



FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS

ADVENTURERS Everybody

"Death's Hopper"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

TODAY'S yarn, boys and girls, is the story of a bird who thought fast—and acted fast. And a doggone good thing for him, too.

I suppose there are plenty of folks who can keep their heads in times of stress. I've written quite a bunch of adventure yarns about lads and lassies who could still use the old noodle at a time when Old Lady Adventure was swinging haymakers right and left at them.

But the bird who can think in the middle of an avalanche is a very darned good thinker, indeed. And that is exactly what Frank did.

His Job Over the Dump Chute.

Frank is an electrician, and an electrician is the last man in the world you'd ever expect to see in an avalanche. But then, it is always the unexpected thing that Old Lady Adventure deals out of her thrill bag.

It was December 23, 1917, when, along about three o'clock in the afternoon, Frank's foreman, W. C. Kelley, gave him the job of repairing a light located over the coal dump chute where the engines took on fuel before going out on their runs.

And since this is the spot where Frank was to have his adventure, maybe we'd better describe it in detail.

That dump chute was a long one that opened into a hole in the floor. Cars loaded with coal were run in over that hole and the coal was dumped into the pit to the bottom of the thirty-foot concrete shaft.

Down there a system of moving blades crushed that coal—cut it up into lumps small enough to go into the engine fireboxes.

Incidentally, those blades would cut up anything else that fell into that chute—like a man, for instance.

There was a grating of iron bars in the floor at the top of that chute—just to keep men from falling through when there was no coal car standing on the track over the opening. But the holes in that grating were pretty big. The bars had to be far enough apart to let the big hunks of coal go through, and some of those hunks were as big as a man.

Those iron bars were a big help in keeping fellows from falling through, but at the same time it was quite possible that some time, somebody MIGHT fall through them.

Someone Threw the Levers.

Well, sir, Frank went to the dump chute to fix that light. The foreman had told him he wouldn't need a ladder, and sure enough, he didn't. A full car of coal was standing over the chute and right under the light.

And by standing on top of the piled-up coal in that car, Frank could reach the broken wires with ease.

The car was one of forty-ton capacity—which meant, of course, that with the car full, there were at least forty tons of coal in it. The coal was unloaded through a hopper in the bottom, which opened whenever the unloading levers were thrown.

Frank was reaching up to repair the defective light when all of a sudden SOMEBODY THREW THOSE LEVERS.

The coal started downward with a roar. And Frank was on top of it, and right over the hopper. "Before I could jump," he says, "I felt myself falling, being pulled through the bottom with the coal. I tried desperately to clutch at the side of the car, but the falling coal pulled me away again. Down I went, into the hopper, with forty tons of coal crashing down on top of me!"

And as Frank shot into that hopper he had a terrible thought. Right below him were the iron bars of that wide-open grating. When he got to that, forty tons of coal, bearing down on his body, was going to force it straight through that grating. And below that grating was a fall of thirty feet down a concrete chute, and then those knives would be working on him, cutting his body to pieces.

Frank Did Some Fast Thinking.

And that's where Frank thought—and thought fast! It doesn't take you long to fall through a hopper, particularly with tons of coal on top of you, helping you along. In fact, it took less than a second, but Frank thought—AND ACTED—faster than that.

His only chance, he knew, was to keep from being pushed through that grating. And the only way to escape was to spread himself out and make himself as big as possible.

In the smallest fraction of a second, he acted. He threw his legs as far apart as he could, stretched out one arm and covered his face with the other. Then he hit the grating!

"Fortunately," he says, "I landed face downward, with a big lump of coal over my arm protecting my head. Coal by the ton came rolling down on top of me, with a roar that drowned out every other sound in the shop. How long I lay there before the coal finished piling up, I don't know. When it became quiet again I began to realize how lucky I was to fall face downward. With my face turned toward the open chute I could still get air."

Under Tons of Coal.

But when Frank tried to breathe he found that getting air wasn't going to be so easy after all. Those tons of coal pressing down on him, flattened out his lungs so that it was all he could do to get a bit of air into them. He couldn't get a full breath.

For the first second or two he couldn't get enough wind in his lungs even to speak. But, on the second or third trial, he managed to let out one loud cry for help. And luckily there was a workman out there who heard him.

Inside of two minutes a dozen men were on the spot, working frantically to get him out. Men from every department in the shop were down under that car on their hands and knees, scooping off the coal.

Frank doesn't know how long it took to rescue him. All he remembers is that he collapsed as they dragged him out. But the total extent of his injuries was a bruised body and a severe cut on the back of his head, and in a day or two Frank was back on the job again, as fit as ever.

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Egyptians Liked Colors

At the height of the glory of the Nile in ancient Egypt, the people had 18 or 20 different colors for paint making. White they got from an earth of Melas; red came from an earth found in Cappadocia known as red ochre; yellow came from yellow ochre, an earth of iron and clay which was used as a paint by the Egyptians, Grecians and Romans. Black came from charred plant life and from charcoal. Green came from copper mines, and royal and imperial purple came from the famed ancient Biblical city of Tyre as early as 1000 B. C.

Tusks, Horns Nuisance

Sometimes the tusks and horns of animals are a constant nuisance to them. Numerous African elephants have tusks so heavy—weighing from 200 pounds to 400 pounds—that the animals are frequently forced to rest them in the forks of trees, while many Iberian rams have horns that extend so far beyond their muzzles that they cannot graze on level ground.—Collier's Weekly.

Nordic Drama of Creation

The old Nordic drama of creation is much longer than the Bible one. In the beginning, so the drama starts, there was no heaven, no earth, but in the middle a vast abyss, Ginnungagap. A hot wind struck against the ice of Ginnungagap, melting and dripping the ice into living drops, and the drops took the shape of man. Thus arose an immense giant, Ymir, and while Ymir was asleep a perspiration started all over his body; in his left armpit a man and a woman grew out. . . . and so on, for long interminable pages.

Use of Word "Call"

According to the dictionary, the correct prepositions to use with the verb call are as follows: "Call to a passer-by; call after one who is departing or fleeing; call on or upon a friend, or at his house; call on or upon one for aid or service; call upon the country for troops; he is called by the name of Lincoln, after the great emancipator; his integrity has never been called in question."—Literary Digest.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Twilight of Knee Pants.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—

Since our diplomatic group must shed the half-portion breeches they've been wearing at official functions abroad, that means others present will quit mistaking them for footmen and start in again mistaking them for waiters, as formerly.

But the under-rigging doesn't make so much difference anyhow. In the best plenipotentiary circles, it's the top dressing that counts—the gold-plated cocked hat; the dress coat loaded with bullion; the bosom crossed with broad ribbons; the lapels and the throat latch so decorated with medals that, alongside one thus costumed, Solomon in all his glory would look absolutely nude.



Irvin S. Cobb

End of the Holdout Season.

THE baseball season couldn't start off properly unless a certain catastrophe impended beforehand. Every self-respecting player who made a hit last year insists on more salary for this year, else he'll never spit in the palm of another glove. This makes him a holdout. The manager declares the player will take what's offered him and not a cent more. This makes him a manager.

But fear not, little one. They'll all be in there when the governor or the mayor or somebody winds up to launch the first game and tosses the ball nearly eighteen feet in the general direction of the continent of North America.

Changing Style Capitals.

HOLLYWOOD and not Paris is now the world center for fashions, if you can believe Hollywood—and not Paris.

At any rate, both for men and women, we do originate many style creations which, in the best movie circles, frequently make the women look mannish and the men look effeminate, maybe that's the desired effect; an oldtimer wouldn't know about that.

However, there's a new hat out here for masculine wear which fascinates me. It is a very woolly hat—a nap on it like an old family album—and the crown peaks up in a most winsome way, and there's a rakish bunch of tail-feathers at the back which makes it look as though it might settle down any minute and start playing. I think they got the idea for it from the duck-billed platypus.

Civilizing Ethiopia.

CONQUERED Ethiopians attempt to assassinate their new overlord, Viceroy Graziani. Nobody is killed, but several individuals get bungled up.

So the conquerors arrest all natives of Addis Ababa in whose throats weapons are found. They round up 2,000 "suspects" out of a total population of 90,000.

So promptly 1,800 of these black prisoners are put to death in batches. In former days the firing squads would have worn themselves to a frazzle in a rush job of this sort, but no—well, who would deny that the machine gun is the crowning achievement of white culture? Poison gas is also much favored for pacifying rebellious savages, and plane-bombing likewise has its advocates.

The Public's Short Memory.

FINANCIER, whose exposed devices are as a bad smell in people's nostrils, summarily is ousted from his high place and the shadows swallow up his diminished shape. A little time passes, and, lo, in a new setting, he bobs up, an envied if not an exalted personage. So-called exclusive groups welcome him in; newspapers quote him on this and that; he basks again, like some sleek and overfed lizard, in the sunshine of folks' tolerance—yes, the admiration of some.

No evidence that he has repented of his former practices; no sign of intent to repay any broken victim of those fiduciary operations. The private fortune which he took with him when he quit is still all his. And maybe there's the secret of this magical restoration to the favor of the multitude.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Farsighted, Nearsighted

In a cross-eyed person if either one or both pupils turn inward, he is farsighted; if they turn outward, he is nearsighted. When the pupils are widely dilated a drug, belladonna or its alkaloid, atropine, is usually responsible. Conversely, an exceedingly contracted pupil, a pupil of pinpoint size, is indicative of an excessive use of morphine.

Marriage in Pawn

By E. P. O'BRYAN

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WHEN Max finally beat Ronny's time with Jenny, Ronny went around town telling people what he was going to do to Max, only he never done any of the things he said a few weeks he got real friendly and wanted to be a good fellow about it all.

It is on a Saturday night when Max gets the red-hot tip on Hopcity-Skip in the fifth race at Jefferson, but on account of just paying for an apartment and a marriage license, he hasn't got enough in his pocket to buy an appetizer for a humming bird.

"How about your overcoat?" I says. "Won't Bugeye Banion take it as security on a small bet?"

"I pawned that to get the license," Max says. "Anyway, Bugeye has to have cash on the line." Then suddenly an idea popped into his head. "I got it!" he says. "I got it! Come on."

"What god's a marriage license to me?" Bugeye says. "I had two wives already and I wouldn't have another one if she had a million in cold cash. Anyway, how could I get my dough back out of a marriage license?"

"But don't you see?" Max says. "I simply gotta have it by two o'clock tomorrow so's Jenny and I can get hitched. If I lose I'll go borrow the dough some place. It's too near race time now and I got a hot tip."

"O. K.," Bugeye says finally. "I'll let you bet four bucks and you'd better have that dough in here first thing after the race. How do you want to bet it?"

For all I know Hopcity-Skip, the nag Max bet on, hasn't come in yet.

It is ten o'clock Sunday morning before we can raise enough dough to redeem the license and pay the minister. But when we get down to Bugeye's place, Bugeye just gives us a funny look. "Why," he says, "you sent for that license and redeemed it. What kind of a fast one are you trying to pull?"

"I didn't send for no license," Max says. "I just now raised the dough to pay you."

"Didn't you send Ronny Nash down to get it?"

Max turned all white around the gills. "That double-crossin' so and so!" he says. "So that's his little game, is it? And you give it to him?"

"Sure. He hands me the four bucks and says you sent him." "Come on," Max says, "we gotta find Ronny quick. Why, I'll mess up the street with him—pullin' a trick like that on me."

But we didn't find Ronny, and when we got to Jenny's house it was nearly one-thirty, with the wedding scheduled for two. We met Ronny coming out the door and there was a grin on his face a mile wide.

"So you had to go tell her, huh?" Max rages. "You double-crossin' lug!" He lets one go from his heels that sends Ronny rolling down the steps like a hoop. When he reached the bottom he lay quite still, almost too still, in fact.

The door pops open suddenly and out comes Jenny, all excited. "Why, Max, what happened? What did you do to him?"

"What'd I do to him? What does it look like? I took a poke at him, of course."

"What did you hit him for?" Jenny demands, stamping her foot. There is fire in her eye.

"He ran off with our marriage license, that's what he done. So I socked him—see? Why, honey, what makes you look at me so funny? What's wrong, sweetheart?"

But Jenny has melted down beside Ronny and is taking his head in her lap, sort of shaking her head and crying.

Another form came out on the porch and took the shape of a minister. Jenny is caressing Ronny's head where it has bumped the steps and sort of moaning to herself.

The preacher came down the steps. "May I inquire what all the trouble's about?"

"Sure," Max says. "This guy ran off with the marriage license and I socked him. Fine way to double-cross a friend!"

"Ran off with your marriage license?" the preacher says. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand. He came to the parish only an hour ago to get me. Said some friends of his were going to get married and he wanted to do them a special favor by providing the minister. He gave me the license. I have it here. Made out to Jenny Miller and Max Horwinsky. Is that you, sir?"

"Sure, that's him," Jenny says, caressing Ronny's head. "But I'm not marrying him—not after what he's done to Ronny, who was only trying to be nice. The marriage is off."

HOW ARE YOU TODAY DR. JAMES W. BARTON Talks About

Safe Reducing Diets. SOME of our overweight friends tell us in a profound manner that they have studied the matter of weight reduction and have come to the conclusion that so far as they are concerned, they are not eating more than they should. They have estimated that for their height and weight (some like to include the idea of age also) they are getting just the proper number of calories or heat units. Thus they feel that if they ate less they would become weak and consequently they might collapse.



Dr. Barton

Now what these overweighters fail to remember is that the amount of food—calories or heat units—that their body requires should not be estimated for their present weight but for their proper or ideal weight.

The average adult man doing office or light factory work needs 2,500 to 3,500 calories daily, and the adult woman doing house or office work requires 2,000 to 2,500 calories. This is for a man 5 feet 7 inches tall weighing 150 pounds, and a woman 5 feet 4 inches tall weighing 125 pounds. In most overweight cases it will be found that from 25 to 35 per cent more than these amounts is being taken. "If less than this amount of food is taken daily a demand will be made upon the fat deposited in the body. If the food is properly chosen it is easy to take as little as twelve to fifteen hundred calories and yet have a sufficient amount to eat so that the appetite is fairly well satisfied and the individual does not have a feeling of emphysema."

Safe Menus.

Menus that are safe for overweighters who want to lose weight are suggested by Prof. E. V. McCollum, Johns Hopkins university:

Breakfast: stewed prunes without sugar; small dish of oatmeal with skim milk; one slice of toast; coffee with small amount of milk.

Lunch: chicken soup, two soda crackers, lettuce and cottage cheese sandwich, one muffin, buttermilk or skim milk.

Dinner: small steak with onions, small serving of mashed potatoes, string beans, lettuce salad, one roll, baked apple.

Breakfast: grape fruit, plain omelet, two slices of crisp, lean bacon, one slice of toast, coffee with milk or a dash of cream.

Lunch: fruit salad, one roll, skim milk.

Dinner: broiled halibut with lemon, mashed potato (small serving), spinach with hard boiled egg, tomato salad, one roll, fruit jello.

Breakfast: orange, poached egg, two slices of lean, crisp bacon, one slice of toast, coffee with a small amount of milk or a dash of cream but no sugar.

Lunch: vegetable soup, two soda crackers, lettuce and tomato salad with a small amount of French dressing containing but a small amount of oil; or salt, pepper and vinegar; one roll with butter (but one cube of butter allowed per day); buttermilk.

Dinner: one small lamb chop, small baked potato, Brussels sprouts, celery and cabbage slaw, one roll, skim milk, grape fruit.

The Mental Patient.

When a patient consults a physician, the physician is not satisfied with what the examination reveals, but asks the patient a number of questions and encourages him to tell all about his symptoms—where the pain is located, whether the pain is sharp or dull, just when it comes on, what seems to make it worse and what seems to relieve or at least make it easier to bear. If it is not a pain then it may be a "heaviness," a discomfort or other feeling that should not be present.

By putting together the objective symptoms, the symptoms he found by the examination—the temperature, the pulse, any sounds that shouldn't be present, any lumps that are not normal, the blood pressure, the richness of the blood in iron or lime or both, and then learning the subjective symptoms from the patient, as mentioned above, the physician makes up his mind just what ailment is present, and treats the patient accordingly.

But this, until recently, has not been the method of examining a mental patient. The usual physical examination was made but if the patient were shy, did not like to talk about his fancies, his difficulties, his desires, he was not encouraged to any extent to tell everything that was on his mind. Today, however, the physical examination is made as usual but the patient is encouraged to tell everything. If he seems to be "side-stepping" or avoiding a certain subject he is kindly but firmly questioned along these subjects.

This means that the patient really does most of the talking and once started will "let loose" and speak about conflicts, difficulties, and other subjects he has heretofore kept hidden.

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"Keep A-Goin'"—

Persistence in Efforts Likely to Bring About Fulfillment of Ambition

PERHAPS it is my fondness for violets that made me stand and watch him. Anyway, there he was, with a wonderful basket of scented loveliness, tempting the home-ward-going throng on a Saturday afternoon.

"Violets, violets, lovely violets. Quarter a bunch. Lovely violets."

Like an unending song, his husky voice cried his wares, and during the ten minutes that I stood near him on the pavement, watching and listening, he kept up his cry.

Unable to resist the temptation, I bought a bunch, and even as he served me, he punctuated the deal with. "Violets, all fresh and lovely."

Persistence Counts.

I remarked, as I waited for my change, that he had a large basket to dispose of.

"Yes," he said, "that's right, gov'nor. But they'll all go. ('Ere you are, sir, lovely violets, all fresh.) Only you 'as to keep a-goin'. Everybody's in a hurry to get 'ome, and if you ain't persistent—(yes, lady, smaller bunches fourpence)—you don't sell 'arf as

many. 'Ere you are, sir, your change. Thank you very much. Violets, lovely violets. All fresh!"

A well-known athlete once told me that he had won many a second and third prize by simply keeping on. Dogged does it. Even when he realized that he couldn't beat the winner, he set his mind on being in the first three, and got there.

I walked away with my purple bunch—and a lesson in my mind. "Keep a-goin'." What a motto! It reminded me of a little jingle that is oft quoted by a rolling-stone friend of mine, who brought it back from the West of Canada, where he first heard it. It goes like this:

If it rains or if it snows, If it's calm or if it blows, What'll happen no one knows, So keep a-goin'.

A Motto for Many.

Keep a-goin' is a motto not only for rolling stones and athletes and violet-sellers. It is a motto for housewives who are faced with a tiring washing-day, for families who are faced with no very brilliant outlook for the future, for those who are apt to lie down under the weight of present troubles.

Nothing stands still. Things either get better or worse, and they are far more likely to get better if we persist in our efforts to make them so.—Editor of London Answers.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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- 1. Is a waterspout at sea composed of salt water?
2. What is meant by a favorable balance of trade?
3. What is a flambeau?
4. What next to Russia is the most populous country of Europe?
5. Is a lunar month shorter or longer than a calendar month?
6. What does "fin de siecle" mean?
7. What is the difference between an aria and an area?
8. What does "centripetal" mean?
9. In what sea is the Isle of Man?
10. What is the difference between an oboe and an obi?
11. What voice is sometimes called "treble"?
12. Which bird stands up to hatch its eggs?

Answers

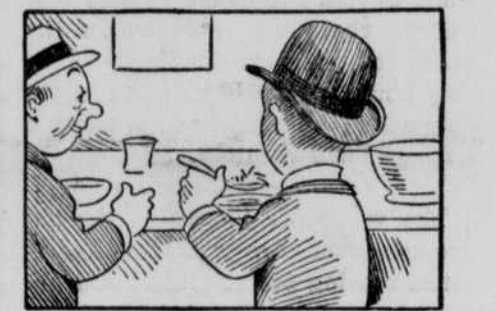
- 1. No; it is composed of fresh water in the form of rain or cloud particles.
2. An excess of exports over imports.
3. A torch.
4. Germany.
5. Shorter.
6. End of the century—up-to-date.
7. An aria is an air introduced into an oratorio or opera, etc. An area is an enclosed space.
8. Tending or drawing toward a center.
9. Irish sea.
10. An oboe is a reed musical instrument and an obi is a broad sash worn by Japanese.
11. The soprano.
12. The penguin. The eggs are held off the ground in the penguin's feet.



No Chance Mrs. Richer—Jimmy, did you greet the new nurse? Run down and give her a nice big kiss. Jimmy—What? And get my face slapped like Daddy did?

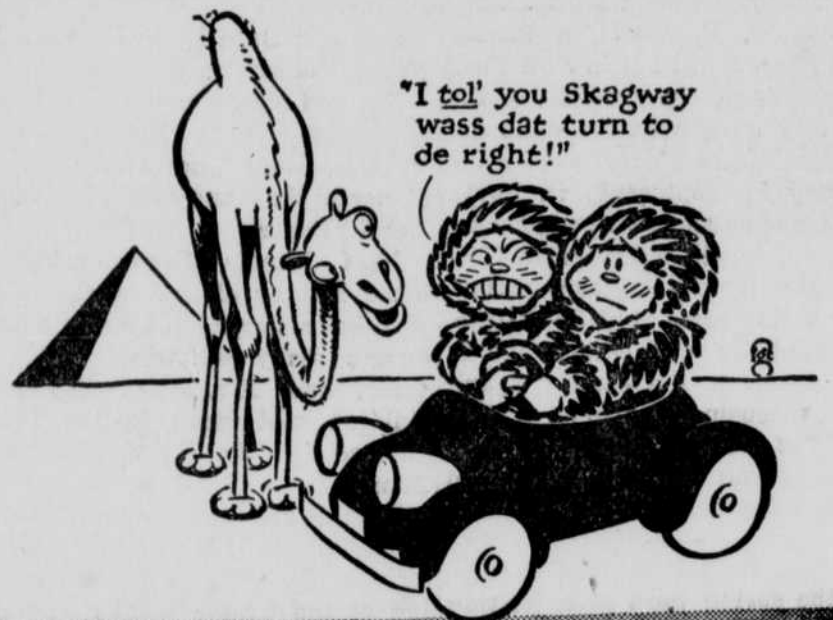
Wants Supplied "Any ice today, lady?" "No, the baker just left a cake." "Giddap."

KNEW HIM



Bob—What makes your wife so suspicious of your stenographer? Michael—It just happens that my wife was my stenographer before I married her.

It Made Him Soar The two sweet young things were discussing boy friends, as usual. "What makes you so sure that Jack has a tender spot for you?" asked one, bitingly. The other smiled sweetly. "Father kicked him off our front porch last night!" she explained.



"I tol' you Skagway was dat turn to de right!"

GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Prove it for yourself with the "First Quart" test. Drain and refill with Quaker State. Note the mileage. See how much farther this oil takes you before you have to add the first quart. The reason is: "There's an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pa. The retail price is 35¢ per quart.

