

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Through a Tropic Holocaust"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:  
Well, sir, fellow adventurers, people have all kinds of troubles in this bothersome old world of ours. You have your troubles and I have mine. Maybe the old spinning ball would be just TOO nice a place to live on if we didn't have our share of adversity to make the sweet seem sweeter and the bright seem brighter still. Anyhow, I have a letter here from Alberta L. Hitchins of New York City, who has had her troubles—plenty of 'em—but who doesn't let them bother her very much. No, sir. Because every time she begins to think her troubles are too much for her, she looks back on that horrible day in Kingston, Jamaica, in January, 1907, and realizes that what looks like troubles to her now don't really deserve the name of trouble at all.

On that fateful day Mrs. Hitchins was sitting in the office of J. Eustace Burke & Brothers, the firm for which she worked. She wasn't Mrs. Hitchins then—just Alberta, the assistant cashier. With her in the office was her boss, her sister—one or two other women who worked there, too. Outside, it was a clear, tropical, sunny day. From overhead came the rumble of machinery in a bottling plant on the floor above.

#### When the Earthquake Struck.

At 3:30 in the afternoon, a distant, ominous, rumbling sound startled all Kingston. In the office where Alberta worked, however, nobody paid any attention to these sounds. The bottling plant on the floor above was always noisy. Rumbblings were nothing new to the employees of Burke & Brothers. The first intimation that Alberta had that anything was wrong was when she happened to look up from her work and saw that the wall in front of her desk SEEMED TO BE BENDING OVER!

At the same time, she felt herself suddenly—inexplicably—slipping from her chair. She jumped to her feet. From overhead a shower of plaster fell, littering her desk. All at once, things seemed to be flying in all directions. Then, in a moment, all was quiet again.

In the office, there was a moment of tense silence. Then Alberta heard the voice of her boss saying: "My God! An earthquake! San Francisco all over again!" Alberta took a quick look around the of-



A Tottering Wall Fell With a Crash.

ice. There were five people in it. Miraculously, not one of them was injured. Alberta heaved a sigh of relief—too soon. At that moment the trembling started all over again.

From outside came the sound of a piercing shriek. A woman in the next building! Alberta started toward the door—felt someone grab her by the arm. It was her sister. "Don't go out there," her sister cried. A tottering wall fell with a crash. The woman's voice was stilled.

#### Terrible Scenes in the Streets.

The boss started to gather up the company's books and put them in the safe. The girls turned to and helped. When that was finished, Alberta and her sister made their way out to the street and started to head for home, down by the waterfront.

The town was a shambles. Buildings were down everywhere. Walls were down—streets a mass of wreckage—debris strewn everywhere. Men, women, children—even animals—were stretched out on the pavement, dead or frightfully injured. Everywhere, cries for help. People pinned under falling buildings—half buried in the wreckage—shouted pathetic appeals for aid that almost drove Alberta and her sister mad with pity.

And to add to the horror, fire broke out—everywhere—and many who could otherwise have been saved had to be abandoned by the rescuers to a living death in the flames.

It was the most harrowing sight two girls had ever seen. They struggled home to find their mother and younger sister alive, but frightfully injured. They had just been dug out from under the wreckage of what had been their home.

Earthquake shocks were still coming at intervals. Alberta and her sister cast about for medical aid for their mother and the little girl. The hospital was miles away—and in ruins. The only safe place left was the sea. They took them aboard a vessel anchored in the harbor and put them in care of the ship's doctor.

There were hundreds of other people on that boat—hundreds of refugees from the stricken city. All afternoon they struggled aboard. Doctors—volunteer nurses came from the town. They turned that boat into a hospital ship for the care of the injured.

#### Tragedies in a Night of Horrors.

Night came—a night that transformed the city into a red inferno rimmed by the cosmic blackness. Fire flamed up anew in a hundred different quarters. Buildings tottered. Walls crumbled. The shrieks of the victims continued all through the night. Dogs howled in the streets. Fanatics sang wildly. People went insane for no other reason than that which they had seen—and heard.

Terrible scenes were enacted in those grim hours. A father and son were trapped between two walls of a fallen building. Rescuers were striving to get to them. They were almost free, when flame shot through the building, driving the rescuers back. The trapped man's business partner had just time to pass his hand through a hole in the wall—give his friend a last handshake before the flames were upon him and he had to dash back, the cries of his associate and the boy still ringing in his ears.

In the heartrending scenes that went on through that terrible night, Alberta almost lost her mind. Long before it was over, she was a woman moving in a daze. Somehow she lived through it—somehow kept her sanity. And now—

Now Alberta is married. As the mother of three children she has responsibilities—sometimes troubles. But when she has troubles, she looks back at that awful January day in Kingston and wonders what the people who died and died in that holocaust would think of her feeble little woes.

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#### Pepper Once Coveted by Kings

Pepper once was coveted by kings and explorers laid down their lives to get the precious seasoning. When the Eastern Roman Empire fell, Alaric the Goth exacted 3,000 pounds of pepper as part of the tribute. The Pepperers' guild of London, organized in 1180, was for many centuries the most powerful of the trade guilds. Portugal sent Vasco de Gama to find a water route to India so that the pepper supply might be more abundant. A pound of the seasoning once paid for a year's rent of land or a house in England.

#### Canton Island

Canton island is the chief spot of land among the tiny dots which make up the Phoenix group, 2,700 miles north of New Zealand. The importance of this archipelago, which lies just south of the equator, is readily seen on any map of the South Pacific. The Phoenix group lies almost on a line between New Zealand and Honolulu, practically half way between the two. Canton island covers about eight and a half square miles, nourishes shrub vegetation and provides a salt-water lagoon navigable to boats which draw up to 5 feet.

## BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

### REDDY FOX HIDES

REDDY FOX stole swiftly through the Green Forest in the direction of the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Reddy took the greatest care to keep out of sight of all the other little forest and meadow people. It would not do to let one of them see him because—well, because you know, he was supposed to be down on the Green Meadows. He had said that he had a very important errand down there which prevented him going to look for Buster Bear as Prickly Porky had asked him to. Of course he hadn't had any errand down on the Green Meadows. It was just an excuse. The truth is he was afraid to look for Buster Bear and so he had made up that excuse.

Then Jumper the Hare, who, you know, is one of the most timid of



Reddy Didn't Need to Be Told That It Was Buster Bear.

all the little people who live in the Green Forest, had offered to go look for Buster Bear. Reddy Fox didn't dare do that. Jumper really would believe that, but if he should wily Reddy knew that everybody would say that he was a greater coward than Jumper, and would laugh at him ever after. There was just one thing to do and that was to give Jumper such a fright that he would forget all about Buster Bear. So as soon as he was out of sight of the other little people Reddy had turned into the Green Forest and run as fast as ever he could to head off Jumper the Hare.

Now, Reddy couldn't have done this had Jumper started in a great hurry to look for Buster Bear, because fast as Reddy can run Jumper can run faster. But Jumper had not been in a hurry and so it happened that Reddy was nicely hidden

behind a big pile of brush when Jumper came hopping alone. When Reddy saw him coming he smiled and it was a wicked hungry smile. He had started out to scare Jumper, if he could. Jumper would make a very good dinner. Yes, indeed, he would make a splendid dinner. Reddy's mouth watered at the thought.

Now it isn't for nothing that old Mother Nature gives things to her children and so, of course, there is a reason for the long ears of Jumper the Hare. It is that he may be able to hear the slightest noise so that he can run away from danger, for you know he cannot fight. So as he came through the Green Forest he kept stopping every few jumps to look and listen. He had almost reached the pile of brush behind which Reddy was hiding when his long ears caught just the teeniest weeniest sound. Perhaps in his eagerness Reddy rustled a tiny dead leaf. Anyway, Jumper stopped short and looked very hard at the pile of brush. Reddy held his breath and his yellow eyes looked very fierce and hungry. Still Jumper sat there looking and looking and looking. It seemed to Reddy as if he never would move.

Just as Reddy had about made up



"Few auto drivers," says flivvering Flo, "live to admit their mistakes."

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his mind to rush out and try to catch Jumper where he sat a heavy step sounded behind him. Reddy turned his head hastily. There was the big black stranger who had come to live in the Green Forest. Reddy didn't need to be told that it was Buster Bear. He gave one hasty look at the great claws on Buster's feet and then with a yelp of fright he tucked his tail between his legs and started for home as fast as he could run. The most frightened Fox who ever ran through the Green Forest.

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## Money for Milk Is Well Spent

Most Valuable Food of All Others for Children.

By EDITH M. BARBER

A NATION of milk sops. We are proud to be classified as such in the literal, although, of course, not in the figurative sense of the term. To the fact that milk production, handling and distribution have kept pace with the growth of this huge country, we can give credit to a large extent for the fine physical development of American children.

Milk production is more than purchasing cows, feeding them and milking them. When milk is produced for market, the state takes a hand and inspects the herds for their healthfulness. There are also regulations in regard to cleanliness and sanitation of cow houses and milk houses. There must be facilities for keeping milk chilled until its distribution is begun. Sometimes it must travel many miles to the city distribution plant. It must, of course, be kept cold on its journey.

At the milk plant it is weighed and inspected for cleanliness before it is pasteurized as a final precaution for the safety of your milk supply. After the pasteurization or heating to 140 to 145 degrees Fahrenheit for half an hour, the milk is cooled quickly and then runs directly into sterilized bottles which are capped by machinery. The crates of bottles then go into a refrigerating room from which they are taken by the milkman who delivers them to you.

The safety of your supply of the most valuable food of all is thus guaranteed to you by both the city and state authorities. The money you pay for milk is well spent.

#### SELECTED RECIPES

##### Cottage Cheese Croquettes

1 tablespoon butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
1/2 cup milk  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
Pepper  
2 cups cottage cheese  
2 cups mashed potato  
1 tablespoon ground onion  
1 egg well beaten  
Sifted bread crumbs  
Prepare a white sauce of butter, milk, flour and seasoning. Stir in the cheese, potatoes and onion. Chill. Form into balls, roll in crumbs, then egg diluted with 1 tablespoon water, then crumbs again. Fry in deep hot fat, 395 degrees Fahrenheit. Drain and serve with tomato sauce.

##### Golden Cream Tapioca.

2 tablespoons granulated tapioca  
2 cups scalded milk  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
Salt  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Add the tapioca to the milk and cook in a double boiler about 15 minutes until it is transparent. Add the sugar and salt to the egg yolks, and to this add slowly some of the hot mixture. When thoroughly mixed add to the mixture in the double boiler and cook three minutes constantly stirring. Remove the top of the double boiler, set in cold water and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Add the flavoring and pour into a pudding dish. Serve very cold.

##### Cheese Timbales.

4 eggs  
1 cup hot milk  
1 cup grated cheese  
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper  
1/2 teaspoon paprika  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
Beat the eggs very light, add to them the hot milk, the grated cheese, green pepper, paprika and salt. Grease timbale molds, fill with

the mixture, set in a baking pan of boiling water and bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees Fahrenheit) until set. Turn out carefully on a hot platter. Serve at once with tomato or pimento sauce if you wish.

##### Swedish Almond Cookies.

1/2 pound shelled almonds  
3 egg whites  
1 cup granulated sugar  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
Wash but do not skin almonds. Dry in a moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes and then put through a food chopper. Beat egg whites stiff. Fold in ground almonds, sugar, cinnamon and lemon rind and drop from a teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven, 300 degrees Fahrenheit, for fifteen minutes. Cool and store in a tightly covered container. These cookies will keep a long time and will improve in flavor.

##### Stratford Sauce.

1/2 cup sour cream  
2 tablespoons horseradish  
Salt, cayenne  
Whip the cream and fold in other ingredients. Serve with cold meats.  
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## FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

#### SCREENS AND STORM SASH

WHEN insect screens come down in the fall, they are likely to be piled somewhere in attic or cellar without much thought as to putting them into condition for the following year. As a matter of fact, they are well worth caring for and especially so if they are of copper or bronze netting. One neighbor of mine has worked out a plan that is about the best that I know.

He built his house four years ago, and as part of the construction, every window was fitted with an outside insect screen and with a storm sash. Screens and storm sash fit into the same spaces and are hooked on the same hangers, these being screwed to the upper crosspiece of the window frame. Each window is numbered, and there are identical numbers on the screen and storm sash that fit it.

In his cellar he built a cabinet deep enough to hold the storm sash

## Love, Honor and Obey



## Gay Hostess Apron With Poppy Motif



Pattern 1495.

Flit from pantry to parlor in this "hostess" apron, so gayly appliqued with poppies, and guests are sure to ask how it's made! Choose bright contrast for yoke, border, poppies. One poppy forms the pocket. Pattern 1495 contains a transfer pattern of the apron and a motif 6 1/4 by 10 3/4 inches; a motif 6 1/2 by 9 1/4 inches and the applique patches; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Department, 82 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.



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