

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"Too Much Courage"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

SOMETIMES it's a fine thing, boys and girls, to have one of those cast-iron, copper-plated nervous systems that don't get all in a jitter the minute something happens.

Steeplejacks have them—and so have structural ironworkers who spend most of their working day twenty stories above the street, balanced on a ten-inch iron beam, playing baseball with red hot rivets. I've always sort of envied birds like that for their courage.

And again, at times, I've been glad I don't have nerves like theirs. After all, our nerves are about the best warning signals we have—and you know what usually happens to the guy who doesn't pay any attention to the signs.

Take the case of Bill Woods, for instance—William H. Woods of Brooklyn, N. Y. Bill isn't an ironworker, but he's got an ironworker's nerve. Put him in a burning building, and my guess is that he wouldn't begin to get excited until the fire actually began creeping up his coat-tails. I'm judging him now from the way he acted in that restaurant in Brooklyn on April 30, 1934.

This Adventure Starts With a Cup of Coffee.

It's quite a story, boys and girls—a story that starts out with a walking tour through the streets of Brooklyn. Bill and his friend, Charley Young, had been taking an evening stroll, and eleven o'clock found them at Boro Hall park. Charley suggested that they drop into a cafeteria for a cup of coffee before they hit the hay. Bill agreed, and they crossed the street.

They went into the cafeteria, took their checks from the machine at the door and went over to the long counter. They ordered coffee, and the counterman turned to get it. But no sooner had he turned than he swung back toward the door and said: "What's the matter over there?"

That's the first intimation Bill and Charley had that anything was wrong. They looked in the direction in which the counterman was staring. Several men were scuffling over near the door. Then, suddenly from the center of that milling group came the sound of a shot!

Bedlam Breaks Loose in Cafeteria Following Shots.

"In the moment that immediately followed," says Bill, "no one stirred. Everyone in the place had stopped eating and all eyes were turned toward the door. That moment of indecision didn't



The Man Fell Over Backwards and Was Still.

last long, however, for suddenly another shot rang out, loud and deafening in that enclosed space. No one knew what had happened, but you couldn't mistake that sound."

At that second shot, bedlam broke loose in the cafeteria. Women screamed. Men jumped up from their seats. Tables were overturned. Everyone thought of just one thing, and that was getting under cover. Everyone was running about in frantic haste to get a door between them, and that revolver—everyone, that is, but Bill Woods. In all the hullabaloo he alone kept his head. And it nearly cost him his life.

Bill looked around for Charley. He was gone—evidently into a milling crowd of people who had run toward the back of the cafeteria and were trying to crowd into the washrooms. Those who weren't there were crawling on their hands and knees, trying to get under a table. Bill noticed that and decided to get under cover himself. There was a radiator with a screened grill in front of him and he dropped down behind that. There followed a brief silence punctuated only by the sounds of struggling men, then another shot reverberated through the room. That was when Bill's curiosity and his nerve got the better of his common sense. He stood up to take a look.

Bill Made a Fine Target for the Man With the Gun.

Over by the door, a man, gun in hand, was standing, back up against the cashier's counter, while half a dozen younger men tried to wrestle the gun away from him. "One of the younger men," says Bill, "picked up a heavy sugar container and hit the older man on the head. I saw the glass break and the sugar scatter over the floor, but the man with the gun seemed invincible. They couldn't beat him down. They were too many for him in the end, though, and finally he fell behind the cashier's desk. And then, thinking all danger was past, I walked over to the counter."

Bill walked over until he was within ten feet of the fallen man when, to his amazement, the man started to sit up. The gun, still in his hand, rose until it pointed straight at Bill's midriff. Too late, Bill began to wish he'd been one of those nervous individuals who had taken refuge in the washroom.

He stood petrified—afraid to move. He drew in a deep breath and waited to feel the bullet bite into his flesh. At that distance, the man on the floor couldn't miss.

Timely Arrival of Copper Saves Bill's Life.

Then, the only thing that could save Bill's life happened. Through the restaurant door came a police sergeant with a drawn pistol. He got the situation at a glance, took deliberate aim at the man with the gun, and shot him through the stomach. That was the end. The man fell over backwards and was still. A red circle of blood slowly widened beneath him.

More policemen came. They began asking questions. The cashier of the restaurant had been creased over one ear by a bullet, and one young man, shot through the shoulder, was leaning against the counter, trying to staunch the flow of blood.

They told the story. The man with the gun, they said, had been drunk. He had walked over to a table and accused another man of laughing at him. An argument started and the drunk drew a gun. That was when Old Lady Adventure stepped in and started shaking up thrill cocktails—one for everybody in the house, and a deadly one for the man with the gun.

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Cause of Civil War

The issue of slavery was the direct cause of the Civil war. The question of states' rights or the right of a state to secede from the federation was the fundamental cause. This had been a vexed question from the beginnings of the government, until it was brought to a head by the slavery issue.

The Spitz Dog

The Spitz dog, named for the Arctic islands of Spitzbergen, is a descendant of the part-wolf ancestors of chows and samoyeds. Like them it pulled sleds in the frozen north. The breed later became popular in Europe. Various shepherd breeds, and the schipperke and the pomeranian, were developed from it.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Paris: Many Newspapers Surprise for Karl Marx Mr. Eden Was Tired Out A Big Somersault

This world is really no bigger, now, than the palm of your hand; wherever you are, news comes pouring in—a Pullman car on the Mohave desert has the "Examiner"; flying across, the Levand brothers hurry to the airfield at Wichita with the latest "Beacon"; and on the ocean, a newspaper appears every day; the radio feeds it; in Paris, ten times as many newspapers as are published in New York tell you anything you choose to believe, from editorials written by men who do not know that the royal and imperial French families died and were buried after the war of 1870 to fiery-eyed moderns who think they can graft Karl Marx and Lenin on Jacques Bonhomme, the French peasant, and produce a French Utopia, with a Russian accent and a pair of high boots.

Arthur Brisbane

They do not know Jacques Bonhomme, who bought his land in the revolution at bargain prices with inflated assignats, and means to keep it, nor do they know the small-sized French bourgeois, who thinks more of one four-cent franc than some of our governing geniuses think of a billion 59-cent dollars. The Marx-Stalin-Lenin brotherhood in America, by the way, does not understand the inside feelings of the U. S. A. citizen, with his bungalow, automobile, radio set, washing machine and furniture, all "nearly paid for."

Send HIM, instead of a bill for his last installment, the statement, "No more private property," and see what he says and does. You take your choice of dozens of Paris daily newspapers; the wild kind, that say anything and lose money; the tame kind, that say nothing and make money, but very little of it; the mummified kind, that still take "Madame La Marquise" seriously, and think themselves back in the days of old Madame De Defand and Lord Bolingbroke.

You have, also, newspapers from all the Lilliput countries nearby—English, Italian, German—and the news is in them, only you must know how to extract it. They are queer little newspapers, and if that be provincialism, make the most of it.

In London, for instance, Lord Rothermere's newspaper tells you that Mr. Eden, British foreign secretary, has gone to "a secret destination" in the country for a week's rest.

English statesmen always go to "a secret destination," for reasons unknown to Mr. James Farley, who relaxes at the ringside, or President Roosevelt, who rests fishing, on a battleship, with fifty reporters on another ship, nearby.

You wonder that a man as young as Eden should need a rest. Gladstone, at nearly twice his age, was talking in the Commons at four in the morning—But Gladstones are few, Tim Healy's also.

Rothermere's writer thinks Eden is all tired out after his Geneva speech, telling just why England lifted the Italian sanctions. It was he who made a speech recently, just as earnest and much louder, telling why those sanctions must NEVER be lifted. That was turning a big somersault. The English know how to do that, and you are supposed to laugh.

Eden told Baldwin what the doctor said, and Baldwin said, "By all means, my boy, hurry off to a secret destination," and Eden hurried. In America, the business man would say, "Doctor, there are a few things that I must settle first," meaning, perhaps, his income tax. He would hang on and on, and finally go to a really secret destination, in the graveyard.

Driving through Normandy, from Havre, where the ships land, would interest American farmers, especially any whose lands are "worn out" after comparatively few years of cultivation. On lands in this part of the world, wheat has been grown for three hundred years, and today yields better, bigger crops than ever.

In Rome, as in other places on the earth's surface, one city is piled upon another. Dig down through one and the other appears. Invasions, plagues, famines and the grinding ice have wiped them out. Those that read this today are the descendants of men such as the inhabitants of the Stone Age village. And still we are worried, looking down at the enemy, poverty, that may climb up and attack us in old age.

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Black or Dark Silk Sheers Vogue

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AS TO foremost fashions for summer, costumes of black or dark sheers such as silk chiffons, marisettes, organza and hand-some nets are carrying first honors.

Your wardrobe may be as you supposed replete with chic, but if it be sans one of the beguilingly styled dark sheers better send an immediate S.O.S. call in to your dressmaker or to your smartest store in town or to whoever caters to your sartorial needs. Telling you, we are, that without a suit or a dress of some one or other of these silk sheers or nets in black or in brown, navy or dubonnet red or deep purple dye your summer dress program will be sadly lacking indeed. We might add that black is the favorite of them all.

Especially are fascinating things being done with redingote fashions made of silk sheers that are thin to the point of transparency since they are designed to be worn over either a dress or slip in a solid bright color or a gay print. See the charming and chic ensemble to the right in the picture. It conveys the idea most eloquently. Here a black silk chignon redingote with the new circular-cut hemline is posed over a pink silk moire slip. Very French in feeling is this most winsome 1936 afternoon dress. Note the black silk taffeta applique of roses on the redingote. The corsage of huge twin roses accurately repeats the pink tone of the silk slip. Narrow velvet ribbon ties about the waist and trims the very lovely pink panama hat worn with this costume.

While we are on the subject of black silk chignon and its importance in the summer style picture it might be well to mention the new skirts of black chiffon which are the smartest ever for evening, worn with a tunic or jacket-blouse done in flamboyantly colored flowered print. These skirts are cut full circular and

their hemline measures yards. Yet with all this fullness you are not made aware of the fact as the skirt is styled to fit about the hips in slenderizing sleekness gradually and gracefully leading into soft undulations about the hemline. You will find a skirt of this description to be a real asset in your summer clothes collection. Have in reserve a shirtwaist blouse of black net also a decollete bodice of self black chiffon—an economical way to acquire a wardrobe of smart formals for varied occasion.

If you have an urge for color you will find joy in a costume that poses a redingote of dubonnet red silk chiffon or organza over a slip of gorgeous flower print. The color effect is beyond the telling in word or picture. It requires the evening lights to glorify it.

Could anything in the way of a daytime costume be smarter and more to be coveted than the jacket-and-dress twosome to the left in the illustration! If so we have not discovered it. You may be interested in knowing that this ensemble is of royal lineage in that it is a creation by no less a noted designer than the personal dressmaker to Queen Mary. It came over on the R. M. S. Queen Mary as did a whole fashion load of stunning modes. The dress is perfect for afternoon wear on warm summer days, made as it is of cool Tudor-brown twytext. The finely pleated and tucked jabot is of white silk net, and the loose coat is of brown crossbar twytext.

The story of net as it unfolds in the summer style program is proving a most fascinating one. Nothing smarter or more practical has centered the style stage than the jacket dresses tailored of cool and comfortable and chic looking nets either in black or the stunning new rich dark colors.

© Western Newspaper Union.

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The vogue for tailored clothes goes into the evening. Very stylish indeed is the young woman in the picture who wears a strictly tailored dinner suit with its 1890 jacket and buttoned skirt. It is fashioned of creamy white Mt. Airy cloth.

Flowers Are Dramatic
White flowers on a black gown are dramatic; and on a white gown they emphasize an effect of simplicity. A spo. of brilliant scarlet on a white gown is gorgeous. Color harmony may be achieved by wearing flowers that blend into the general tone of the costume, or with a contrasting complementary color.

Flowers Deck Shoes
Shoes have become so fancy that one widely-known Paris house shows street shoes trimmed with applied flowers in contrasting colors and a belt and purse to match.

Pressure Cooking Method of Home Canning Is Meeting With Favor

High Heat Insures Easier Destruction of Harmful Bacteria.

The pressure cooker method of home canning has become a universal favorite with thousands of homemakers. It is recommended by the United States government as well as prominent authorities in home-canning, for the canning of non-acid foods, because of the higher degree of heat obtainable with a pressure cooker, which insures easier destruction of harmful bacteria.

Let us consider the important steps in canning by this method: The careful homemaker lines up all of her equipment first. Jars are carefully inspected to see that there are no nicks, cracks or sharp edges, then thoroughly cleansed in hot water.

Select fresh, firm (not over-ripe) products. Grade according to size and ripeness. Prepare according to recipe. Pack product into clean jars to not more than one-half inch from top.

Add liquid:
(a) Fruits: Hot water to within 1-2 inch of top of jar, or syrup to within 1 1-2 inches of top of jar. (Syrup expands during processing.)
(b) Vegetables: Hot water to within 1-2 inch of top of jar (salt or other seasoning may be added).
(c) Other products: Follow instructions given in recipe.

Wipe top of jar free from all seeds, pulp, grease, etc., with a clean damp cloth. Also wipe threads and neck of jar clean so as to prevent sticky screw bands which are hard to remove.

If using the "self-sealing" type of jar, place sterilized lid on jar with sealing composition next to glass and screw band firmly tight, or as tight as you can exertion or wrenches.

If using rubber ring jars, adjust rubber ring, screw cap down tight, and reverse one-fourth turn, or if using glass top jars; place the upper bail in position across the lid and leave lower bail up.

Place the rack on the bottom of the cooker and add enough hot water to bring it up to the level of the rack (about 2 cups.)

Place the filled jars in the cooker. Prepare only enough jars at one time to fill your cooker. Do not allow jars to touch.

Place the cover in position and tighten according to instructions received with your cooker. Place cooker on stove and leave the petcock open until a jet of steam has been spurting from the petcock for 7 to 10 minutes (according to size of cooker). Then close the petcock and watch pressure gauge.

Start counting processing time from the minute the required pounds of pressure are indicated on the gauge. Keep the pressure uniform throughout the processing period. Do not allow the pressure to fluctuate as pressure changes will draw liquid out

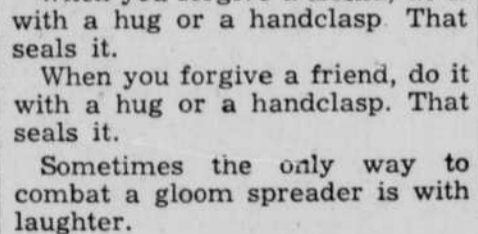
of the jars and prevent accurate computation of processing time. Process for required length of time according to pressure cooker timetable. When processed for the required length of time remove cooker from fire. Do not open petcock or attempt to remove cover until indicator on steam pressure gauge returns to zero.

Remove jars from cooker and set on several thicknesses of cloth to cool.

Do not tighten screw bands on the "self-sealing" type, but set right side up to cool. If using rubber ring jars, screw cap down tight immediately. To complete seal on wire clamp glass top jars, push lower bail down against neck of jar.

To test the "self-sealing" jars for seal, when jars are cold take a teaspoon and gently tap the lids. If properly sealed they will give a clear ringing note and be slightly concave (curved inwardly) caused by the vacuum inside. If not properly sealed, the sound will be dull and low in key, in which case you have an opportunity to re-can contents and thus save your food.

Smart Household Linens in Color



Pattern No. 5348

Let us do a bit of "gardening." It's linens we're going to beautify, with cotton patch flowers and flowerpots. This easy applique is sure to enhance a pair of pillow cases, scarf or dainty hand towels. Take colorful scraps, cut them into these simple flower forms, and either turn the edges under and sew them down, or finish them in outline stitch. It's called "Linen-closet Gardening!"

In pattern 5348 you will find a transfer pattern of two motifs 5 1/2 by 15 inches, two motifs 4 3/4 by 15 inches and the patterns for the applique patches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches needed. 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. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

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Uncle Phil Says: We've Much to Watch

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in families our tempers; in society our tongues.

It is not sufficient to have qualities. We must make proper use of them.

Those who make threats don't fulfill them any more reliably than those who make promises.

A pessimist doesn't tell a lie, he only sees one in everything.

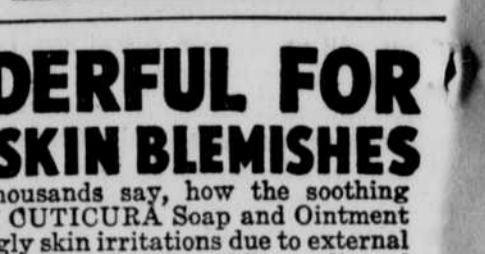
Show an Interest
Indifference looks sophisticated, but people like you better if you're interested.

Every man would like to see how he looks in a beard, but he is so timid about it, he will never find out.

When you forgive a friend, do it with a hug or a handclasp. That seals it.

When you forgive a friend, do it with a hug or a handclasp. That seals it.

Sometimes the only way to combat a gloom spreader is with laughter.



NO MORE ANTS
Just sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, door sills, place where ants come and go. Peterman's kills them—red ants, black ants, others. Quick. Safe. Guaranteed effective 24 hours a day. Get Peterman's Ant Food now. 25c, 35c and 60c at your drugstore!



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