



FLOYD GIBBONS Adventurers' Club Hello, Everybody!

"The Latch That Moved in the Night"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

AND today, boys and girls, it's Mrs. Margaret Alexander of Princeton, N. J., who tells us of her greatest thrill and swells the long list of names already in the New Jersey contingent of the Adventurers' club.

You folks who live in the man-made cliffs and canyons of Manhattan might find it hard to picture yourselves alone in a lonely cabin high up in the heart of the Rocky mountains, but try and do it. You will appreciate Margaret's story all the more.

Margaret was a city gal, too, and was suddenly whisked away to the rugged gold mining country of Colorado. Dan Alexander, her late husband, was made superintendent of the Ruby mine, out Weston Passway, some thirteen thousand feet above sea level. That's plenty high, just about ten times as high as the Empire State building.

This was all back in '97 when Margaret's son was only four years old and things weren't so settling and law-abiding in the gold districts as they are now. The little family occupied a log cabin in the valley, some miles from the mine and 20 miles away from the nearest neighbor.

Dan Left Margaret an Ivory Handled Six-Shooter.

When Dan had to ride into town on business, as he did about once a month, he always left an old ivory handled six-gun with Margaret. The old gun was a gift from an early prospector and had a couple of significant notches in the handle. Margaret knew how to use it, too.

One winter's day Dan hitched up his horses to the sleigh and rode off for town after grub. He planned to be back that night, but he left the six-gun with Margaret just in case. Town was 20 miles through the mountain passes.

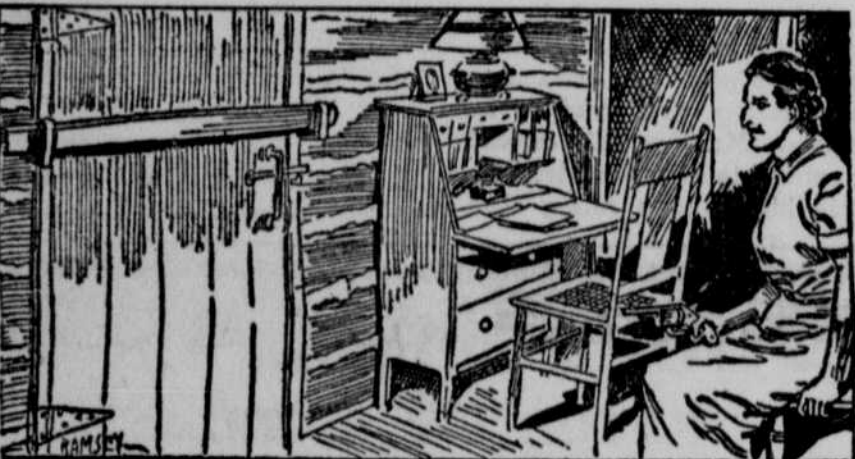
Well, sir, Margaret says, her husband hadn't been gone many hours before the snow began to fall. And what snow! It was the first real heavy fall of the winter. All day long as mother and son played before the fire in the cozy log cabin the white flakes fell. As the drifts crept higher and higher against the cabin wall Margaret's fears grew greater and greater. How would her husband ever get back?

As night came on the prospect of being snow-bound alone with her baby in the cabin was terrifying.

The baby wasn't a bit worried, Margaret says, but just dropped off to sleep as though nothing was wrong. The anxious mother envied him. She tried sleeping, herself, but after tossing for hours, got up, lighted the lamp, and began to write. Suddenly she sat up straight, fear clutching at her heart.

A Hard-Visaged Mexican Knocked at the Door.

Somebody was rapping on the cabin door! Margaret couldn't believe her ears. A visitor at this hour and during such a snowfall seemed impossible. She picked up the six-gun and



The Latch on the Door Was Slowly Moving.

opened the door. She recognized the visitor as the cook from the camp, but she was not at all reassured. The cook was a hard-visaged Mexican whom she had always instinctively feared.

The man wanted to know if her husband had returned with the provisions he had gone for and Margaret was forced to admit that he had not come and that in all probability he would not be able to come for another day.

The Mexican muttered something and shuffled off through the snow. Why had the man trudged through all the snow in the darkness of night to learn something he must have already known? All thought of sleep now left her and she decided to sit in a chair, gun in hand, facing the door, for the rest of the night.

The long night wore on. The stillness of the mountains in their soft white mantle began to be frightfully oppressive. Eleven o'clock came and went. She noticed through the window that the snow had stopped falling and with the promise clear weather gave for her husband's early return, she began to think that her fears and premonition of impending evil that possessed her were perhaps imaginary after all.

At Midnight Margaret's Nerves Were on Edge.

Midnight found her dozing in her chair. Suddenly a slight sound brought every one of her nerves on edge. The sound came from the door. She sat up tense and stared in the direction from which it came. And as she did, Margaret says, she felt her hair rise.

The latch on the door was slowly moving! Margaret brushed her hand across her eyes. She must be dreaming, she thought. But no, it moved again! She watched the latch, fascinated. Once more it rose and fell and the slight click told her she was not "seeing things." Thoughts of her baby sleeping peacefully in his little bed nerved her. She gripped the gun!

"Who's there?" she asked in a shaking voice.
"No answer! She waited. Her heart was in her mouth, she says, but her eye, glued to the sights of her gun, never left the latch.

Right Through the Door She Shot Three Times.

The latch moved again—ever so slightly, and Margaret fired! Right through the door she shot three times—stopping only to save the rest of the bullets for an emergency.

Still not a sound came from outside. Inside the baby woke up crying. "Is papa shot?" he asked. The question further terrified the mother. The thought that she had perhaps killed some other child's papa tortured her. But she was afraid to open the door and look.

The baby went back to sleep and Margaret back to her lonely vigil. She sat there rigid until the first streaks of gray lit up the mountain sky. Dawn gave her courage and she opened the door. And there on the doorstep, shot through the heart, was—the body of a FOX!

A Fox Seeking Shelter Was the Target.

Yes, sir, a fox, seeking shelter from the storm, had actually tried to lift the catch—as the smart animals are capable of doing—and Margaret's bullet had hit him as he stood on his hind legs.

Well, sir, Margaret was sorry she had fired and she shed a few tears over the fate of her strange visitor. But Dan, when he returned, shed the fox's skin and Margaret still has the fur piece to remind her of her night of terror.

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Granite Paper

Granite paper derives its name from its appearance, which is brought about by mixing short colored fibers with the pulp from which the paper is made. These fibers are very short and give the paper a colored effect, depending upon the fibers used, even though the pulp itself is white. Unless the eyesight is very superior it is necessary to examine this paper with a magnifying glass in order to distinguish it from colored paper.

Odd Museums

In Fourges, the walled city near Mont St. Michel, in France, there is a museum devoted to shoes; in Rouen, another devoted to the art of the locksmith; in Arlen, one to fishing. Near the site of the Trocadero is a museum devoted to lighthouses, containing a variety of models, and near the Prefecture is one which by documents and other exhibits traces the development of the Parisian police system from 1667.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

If Russia Joined Japan
Not Heroic Action
Lloyd George Hopeful
England Still Safe

Editors talk about Asia, led by Japan, conquering the world. They might speculate on a union between Japan and Russia.

Impossible, you will say, truly, but if Russian-Japanese hostility could be changed into Russian-Japanese agreement a new world chapter might open. You hear of Russia's "Red army," 1,300,000 men, thoroughly armed, and 7,000,000 reserves. You see photographs of Russia's amphibian tanks, mounted with machine guns, rolling over the land and swimming rivers; you read about intensive training of tens of thousands of Russian air pilots, parachute jumpers, etc., and see even the broad-shouldered young Russian women drilling with rifles. Western Europe may have a problem closer at hand than Japan.

Our British cousins in the Revolution cheerfully let loose howling, scapling Indians on their cousins in the American colonies, and bolshevism might cheerfully turn Asiatic killing efficiency against western "capitalism."

You remember how cheerfully the great historian Gibbon predicted that, in the American war, "with firmness all may go well," because "Scotch Highlanders, Irish, Hanoverians, Canadians, Indians, etc., will all in various shapes be employed."

There is no reason why Russia of 1936 should be more squeamish now than England at the end of the Eighteenth century.

Lloyd George, who ought to know about Europe and war since he and old Clemenceau won the big war, tells Universal Service this present war is "off." France having learned that "even her most ardent friends in Europe shrink from war."

Lloyd George declares that peace "without derogating from the dignity of any of the powers" will be preserved. If France does not make it impossible.

Lloyd George says not 1 per cent of Englishmen would vote for war, and not 10 per cent for employing sanctions against Germany.

If enough rich Americans go to England to "escape kidnapers" the kidnapers may move over after them, as professional gamblers follow on big ships. London police arrested Alfred Molyneux, thirty-one, trying to extort \$1,000 from the Countess Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow, offering to reveal a plot to kidnap her baby. Police knew by the moderate price it could not be an American "snatcher" or confederate. Easily caught, the young man confessed he had invented the plot.

With "visibility cut to zero," street lights burning by day, not visible across the street, dust storms are blowing over parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. By such displays of nature's power, for which man's foolishness is responsible, fertile areas of the world have been changed to deserts.

A bill that would have limited work to five working days of six hours, or thirty hours a week, is dead in congress for the time being. It would have given workers twenty-four hours off on Saturday and Sunday, eighteen hours off on every other day—eight hours for sleep, "ten for what we will." All that will come some day, but not by discouraging improved machinery.

An intelligent young man who fought well in the big war speaks of the "2-to-1" advantage which modern methods give to the defense over the attack. To let the other man or nation come at you, if you are prepared, has been wise in the past.

It might be different in future wars, if the attacker, with a couple of thousand airplanes, dropping explosive bombs and poison gas, should surprise the enemy. "Defense" would have no 2-to-1 advantage over that sort of attack.

Lloyds, the great English insurance concern, at first refused to insure against war at any price. Now Lloyds will insure, otherwise "bet," nine and a half to one against war within six months. Wall Street wanted this news and of course cheered up.

The governor of Campeche in Mexico, after keeping all churches in his state closed for more than a year and a half, now permits all to reopen.

A fight against religion often starts violently, to wind up feebly. © Kings Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

A Charming Needlecraft Picture to Embroider



PATTERN 5297
The old-time well—the bucket hanging there, just waiting to be embroidered in its natural setting. And what a lovely and colorful wall-hanging you'll have when finished! You can use as many bright threads as fancy dictates when you begin to "paint" the old-fashioned garden in lazy-daisy. French knots, running and single stitch. And you needn't frame the panel—just line it, and hang it up.

In pattern 5297 you will find a transfer pattern of a wall hanging 15 by 20 inches; a color chart; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed; directions for finishing wall hanging.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 West Fourteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Token of the Times

An Okmulgee (Okla.) hardware store customer was unfamiliar with Oklahoma's new one mill sales tax tokens until this happened: "Have you a mill?" asked the clerk after a dime purchase. "Oh, I've an old one, but how much are they?" The clerk sold him a \$4.85 sausage mill.

Here are Perfect Baking Results!

only 10¢ everywhere
CLABBER GIRL
BAKING POWDER

Wrestling With Scowls Still Sport in Japan

Among the few surviving old sports in Japan, wrestling still retains all the color and ceremony of the past. In the ring, Samuel H.

Wainwright, Jr., writes in "Beauty In Japan," wrestlers face each other with fists on the ground and fierce looks on their faces. If either is upset by the scowl of the other, he calls for time out, each returns to his corner, sips water and starts all over again.

PIMPLES
from surface conditions need not be endured. Make your skin clearer and smoother with soothing **Resinol**

JIM GETS A BIG ORDER

JIM, WE'VE GOT TO GET THE MONEY SOMEHOW! THE BANK PAYMENT IS COMING DUE NEXT MONTH!
OH, STOP NAGGING—WE'LL GET THE MONEY—IF I CAN SELL THAT OLD CRAB MERRILL A FEW TRUCKS!
HE'S AN OLD SKINKINT! HE'LL PUT SOMETHING OVER ON YOU IF HE CAN!
—WHAT'S THE COST OF OPERATING THIS TRUCK FOR A YEAR, INCLUDING GAS, OIL AND REPAIRS?
SAY, MR. MERRILL, I'M NO ADDING MACHINE—I'M JUST A TRUCK SALESMAN!
TELL THIS OLD TIGHTWAD HE'D SQUEEZE THE HIDE OFF A BUFFALO NICKEL!
—SOUNDS LIKE THE TROUBLE I HAD—MY DOCTOR CALLED IT COFFEE-NERVES—SWITCHING TO POSTUM HELPED ME—WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?
—SUPPOSE I MIGHT AS WELL—CAN'T FEEL ANY WORSE!
CURSES! I'M LEAVING! POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!
JIM, YOUR MEANNESS MAY LOSE US A SWELL ORDER! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT MR. MERRILL OWNS A BIG TRUCK LINE?
SAY, YOU WOULDN'T TALK—IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION!
WHY DOESN'T YOUR BOSS SHUT HIS FACE AND GO SELL A FEW TRUCKS HIMSELF!
OH, JIM... THAT'S WONDERFUL! I KNEW YOU'D GET THE ORDER! —YOU'VE BEEN YOUR OLD SPLENDID SELF SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

OF COURSE, you know that children should never drink coffee. But do you realize that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too? If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or find it difficult to sleep soundly... caffeine may be to blame.

Isn't it worth while to try Postum for 30 days? Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It is easy to make, and costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's a delicious drink, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE—let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail the coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W. N. U.—3-28-36
Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Fill in completely, print name and address.
If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1936.)

MELVIN PURVIS AMERICA'S G-MAN NO. 1

THE SCRAM CHART, OR HOW AMERICAS ACE G-MAN CAPTURED THE BARKUS GANG

HERE'S HOW A SCRAM CHART WORKS: SEVERAL DAYS BEFORE THE ROBBERY, THE BANDIT CAR DRIVES CAREFULLY OVER THE ROUTE PLANNED FOR THE GET-AWAY, SELECTING LITTLE-USED ROADS. EXACT MILEAGES ARE NOTED ON THE CHART. WHEN THE BANDIT CAR DRIVES UP TO THE BANK, THE MILEAGE GAUGE IS SET AT ZERO. WHEN THE CAR ROARS AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY, A BANDIT CALLS OFF THE MILEAGES AT WHICH TURNS ARE TO BE MADE... "3/10THS OF A MILE, RIGHT TURN... 2-1/2 MILES, LEFT TURN" ETC.

JOIN MY JUNIOR G-MEN!
BOYS AND GIRLS! I'LL SEND YOU FREE THIS REGULATION SIZE JUNIOR G-MAN BADGE... ENROLL YOU ON THE SECRET ROLL OF MY JUNIOR G-MEN... AND SEND YOU A BIG EXCITING BOOK THAT TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT CLUES, SECRET CODES, INVISIBLE WRITING, SELF-DEFENSE... OTHER "INSIDE" INFORMATION THAT ONLY G-MEN KNOW... READ BELOW HOW TO JOIN AND GET THESE AND MY 15 OTHER FREE GIFTS!

POST TOASTIES are the finest breakfast treat ever! says Melvin Purvis—"I eat 'em for breakfast every morning!" And when you taste those crisp, golden flakes, you'll agree with him!

For Post Toasties are made from the tender, sweet little hearts of the corn, where most of the flavor is. And each golden flake is toasted double crisp so it keeps its crunchiness longer in milk or cream.

Get Post Toasties, "The Better Corn Flakes" ; : ; and join the Junior G-Man Corps!

TO JOIN: send coupon (at right) with 2 Post Toasties box-tops to Melvin Purvis. He'll send official Junior G-Man badge, Instruction Manual for Junior G-Men, and a big catalog showing many OTHER FREE PRIZES.

A POST CEREAL
MADE BY GENERAL FOODS

Post Toasties
The Better Corn Flakes
MICKY MOUSE TOYS ON BACK AND SIDES