

**FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER FLOYD GIBBONS ADVENTURERS CLUB**

*Hello Everybody*

**"Strange Visitor"**  
By FLOYD GIBBONS

**YOU** know, they say troubles never come singly—which is just another way of saying that Old Lady Adventure is never content with giving you just one sock in the jaw. I don't know how true that is, but it certainly worked out that way in the case of Hattie Rohr of Chicago.

Hattie's big bout with Old Lady Adventure came in the Winter of 1917. There was trouble enough in the world then, without having the old girl with the thrill bag on your neck. The war was on and the influenza epidemic was sweeping the country. Hattie, in those days, was just an eleven-year-old girl, living with her mother and dad and three sisters on a farm between Clare and Dodge City, Iowa. Her name then was Hattie McLaughlin.

The flu epidemic struck the McLaughlin family in January. It brought down Hattie's dad and her three sisters, and that left Hattie and her mother to do all the chores around that big farm.

It was one of those days when everything seemed to go wrong. Mother had just come from upstairs to call the doctor. Dad and the three sick girls were worse. While they were waiting for the doctor the party-line phone rang. It was the school teacher, down with the flu herself, who wanted Hattie to go to the schoolhouse and post a notice saying there would be no school that day.

**Strange Man Came to the Door.**

Already tired from her morning's work, Hattie struggled more than a mile through the snow to post that notice. She found two small children shivering in the cold, waiting for the school to open, and took them to her home and phoned their father to come and get them. And no sooner had he come and gone with his pair of kids than Hattie heard another knock on the door.

A strange man was out front. He said he was a telephone lineman from Clare, and wanted to know if he could come in and get warm. Hattie and her mother asked him in and gave him a cup of tea.

While he was drinking his tea and eating a piece of corn bread, Hattie and her mother went on with their work. Nothing unusual happened until he had finished eating and drinking. Then the stranger got up and walked over to the stove.

It was such an unusual movement that Hattie stopped to watch him. He backed up against the stove as if to warm himself, but Hattie saw one of his hands slide into his pocket and come out holding a tiny bottle.

**He Poured Something Into the Beans.**

There was a pot of beans boiling on the stove. Slowly, shielded by his body, the stranger's hand crept up and emptied the contents of the bottle into the pot of beans!

Her mother hadn't seen it, but Hattie was standing in such a position that she could see every move he made. She was startled—frightened. An older person might have said nothing, for fear of precipitating trouble. That mother and child were defenseless, with dad ill in bed upstairs. But kids of Hattie's age don't stop to think of those things. She let out a scream and then, impulsively, she darted across the room and knocked the bottle from the man's hand.

Her mother turned to see what was the matter. At the same time, the stranger reached inside his coat, pulled out a long, thin-bladed knife, and slashed Hattie across the legs. Blood began to flow from a long deep cut. Dazed at the turn affairs had taken, Hattie backed away, staring at the man. The man stood, knife in hand, staring back at Hattie. Her mother was staring at both of them. For a minute there was a deathly silence.

**Hattie Fought to Save Her Mother.**

The man made no other move—said nothing, Hattie and her mother were too frightened to speak. They began to realize the fellow was stark mad. Hattie sat down, took off a stocking and tied it about her wound.

The man stood looking, first at her, then at her mother. He waited until she was finished tying up her bleeding leg, and then he walked across the room to where her mother was standing, breathless and paralyzed with fright, and RAISED THE KNIFE.

And again Hattie acted impulsively. In an instant she was out of her chair and darting across the room. Reaching out quickly grabbed the knife!

The man gave the knife a quick pull. It came out of Hattie's hand, cutting it clear to the bone at the base of the thumb. Crying out in pain, she grabbed at her wrist with her other hand. The madman shoved her away, and knocked her mother down.

For another moment Hattie stood dazed. The man fell on her mother, sat on her chest and began choking her. And at that, a sudden change came over Hattie. Before, she had been frightened—trembling. Now she became furious. A red mist seemed to drop before her eyes. She grabbed up a piece of wood from the pile beside the stove, raised it over her head and brought it down, as hard as she could, on the madman's head.

**The Beans Were Poisoned.**

The man rolled over and lay still. Hattie's wrist was still bleeding and her mother tied it up tightly to stop the flow. They got ropes and tied the man's hands behind his back and then—then Hattie keeled over in a dead faint.

When she came to, the doctor had been to the house. He had sewed up Hattie's wounds and she had never known a thing about it. The doctor also took the madman back to town and turned him over to the police. They found out later that he had escaped from an institution down in the South, where he had been put for murder.

And when they analyzed that pot of beans into which he had emptied that bottle, it was found that they were poisoned!

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**Annie Laurie Home Held by the Family Since 1611**

The home of the famous Annie Laurie, the heroine of the Scottish ballad sung in every corner of the world, is known as the estate of Maxwellton, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. The ownership of this property goes back more than 300 years, says a writer in the New York Herald Tribune.

Maxwellton House, originally a fortress of the Earls of Glencairn and known as Glencairn castle, has been in the hands of the Laurie family since 1611.

Seventy-one years later, in 1682, Anna was born, the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. The first Baronet Douglas of Fingland, the author of the original words of the ballad, was her first sweetheart, but the engagement was broken off, and in 1709 she married Alexander Fergusson, of Craigharroch, a neighboring estate. Her picture and that of her husband hang in the dining room at Maxwellton.

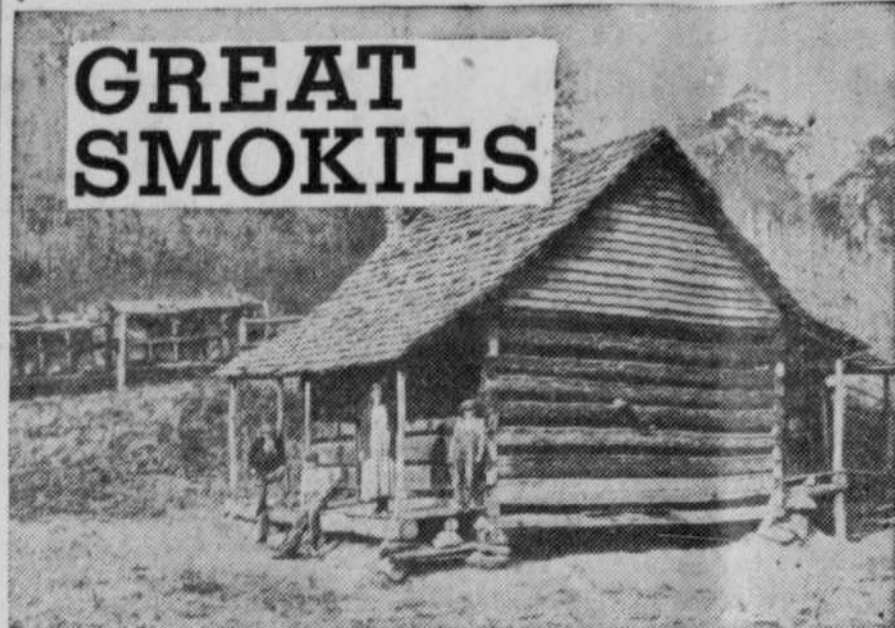
There are 4,000 acres in the property, which overlooks the Cairn river. In the house there are four reception rooms, two boudoirs, fifteen bedrooms or dressing rooms, two bathrooms and servants' accommodations.

**Brides of Granna Island Wear Queen's Headdress**

Not orange blossoms but a crown intended for a queen is the wedding headdress of brides at Granna, Sweden, on the island of Visingsö in Lake Vattern, one of Sweden's largest and finest lakes. Now over 300 years old, the crown was originally made for a daughter of the Brahe family, which built the Castle of Visingsborg and the Brahe church on the island.

The girl, Ebba Brahe, was loved by Gustavus Adolphus and the crown was made for her wedding to him, but for reasons of state he was forced to give her up and marry a princess instead. The crown was placed in the Brahe church, where visitors to the island sometimes see it worn by a bride of the parish.

The castle built by the Brahe family was destroyed by fire in 1718 and became an imposing ruin over-run by vines. The family is also credited with founding Granna, called by travelers one of the loveliest towns in Sweden. Besides being famous for its beauty, Granna has a great reputation as the "Pear Town" of Sweden. The original pear tree was planted more than 300 years ago in a hillside orchard near the one street of the town, and long was known as a national monument.



**GREAT SMOKIES**

Typical Great Smoky Mountains Cabin.

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

**T**HE 1,500 species of flowering plants that blossom before June 1 are spreading their color over the slopes of the Great Smoky mountains.

Haze-shrouded, the Great Smoky mountains dominate the horizon of eastern Tennessee.

Visitors often are amazed to find such lofty, wild, and unspoiled mountains straddling the Tennessee-North Carolina state line.

In 1923, when public-spirited men and women of the two states organized to encompass soaring heights and plunging valleys in a national park, even the mountaineers, grandchildren of pioneers who had braved the arrows of cunning Cherokees, had not explored the whole area.

Adventurous hikers who did invade the mountains found the undergrowth so thick in places that they had to chop their way through it with an ax.

A few naturalists and surveyors visited parts of the Smokies. Hunters sought their quarry amid the stately trees and dense cover that sheltered bears, deer, and numerous smaller animals.

Revenue officers occasionally tried to penetrate the wilderness, and lumbermen, with dynamite, axes and saws, pushed their roads and railroads only as far as the most recent cutting.

To business men of eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina, the Great Smokies long were a trade barrier. No road leaped the rugged ridge along which the state line rambles for 71 miles. Commerce east and west in this latitude still moves around either end of the mountains, but the "barrier" now is an asset as the Great Smoky Mountains National park.

**Life There Was Primitive.**

A few years ago it took more than a week to go to Knoxville and return to the cabins in the hills.

In those days there was little reason for the mountaineer to leave the mountains. A few sheep supplied wool for clothing and the mountain woman was an adept spinner and weaver.

When cows and oxen became useless and were dispatched, shoes were made of their hides. Bears, deer, and birds, brought down with five-foot rifles or caught in traps, supplied the family meat platter. "Sweetnin'" was produced from sorghum.

Nearly all the land in the Great Smokies was privately owned when the park movement was initiated. Arrangements had to be made for its purchase before the land could be turned over to the national park service for development. An intensive money-raising campaign was planned. Private subscriptions aggregated \$1,000,000. Appropriations by the adjoining states brought the fund to \$5,000,000.

But this was only one-half the funds required. The campaigners for many months sought vainly for the other half. Then John D. Rockefeller, Jr., announced that the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial would match dollar for dollar any money raised in the campaign.

In 1926 congress authorized the establishment of the Great Smoky Mountains National park on condition that the citizens of Tennessee and North Carolina present 427,000 acres of acceptable land in one solid tract, the acreage to be equally divided between the two states. Officials who had investigated were enthusiastic.

"Nature is at her choicest there," they reported.

Development of the area as a national playground began, and today the thousand resident families have shrunk to about four hundred.

**Highways Are Being Built.**

For six years now government agencies under the supervision of the national park service have been building roads and trails and re-stocking forests and streams.

The work is just begun. Only seventy miles of high-standard roads, twenty-five miles of secondary roads, and fewer than 600 miles of trails have been completed. Yet for the last three years this infant of our national park system, not yet dedicated, has been attracting more visitors than any other of our 25 national parks.

Less than a mile east of Gatlinburg, Tennessee, a white and green sign announces the boundary of the Great Smoky Mountains National park.

At the end of a long curve, a short distance beyond, the highway forks. You stop and peer through the haze at the steep, tree-blanketed slopes of Mount Le Conte and Sugarland mountain, whose lofty summits are often hidden in lowhanging clouds.

There is only one modern road over the mountains between Tennessee and North Carolina. It winds through the scenic valley of the West Prong of Little Pigeon river, crossing and recrossing the stream to the state line at Newfound Gap.

The Chimneys, rugged twin peaks, thickly forested, stand like sentinels, guarding the bridge which carries the highway across the West Prong. From the bridge all the way to Newfound Gap the traveler is hemmed in by steep, wooded mountain slopes, unbroken except where a waterfall, too high above and too far away to be heard, gleams in the sun like a white silken ribbon as a mountain stream sweeps over a precipice toward the noisy river cascading below.

At Newfound Gap along the state line the mountain top has been excavated and space provided for parking several hundred automobiles. Here the arboreal wonderland that is the Great Smokies spreads before you in both states.

**Down Into North Carolina.**

From this point the highway descends into North Carolina along the Oconaluftee river, through the Qualla Indian reservation, toward Asheville and Bryson City, North Carolina gateways to the park.

Southwestward from Newfound Gap, the Skyway, one of the highest highways in the country, is taking shape. It has been completed nearly to Clingmans Dome, the loftiest peak in the Great Smokies. Ultimately it will wind forty miles over and around peaks along the state line until it reaches the western end of the park, affording amazing vistas of jumbled mountains and billowy valleys. Portions of the Skyway are already 6,300 feet above sea level.

It is along the trails that the hiker meets isolated mountain families in their cabins, and stumbles upon the remnants of abandoned mills that not long ago ground out the mountaineers' "turn" of cornmeal.

Nearly everything one observes in and around a mountain cabin is homemade. Trundle beds, high-backed chairs, spinning wheels, and looms are usually heirlooms.

One of the first known white men to study the wonders of the Great Smoky mountains was a botanist, William Bartram of Philadelphia, who climbed among these heights about the time patriots in Independence Hall signed the Declaration of Independence. After him came other botanists who have found the mountains their paradise, one of the largest and last vestiges of the native forest that swathed the hills and valleys of colonial America.

**Orchids and Ferns.**

So diversified are the wild flowers of the Great Smokies that visitors from many sections of the country find species that grow abundantly in their fields and woodlands among others that are rare to them. Twenty-two orchids find a natural habitat in these rugged and well-watered mountains; there are 50 kinds of lilies; 7 of trilliums; 22 of violets, and 5 of magnolias.

The native wild orchids, while not so large as the more familiar cultivated species, have all the exquisite form and dainty coloring of their "civilized" cousins. Like many other plant families in the Smokies, the orchids are found throughout a long blossoming season. Certain species make a bold debut in the very early spring; others appear reluctant to yield way to chilly autumn.

Ferns range from the most delicate, with lacy fronds, to the most hardy types. There are lush carpets of mosses and lichens of many varieties, and hundreds of mushrooms and other fungus species range from almost microscopic sizes to the large and showy varieties, many of which are prized edibles.

Here the catawba rhododendron is at its best. In late June and July its white and purple blossoms cover whole mountain spurs, fleck sweeping slopes, and envelop trails and streams. Mountaineers call rhododendron and laurel thickets "slicks" and "hells." Indeed, the plants grow in such tangled masses in some areas that only wilderness animals can get through them.

Huggins Hell, covering about five hundred acres, is one of the largest rhododendron and laurel thickets. It was named for Irving Huggins, a mountaineer who sought to drive his cattle from one mountain to another. On the way he was trapped in the Huggins Hell area. It took him several days to find his way out. Mountaineers avoid the "slicks," identified by such colorful names as Devil's Tater Patch, Devil's Courthouse, Woolly Tops, and Breakneck Ridge.

**SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL**

By Carter Field  
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Detroit and Los Angeles merchants are burned up because their citizens buy so much in Canada and Mexico, bringing their purchases in duty free under the \$100 exemption. So they are trying to get congress to amend the law. They have no objection to the \$100 limit being applied to returning European tourists, or for once a year tourists who take their vacations in Canada or Mexico or Cuba.

But the man who runs across the international line from some near-by American city every little while, chiefly for the purpose of getting tariff-free bargains, that's the fellow—and his wife—they are after.

Detroit merchants estimate that citizens of that city buy about \$5,000,000 worth of merchandise a year in Canada under this \$100 exemption clause. The city's board of commerce has representatives in Washington working to stop this "leak." They are getting co-operation not only from Los Angeles but from Seattle, El Paso, Buffalo and Erie.

The American Retail Federation and other retail groups are co-operating. Some of the estimates for the total amount of Canadian and Mexican goods brought in legally without payment of duty under this \$100 exemption runs as high as \$50,000,000 a year.

They say it is not only the money they always do say that. But when Mrs. Smith Jones meets Mrs. Brown Robinson after such a foray to duty-free stores across the line she boasts about it. This not only encourages the second lady, and her sisters and neighbors to go and do likewise, but it builds up the sneaking impression that the American storekeepers are a lot of gypps, and that it is positively a civic duty to thwart them in their attempted robbery.

**The Old Come-On**

Then, too, the storekeepers know perfectly well that the person who goes shopping to get a bargain generally buys something else. That is the whole underlying basis for the "loss leader" device so frowned upon by the federal trade commission. The store advertising some particular bargain knows that if it can get people into its doors by selling something the customers know is very cheap, the probability is that one in every two will buy something else—something on which the storekeeper makes a real profit.

So this mouth to mouth propaganda that bargains are to be had over in Windsor, when the Detroit folks are talking, or down in Agua Caliente, if the Los Angeles and San Diego wives are talking about their shopping, is insidious.

Some of these tariff dodgers really buy only for their own use, but many of them resell, and make the trip as often as the law allows—once every thirty days. Canada offers tempting furs and duty-free British wool cloth and garments. Mexico has fine Indian art objects. Both admit varieties of foreign goods almost duty free because they do not happen to compete with local industries.

According to the Los Angeles merchants, the movie stars are the worst offenders. They like to run over to Mexico anyhow, for one reason or another. They resent federal taxes in a really big way and get a thrill out of cheating Uncle Sam legally, which may not bother the Treasury much but is certainly a pain in the cash drawer for the Los Angeles department stores and specialty shops.

Incidentally, Los Angeles thinks the proposed amendment futile. It would permit the \$100 exemption only if the tourist had been out of the country at least forty-eight hours.

"That's just a nice week-end," say the southern California dealers. They want the period made much longer.

**Not an Accident**

It was not just an accident that several newspapers had prominently displayed stories the day after the announcement of Justice Willis Van Devanter's resignation that the probable appointee in his place would be Senator Joseph T. Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader of the senate for these many years.

The story was deliberately fed out by several senators who are strongly opposed to President Roosevelt's Supreme court enlargement plan. It was intended to embarrass the President in his fight, and to make absurd the contention that the court needed "young" men.

Being as the Arkansas senator is sixty-five, and is known to be a conservative at heart, the idea of his appointment was calculated to open the way to columnists and editorial writers all over the country to point to the absurdity of the situation.

But it was more than that. The story was put out by senators who not only are opposed to the President on the court battle, but who would not object to seeing him embarrassed aside from that. Indeed it is not too much to say that some of them, most active in pushing the idea that the President

would certainly appoint Robinson, and getting it in print, were opposed to the court plan more because they were against Roosevelt than for any intrinsic merit in this particular battle.

Now the point is of course that Robinson has cherished the ambition to sit on the Supreme court bench for nearly twenty years. There is not a member of the senate who does not know about it, not because he talks about it all the time, but because in such a long period of time such an ambition would naturally reach the ear of every member of the upper house.

**Robinson Popular**

Now Robinson is a very popular man among his colleagues, all magazine articles and general reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Not that he has been particularly misrepresented in either magazine articles or gossip. He is hot tempered. He would do almost anything for the sake of the Democratic party. He would sacrifice almost any conviction if it seemed to interfere with the chances of success of his party, and he goes to what some think are extremes in loyalty to whoever is the party leader at the time, whether it be Woodrow Wilson insisting on ratification of the League of Nations treaty without the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t," or whether it be Franklin D. Roosevelt insisting on six "young" justices for the Supreme court.

But his colleagues understand that. They are politicians too. They know what the Democratic party means to a man of Robinson's age, who was raised in the South, and who has seen local federal officeholders appointed by an opposition President during all his adult life. So they do not let the things that seem to offend some outsiders trouble them at all in appraising Joe. Outside of these points, which do not bother or even mystify them, they think Joe a grand person. He is an old friend of most of them, a co-worker, a pal, a hunting companion, a golfing opponent—yes, even a drinking companion.

So if the President throws him down, after all this build-up which has been fed to the newspapers by the President's enemies, the least that can be said is that it will not do the President any good. In fact, it is apt to raise the suspicion that loyalty to this administration does not pay. Which is exactly the impression those who started the story want to create.

**Much Like Revolt**

President Roosevelt is confronted with the most difficult situation he has yet encountered. It has all the earmarks of a revolt. It may peter out utterly, in fact, the reasonable probability would seem to be that it will. And it may turn into the sort of mess that will continue to plague the President as long as he remains in the White House.

Senators and representatives are insuring in every possible degree, and on every possible issue.

It began with the government reorganization proposal. This was something to give every member of the senate and house pause.

There was not a vote in either house which was not slightly or importantly influenced by personal friends and lieutenants scattered through the government department and bureau—any or all of whom might be put at the mercy of the White House in the course of the re-organization.

The insurgence became positively eruptive after the President asked congress to surrender its control over appropriations by permitting him to cut any one of them fifteen per cent in his discretion. This followed the proposal to enlarge the Supreme court, which has received plenty of public attention, and does not need any diagraming.

So there is bad feeling, among members of his own party, toward the President all over Capitol Hill.

**Pass Up Big Guns**

It is notorious how such senators as David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, Royal S. Copeland of New York, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, and Vic Donahey of Ohio have been bypassed on many appointments on which senators would normally be consulted.

Two preliminary moves figured as weather vanes to indicate how things were shaping. A house committee voted five to four to cut relief expenditures from a billion and a half to a billion flat. This challenged not only the President's views as to what should be appropriated for relief but his own economy plan—to cut fifteen per cent from such appropriations as he might choose.

More important, because more votes were involved, was the action of the house in voting 384 to 7, on a roll call, to extend the CCC camps for only two years instead of making them permanent, as the President wished. Unimportant except as showing the temper of house members, they voted also to cut the salary of the CCC director from \$12,000 to \$10,000.

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

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**DAISY FLY KILLER**

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How often the highest talent lurks in obscurity!—Plautus.

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If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched, unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

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**One Word**

A single word often betrays a great design.—Racine.

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