

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"Hands Up"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

WELL, sir, you boys and girls seem to have had adventures with about everything there is, but here's a bird with a new one. He is Morton Greenbaum of New York city, and he had an adventure with the English language.

Of course, that wasn't all of the adventure. There was a dark, sinister looking man in it—a man that frightened Mort almost to death. But the English language certainly played a big part, and to my mind it deserves most of the credit for the affair.

Mort came to this country from Hungary in the fall of 1921, and made his home, at first, with a sister in Cleveland, Ohio. His sister conducted a grocery business there and she and Mort lived in rooms upstairs over the store. He stayed with his sister while he was learning English.

Mort worked hard over his English, for he realized that the sooner he had it learned, the sooner he could get a job and take his place in the community. Every evening he went to night classes at the Central High school, and in between times he brushed up on his class work by reading the newspapers.

Mort Believes Stick-up Guys Were Real Peril.

And from those papers, Mort got a mighty funny conception of what these United States were like. The post-war crime wave was on, and the papers were full of stories about hold-ups. Mort didn't stop to think that those crime items were gathered from all over the country, and from all over the environs of Cleveland.

He thought of them in terms of the small towns in Hungary which he knew. And the result was that he began thinking of America as a place where law and order had broken down completely—where bandits ran wild all over town—something like our own conception of the banditry in China. He felt that, almost any minute, he might run across a stick-up man. And the thought wasn't very comforting.

Then, one day in October, it happened. Mort had been plugging along on his English, and had learned a bunch of words that he recognized when he saw them on paper. But when people pronounced them, or when he tried to say them himself—well—that was a different matter. Pronunciation was the thing that was bothering him most when, one day, as he was watching the store while his sister had gone upstairs for a few minutes, a man came walking in.

This Looked Like an Honest-to-Goodness Hold-up.

He came in silently, and that frightened Mort right at the start. He was a huge colored man and he stood in front of Mort with his right



The Colored Man's Right Hand Was Hidden in His Pocket.

hand hidden in his pocket. "The pocket bulged," says Mort, "and something in it gave out a metallic sound. The man looked straight at me and, in a depressed but energetic tone, hissed one word: 'Hands up!'"

Hands up! Mort knew that word all too well. He had seen it in the newspapers too many times not to know what it meant. "Strangely enough," he says, "I didn't seem to be afraid to die. True, my legs gave way and I could hardly rise from the stool I was sitting on, but the prospect of my own death was not so disturbing as the thought that my only sister, a mother of five little children, might come down any minute."

"Accordingly, with all the self-control I could command, I began retreating along the counter toward the stairs so that if my sister appeared I might give her a sign to apprise her of the danger."

Black Man Has a Single-Track Mind.

At the same time, Mort felt that he ought to say something to keep that bird's mind off such ideas as shooting Mort. But the only thing he could think of was a feeble "Wh-a-t?" The big colored man seemed to be losing patience. "Hands up!" he growled, this time louder and more insistently than before.

"I had nearly reached the stairs," says Mort, "when the man seemed to lose his patience entirely. He brought his hand from his pocket—without a gun in it, to be sure—and gesticulating savagely in a certain direction above my head, belled from the depths of his lungs, 'Hands up!'"

And at that same moment, Mort heard his sister coming down the stairs. The thing he most feared had happened. His brain reeled and his knees began giving way under him, but he pulled himself together and whispered to his sister in Hungarian: "Honey—man says 'Hands up!'"

This Hold-up Has an Extremely Happy Ending.

But the dread warning didn't seem to make any impression on Mort's sister. She kept right on coming down those stairs. This time, Mort lost all sense of caution. "Honey," he almost shouted. "Don't you hear? Hands up!"

And Mort's sister looked at Mort as if to say, "Well, what are you yelling about?" What she did say, was: "All right. Give him one of those red cans on the second shelf."

Puzzled, bewildered, Mort turned in the direction she was pointing. "And on the sides of those little red cans," says Mort, "my alien eyes spelled out the legend 'hand soap'! I had tripped up on nothing more dangerous than the niceties of pronunciation of the syllables 'up' and 'op.' And the metallic sounding thing in the colored man's pocket was only the jingle of a few pennies with which he paid for his purchase."

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New York Stock Exchange Traced to Year of 1789

Up to March 4, 1789, trading, to Americans, meant hitching up the bays, driving three or four miles to town, and swapping seven dozen eggs and a clot of butter for a bolt of calico. What little cash circulated was kept in private banks, or under the mattress. There were no such things as stocks and bonds, says Literary Digest.

On that date the New world became, overnight, a nation of investors; for the first congress of the United States, meeting in the Sub-Treasury building in New York city, authorized the issuance of \$80,000,000 of government bonds, to consolidate and refund the cost of the Revolutionary war.

Thus, by the scratch of a pen, an entirely new form of property was

created—a form of property for which there was no regular market nearer than London or Amsterdam. How could such a vast flotilla be sold to thousands of small investors scattered throughout the 13 states? Twenty-four alert auctioneers saw their chance; with a rude wooden table and a bench from a nearby tavern, they set up business under a buttonwood tree on the site of what is now 68 Wall street. When inclement weather drove them indoors, they sought shelter in one of the convenient taverns or coffee houses.

Within three years their business had grown to such proportions that these early traders found it necessary to organize. On May 17, 1792, the 24 signed an agreement fixing certain rules; that was the beginning of the New York Stock exchange.

The First Declaration



A hundred years before, in 1776, Nathaniel Bacon (above) signed a famous "Declaration of the People of Virginia" wherein the king's governor was vigorously arraigned. Bacon led a rebellion against royal misrule (he is shown above at the burning of Jamestown) but it collapsed when he died suddenly.

Millions Yearly View Declaration

MORE than a million patriotic pilgrims a year pause before a marble shrine on the second floor of the Library of Congress to gaze with reverent eyes at a document—sheltered in a coating of gelatin to prevent its further injury—which is a certain Declaration of Independence signed in the city of Philadelphia on July 4, 1776.

Most of the signatures, writes Elizabeth Ellicott Poe in the Washington Post, are indistinguishable at the present time but on the front of the top row of names is a name written in large script. "John Hancock," it reads, and the historically minded remember that when



that sturdy Massachusetts patriot bent over to put his signature to this fateful paper he remarked: "I'll write it large so King George can read it without his spectacles."

John Hancock, one of the richest men of Boston town, had much to lose by his stand. It was no idle gesture to him, this adoption of the cause of the colonies. His properties were to be forfeited to the crown for what would be considered an act of treason, but John Hancock did not hesitate because of this. He was a native of Braintree, therefore a friend and neighbor, no doubt, of John Adams, who was afterward to be the second President of the United States.

The adopted son of an uncle, Thomas Hancock, who left him a large fortune, young Hancock was a graduate of Harvard in 1754, and was one of a numerous family of Hancocks in the vicinity.

As a member of the Committee of patriots appointed after the massacre in Boston asking the British to withdraw, Hancock had counseled every honorable means to avoid the conflict impending. At the funeral of the slain he preached an oration in which he flayed the cowardice of the British officers and men in slaughtering unarmed men.

When the Continental Congress was formed John Hancock represented Massachusetts therein and in 1775-1777 served as its president.

In his spacious Boston mansion meanwhile Lord Percy, Britain's pet, held sway. A price was put on the head of John Hancock as well, which only amused the game patriot. Hancock was so eager to fight that he let it be known that he was willing to face the hardships of the field. But congress was wise and kept him in his post as its presiding officer.

After his Revolutionary service was over, Hancock was elected the first governor of Massachusetts, which office he held from 1787 until his death.

John Adams spoke of him as a "clever fellow, a bit snuffed by a legacy." He left no descendants, and so busy were his heirs in discharging his property after his death that they did not erect a tombstone. Massachusetts in later years renounced this omission and a monument now stands over his grave in the Old Granary Burying ground, on Tremont street, in Boston.

When the Fourth Was Noisiest Day

LOOKING back from the security of our present Fourth of July saneness to the early 1900s when all Fourth's were insane, we are compelled to admit that we did pretty well in those days considering the limited means we had of being insane compared to the advantages we enjoy now in our state of scientific sanity, states a writer in the Kansas City Star.

To a boy of the Insane Fourth era, the fourth of July ranked only with Christmas in fiscal importance. On Christmas we knew it was 192 days to the Fourth, and on the Fourth we knew we had only 173 days until Christmas. Christmas savings funds had not been invented at that time, and would have been of no interest to boys anyhow, because boys were on the receiving end at Christmas.

On the night before the Fourth, the children began showing strange symptoms especially an unnatural willingness to go to bed early. That gesture was deceiving and specious; the children were not interested in getting their rightful rest before a strenuous day, but were insuring themselves against the sad accident of sleeping past three o'clock in the morning. Any boy who wasn't out by three o'clock in the morning shooting firecrackers under the respective windows of the pastor, the school principal and the truancy officer was deemed a slugs.

The opening ceremony was the only one unanimously attended. From that time on, too many things were happening to engage the entire juvenile attention at one time. There was the sunrise salute of 21 guns, engineered by the village blacksmith who placed one great anvil upon another with glant powder in between, touched off from a daring proximity with a red hot iron. Usually the nether anvil grew very hot before the 21 salutes were fired and this was one of the causes of many distressing accidents in the insane era.

Hostilities usually were suspended at noon for the community dinner in the city park, where fried chicken, watermelon and lemonade from a barrel engaged the general attention until satiety was reached. The afternoon was a dizzy procession of patriotic and athletic events, wherein the popular candidate for congress vied with a greased pole, a pie-eating contest and a ball game, for popular attention. If the honorable candidate wound up with thirty in his audience, and the ball game wound up in a fight with victory for the home club, the celebration was considered a success. The only remaining item of importance was the stupendous fireworks display, staged on a hay wagon at the north end of Main street; an event which sometimes was rained out, and sometimes prematurely ignited by over-zealous manipulators, resulting in bad burns duly chronicled in the vital statistics column of the home paper in the succeeding issue.

Such was the Fourth of July celebration in the early 1900s, fraught, as one may see, with great dangers later minimized by the sane Fourth campaign.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Carter Field

FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Washington.—Out in Montana, Landon enthusiasts are organizing "Republican Typical Prairie State" clubs. Word of this activity has just reached Democratic members of congress from Butte and Helena, and it is, they admit privately, rather disturbing. In fact, it is giving a good deal of concern to Senator James E. Murray, who is up for reelection this year and up to now had not contemplated any particular trouble in winning six more years in the senate.

Montana has not elected a Republican senator since the Bull Moose split of 1919. Even in the wet wave of 1930, Senator Thomas J. Walsh, Democrat, was easily re-elected.

Nor is Montana by any means a "typical prairie state." It comes much closer to being a typical mountain state. While it is more noted for its mining, it has a good deal of cattle country, as have its neighbors, Idaho and Wyoming.

The significance of the fact that this "typical prairie state" thing has been taken up there is it is apparently resented all over the West, not as a slur on Kansas, which of course was meant, but as a slur on all the country west of the Hudson river, made by a "typical Tammany politician."

All of which makes the real story of this slip, which may prove historic, of some importance.

The speech was originally written by Charles Michaelson, not for James A. Farley, who delivered it, but for Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, who comes from Iowa. Had Wallace delivered the speech there is no certainty that it would have been picked up, though the phrase lends itself to use.

The terrible part of it lies not in the phrase itself—though no one particularly relishes being called "typical"—but in the fact that it came from a New Yorker. People sensed that it was a slur but that it was the kind of a slur that reveals the real thought of the person making it. It just crops to the surface when the writer, or speaker, is really trying to make another point, but is more revealing of the slant of mind of the writer than the thought he is trying to convey in the context.

Edited by Early

When it was decided that this particular speech was to be delivered by Farley and not Wallace, the document was sent over to the White House for approval. There it was carefully read, and edited, by Steve Early, secretary to President Roosevelt, and in charge, among other things, of press relations.

Early did not skip over the "typical prairie state" line. He was shocked by it, and carefully crossed out the whole paragraph containing it. Whereupon he returned it to Farley's office.

Now comes one of those frequent cases in government life where it is customary to blame the stenographer—though all the reports about it are different. But at any rate, Farley wanted the manuscript neatly typed—not showing the savage editing done by Early.

So a new draft was made, and lo and behold, there was the "typical prairie state" line when it was completed.

Those concerned are not talking, but it is whispered that Michaelson defended the line, and induced Farley to put it back. Which puts both Farley and Michaelson on the spot, the former for yielding and the latter for arguing.

Steve Early was furious. He has more work than can reasonably be expected of any one since the vacancy left by the death of Louis Howe has not been filled. And the idea of his reading speeches and editing them, only to have his deletions restored, angered him aside from any stupidity involved. But the Republicans out in Montana, not to mention Kansas, seem pretty well pleased.

Note—Michaelson was brought up in San Francisco, which thinks even less of typical prairie states than New York.

Another Hamilton

Back in the days when Woodrow Wilson was President there was a closely knit group of Republican members from what is popularly called upstate New York in the house of representatives. They loved politics for its own sake, as some men like golf, and some poker. But they were really business men before they were politicians.

One of them, Charles M. Hamilton, from the little town of Ripley, in the western part of the state, got interested in the oil business in Kansas. He immediately proceeded to get half a dozen of his colleagues in the house interested. One of them was Bertrand H. Snell.

Hamilton got so interested in Kansas and oil that he decided to give up politics. So he voluntarily retired from the house, his friend Daniel A. Reed of Dunkirk succeeding him. It is a safe Republican district, and Reed has been in the house ever since.

From that time on Hamilton has spent more time in Kansas than he has in New York. But he kept up his old friendships, and for obvious reasons, personal as well as friendly, some of his old buddies retained their interest in his doings.

All of which Charles Dewey Hilles did not know when he thought of heading a "Stop Landon" movement some months back. There were no banners and shouting about the work that Charley Hamilton did for Landon, but how it told in New York state!

Hamilton not only retained his old political friends and colleagues. He kept the friendship of important upstate editors. And the group popularly known as the "Old Guard" suddenly found that New York state had run out on them. In fact, the work done by Charley Hamilton had a good deal to do with the surprise that came when the Empire State delegation was finally polled.

White Makes Slip

All of which is the more interesting because of the rather surprising typewriter slip by William Allen White. Aboard a winning national bandwagon for the first time in his life, Mr. White proceeded to do syndicated articles for the newspapers also. On the day after the convention adjourned, he told the story of Landon's nomination, giving full credit to Ray A. Roberts and his lieutenants among the Kansas editors, and to John D. M. Hamilton, though he never did mention that Hamilton got his political training at the knees of the old boss of Kansas, Dave Mulvane.

But, apparently forgetting that he was in the inner Landon council, and lapsing to his old-time crusading self, he talked about Hamilton (John D. M., not Charley), raising money in downtown New York. "Not much," he said, but some. And then he talked about Hamilton (again J. D. M.) walking in and out of the higher income brackets. To which due attention will be paid by Charley Michelson and the New Deal orators.

But the man who came back into New York state politics after staying out for four national administrations, who came back for the man he had grown to love out in Kansas, and who ripped the heart out of the Northeast's "Stop Landon" movement, was Charley Hamilton.

All of which proves something—when added to the enthusiasm for Landon of all his old classmates, who have been working their heads off for him wherever they might be. Charley Hamilton never met Landon until he had retired from politics and gone to Kansas to seek his fortune in the oil business. Hamilton is the kind of person whose enthusiasm does not run away with him. When he speaks, it means something to his old friends. And he took them all with him for Landon, though many of them had never seen the Kansas governor!

Hit in the Dark

In framing their platform, and for that matter in their oratorical attacks on the Roosevelt administration, the Republicans had to hit without knowing just what the new tax bill would be—whether it would take the form of the house measure, as desired by President Roosevelt, or the senate measure, which the Republicans admit is much better, or be a hodgepodge compromise of indefinite coloring.

Two outstanding members of the resolutions committee which framed the Republican platform, Senator Daniel O. Hastings of Delaware, and Representative Allen T. Treadway of Massachusetts, ranking member of the Republican minority of the house ways and means committee were also on the conference committee which was supposed to be writing the final draft of the tax measure.

But that did not help them any. For no member of the conference committee, whether he was in Washington, or Cleveland, or on a fishing trip, had an idea what the final bill would be before the final gavel at Cleveland.

The answer is simple. The only man who knew what the answer would be, assuming he had made up his mind, was Franklin D. Roosevelt. And he preserved a discreet silence. Naturally he could not even confide in the little group of newspaper men who go wherever he goes. For to do so was to admit that he was giving the orders, and, while every one knows he is, it would not be tactful, nor even perhaps politic, for him to admit it.

And Roosevelt is generally both tactful and politic!

All of which made the problem of the Republicans at Cleveland on the one point on which they hope to score more than any other in the campaign just opening—taxation—considerably more nebulous than is ordinarily conceivable with respect to the paramount issue.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Aequo animo. (L.) With equal (equable) mind.
Coup d'oeil. (F.) A comprehensive glance.
Dulce est desipere in loco. (L.) It is delightful to unbend upon occasion.
Ex post facto. (L.) After the fact or act.
In extremis. (L.) At the point of death.
Lapsus linguae. (L.) A slip of the tongue.
Necessitas non habet legem. (L.) Necessity has no law.
Volente Deo. (L.) God willing.

NO: AND IF YOU HAVE TO SEAL THEIR FLAVOR IN TIGHT YOU HAVE TO USE GENUINE PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!



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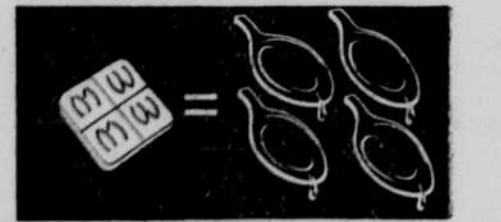
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It Is Good-By When a man says "good-by" over the telephone don't go on.



Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE
Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO MUCH FARTHER!
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PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Body
YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes; feel nervous, miserable—all upset.
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DOAN'S PILLS