

Floyd Gibbons

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello, Everybody!



"Bridge Game"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

IT'S Hank Smith of South Orange, N. J., who gets himself raised to the rank of Distinguished Adventurer. And what a yarn Hank sends us! I mean, the next time Hank goes out with a motor truck, I bet he'll consult an astrologer to see if the omens are right, or maybe pay fifty cents to Swami Rajah, the guy with the educated crystal ball, to be darned good and sure he has an even chance of getting back alive.

Because, you know, Hank once hit one of those days when the stars were lined up against him—and what those stars didn't do to Hank was not worth the doing.

Now Hank's bad day was a dark, rainy one in the fall of 1923. He was working in South Carolina then, driving a truck for an oil company. His job was to deliver gasoline to garages and filling stations about the country, and he did pretty well at it until those stars ganged up on him. That was at the bridge across Tiger river, near the town of Union.

The roads were muddy and the going was bad. Hank had a hundred gallons of gas on his truck that he was taking to a customer on the other side of the river.

When he got to the river he saw that it was swollen and over the banks. The bridge didn't look any too safe to him, so he stopped to look it over. Hank might have decided not to tempt fate by crossing that bridge, only just at that moment a farmer came along in an old flivver and chugged right on across. That settled matters. If the farmer, who knew the bridge, would take a chance on it, certainly Hank ought not to be afraid of it.

Truck Motor Dies Half Way Across Flood Swept Bridge.

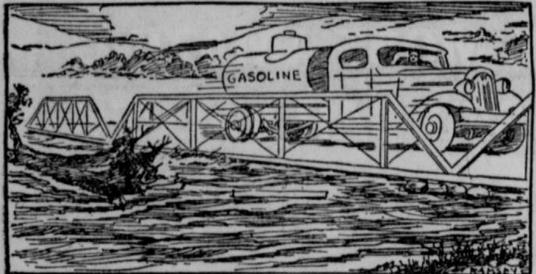
Hank started across the bridge—and the minute he did he was sorry. The flood had buffeted it and strained it until it was weak on its pins, and it creaked and swayed at every turn of the big truck's wheels. Hank was half-way across, and praying the old span would hold out for just another three minutes, when suddenly—his engine coughed and stopped dead.

It wouldn't be right to say that Hank was scared to death then. That part of it came later. At the moment he was only half scared to death, for he knew that the bridge was liable to go out any minute—taking him and the truck along with it.

He climbed out of the truck and began tinkering with the engine. The water rose higher and higher. The old bridge swayed farther and farther with each swirl of the swelling tide. It took him ten minutes to find out that his trouble was a clogged gas line.

Responsibility Wins an Argument Over Discretion.

By this time the water had risen to within two inches of the bridge. Floating boards and tree branches were piling up against it and adding to the strain its old timbers were already under. Hank wondered if he'd



A Giant Log Bore Down on the Tottering Bridge.

better leave the truck and run for the other end. Discretion said Yes, but Responsibility said No, and in the end Responsibility won the argument. Hank dived under the hood and began working feverishly at that disabled motor, hoping against hope that the old bridge would hold until he got it started.

Minute by minute the water rose. More floating debris came down the river to add itself to the pile that was already pushing against the creaking timbers. At last Hank had the clogged gas line clear. He climbed into the driver's seat and stepped on the starter.

The motor hummed. The truck began to move forward. Then, to his consternation, Hank saw Nemesis floating down the stream in his direction. Nemesis in the Form of Pine Log Threatens Ricketty Bridge.

It was a big pine tree, torn up by the roots, and floating swiftly toward the bridge. Hank knew what would happen when that thing hit—knew it would slam into the bridge with a crash that would tear the ricketty old structure loose from its moorings. His heart was in his mouth as he stepped on the gas and sent his truck rumbling ahead as fast as its engine would carry it.

The pine tree was only ten feet away when Hank spotted it, and it was coming along on the swift current with what seemed like express-train speed. It didn't take it five seconds to hit the bridge. And then things happened just as Hank expected they would.

The tree struck with a crash that shook the bridge from one end to the other. The flimsy old timbers cracked. The bridge swayed and buckled under the impact and the weight of the heavy truck it supported.

It Was a Race Between Time and the River.

Planks split under the rear wheels, but still the truck went on. And Hank Smith sat up front in the driver's seat, teeth clenched, and hair practically standing on end, doing what he could—which was nothing more than keeping his foot on the gas pedal and praying that his truck would hold.

Twenty yards to the end of the bridge—ten yards. The big truck rolled the last few feet. Its front wheels hit solid ground. And then, with a squeak and a scream of rending timbers the bridge went out, just as the rear wheels hit dirt—and safety.

I don't know whether you boys and girls like anti-climaxes to your yarns, but this story's got one. A few feet beyond the bridge Hank's motor stalled again. "Suppose that had happened just a couple of minutes earlier," he wants to know. "Where would I have been then?"

It looks like the stars weren't being so hard on Hank after all.

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Strangest Horse Race Is Held in Italian Village

The strangest horse race in the world, the historic Pallo of Siena, is run round the cathedral square of this little town every August, usually in the presence of the king of Italy and his family. The horses represent different communes of the town, which shoulder the cost of organization, horses, and jockeys. The event is an extraordinary affair, for there are no fouls. Riders may strike at each other and at their opponents' horses; often jockeys fall off and the riderless mounts add to the confusion. Incidentally, the race may be won by an animal whose jockey has fallen and cannot continue.

Before the event each horse is blessed by the officiating priest, and the winning horse receives thousands of pats. The jockey receives a kiss from every girl in his commune. Remarkable scenes and banquets follow, in which the winning jockey is feted and the horse, with gilded hoofs, takes the place of honor at the head of the table. A spotlessly clean manger is always laid for him.

White Horses Sacred

The horse was sacred among the Teutonic tribes from the first moment of their appearance in history. According to Tacitus, white horses were fed at the public expense, no mortal man dared ride them, and their neighings and snortings carefully watched as omens and auguries.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

One King Dead, Next?
Hitler Picks Successor
Three Kinds of Gold
One Lynched; One Jumped

King Fuad, king of Egypt, dead means nothing to 130,000,000 Americans or to 15,000,000,000 other human beings on earth. It means much to England, real ruler of Egypt, now obliged to find another king to "behave himself, do as England says," and hold down Egypt's anti-British hatred.

Arthur Brisbane

A mob seized Lint Shaw, fifty-year-old negro, and lynched him on "the usual charge," not waiting for a trial.

Joe Bowers, sentenced to 25 years for mail robbery, locked in the island fortress of Alcatraz, tried to escape by climbing ten feet of plain wire, two feet of barbed wire, and jumping down a 60-foot cliff into the water. He climbed while sharp-shooter guards pumped bullets into him, and jumped down the cliff. Asked when "booked" at Alcatraz, "Who is to be notified if you die?" Bowers replied: "Nobody, nobody cares whether I die or not."

Hitler apparently has chosen his successor "in case," in the person of Air Minister Goering, now made "assistant dictator," with control of two great German problems of raw materials and foreign exchange.

In New York 175 naval cadets from the German cruiser Emden, name well remembered from the war, explored the city, guarded by detectives in case of hostile demonstrations.

Commercial boycotts of Germany, organized in New York, have done more harm to the Nazi government than could be done by any mob attack on German cadets.

California possesses "three kinds of gold": yellow gold, of which there is plenty left in the ground; "black gold," which is the oil in lakes thousands of feet down, and the "white gold," water from the mountains, first used to develop power, then to irrigate crops.

Another gold, more important than those combined, is the gold of education.

Driving through this country, if you see a particularly fine building, tall columns, wide grounds, for healthy play, that is a public school. Once it would have been the prison or feudal castle.

You see another building, almost as impressive as the high school. That is a public library. The accumulated knowledge of the world is free.

Newsboys cry "What do you read?" The Niagara of books pouring from the presses, a vast majority forgotten as they are born, make many ask "What shall I read?" Of the books that every one must know, many are unnecessarily long, will not be read, and need condensation, in this day of newspapers, moving pictures, and radio.

Paris perceives that following recent elections extreme radicals will be powerful in the new chamber, and those that have money left begin panicky selling. Bank of France shares dropped violently, meaning lack of confidence in government stability, with fear of war in all minds.

The last war knocked the franc from 19 cents to 4 cents. What would another war do?

When stock gambling starts, it moves rapidly. Since March last year, stock prices have gone up 60 per cent, business has increased 18 per cent, employment only 5 per cent. Not much cheerfulness in that.

Since last March the New York Stock exchange "values" have increased by twenty thousand million dollars. Excellent "bait" for the ignorant.

New Jersey citizens dropped from relief invade legislative halls, camp out, sleep on the floors, promise to remain until New Jersey supplies money and food.

Ewing township, New Jersey, with 9,000 population, taking 450 families of the dole, told them officially to go out and beg. Begging being illegal, each family was provided with a begging license. That may be called "economic relief."

Tokyo worries about Russia "plotting a war against Japan," but no plotting is necessary. Russia knows the location of every Japanese city, town and factory. It would be necessary to declare war and start dropping bombs, particularly bombs that spread fire.

Starting a war for foreign countries is as easy as "shooting up a gambling game" among our racketeers; no secrecy or plotting necessary.

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Print or Plain, Just So It's Linen

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WEAR linen in the morning, at noonday, during the afternoon hours, and when "the shades of night are falling fast," then wear linen formally. This spring and summer is destined to go down in history as a banner linen season.

The beauty about modern linens is that through ingenious processing they are being made practically crush resistant.

The glory of this season's monotone linens is their remarkably handsome colorings. For the tailored jacket suit and sports and travel costumes, emphasis is on plain, firm, medium weight linens in such deep rich tones as Dubonnet and oxblood reds, dark blue, navy, also skipper blue, Biarritz green, the voguish spice brown, popular violet shades and other equally as attractive colors. Shrimp pink and coral hues are especially noted. As to white and natural tones they will lead in the summer parade.

Prints, perhaps, provide even more exciting news. Printed linens are making a bid for the formal as well as the daytime hours. Imagine an exquisitely sheer handkerchief linen (sheers in linen are latest word) in rust, brown and white done in an authentic paisley patterning. It is linens like this that are providing new thrills in the way of media for smart evening gowns.

If your fancy happens to run to modernistic florals in vivid coloring, we suggest that you select for your next party dress one of the very new gorgeous printed linens carried out in daring orange red and green on a navy background. Speaking generally in regard to printed linens, whether for day or evening wear, a liking is expressed for widely spaced bouquet arrangements.

for bizarre peasant patternings, also motifs of Chinese character as well as mystic Far-East figures and hieroglyphics. Scroll designs that meander in line-work all over the background are particularly good style.

The illustration demonstrates how smartly and effectively monotone linens combine with linen prints. To the left you see the suit, a new Creed model, as it looks with the jacket worn. This stunning ensemble is made of a dark green canvas type of linen for the classically tailored jacket and skirt, using crisp white linen for the blouse patterned in a green and tangerine line-work crossbar print design. The linen is the finest possible quality, coming as it does from Moygashel, Ireland, noted for its beautiful high grade linens. Observe the slight fullness at top of jacket sleeve, giving the new broadened silhouette line. This skirt has a single knife pleat at its left front to give necessary fullness.

Removing the jacket of the suit, there comes to view, as pictured in the foreground, the smart chanel print Moygashel linen blouse. Its tangerine and green tones complement the monotone of the linen suit most pleasingly. The waistline of the blouse is slightly fitted. Two outstanding style details are the short puffed sleeves and the fact that instead of buttoning it is laced up the front, tiny cord lacing in and out through hand-embroidered eyelets.

© Western Newspaper Union.

JEWELRY FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE DAY

Jewelry for every hour in the day is now in vogue.

Collecting precious, real jewelry has become the fad of ladies of fashion.

Women who already own fine collections of jewels are having them re-set. Now that gold settings are again smart, many colored stones enhanced by this treatment are being remodeled.

The suit is the perfect setting for a fine fob watch—a beautiful wrist watch, or a brooch or a clip watch. Brooches, worn at the neck of the new frilly blouses are smart and if they support a fine and distinguished jewel, they give tone and elegance to the street trillier.

Pearls are worn with all types of blouses. Pearl earrings are rapidly gaining in popularity.

No jewel or decoration of any kind is as uniformly becoming and flattering to the wearer as pearls.

Fluffy Bow at Neck Gives Ingenue Air to Wearer

A new trick of the moment is to fasten a fluffy bow made of dozens of layers of pleated net, with a little nosegay of spring flowers in the middle, at the neckline of your new spring print. You'd be surprised at the gay ingenue air it gives you.

Or you may choose one of the new "lace paper doily" collar and cuff sets, to give a last minute air to that long-suffering black crepe day-time dress.

The new neckwear is shown in all the accessory colors of the moment, such as violet, tulip pink, rust, London tan, mimosa and, of course, white.

New Shades

Spring's top ranking colors include imperial blue, aurora, Formosa blue, spinner's red, the zinnia shades, petunia and Devou green.

SMART FOR SPORTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The divided skirt costume is recognized as eminently practical for active sports wear. This simply cut dress is tailored to perfection of quality-kind linen imported from Moygashel, the finest flax producing section of the north of Ireland. It buttons up under the collar like a pinafore, with buttons running down under the arm. Its divided skirt means all the action you want on the golf links or tennis court.

New Millinery

The new millinery imports stress beauty and a flattering appeal rather than just smartness.

He Enthused Over Simple Life

In the smoking compartment the conversation turned on the merits and demerits of various ways of preserving health. One stout, florid man had quite a lot to say.

"Look at me!" he said. "Never a day's sickness in my life, and all due to simple food. Why," he continued, "from twenty to forty I lived an absolutely regular life—no effeminate delicacies, no late hours, no extravagances. I was in bed regularly at nine o'clock and up again at five. I worked from eight to one, then had dinner—a plain dinner; after that an hour's exercise; then—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the facetious stranger in the corner, "but what were you in for?"—Tit-Bits.

Smiles

Stolen Kisses

Husband—If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will live to regret it.

Wife (cooly)—You used to steal kisses from me before we were married.

Husband—Well, your heard what I said.

Saves Time

Mrs. Youngbride (telephoning grocer)—I want you to send me two pounds of beefsteak.

Grocer—What kind would you like? Mrs. Youngbride—I'd like it rare, please.

King for a Day

A.—What would you do if you could be a king for one day only?

B.—I would borrow so much money that I could live carefree the rest of my life.

The Very Idea

Miss—Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?

Youth—No; I don't think anyone ever did.

Miss—Then I'd like to know where you get the idea.

To the Bitter End

Mr. Snap—My motto is: What is worth doing is worth doing well.

Mrs. Snap—I notice that when you make a fool of yourself.



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It's a Big Place

Teacher—Bobby, do you know the population of Chicago?

Bobby—Not all of them, Miss Shaw, we've only lived here three years.

Gets Your Emotions

John—Why were you shedding tears at the movie last night?

Josephine—Because it was a moving picture.

Cramping His Style

"Are you an angel, daddy?"

"Of course not! Why?"

"Because I heard mother say she was going to clip your wings."

NO SUCH COURAGE



Miss Flirt—Two strange men spoke to me on the street today.

Old Aunt Sarah—Huh! A stranger never tries to speak to me.

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BEFORE HE SAYS...

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Tells the Story

Out of the experience of thousands of motorists has been developed a simple method of comparing oil performance... the "First Quart" Test. It is just a matter of noting how many miles you go after a quart. If you are obliged to add oil too frequently, try the "First Quart" Test with Quaker State. See if you don't go farther before you have to add that tell-tale first quart. And, the oil that stands up best between refills is giving your motor the safest lubrication. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa.

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