

FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER
FLOYD GIBBONS
ADVENTURERS CLUB

Hello Everybody

"Hornets and Bullets"
 By FLOYD GIBBONS

CROWD over there, boys and girls, and make room for a new Distinguished Adventurer in this club of yours. He is Ralph Gewehr of South Orange, N. J. I've got to admit, right at the start, that Ralph's yarn is a stinger. It happened to him in August, 1934, up in the Adirondacks, when Ralph and his pal, Billy, started out with a couple of .22 calibre rifles to hunt eagles.

Well, sir, that's a good enough start for any adventure. An eagle is a pretty tough proposition, and a .22 calibre rifle is a pretty small piece of hardware to try to handle one with. If they'd found any eagles on that little hunting trip of theirs, they'd have had plenty of adventure. And I guess if they hadn't run across anything more dangerous than a cottontail rabbit they'd have had an adventure, too.

Those lads were slated for trouble. Their numbers were up—especially Ralph's. Anything they did that day would have been wrong, and when Billy took a pot shot at the only game in sight, he started something worse than a whole flock of eagles and a couple of buzzards thrown in for good measure.

Boys Find Hornet's Nest Is Dangerous Target.

With their rifles in their arms, Ralph and Billy headed up the trail on foot. They trudged up to the top of Blue Ledge, a distance of ten miles from the summer camp of Ralph's folks at North river. The boys planned to spend the night in the mountains, like real hunters, and look for adventure. They were too tired to go after eagles by the time they arrived, but hornets were another thing.

Now a hornet is pretty far from an eagle, but a hornet's nest makes a nice target—if you don't care what you shoot at—and Billy didn't care. He let fly at that hornet's nest and hit it smack in the center and then adventure began in earnest. Ralph says those hornets came out of that nest like a cloud of buzzing smoke. He thinks all the hornets in the world must have been in it from the way they went for him. He took one look at the flying circus and then hit the trail as fast as he could go. But it wasn't fast enough. They dove at him in mass formation and kept right on his tail.

He got a glimpse of Billy tearing through the woods with a million or so of the enemy on his shoulders and the next second tripped and fell.



Bang! Went a Shot Right in Ralph's Ear.

Bang! went a shot right in his ear. He thought it was Billy's rifle for a moment because his had fallen out of his hand. Then he felt a stinging sensation in his side. That must have been a big hornet, he thought, from the way it felt.

Ralph Is Shot by His Own Rifle.

The hornets were stinging him everywhere, but none of them hurt as much as the one in his side. He put his hand on the spot and drew it away covered with blood! Ralph was shot! His own rifle had exploded on hitting the ground and the bullet must be in his body!

Hornets were forgotten in the face of this discovery. The situation was deadly serious. Here was a boy shot in the side and he was ten miles from civilization. Besides, both boys were already tired from their long walk. And, to make matters worse, the only doctor was eight miles more beyond Ralph's cabin. They could make that last eight miles in his mother's car, but how would Ralph ever survive the walk?

Ralph says their Boy Scout training came immediately to mind. The thing to do in case of a sudden shock, they recalled, was to apply heat, externally, internally and eternally. So Billy built a fire, heated some water and made coffee. Ralph drank the coffee, which heated him internally. Then Billy wrapped him in the blankets for the external heating. The boys washed the wound with hot water, bound it up as well as they could with their handkerchiefs, and started on the long trek back home.

Wounded Lad Makes Heroic 10-Mile Trek.

Did you ever try to walk ten miles with a bullet in your side? Ralph advises you not to. In addition to the mental torture of not knowing how badly he was wounded, Ralph suffered intensely from the heat. It was mid-August and hot enough without the blankets and the coffee, and he had to trudge along bundled up like an Indian papoose.

That walk, says Ralph, was a nightmare. He figures he must have lost at least ten pounds and laid the foundations for a headful of gray hair. But he kept on going, even if he did think that each step would be his last. Finally they got back to the camp where Ralph's dad had a car.

It was late at night when the boys finally staggered into the doctor's office after a ride that shook the daylight out of Ralph. The doctor looked at the wound and ordered him to the hospital. Then began another ride that Ralph will remember all his life. It was forty miles, but Billy drove it almost as fast as those hornets could fly.

State Troopers Ask the Boys Searching Questions.

At the hospital another surprise was in store for them. State Troopers—called by the doctor, as they always do in cases of gunshot wounds—met the boys and questioned them. Ralph says they seemed to think that he and Billy had been shooting at each other or holding somebody up. But they cleared themselves of that suspicion and Ralph went on the operating table.

An operation is an adventure in itself, but Ralph's was one with a happy ending. The bullet—which, fortunately, was not a high powered one—had entered his side and, striking a rib, had glanced off and missed the vital organs. The doctors, after an X-ray had been taken, picked the slug out of his shoulder and when Ralph woke up there was his mother, more scared than he was. Billy had found her and told her "Ralph had been shot." Ralph was out of the hospital in a few days and the wound healed up in a few weeks, but, he says, he hasn't been eagle hunting since.

The Palo Verde Tree

The palo verde is a small, intricately branched tree of the pea family. It grows from 15 to 20 feet high, with a short trunk, smooth, green bark, and minute leaves which fall soon after appearing, leaving the tree leafless most of the year. The bright yellow flowers are borne in axillary clusters, followed by flattened, short, beanlike pods, three inches long. It is a characteristic tree along sandy washes in the Colorado desert of Southern California, eastward into Southern Arizona and southward to Mexico.

Gems in Volcanoes

Three of America's semi-precious stones are products of Hawaiian volcanoes. The olivine, most widely known of these, is a transparent olive-green stone somewhat like an emerald. "Pele's pearls" are amber-colored formations produced by lime seeping through crevasses. "Hawaiian diamonds," rarest of the three, are found inside another stone, the moonstone. Like true diamonds, which they resemble, they are a carbon formation, but only nine points in hardness compared with the ten points of the real diamond.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Spenders of Yesteryear Gone With Their Billions Paris Hotels Empty England Learns Also

Europe learns that political experiments cost money. England decided to prevent Mussolini taking Ethiopia, camping along the imperial British highway, and controlling Lake Tana, source of Nile water. The attempt failed.



Arthur Brisbane

Washington that Mussolini could not possibly conquer Ethiopia in less than three years, probably not at all.

When the dust had settled and England, with her chicken-feed assortment of 51 league nations, had apologized to Mussolini and tossed Haile Selassie into the waste-basket, England found her foreign commerce much damaged. She had missed Mussolini, and shot herself in the pocketbook.

For a little while she will copy Job: "I will lay mine hand upon my mouth. Once I have spoken . . . yea, twice, but I will proceed no further."

Paris, which is France, decided to sing and dance a new carmagnole with Russian dressing; clenched fists raised in air a la Russe; red flag waving; the doleful strains of the Communist hymn, l'Internationale, and its Communist injunction, "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation," excellently sung from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Bastille.

You can hardly imagine what fire, fury and enthusiasm thousands of young and old French gentlemen put into that hymn, although many of them showed few outward signs of starvation.

There were, and are, manifestations everywhere. Now in the chamber of deputies, Monsieur Gaston Gerard, practical French statesman, asks, "What has become of our foreign tourists and their spending money?"

M. Gerard tells the deputies something must be done. In 1927, 2,125,000 foreigners from all over the world visited France, spending much money. Visitors now number only 700,000; as a rule with little money to spend—oysters containing no pearl; many that come to help sing l'Internationale bring no money.

Foreign visitors, says M. Gerard, used to give highly paid employment to half a million French men and women; spent 500,000,000 francs for French railroad and steamship tickets; scattered throughout France from 12 to 15 thousand millions of francs.

Fifteen billions, even in francs, are "real money" here. M. Gerard tells the chamber French prices are too high. There is something in that, with the four-cent franc costing six to seven cents in the United States—a comic-opera situation, considering the relative wealth of the two nations.

M. Gerard thinks there should be some cabinet official to look after foreigners, with better propaganda and fewer vexatious taxes on foreigners; there is nothing in that.

Foreigners do not voluntarily travel and spend money where they feel they are not wanted. The cosmopolitan, educated Frenchman is as polite and hospitable as ever, but ask him what sort of reception the crowd gives to the foreigner, British especially. It offends the British ear to hear a Bas les Anglais!—"Down with the British!"

An innocent American, in an innocent average American automobile, sallied forth on July 14 to help France celebrate the destruction of the Bastille, and perhaps give a few feeble cheers for Lafayette, or Woodrow Wilson, or somebody.

Great crowd in the Champs Elysees, especially around the innocent American car, with new paint, shiny chromium and several cylinders. A polite policeman says monsieur should know better than to appear in a car of "grand luxury" on such a day. Such luxury cars you may see by the thousands and millions on American roads.

Nothing happens to the car of grand luxury; it crosses the Avenue of the Champs Elysees, about 300 feet, in less than twenty minutes. The French, newly self-identified as "prisoners of starvation," are interested in the auto American, which is careful not to bump anybody.

The bourgeois, the "rich," an extinct species, although it does not yet know it, are nervous. In a vague way they feel that they are held responsible for all those "prisoners of starvation," with their strong voices, deep chests, powerful fists and pink complexion.

Halter Neck, Princess Lines, Capes

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A NEW party dress this time of year brings two-fold joy. There's the fun of rounding out the summer season of social activities in lovely array and then when midseason dances and dinners are over, it's off to college where the fun begins all over again for your dress will take on new glamor in new environment. Wherefore, it would reason out that a party dress bought now is not an extravagance but an economy since it provides not only for the present, but for the future as well.

The gowns pictured have smart features that are scheduled to carry through into late fall, since their styling is decidedly advanced. The skirt of the lovely flowered chiffon dress on the seated figure is that full and billowy it floats beguilingly with every move of its fair wearer. The halter neckline is especially significant together with the Margot ruff about the throat. The halter neckline is appearing right along on incoming fashions.

Designers are all enthusiasm over the new princess lines that are destined to play an outstanding role this coming season both for dresses and coats. The charming gown centered in the picture adopts princess lines that develop into a full hemline. The perfectly gorgeous mousseline de soie that fashions this delectable gown is in an appealing shade of blue with huge golden flowers artfully wide-spaced as are most of the more formal prints this season. This handsome quality-high silk mousseline confirms the message from fabric headquarters that silks of extreme luxury and elegance will triumph in the coming modes. The flair for all white in the evening is reflected in the ensemble to the right. An alabaster white silk sheer was the choice for this supremely lovely costume created by Reville. The waistband is

fastened with a silver Grecian clasp. The prestige of capes in the evening mode is noted, and knowing style creators declare they will continue to play their triumphant role as the new season comes on. The word that fashion is reviving the use of ostrich is confirmed in the opulent banding of white South African ostrich feathers that embellish this cape. Not only, according to indications, will ostrich appear on hats but a lavish use will be made of it for costume accessories and other adornment.

In fact the trend for fall and winter apparel for the social season is toward superbly rich effects in every direction, especially in the new silks and metal weaves of classic tone. Jeweled and beaded embroidery will glitter on crepes and other gorgeous silks. The newest gesture is handpainting done in silver and gold and bronze, borrow ideas for motifs from Chinese, Persian, Egyptian and other Far East art sources.

A theme of absorbing interest is the new gowns fashioned of black satin for dinner and evening wear. They are in decided contrast to the fluffy ruffles type of shimmering and sheer frocks. The idea is to make them up classically simple. Of course, the satin must be of sterling pure silk weave to successfully sound the luxury note. A favorite styling is similar to that of the flowing silk mousseline gown just described as being cut along princess lines that assume a wide flare at the hemline with the neckline emphasizing the very new square cut. With these satin gowns most glamorous bracelets, rings and clips are worn, withholding ornamentation of any other sort. If you would be "first in fashion" a black satin dress of this type will assure you this coveted distinction.

© Western Newspaper Union.

FOR SCHOOL WEAR
 By CHERIE NICHOLAS



In every back-to-school wardrobe there should be at least one dress of light weight wool. Light in weight but warm enough for coolish days, the sheer wool used to make this beautifully tailored two-piece frock makes it equally acceptable for business, campus or spectator sports wear. A two-color print chiffon scarf tucks inside the high round collar. The front closing is achieved with composition buttons matching the shade of the frock.

FEATHERS IN YOUR HAT THIS AUTUMN

Now comes a word about fall hats. Higher crowns and off the face lines in brimmed styles are being shown. One advance model developed in black leghorn for late summer, and in velvet for fall, has a turned-up brim, cleverly slit at the back and trimmed with a dark gray ostrich feather.

Feathers are coming into the conversation, too — and how they will increase our vocabularies! Our plumage, it seems, is to be one of our most important autumn features. We'll be using the term "Coq feathers" again, and "coquille." The former are the tail feathers of a rooster, and the latter is a short body feather of a goose. There are "Palette" and "Satinette" and a lot more to learn with the new season, along with the fact that we'll be formalized by ostrich plumes.

Buttons Now Offer Style

Touch for an Old Costume Seekers of the latest in accessories for the modern well dressed woman are missing an important bet if they don't make a special point of keeping close watch on the button market.

Every trip to the stores should include a stop at that most fascinating of all counters where buttons of all colors, shapes and sizes are tucked away in hundreds of little drawers.

Since color is so important in accessories, buttons of the new vivid scarlets and blues, emerald greens, and lemon yellows, or of the multiple other intriguing colors, might be just the proper touch for the revivification of last year's clothes.

Itchy Palm

By BARBARA BENEDICT
 © Associated Newspapers.
 WNU Service.

MISS ABBY FORBES was not superstitious. That is, not very. Of course, she would never walk under a ladder when she could walk around it, and if a black cat crossed her path it gave her the horrors, and when she spilled salt she always tossed a pinch of it over her shoulder on to the stove.

No, Miss Abby was not really superstitious, but when even non-superstitious people have an itchy right palm and it continues to itch for no apparent reason despite your best efforts to ignore it—well, you just can't ignore it. Miss Abby knew that an itchy right palm meant you were going to meet some one new.

Today Miss Abby sat in her rocking chair near the dining room window scratching her itchy right palm and staring out at her flower bed and wondering. It was spring, and the flower bed was a glorious riot of color. Miss Abby was proud of that flower bed; just yesterday she had left off putting around in it, planning to spend the remainder of the week spring house-cleaning. And now this business of the itchy right palm had come up and so she had decided to postpone the house cleaning for at least a day. That morning she had spent an extra half hour primping. She had gowned herself in a spic-and-span dress of blue print and curled the unruly locks of her brown hair into little ringlets.

You see, Miss Abby was forty and she'd missed something in life. Romance. Once, to be sure, years ago, she'd kept company for awhile with Orion Pratt, but Orion had gone away and Miss Abby had stayed at home and dreamed and hoped and wished, until suddenly she found herself at forty, with an emptiness in her heart that even bright flower beds couldn't fill.

And so because there were romantic notions still in her head, Miss Abby sat in her rocker and scratched her palm and looked out on the flower bed and wondered who it was she was going to meet that was new.

And right then a knock sounded on Miss Abby's front door. She gave a little start, even though she had expected the knock, and sat very still for a minute, conscious of the fluttering of her heart. But presently she stood up and made her way through the living room and opened the door. The person standing there was a man, a very tall and handsome and clean-looking man, with gray eyes and graying hair, and a wide, humorous mouth.

Miss Abby tried to say something, but her throat felt dry, and so she stared, and felt little tingling sensations running up and down her spinal column.

"Good morning," said the man, and stepped, uninvited, inside. Abby didn't answer him, and he regarded her queerly, and then went along the hall and through the living room door. Miss Abby didn't know what to do. It was all so strange and queer and unreal. But after a moment she mustered her courage and followed him through the door. And right then her heart seemed to stop beating. A terrible coldness came over her. For, looking through the dining room into the kitchen, she could see the man gazing up at the gas meter on the wall and writing something down in a book he carried, and she remembered that Lora Inman had said there was a new gas man on the route.

A tear welled up in Miss Abby's eye, and she quickly brushed it away. She felt suddenly older than her years and very tired. She wanted to sit down and rest—and cry. Folk couldn't understand how she felt, because no one could possibly know.

The gas man came back through the dining room and stood over Abby and stared at her and there was a strange light in his eyes. Unexpectedly he said: "Aren't you Abby Forbes?" And Abby looked up at him and caught her breath, because there was something about him that fanned into flame a dying ember of memory.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, that's who I am." And the gas man threw back his head and laughed.

"I thought so." He suddenly leaned toward her and the depths of his gray eyes held something that caused Abby's heart to begin its fluttering again. "And you don't remember me. You don't remember Orion Pratt who used to keep company with you?"

Abby felt as though she were going to faint. But she didn't. She recovered and said of course she remembered him and wouldn't he sit down a minute and she'd make some tea and they'd talk of old times. So Orion Pratt sat down in the rocker and looked out at Abby's flower bed, and presently Abby brought him a cup of tea, and they talked of old times. Abby's palm began to itch again and Orion looked at it and told her that she'd better be careful of poison ivy at this time of year. He noticed, he said, that some was growing out in her flower bed. And Abby blushed and said that must be it, because he really wasn't someone new, was he? Which puzzled Orion, but he let it pass and mentioned that Abby was prettier than she'd ever been before, and that he wasn't married and—but, shucks, you can guess how it all turned out.

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

When blankets are washed at home do not wring them dry. Instead hang them outdoors on the clothesline to dry.

After washing white silk stockings or gloves and rinsing them thoroughly be sure to hang them in the shade to dry. This will keep them white.

If the chicken is well rubbed inside and out with a cut lemon before being cooked it will make the meat white, juicy and tender.

Custard pies should first be started to bake in a hot oven to set the crust, then the heat of the oven should be quickly reduced so that the custard may cook slowly.

When you have potatoes left over from a meal do not peel, as a cold potato keeps better with the jacket on. If peeled, it dries on the outside and must be trimmed before using, and that is wasteful. Also, an economical way to prepare mashed potatoes is boil them in their jackets, peel and then mash.

Before heating milk in a sauce pan rinse the pan with water and the milk will not scorch so easily.

Never beat or stir cereals or rice with a spoon. It makes them pasty. Use a silver-plated fork.

© Associated Newspapers.—WNU Service.

Week's Supply of Postum Free
 Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Charming Music
 No music is so charming to my ears as the requests of my friends, and the supplications of those in want of my assistance.

Take Your Choice of FLY PAPER—FLY RIBBON—FLY SPRAY
TANGLEFOOT makes them All!



Tanglefoot Fly Paper in the standard sheet has been the leading fly exterminator for 50 years. Clean, effective and inexpensive. Also obtainable in the junior size in convenient holders.

Tanglefoot Fly Ribbon can be suspended from ceiling, wall or any other out-of-the-way place. Unusually clean and convenient. Attractive low cost.

Tanglefoot Fly Spray is specially prepared. Super-powerful. Kills flies quickly, yet is harmless to humans, furnishings or animals.

falling hair

Rub Cuticura Ointment into scalp—leave overnight—then wash with rich lathering, medicated Cuticura Soap. Helps clear out dandruff, relieves itchy scalp and promotes lustrous hair growth. Start the Cuticura treatment today. FREE Sample—write "Cuticura" Dept. 32, Malden, Mass.

BYERS BROS & CO.
 A Real Live Stock Com. Firm
 At the Omaha Market

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination, backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

KILL ALL FLIES

Place anywhere. Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills flies. Guaranteed effective. Most convenient—cannot spill—will not pollute or ruin anything. Kills all seasons. 20¢ at all dealers. Harold Somers, Inc., 150 De Kalb Ave., Bklyn., N. Y.

HOTEL SANFORD OMAHA