine of the Republicans.

Whereas they cannot be afraid of anything so impotent as the Republican machine in Pennsylvania is today.

Getting back to the coal miner angle, the coal men in Pennsylvania know more about what electrification does to their pay envelopes than do miners in some other states. They know that the Pennsylvania railroad, from New York to Washington, is electrified. They know that much of this power comes from the big dams on the Susquehanna river.

Fear the Future
It is true that these dams were not built by the Roosevelt administration. They were built by private capital, long ago. But their presence, and the displacement of steam on this railroad, gives them a very clear picture of what may happen to them. It is a condition, not just a theory.

Curiously enough, the doctrine that the Republicans expect to preach to them was laid down by the very man against whom it will be used—John L. Lewis, head of the miners' union, and now attempting to organize the steel industry.

Back in March, 1934, when Lewis was fighting in the NRA for a code which would do better by the members of his union, he had plenty to say about the government's going into the power business. He took up TVA and Boulder dam, the proposed St. Lawrence seaway and the Loup river, Nebraska, project. In each case he insisted that no one was even contending that these projects were economically sound from the power angle. He attacked the Loup river project as a scheme engineered by a group of promoters, and pushed by a man working on a percentage fee basis.

Mr. Lewis said in part: "My distinguished friend stated that we all know to be true, that power can be generated from coal more cheaply per K. W. H. than it can be through the construction of hydro-electric plants. This is an established scientific fact. Yet for whatever reason, certain branches of the government are promoting the construction and development of vast hydro-electric projects.

"Certainly such a policy is destructive of the interests of the coal industry. Certainly it will restrict the productive capacity of the industry. Certainly it will increase unemployment. Certainly it is not a sound policy from our viewpoint to destroy permanent jobs in America and substitute for them only an equal number of temporary jobs. The coal industry is a unit in thinking it an unsound, uneconomic policy during a period when our country is struggling with the overwhelming and almost overpowering question of trying to provide employment for our wage-earning population."

The Republicans believe they can convince the miners that Lewis' words then are still true, and that even the Guffey bill is hardly worth the price.

The Maine Election

The conspiracy of secrecy which surrounds so many issues in this campaign, applies also to the voting in Maine recently.

Actually the results should not have been so pleasing to the Republicans, and should have been more pleasing to the Democrats than their statements indicated. There were several points perfectly known to the management of both organizations which they are not discussing in the public prints.

For instance, the fact that negroes form a small part of the Maine electorate.

The Democrats know this, of course. They know that they are counting on the switch of negroes in large blocks from the Republican to the Democratic parties to swing almost every pivotal state. If they

are wrong about this, Governor Alf M. Landon is elected—make no mistake about that. If they are only about half wrong, the election is close. In fact, any substantial movement of the negro vote one way or the other will throw the election.

For instance, Harlem has been pretty thoroughly Tammanized. The Black Belt in Chicago, which used to send Oscar de Priest to congress, now sends a Democratic negro to the house. The big negro wards in Philadelphia, where once the Vares held sway, are now in Democratic hands. The same holds true of Pittsburgh, and Cleveland, and Indianapolis. And in New Jersey.

So that the string of northeastern states, virtually all of which Landon must carry to have a chance to be elected, depend on the vote of the colored brother and his missus in November, whether they bite the hand that's been giving them more recognition than they have had under any President since William McKinley, or whether they are unfaithful to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

See Their Danger

The Republicans are not unmindful of their danger. They are doing their utmost in a number of ways to get the negroes back into the fold. But the Democrats are overlooking no bets either. Some remarkable stories are leaking out as to offers made to negroes known to be influential with their race.

Nor is it as easy to play fast and loose with the negro vote as people who have never gone into the subject imagine. In the first place, it is unthinkable in handling the negro vote to do something, say in New York, and do precisely the opposite in California, figuring that the negro in New York will not know about the California maneuvers, and that the California colored voters will be ignorant of what is being done in New York.

Not only is there a curious freemasonry among the negroes, but there is a curious wirelessing of news across the country, as potent and speedy as the war drums that convey the word in African jungles. Nine-tenths of the negroes in the country know all about a certain development in a remote town within a few days, though it may have been virtually ignored by most of the press of the country.

Then, too, there are the negro newspapers, many of which have a wide circulation—wide more in the sense of territory covered than in actual size of circulation. Most white people have never seen one. The average white person does not even see the one printed in his own city. Few Chicagoans with whom this writer has talked even knew there was one printed in their city, which not only has a big circulation there, but which the writer has seen in the hands of negroes as far from Chicago as Denver and Memphis.

Both parties, incidentally, have been doing their best to cajole the fifty odd key men in the negro newspaper publishing field.

Lodge to Win

Election of Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., to the United States senate to occupy the seat held down until his death by his grandfather, who led the fight which kept the United States out of the League of Nations, seems assured by returns from the Massachusetts primary.

When only half of the returns were in Robert E. Greenwood, mayor of Fitchburg, had piled up 50,000 votes, running in the Democratic primary against Governor James M. Curley. It is a reasonable assumption, all familiar with the peculiarities of Massachusetts politics, that nearly every man and woman who voted for Greenwood will take a walk, as far as his party's senatorial candidate is concerned.

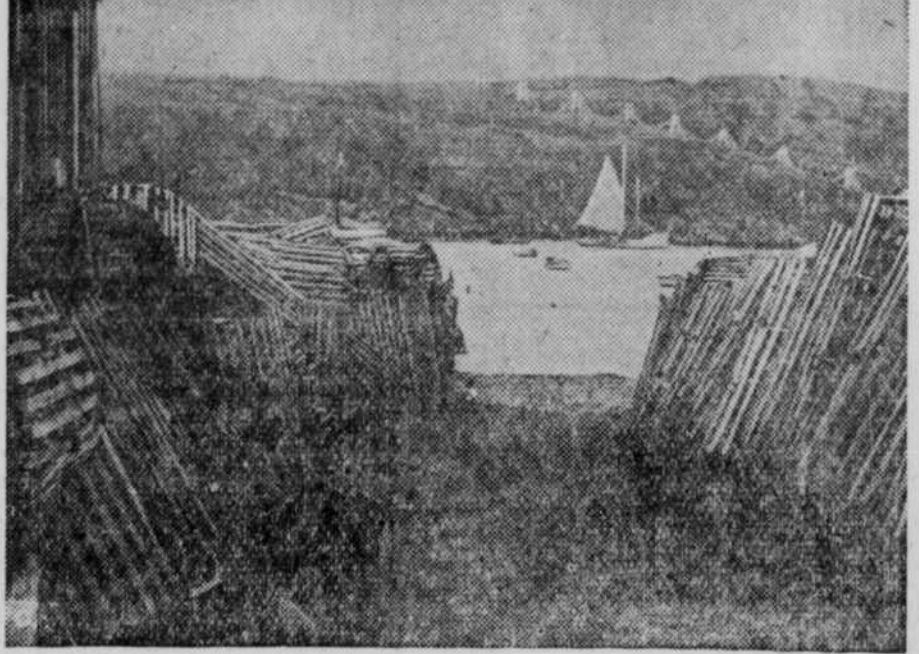
The interesting point is that nobody thought Greenwood had the slightest chance of winning the senatorial nomination, least of all Greenwood. Nor did he waste any of his time during a very vigorous campaign trying to tell the Bay state voters what a good senator he would make if they would send him to Washington. He devoted all his attention to telling them just what he thought—to the best of his ability, considering legal handicaps—of Jim Curley.

So that a vote for Greenwood was not really a vote for Greenwood—it was a vote against Curley. And the theory is that nobody who thought so badly of Curley as to vote for Greenwood would think of voting for Curley in November against young Lodge.

The roots of the situation go back a long way, but Greenwood entered the Democratic senatorial primary simply and solely to blast Curley, and not with the slightest idea of winning the fight. Greenwood, an upstanding chap who has made a good mayor of Fitchburg, happens to be the son-in-law of Senator Marcus A. Coolidge. It may be recalled that, although always a Democrat, Mr. Coolidge never did anything more active in politics than to contribute until 1930.

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PINE TREE STATE



View on Monhegan Island

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

THE Pine Tree state legally got its name several years before its neighbors. The "Province of Maine" was granted by the Council of New England to Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason in 1622, whereas the date of the royal charter to the Company of Massachusetts Bay was March 4, 1629. So it happens that Florida, Virginia, California, New Mexico and Maine all antedate Massachusetts as state names.

At first the Province of Maine extended from the Merrimac river to the Sagadahoc, now the Kennebec, but on November 7, 1629, by an amicable division, Captain Mason received the territory between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua rivers and with the consent of the council gave to his portion the name of New Hampshire.

It was as the outpost of early settlement that Maine offered a refuge for those who sought more religious freedom than could be found in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The settlers in the 17th century came largely from across the sea, but the wave of emigration from Massachusetts to the New Hampshire and Maine frontier began even before the movement into Rhode Island and Connecticut and these contributions, like those of the century following, were of the adventurous and independent spirits.

Trained in the French and Indian wars to defend the frontier, the men of Maine were quick to support the common cause of independence. Indeed, a month before the Declaration of Independence, the town of York sent assurances to the General Court of Massachusetts that if Congress should declare the colonies independent the inhabitants of York would "engage with their Lives and Fortunes to Support them in the measure."

Almost a Boundary War
As soon as independence from England had been attained, the idea naturally arose of regaining the ancient privileges of the old province, later the district, of Maine. Sentiment for the civic change was slow of growth, but separation, finally asked by a decisive popular vote, was granted by Congress in March, 1820.

U. S. Highway No. 1, entering Maine by the Interstate Memorial bridge from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, at Kittery Point passes the site of Fort McClary, erected by Massachusetts early in the 18th century to enforce its rights to commercial use of the boundary river and to protect its merchants from "unreasonable duties" exacted by the Government of New Hampshire. The highway continues for 564 miles to Fort Kent, near the northern tip of Maine.

Fort Kent takes its name from a two-story blockhouse, a reminder of Maine's own private war scare of 1839, when the state called its militia to arms and congress authorized the President to raise 50,000 troops for the defense of the country's northeastern boundary. Actual conflict was avoided by Gen. Winfield Scott, who came to Maine and established headquarters in Augusta.

This boundary dispute had continued ever since the peace negotiations following the Revolution. The Treaty of 1783 adopted as the northeastern boundary of the United States the southern boundary of Quebec and the western boundary of Nova Scotia. As agreed upon before the war, these two colonial boundaries had been, respectively, the "High Lands which divide the Rivers that empty themselves into the said River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Sea" (Atlantic Ocean), and a line following the St. Croix from its mouth to its source and thence drawn due north to the southern boundary of Quebec.

The preliminary negotiations had been largely a debate as to rivers. The Americans had at first contended for the St. John river in place of the St. Croix, and with somewhat similar spirit the British government had instructed its diplomatic representatives to attempt to extend Nova Scotia westward to the New Hampshire line; if not, then to the Kennebec, "or at the very least to include Penobscot."

Settled by Compromise
But the identity of the St. Croix river was settled in 1793 by the old map and plan of Champlain, which was used to discover the ruins of the buildings of the De Monts colony, already covered by a forest of nearly two centuries' growth—evidence so conclusive that the commission-

ers were unanimous in the decision. But argument continued, so the King of the Netherlands was selected as the arbiter. His award was in effect more of a recommended compromise than an interpretation of treaty language. Although his line was in general nearer to the United States claim than to the British, the British government offered to accept his decision, but the state of Maine entered a protest and the United States Senate accordingly refused its assent to the award.

A settlement of the dispute, which had now lasted for 59 years, was arranged by the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842. This was much less favorable to Maine than the spurned award of the King of the Netherlands. Acceptance of that award would have saved it a strip of timberland about 5,500 square miles in extent, as added territory for the future Aroostook county, which, however, is even now larger than the states of Connecticut and Rhode Island combined.

United States Highway No. 1 skirts the open sea at relatively few places. From Ogunquit to Wells the motorist may look out over a low line of sand dunes facing the ocean. A mile or two beyond Portland the scattered islands of Casco Bay open up many vistas of the Atlantic. Again, in the Rockland-Camden region, the road follows the shore, with the broad Penobscot bay in full view, but east of here only between Hancock and Sullivan are there satisfactory views out to sea. So deeply indented a coast does not accommodate itself to a shore-line highway.

Pleasant as is the panorama of sunny farms, quiet villages, and shady woods along the trunk highways, to see the best of the Maine coast, detours are necessary. Of these sight-seeking excursions to the shore, some are over well-surfaced highways, others along single-track, primitive roads.

Detours to Coast Towns
One detour, over excellent roads, leads through colonial York Village, past bold Cape Noddick to lovely Ogunquit, distinguished as an artists' colony.

Another detour leads to Kennebunkport, the present literary capital of Maine, where an 18th-century village, the winding river, sheltered beach, and wooded shores unite to set the scene for an attractive summer community and an inspiring environment.

Beyond Cape Porpoise is Beachwood and Biddeford Pool, the latter once called Winter Harbor, because here Richard Vines and his company passed the winter of 1616.

Beachwood is a descriptive name equally befitting many places along the Maine coast: a short beach between rocky points with marsh or pond behind the barrier. On one side of this pond beach grasses and rock shrubs grow, and extending inland from the other shore is the oak and pine forest.

The next detour is a short one to popular Old Orchard Beach. Little could early explorers foresee that this long crescent of firm sand would some day be a crowded pleasure resort, as well as a favored take-off for trans-Atlantic airplane voyages.

Portland is modern Maine's metropolis, a busy, thriving world port, making the most of its fine harbor and its geographic position a few precious miles nearer Europe than most other American coast cities. Yet it has never ceased to be "the beautiful town" through whose pleasant tree-lined streets Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wandered when a boy.

Much Like Norway's Fjords
East of Portland the coast line perceptibly changes, the fjord character becoming more marked, with islands more numerous. All this is explained by submergence of the land. The present coast is now a drowned region, wherein old valleys of the former topography have become bays and sounds and reaches. Long divides between valleys have become peninsulas stretching far out to sea, and old hillsides are the islands of today.

Norway and Maine owe their marvelous beauty, where land and sea join, to similar geologic history, and if, on those unrecorded voyages, the Vikings actually sailed along the Maine coast, the bold headlands and the deep bays, stretching far back into forested hills and mountains, must have called to mind their homeland. Similarly, the State-of-Mainer visiting southern Norway recognizes there the same type of rock-bound coast and islands he had known in the bays of Maine.

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