

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club
Hello Everybody!



"The Saw That Clicked"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

AND here's Russell Nelson of Dorchester with a tale of adventure to tell. It was right in the middle of the depression, and Russ had been out of work quite a while.

But one day in December he met an old boss of his on the street. The boss said he had a job for Russ, and if he'd show up at the plant the next day he could start right in working.

It felt great to be back at work again, but maybe Russ wouldn't have felt so well about it if he'd known what plenty of industrial insurance men could have told him—namely that an unusual number of accidents happen to men on their first day at work after a long lay-off.

Somehow or other men forget little things during a lay-off that they'd ordinarily remember.

They slip up on something, and then, first thing you know, they're in a jam.

Russ' job was in the mill room, or wood-working shop of the plant. That's where they turn out such finished parts of houses as the window sashes, the doors, and the newel posts they put in stair railings.

He Was Operating a Band Saw.

All during that day Russ was busy, running one machine after another. He and the boss were alone in that room, but along toward the end of the afternoon, the boss went out to do a special job and Russ was left alone.

At that time Russ was operating a band saw. "A band saw," he says, "is a large machine about six feet tall. It has two wheels about three feet in diameter, placed one above the other. Around these wheels runs a flexible saw blade, narrow, but about 18 feet long, the ends welded together to make it in the form of a belt.

"This machine is used for cutting scrolls and for making fancy-work of various patterns."

That's the sort of contraption Russ was working with. The saw was humming away, driven by another wheel from which a leather belt ran to the main power shaft.

As Russ worked, the machine began to give out rapid clicks of a sort that he had never noticed before.

And ordinarily, Russ would have stopped to find out what those clicks meant.

BUT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID A WHILE AGO ABOUT A MAN'S FIRST DAY AT WORK AFTER A LONG LAY-OFF!

Russ hadn't worked in a long time. And his mind wasn't working so well for that very reason.

Wrapped Up in a Saw-Blade.

Russ heard those clicks, but he paid no attention to them. THEN, ALL OF A SUDDEN THINGS HAPPENED, AND RUSS WAS RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT!

That long, flexible saw-blade SNAPPED—snapped at the crack that had caused all those clicks.

IT LEAPED FROM THE MACHINE, TWISTING AND SQUIRMING LIKE AN ANGRY SNAKE.

Eighteen feet of sharp, saw-toothed steel shot out and wrapped itself around Russ—around his body—and his arms—and around his neck.

And the ends of that blade were wrapped up in a lot of whirling machinery.

Russ just stood there holding his breath, while his heart stopped and his legs seemed to freeze.

Russ Didn't Dare to Move.

Still, Russ didn't dare to move.

One end of that blade was rattling against the spokes of the lower wheel.

If the wheel ever picked it up he was a gone chicken.

And the slightest move on his part might send that blade into the wheel and start it SAWING AWAY AT HIS BODY AND NECK.

Russ didn't dare move—and at the same time he didn't dare stand still and do nothing.

"I couldn't stand there and wait for the boss to come back," he says, "for the end of the saw looked as if it might catch in the wheel at any moment.

"I looked at the switch that shut off the motor. It was way over on the other side of the room.

"I looked all around me, thinking that there MUST be something I could do to help myself."

And there was.

Saved by Lucky Accident.

On the bench in front of him were some large pieces of wood.

If he could only reach one of them. Russ found he could move one arm without moving the saw blade. He stretched that arm toward the nearest piece of board.

His arm was just half an inch too short. He'd have to take a chance and move his body a little.

Holding his breath he bent ever so slightly and picked up the wooden stick. The wheel spun around, perilously close to the saw blade—but the blade didn't catch.

Russ was bringing his arm back with the stick in it when he dropped it. It fell to the ground with a clatter, and again he held his breath.

BUT DROPPING THAT STICK WAS THE LUCKIEST THING HE EVER DID IN HIS LIFE. For the stick fell on the leather belt that ran the machine. It jammed in between the belt and the pulley it ran on—AND THREW THE BELT OFF THAT PULLEY.

The machine, with no power to drive it, slowed down and came to a stop.

"Boy," says Russ, "I got out from under that blade in a hurry, and it was a few hours before I was able to work again. I hope you think this is an adventure, but whether you do or not—I still do!"

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Sea Lions Use Sense of Smell by Touching Noses

Sea lions, like dogs, use their sense of smell by touching noses to identify one another at close range, but fail to react to distant odors. They are adept at spotting moving objects from considerable distance. Except when off on fishing excursions, they are gregarious by nature, collecting in large groups on favorite rocks or rookeries and generally making a big fuss and noise over nothing. About the only time they ever become hostile is when their pet place in the sunshine is challenged.

The cows have only one pup a year. If anything happens to the mother the pup will die, because no other mother would adopt it. They are not like dogs or cats or other animals in this respect, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times. A peculiar habit of the cows approaching pupping time is to form "rafts" by lying belly-side up in the water with their flippers protruding above the surface. From a distance a string of eight or ten cows floating end to end this way resembles the charred remains of a boat that has burned to the water's edge, with only stubs of the ribs left showing. This is probably a means of absorbing beneficial rays from the sun.

Bond Street of London Named After Speculator

During the Seventeenth, the Eighteenth and the first half of the Nineteenth centuries the Bond street of New York and the Bond street of London had a similar aspect—both were lined with the residences of the well-to-do. Here those of bankers and merchants, there the homes of the landed nobility. Later in both streets merchandising prevailed.

The origin of the New York name is obvious; that of the London street came from Sir Thomas Bond, a Seventeenth century courtier attached to Queen Henrietta Maria, who was always persona grata at the Court of Whitehall in the reign of Charles II, to whom she is said to have advanced large sums of money.

According to Arthur Dasent, writing in the Daily Telegraph of London, toward the end of Charles' reign Sir Thomas began to speculate in London real estate, particularly in the West End, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Field. His first transaction as recorded in the local Rate Book was when he acquired in 1683 Clarendon House in Piccadilly from General Monk's son, the second Duke of Albermarle, pulled it down and laid out both Albermarle and Bond streets through the property before he rebuilt.

Newest Silk Prints Go Pictorial

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS A sure antidote to winter gloom, as a reviver of crest-fallen spirits, as an unending means of buoying one up with that grand and glorious feeling that spring is nigh we recommend that you go stepping in a brand new silk print frock, the gayest, the brightest, the most animated in its patterning and coloring you can find to wear under your somber fur coat.

Hurry up if you want to secure the choicest, the most distinctive and outstanding among the hundreds and thousands of prints now on display. Seriously is this word of advice offered for it is a fact the new silk prints are that intriguing and alluring we have known it to be a fact that certain particularly attractive patterns are unpacked, priced and displayed in the morning and by nightfall they are sold, not even a remnant left to tell the tale.

The new silks look new—distinctly new! Those that unmistakably bear a new-season stamp follow along unique lines of thought. They are more than mere dress media in that they have gone pictorial, illustrative, interpretative. They portray ideas, they entertain, they amuse. Some of the better high-class silk prints even go by name as an artist would entitle a picture which makes them all the more interesting. There is, for example, a clever looking new silk print called "film modes." The French love of American films inspired Schiaparelli to design this amusing print with the names of famous stars printed on colorful scrolls simulating cinema film. The attractive daytime frock centered in the illustration herewith is made of this star-encircled silk print, the color scheme being peacock blue and coral on black. The beret topping this costume is worn far back on the head in latest approved manner, so as to show a perfectly groomed hairdress with latest style-correct off-dress movement.

The silk for the dress shown to the left by the same artist designer

registers as "subway of Paris," and its motif carries out the idea quite realistically. This silk tunes perfectly to the gay young dress pictured to the left in the trio. The dashing cavalier hat is a resort fashion such as bespeaks a coming springtime vogue. The turn-up-at-side silhouette is exploited in several Paris collections.

Strawberries, fresh strawberries! At any leading silk department where smartest silk prints are flaunting their fascinating colors and breathtaking patternings ask for "fresh strawberries," and the knowing salesperson will bring out a perfectly charming silk crepe print such as is used for the making of the winsome dress shown to the right in the group. Appliques of the strawberries on net introduce an ornate accent in the bodice. The strawberry corsage is dyed to match the color of the berries in the print.

Others among the new and novel pictured prints now so fashionable are enlivened with animated figures, such as golf players teeing off, or "doggie" silks with frolicsome Scotch terriers performing tricks, galloping horses, quaint undersea fish, butterflies on the wing and other motifs too numerous to itemize. Most unusual and of high-style importance are the new landscape prints; marine scenes, too, grace these silks. It is indeed a versatile story of romance, history, music and what not that the smartest prints of the season are telling.

First-choice silks for immediate wear play up vivid splashes of striking florals in breathtaking colors against black or some other preferred dark background. The wide-spaced flower motifs look newest, these in huge single flowers or in wide-set bouquets. A new and lovely silk prints artful bowknots in gay colors. In Paris black and white prints are acclaimed.

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EASY-MADE DRESS By CHERIE NICHOLAS



VEILS CONTINUE TO BE IMPORTANT NEWS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Veils continue to be news in Paris. With the flood of holiday parties, women seem always to wear little hats, oftentimes of felt, with double veils floating over their faces. And that is the preferred position for the filmy things for lunch time, too.

Cocktail parties give a divided allegiance to veils, some of them over the face, but many draped over the back of the hat, making a frame for the face. Particularly amusing is one of Therese Peter's new creations. The tiny pointed skull cap—for it is actually that—is of hand-knitted gold thread. Two tiny feather nightingales ornament it at either side of the front, and hold the veil which is also embroidered in nightingales and sweeps back over the entire hat, hanging almost to the shoulders.

Violette Marsan, who is definitely a partisan of the small hat clipping a bit over the forehead, prefers her veils to be quite stiffened so that they may be turned back from the face or extended out from the face. These are shorter, not extending beyond the nose.

Tiny Watches Are Fitted to the Latest in Gloves

Small jeweled watches are being worn everywhere but on the wrist these days. Some of the new tailored suits with heavy cuffs have a small detachable watch encased over the left wrist.

Many of the new cigaret cases have small watches fitted on the outside, while purses and gloves that are fitted with watches have been shown for several months.

New Slipper Styles

Open, airy types of slippers in striking colors, sandalized oxfords and wrapped-around-the-foot effects will highlight the style picture this spring. In materials, cloth is first on the list.

Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Reducing Auto Fatalities.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —Being revolted by our hideous record of mortality resulting from mad automobile driving—as what decent citizen is not?—a gentleman writes in some pertinent recommendations.

He suggests laws providing, in addition to such other penalties as may follow a conviction for drunk driving or criminally reckless driving, or hit-and-run driving, that the convicted party shall lose his license for five years and that his automobile be sold and the proceeds used for the victim's heirs as the case may be.

Whilst we're on the subject of the disgrace which costs America more lives every month than are being destroyed in the Spanish civil war in any month, here's another little notion:

That a flagrant offender or a chronic offender shall be given a jail sentence, without the option of paying a fine, the only alternative from jail being his or her willingness to be handcuffed and chained before the public gaze through a period of hours or days at the scene of the accident for which he or she was responsible.

That ought to make some converts to the crusade for prudent driving, don't you think?

Windsor's Musical Proclivities.

LATEST word is that the duke of Windsor has taken up accordion playing in a serious way after first toying with the deadly saxophone and then doing some intensive bagpipe tootling. Obviously the duke is in a fair way to estrange those who, until now, have faithfully supported him through his recent harrowing experiences. Even loyalty can be pushed just so far.

Or maybe he has a lot of close friends who are deaf.

Or maybe Mrs. Simpson is practicing wearing earmuffs.

Or maybe she can wear him on a mouth organ—a comparatively inoffensive instrument.

Or he may just up and reform of his own accord.

Or something. Let's not be too hasty in our judgments.

Jefferson and Ickes.

SECRETARY ICKES is sort of opposed to naming the projected great national auditorium in Washington after Thomas Jefferson, because it is proposed to hold sporting events there when the building is not being used for public gatherings. He invites us to imagine the feelings of Jefferson upon looking down on boxing matches or such-like goings-on under that roof.

Well, let's carry the thing further: Can anybody imagine Jefferson imagining a Secretary Ickes?

Madame Perkins' Ambitions.

MAYBE it's not wise to add those new departments to the Presidential cabinet right now. True, Madame Perkins shows a patriotic willingness—or shall we say determination?—not only to look after her own portfolio, but to snatch up such responsibilities as her fellow-secretaries are so careless as to leave out of nights.

Still, it's expecting an awful lot of one weak woman that she should relieve two more members of their responsibilities, duties and authority when the task of trying to take over the other nine present jobs besides her own already has taxed her strength severely. And besides, there's annoying talk that congress may actually oppose the madame's latest little suggestion that she be made practically the supreme power in all labor disputes.

But she needn't worry about that. Who ever heard of guinea pigs defying a lady lion-tamer?

The Flood's Aftermath.

WITH the slackening of the torments, the peak of drama out of the scene, but the tragedy, less spectacular but nevertheless desperate, lingers on—the tragedy of destitution and ruin and sickness. For the rebuilding of wrecked homes, the rehabilitation of morale, it is necessary that through the Red Cross we give and keep on giving—and I reckon we will. We always have.

But there are certain things we need not give the victims, for these are things they never lose and never will—their courage and their sense of humor. We can still laugh at our personal misfortunes even while the world at large weeps for them. I guess, for our race, that's the main saving grace.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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They Might Do It
First Worker—Bill made a bad mistake today, and I bet it'll cost him the election.

Second Worker—What was the break?

First Worker—He got excited and yelled "Let the best man win!" and I'll bet they take him seriously.

Worthy of Your Pride!



MOTHER, between you and me Sis is getting to be a little show-off. Last night when Dick called, there she sat, big as life, right in the middle of things chirping about the new dress you made her; how you used a remnant left over from one of your dresses, and got it finished in one afternoon—she even had Dick feel the material.

Well, Elsie, you can't blame the child's appreciating herself in a new dress. How about ourselves? Didn't you say your jumper was the talk of the Tennis Club meeting yesterday? And haven't I been spending more time before the mirror since I made my new "Stylish Stout" model? I actually feel like a new person in it—imagine me being vain at my age!

Flatters Stout Figure.

Oh, Mother, you're not vain and you're as young as any of us. You just were lucky to find a particularly flattering style for your figure. That soft jabot makes you look lovely and the whole thing is so slenderizing. But only an expert like you could make such a dress.

It isn't being expert, Elsie, it is choosing a pattern that is deftly designed and giving full step-by-step instructions on how to proceed.

Several Blouses.

I'm going to make another blouse for my jumper soon, Mother. I always admired that white pique shirt of Dick's, so I think I'll try it for my blouse, since the pattern is a lot like a man's shirt in design.

It sounds good to hear you interested in making something for yourself. Maybe you girls will

Foreign Words and Phrases

Malade imaginaire. (F.) One who fancies himself sick; a hypochondriac.

Malgre soi. (F.) In spite of oneself.

Nulla dies sine linea. (L.) No day without a line.

Vae victis. (L.) Woe to the conquered.

Ora e sempre. (It.) Now and always.

Vogue la galere. (F.) Let come what may.

Qu'importe? (F.) What does it matter?

Scire facias. (L.) Cause it to be known.

Una voce. (L.) With one voice; unanimately.

Partie carree. (F.) A party of four, consisting of two men and two women.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Through life's mad rush there comes to me at times a little peaceful stop. Like standing in a crowded street Right by a nice big traffic cop.

Constipated 30 Years

"For thirty years I had stubborn constipation. Sometimes I did not go for four or five days. I also had awful gas bloating, headaches and pains in the back. Adierka helped right away. Now I eat sausage, bananas, etc. anything I want and never feel better. I sleep soundly all night and enjoy life."

—Mrs. Mabel Schott.
If you are suffering from constipation, sleeplessness, sour stomach, and gas bloating, there is quick relief for you in Adierka. Many report action in thirty minutes after taking just one dose. Adierka gives complete action, clearing your bowel tract where ordinary laxatives do not even reach. Dr. H. L. Shaul, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adierka checks the growth of intestinal bacteria and colon bacilli."

Give your bowels a real cleansing with Adierka and see how good you feel. Just one powerful relief. GAS and stubborn constipation. At all Leading Druggists.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Mrs. Robert Hale of 300 N. Third St., Norfolk, Neb., said: "I believe that women would feel better if they used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic both before and after childbirth. It helped to build me up and improved my appetite; it also quieted my nerves. Following childbirth I used about two bottles of the 'Prescription' and it was not long before I had a good appetite, regained my strength and felt as good as ever." Buy of your druggist.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

DOAN'S PILLS