

# Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!



"When the Sea Came In"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

IT HAPPENED a long time ago, but many of you still remember the wreck of the U. S. cruiser Memphis in San Domingo harbor August 29, 1916.

Do you remember how, caught in the disturbance set up by a submarine volcano, battered by a series of tidal waves, she was tossed against the cliffs of a rockbound shore and smashed to pieces in the short space of an hour and a half?

But we're going to have the story of the Memphis told by a man who never saw those waves—by a man who saw the Memphis disaster from the spot where the REAL battle was fought. We're going to hear about the wreck as it was seen by the boys down in the engine room, where some of the most heroic deeds of that historic affair were done.

Charles H. Willey, warrant machinist, United States Navy retired, of Concord, N. H., is the Distinguished Adventurer of today's column.

## Ordered Below to Get Up Steam.

Charley was in his stateroom reading when, without any warning, the ship rolled over at an alarming angle. At the same time the order came for the emergency watch to go below and get the ship under way.

When Charley got below his men were already going about their duties. The steam was up in only two boilers. The job now was to raise it in the other four so the ship could get under way. For, until she was under way, the Memphis would be at the mercy of the raging seas.

The waves, which had been mere heavy swells at first, were getting higher every minute. The ship rocked alarmingly, but inside of ten minutes steam was forming in four boilers and the men in the engine rooms were warming up the engines with steam from the two live boilers.

## Firemen All Worked Desperately.

"There was a fireman at every one of those boilers, working desperately to force it," says Charley. "The ship kept pitching and heaving. Our poor devils down there couldn't see the waves, but we knew we were in their grip.

"Over the voice tube from the engine room came the cry of 'STEAM—Give us steam!'

"And the steam, thank God, was rising fast. The gauges were showing pressure, but we had to get it to at least 200 pounds. Even 250 would have been little enough in an emergency like this one."

The steam was on the way up. Navy efficiency and discipline were doing their work.

In another few moments the engines would be turning.

And then—SUDDENLY—another violent lurch of the ship and a deluge from above. Water—sea water—COMING DOWN THE VENTILATORS.

## Engines Stopped, Fourteen Men Killed.

Says Charley: "We knew what that meant. The ship was broadside to the waves and those waves were sweeping clean over us. Now water began coming down the smoke stacks, putting out our fires just when we were nearing victory.

"We cut in the four boilers on the main steam line. The engines were turning slowly, but how they ate up the steam!

"A sudden lurching pitch—a sickening pounding of the ship on the bottom, and then, with a roar the 14-inch main steam line burst in the port engine room killing seven men and stopping the engine.

"There is a mad rush to close the stop valve. Water—tons of it—still pouring down the stacks! Steam hisses from strained boiler tubes. The lights go out. The dynamo has been shorted by sea water and we are left in darkness!"

## Forced to Abandon Stations.

And still those gallant firemen in the engine room of the Memphis stuck to their posts trying to get up steam. There was bedlam everywhere below decks.

Slice bars, hoes, coal buckets were sloshing around the room with every roll and toss of the ship.

And yet, in the flickering light of the fires, the men were trying to get up steam.

There was another crash—A DEAFENING ROAR OF ESCAPING STEAM.

"And then," says Charley, "I knew we were gone. In another minute she had struck again and the boilers let go at their tube joints."

"I tried to get to the air lock—stumbled and fell into sea water that was coming in through the ship's bottom. Live steam was filling the room."

"I ripped off my jumper, soaked it and wrapped it around my head.

## How Willey Escaped the Inferno.

"I heard agonized screams from the men who had gone up the ladder ahead of me—up over those hot, hellish, steam-twisted boilers to what they thought was safety in the uptake passage.

"Somehow God gave me strength to reach them in the uptake. Steam had risen there first and they were trapped in it."

"They were breathing it. It was searing their flesh and their lungs and cutting them down before they could open the heavy iron door.

"I kept my wet jumper over my face and reached the door. Frankly I worked at the door that clamped it shut. At last I got it open—dragged out some of those dying men—"

And then Charley lost consciousness. He awoke TWO WEEKS later in the Naval hospital in Washington—to learn that he was the only one of that brave fireman crew of his that had lived!

It was a whole year before Charley was out of the hospital. Now he lives in retirement on a little inland farm in New England. A few years ago he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

"Yet," says Charley, "I have never won it, for somehow I feel I am unworthy of it. Those men who stuck by me down there in that black inferno till the last—they were the real heroes. THEY PAID WITH THEIR LIVES."

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## Burgos Played Important Role in Spanish History

Burgos, once the capital of Spain, does not rank as one of the major cities of the Iberian peninsula, but it is rich in history and in architectural treasures.

Until 1087, when the royal residence was moved to Toledo, the city was the capital of Old Castile. In fact, it is hinted that the crumbling castle above the city is one of the main reasons for the name of Castile, says a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

Even after the transfer of the royal residence, it was still the scene of much royal pomp, splendor and treachery. Several kings were crowned there and some were born within its walls.

Perhaps Burgos' most notorious son was King Pedro the Cruel, who was reputed to decorate his rooms with the heads of his victims.

Columbus, returning from his second expedition to the New World, was welcomed by Ferdinand and Isabella in that palatial residence of old Burgos, the Casa de Gordon. The building spreads its stone front

across one side of the Plaza de Libertad.

In Burgos was born El Cid, the national hero of Spain in the struggle to reconquer the country from the Moors. The hilltop castle, then a magnificent stronghold, was the scene of his marriage to Ximena, who is buried with him in the cathedral. One of the town's saddest days was that of their hero's return, when all doors were closed by the jealous king's command and the grieving populace had to do their hero-worshipping silently from their windows.

## Hustings, a Court

Hustings is the name of a court of limited jurisdiction which at one time sat in London. Before the English ballot act of 1872, this court was the place where members of Parliament were usually nominated, the method of nomination being by a speech made from the platform of the court.

From this custom the term hustings came to be applied to any stump speech or organized canvassing for votes in a political campaign.

# what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Windsor's Finances.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—By latest reports, the duke of Windsor must start life as a personal estate of only about \$600,000, plus guaranteed annual remittances amounting to but a beggarly \$100,000 more.

To be sure, as the old saying is, two can live as cheaply as one—if one of the two happens to be a goldfish or even a canary—but otherwise the notion hasn't worked out under modern conditions, wives these days being what wives are these days.

Still, they do say Mrs. Simpson is pretty handy with a skilllet, which, on the cook's Thursdays off, ought to save getting in extra kitchen help; and what with there being no crown jewels to keep polished and installment houses just crying to help all young honeymooners out—you furnish the bird, we furnish the nest!—Well, by scrimping, the couple should get by, don't you think?



Irvin S. Cobb

## Washington Rumors.

HOW rumors do float about—especially in the neighborhood of Washington. Well, Washington always has been kind of a windy place.

First we hear a boom is to be started for Mrs. Roosevelt to succeed the President at the conclusion of his term. This is promptly denied and the question arises—how is that loyal soul, Uncle Jim Farley, going to stand the strain of waiting until Sistine Dahl gets old enough to run?

Uncontradicted as yet is the other report that the White House craves to revive the NRA, under another set of initials and—let us hope—with a better-looking Blue Eagle than that first one was.

## "Sweeping" Inquiries.

AFTER every major disaster which conceivably was preventable, we have a "sweeping inquiry" or a "searching probe"—it depends on which phrase the reporters like best—to fix the blame. Rarely does anything come of this, but it must indeed be a great consolation to the widows and the orphans of the victims.

Seemingly, it never occurs to anyone to make the said investigation before the tragedy occurs, with a view of searching out defective mechanism or imperfect construction then.

We are a great people for shutting the stable door after the horse is gone—shutting it good and tight so the probers may have leisure for their probing.

## Defying a Glacier.

IN ALASKA, the Revell family are defying Black Rapids glacier which, without seeming provocation and after remaining perfectly calm for several million years, suddenly started coming down upon them, rumbling and roaring and acting up generally as it advances. Its icy snout is only about a mile away from their roadhouse now, but they're still serving ye olde blue plate special—choice of jello or stewed prunes—as usual.

The Revells couldn't be New York people. In New York, everybody strives to move at least once every two years, whether there's reason for it or not. A lady flat dweller there likes the scriptural promise of a house of many mansions because it gives her such a warm glow to think of spending eternity shifting from one mansion to another, re-decorating as she goes.

## Crime and Punishment.

AT A recent trial in New York for a hideous murder, the lawyer for the killer—who, incidentally, has confessed—wound up his plea with this old and reliable and beautifully logical standby: "Putting this man in the electric chair will never bring back the woman he slew—remember that, Gentlemen of the jury."

But putting a brutal killer in the electric chair will never bring him back either, which, after all, is the main idea, isn't it, Gentlemen of any rational jury?

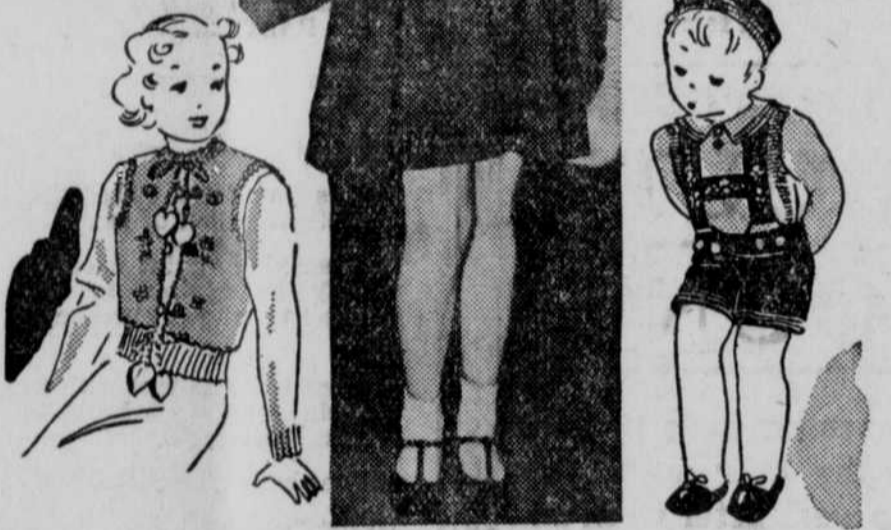
IRVIN S. COBB.  
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## Position in Sleeping

Some psychologists attribute special significance to the position one takes in sleeping. Lying on the back with legs straight out, arms and face uncovered, is interpreted as a disposition to face life uncompromisingly, notes a writer in Literary Digest. Sleeping with the arm partly around a pillow indicates a subconscious need for affection. The sleeper who rolls up like a kitten, knees drawn toward his chin, is asserted to be unconsciously fleeing the realities of life. It remains unexplained whether or not character changes each time the sleeper shifts position; as he does this at least ten times an hour, the result might conceivably be an oscillating personality.

# Peasant Trend in Childs' Clothes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



BE AS colorful as you will in fitting out the little folks in new spring togs for fashions—both adult and juvenile have gone madly, wildly, gaily peasant this season. Vivid colors, quaint and naive silhouettes, amusing details, wealth of embroidery done in bright yarns or metal thread, applique of wee posies cut out of gay felt after the manner of Tyrolean and Dalmatian costumes—what more could designers ask in way of inspiration in creating clothes to fit into the scheme of childhood's realm!

It lends to the glamor and romance of this all-pervading peasant influence in costume design for little folks that many of the fashions are authentically reproduced in current style collections. The specialty shops and children's sections in the larger stores are in many instances showing actual reproductions of the picturesque dresses and boleros and gay little hats and caps as worn by the peasant folk of the Tyrol and in Dalmatia. Even when not a faithful copy there is almost sure to be a touch of embroidery or a bright little feather or novel painted buttons or some one accent or another that bespeaks peasant origin.

You can see by the attractive fashions pictured that the younger generation is looking its cunningest in its new peasant-inspired clothes. The enthusiasm of a vast audience knew no bounds when the little folks who modeled these winsome outfits came shyly, prettily, smilingly down the runway at one of the series of breakfast style clinics held recently in the spacious Merchandise Mart in Chicago, that huge structure which is so alive with throngs of merchants, manufacturers, designers, buyers and sight-seeing out-of-town guests the very air vibrates with activity.

No end of applause greeted the

child who wore a colorful Dalmatian costume featuring a gaily embroidered hat-and-bolero ensemble—see it shown to the right in our illustration. The dress is of natural colored linen, the bolero in bright blue enlivened with typical Dalmatian embroidery.

Under her Tyrolean coat the older little girl centered in the group wears a typical Tyrolean skirt with embroidered shoulder-strap top together with a sweater in green. Her Scotch cap of blue straw with a green feather complements her princess-cut coat held over her arm. Princess coat plus peasant dress thus do both princess and peasant influences reflect in current vogue. The sweater worn gumpie fashion, is ever so Tyrolean with its touches of bright embroidery at the neckline. This is a fashion of utmost practicality.

The tot with her beloved bunny in arms wears a peasant-type dress of Venetian wine dimity. It is fashioned to create the impression of two pieces. The full skirt suggests the much-talked-of dirndl dress which is being so widely exploited in connection with Austrian peasant fashions. Of course, to catch the true Tyrolean spirit there must be hand-embroidery on the waist which there is together with we pearl buttons that adorn the front of the dress.

Your young daughter and son may not be twins but if they are to be correctly dressed moderns this spring they'll be costumed alike in gay peasant fashion. Note the youngster sketched below who has gone as authentically Tyrolean as a native in his gaily embroidered suspender suit. Every little girl's wardrobe is supposed to include a sweater. This season sweaters (see the outline sketch) are made irresistibly attractive with colorful yarn-embroidered little flowers.

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## BROWN AND BEIGE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Choose beige for your spring costume, for beige is a fashion-first color on the new season's program. Here is an ultra smart ensemble. This suit is fashioned of lightweight cloth in the new beige for which everybody is calling just now. To give it a high-style accent this young woman chooses to contrast her beige costume with brown tortoise shell catin jewelry. As our Parisian sisters who are past masters in dress have long pointed out the detail is the real secret in achieving child prestige.

## TWO TONES OF ONE COLOR IS LATEST

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Fashion's latest move is to use two tones of one color for the costume ensemble. Per example a navy blue cloth three-piece with the skirt and cape of the navy with a lighter blue for the blouse and the cape lining. In the same manner light gray is worked with dark, brown or perhaps rust with beige, dubonnet with a related pink and sonon.

The light-top dress which is such a general favorite is often designed this season with a skirt of the dark color, the top bodice developing in a lighter tone of the same color.

Then again the scheme is carried through with the suit, say in brown smartened with lighter brown or beige accessories, or in navy with light blue scarf, gloves and perhaps a chiffon scarf veil in the lighter blue on the hat for the scarf hat is very smart style for spring.

## Wear Flowers

A flower corsage or boutonniere is almost inevitable this spring with your dress or suit. Smart vogue calls for large flowers to correspond with the huge florals in printed fabrics.

## Sports Jewelry

Light, natural colored wood, inset with narrow strips of catin in four different bright colors provides a really smart accessory for strictly sports clothes.

## Stung

By McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
WNU Service.

THE world drowsed, drunken with the golden wine of August, in a stillness broken only by the clatter of grasshoppers in flight above the browning clover-heads. Rains had made the aftermath heavier than the early mowing. Ellis was glad—his profit lay largely in the aftermath. Thence came the clover-seed. High yields depended on the big gold-banded bumblebees, whose long noses penetrating the florets in search of honey, gathered also the pollen that gave life to embryos next visited.

Naturally he rated breaking up and despoiling their underground nests among deadly field-sins. Sins not so easily committed—the big bees had a trick of hiding their houses under clumps of thick tangle, here in the clover. Hikers studying nature chose to do it in shade rather than full sunshine. Ellis hated them heartily. They ignored No Trespass signs so insolently. He chuckled sourly as screams broke the hush of noon, undevoted by a shrill shout: "Help! Help! Come here, you man!"

Two minutes later he faced a turbulent group—three girls in khaki, flannel, and straw hats, herded by a gangling youth who made up in lack of breadth for his excess length. His open shirt was stained with crushed bees, almost to the waist, one eye half closed, his lower lip swelling visibly. A girl as chubby as he was lathy, stood pressing a handkerchief to her cheek. A second boasted a bracelet of crimson stings about her bare arm just below the elbow. Another as yet unstung, knelt searching amid the tangle for green plantain. She had been told it was sovereign for any sort of sting.

"Stung—eh! Serves you right. What business have you bothering my bees?" Ellis demanded sourly. The kneeling figure sprang upright, crying: "O! O! We didn't know they were your pets."

"Whatever they may be they have better manners than—folks like you," Ellis retorted, his anger mounting at sight of three despoiled round grass nests, newly dug from the hedge-row. "Oblige me by going away? Quick. And not as you came—by breaking through the hedge—but through the gate down yonder—the big road runs right by it."

"Not this way! You can't mean it!" the lathy one moaned. "It'll kill us—in this hot sun. We'll go through the gap we made—"

"We will NOT," said the unhurt young woman. "The gentleman—the word coming hard, 'is right—entirely so. We had no business getting ourselves in such a pickle—"

Masterfully Ellis stepped before her, faced her about, and said waving an imperative hand to the others: "Come along all of you. Mammy Sarah can fix you up in a jiffy." If she can't, why you must wait for dark before you take the road."

Mammy Sarah did work wonders but the hikers waited for dark. Ellis left them to themselves, yet showed himself a perfect host, asking no questions, but anticipating every need. Involuntarily he had learned that the girls were Kate, Nanny and Prue—also that Kate was sister to the lathy "Aggie."

When in thickening dusk, full fed and much comforted, Aggie shepherded his flock toward the highway, he said awkwardly to Ellis: "I reckon we—you ought to know—who we are—but if it's the same to you—please won't you remember us—just as fools all."

"Not quite," Ellis answered with a chuckle. "There was one, remember, too wise to get stung."

Darkness hid it—but really the wise one blushed a beautiful scarlet over the speech.

Upon a crisp November morning that autumn Ellis stood basking with pride in the ring at a Fat Stock Show. He had all but swept its boards of blue ribbons—indeed, Ellis, First, was growing a thought monotonous, when glancing up he saw his lathy guest, who caught his arm, crying: "Lord! But I'm glad you're here! Come with me! You must. The girls are waiting back of the pens."

Fervently Ellis stood facing the feminine invaders, and staring at a magnificent chronometer, crested with a bumble bee in diamonds they had collectively thrust upon him.

"A souvenir of salvation," their father explained—he was, it appeared, Joseph Barnes, president of the Stock-Show authorities—and by common report worth several millions. The bee-hunter was Allan Lane his prospective brother-in-law, and his fiancée, blushing and smiling up at him, the plump snubby creature who had been so nearly eye-stung that only Ellis' succors had saved her sight.

Ellis went home with them—for a week he belonged to them—no matter about his cattle, his place—anything but getting what was due. To his astonishment he was booked to be best man at the Barnes wedding. Perhaps the fact that Nan was maid of honor had something to do with it. However that may have been, after the ceremony and the going away of bride and groom, he found her suddenly in his arms, smiling up at him roguishly and whispering: "We had to get stung also—to match the rest."

# OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Agateware is easily chipped, so don't scrape out food that becomes stuck in it.

Rugs should be turned around every six months. Frequent turning causes them to wear evenly.

A little salt added to an egg before beating makes it light and easier to beat.

Cretonne slip covers will retain their color better if washed in bran water.

Coddled Apples—Two cups boiling water, one or two cups sugar, eight apples. Make a syrup of sugar and water, boiling five minutes. Core and pare apples; cook slowly in the syrup; cover closely and watch carefully. When tender, lift out the apples, add a little lemon juice to syrup and pour over apples. The cavities in the apples may be filled with jelly or raisins.

Sweet Prunes—A very delicious as well as unusual way of serving prunes for breakfast is to soak them in fruit juices. Whenever a jar of fruit is opened save the juices and put a few prunes in the jar. When they have become swollen they are ready to be eaten.

To make perfect muffins combine all dry ingredients, then add liquids quickly, stirring but not beating. Do not stir after ingredients are moistened. Fill muffin pans two-thirds full and if mixture looks lumpy it will smooth out during baking.

Clear boiling water will remove tea stains from table linen.

Keep the top on the milk bottle so the milk does not absorb ice box or refrigerator odors from other foods.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets made of May Apple are effective in removing accumulated body waste—Adv.

Lost Virtues  
Virtues lose themselves in self-interest, as streams lose themselves in the sea.—Rochefoucauld.

# Why Laxatives Fail In Stubborn Constipation

Twelve to 24 hours is too long to wait when relief from clogged bowels and constipation is needed, for then enormous quantities of bacteria accumulate, causing GAS, indigestion and many restless, sleepless nights.

If you want REAL, QUICK RELIEF, take a liquid compound such as Adierika. Adierika contains SEVEN cathartic and carminative ingredients that act on the stomach and BOTH bowels. Most laxatives contain one ingredient that acts on the lower bowel only.

Adierika's DOUBLE ACTION gives your system a thorough cleaning, bringing out old poisonous waste matter that may have caused GAS pains, sour stomach, headaches and sleepless nights for months.

Adierika relieves stomach GAS at once and usually removes bowel congestion in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight results. This famous treatment has been recommended by many doctors and druggists for 25 years. Take Adierika one-half hour before breakfast or one hour before bedtime and in a short while you will undoubtedly be refreshed. At all Leading Druggists.

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