



# FLOYD GIBBONS Adventurers' Club *Hello, Everybody!*

**"The Ghost of the Piano"**

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, every time I make up my mind that there are no such things as ghosts, somebody comes along with a story that makes me a bit doubtful.

Now it's Richard Bouker who throws the monkey wrench into my supernatural musings. Let's go along with Dick and see what happened to him that wet December night in 1932.

Dick was a member of the CCC—Civilian Conservation corps, camp 267, located at Speedwell, Tenn., when he had the greatest thrill of his life. He had been in town, 15 miles from camp, and had missed the camp truck and was faced with the necessity of walking the long, weary miles back to camp.

Now Dick says that taking a long hike with the stiff shoes the government issues to the workers is not so hot. But he had limped along about five miles of his way before things began to get serious. It was long after sundown and he was hungry, tired and sleepy and the dreary prospect of ten long, weary miles over the sloping hills of northeastern Tennessee was pretty discouraging.

Then it began to rain. Big drops fell at first, but before Dick had gone another half mile it came down in sheets. He looked around him for shelter. No friendly lights glistened through the rain in this desolate stretch of country, but a little off the road Dick stumbled onto a deserted cabin and, pushing upon the sagging door, he went inside.

### The Storm Almost Came In With Dick.

Dick says he just made the cabin in time because as he stepped inside, the storm broke in all its fury. A crash of thunder startled him with its ear-splitting suddenness and the flash of lightning that followed seemed to come right into the dust-ridden cabin after him.

But, at least, he had shelter and he started to look around him as well as he could. The cabin, though obviously deserted for years, still held some signs of human habitation. As he groped through the darkness, he bumped into a large piece of furniture that seemed to take up most of the room. He explored it with his hands and to his surprise found it to be—of all things—a grand piano!

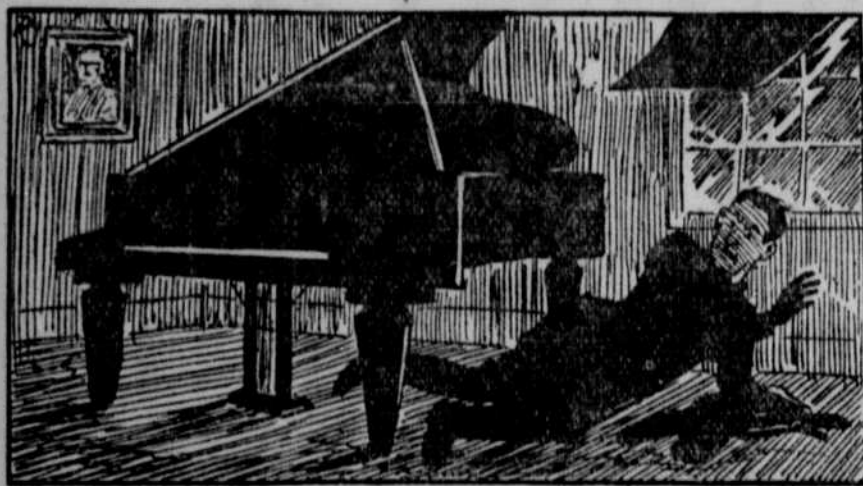
In the flashes of lightning, Dick could see that the instrument was in a sorry condition. The ivory tops of the keys had long since disappeared, but otherwise it stood there like a silent sentinel guarding the spirit of that departed artistic soul who had brought such a fine instrument into this desolate country.

### A New Kind of Canopy for the Weary Traveler.

But Dick was not in a mood to conjecture about what happened to the owner of the piano. His ideas were more practical. The roof was leaking steadily and the wide spread of the grand piano made an excellent cover for his tired body. He climbed under it and, exhausted as he was, was soon fast asleep.

Sleep! What a panacea for all our ills! Outside the storm howled, the rain beat a ceaseless tattoo against the grimy window panes, the wind shrieked through the trees and the thunder and lightning roared and flashed, as though furious at the loss of their human victim.

How long Dick slept he does not know, but he does know that the thing that awakened him was not a part of the storm. He opened his



Strange, Eerie Music Came From the Old Piano.

eyes slowly to the sound of strange, eerie music coming from the old piano!

### Maybe It Was Pretty—but He Wasn't in the Mood.

Well, there's nothing that should frighten anyone in the sound of a piano and yet, as he lay there trying to pierce the darkness with his eyes, Dick says he could feel the hair on the back of his neck actually rise in horror. At first he thought he was dreaming, but the music—if you could call it that—was real.

For the life of him, Dick can't explain why he knew no living person was before that keyboard. But he says he did know it. He wanted to reach out and feel the feet that should be near the pedals. But he was afraid of what he might not find!

He lay there breathlessly instead—waiting for a lightning flash to prove what he already knew. The lightning flash came and Dick's worst fears were realized.

### Curiosity Conquers Over Ghostly Fear.

And yet the music went on. It sounded, Dick says, as though a little child were practicing. Curiosity overcame his fear. He drew a lone match out of his pocket and struck it. As the tiny flame lit up the dim shadows the music suddenly ceased. The match flickered so in his shaking hands that it was hard to see but, even in that poor light, he saw something that made him drop the match in sudden terror.

A pair of eyes—a few feet from his face—stared fixedly at him!

Wham! Dick went out that rickety door like a bat out of Hades! He forgot all about his sore feet and the rain and the storm and everything. All he wanted was camp and the company of something human.

Came the morning and a group of CCC workers to investigate the Ghost of the Piano. They were hard boiled in the bright sunshine and, by golly, they brought the ghost right back with them!

Yes, sir, that ghost meowed when they found her so they brought her back to camp and made her the mascot and you just ought to see that ghost punish a dish of cream.

And that, boys and girls, is the story of how the "Ghost of the Piano" became another version of the "Kitten on the Keys."

—WNU Service.

### Graham Bread Named for Lecturer on Temperance

Graham bread received its name from Sylvester Graham (1794-1851), an American lecturer on temperance and food reform. He was born at Suffield, Conn. After studying at Amherst for a time he entered the Presbyterian ministry in 1823. He maintained that a vegetable diet was incompatible with a desire for stimulants, and as part of his temperance and food reform campaign he not only advocated total abstinence from meat but also recommended the eating of bread made of unsifted or unbolted wheat flour; that is, flour in which all the wheat kernel except the rusk is used. In "A Defense of the Graham System of Living," published in 1835, Graham wrote:

"Of wheat bread, there are three varieties; in the first, all the bran is separated; in the second, only the coarse, and, in the third, none at all. The bread made of flour from which all the bran has been separated is that most commonly used, but bread made of flour from which none of the bran has been separated is the most wholesome."

Graham is often referred to as the "inventor" or "introducer" of Graham bread. He was neither, for whole-wheat bread was the first wheat bread made. Graham's name became associated with it because he included the article in his dietary regimen, which at one time had many thousands of adherents throughout the United States. The system was called Graham and its adherents Grahamites.—Indianapolis News.

## BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

If Five Dictators Unite  
England Is Feverish  
Wealth for a Good Girl  
Gen. Mitchell Finds Rest

Rome hints that Mussolini and Hitler have arranged a protective treaty with Austria, Poland and Hungary. Five countries under dictators, united against England and France, still experimenting with the old "democracy," would be interesting.

One dictator, Stalin, supposed to have an understanding with France, might offset the other combination.

Also, Hitler will remember that in 1914 Germany thought she had Italy in a "triple alliance"—Italy-Austria-Germany, but Italy did not stay. Had she stayed, the war might have ended otherwise. That increases Mussolini's bitterness, with England trying to cause Italy's defeat by barbarous Ethiopia.

Mr. Eden, young foreign secretary, tells England modern conditions are "dreadfully" like conditions before 1914. England must arm herself to the teeth and have, for final objective, "a world-wide system of collective security which embraces all nations in an authority which is unchallenged and unchallengeable."

That might be done by two or three countries closely united, although the airplane makes everything in war uncertain. It might destroy a capital city and an alliance in one morning, as a pistol destroys the strongest man.

Countess Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow has a new baby boy weighing seven and a half pounds, and twenty million dollars; that in gold at the present price would weigh more than thirty thousand pounds. Ask Barbara Hutton Haugwitz-Reventlow, as she holds that small baby, its eyes not focused, one small hand holding her finger, whether she would rather have the baby or the \$20,000,000, and she will think your question silly. She would not take a million millions for the baby.

This proves that any good young woman who marries a kind young man may be richer than any "five and ten" heiress.

Gen. William E. Mitchell was buried in the family plot in Milwaukee, not in Arlington cemetery. Having fought all his life against the enemies of his country and the stupidity of his superiors, he wanted peace at last.

He lies beside his father, a United States senator from Wisconsin. General Mitchell has gone wherever patriotic, brave men go; some that opposed him will not follow him there.

At Greenwood Lake, N. Y., a mail-carrying rocket went 2,000 feet from New York to New Jersey over Greenwood lake, while spectators smiled in derision.

Other spectators smiled when Fulton tried his first steamboat.

In Madison, Wis., death masks of Indians, more than 3,000 years old, found in burial grounds, lead back to savages of the Eskimo type that hunted mammoths near the beautiful Wisconsin lakes 15,000 years ago. Those ancient savages, instead of burying the dead, cleaned the skeletons neatly, covered the skulls with lifelike masks of clay, kept their relatives with them for years.

The human race has done queer things always. Russia has Lenin, embalmed, exhibited in the great Red square of Moscow.

The world becomes gradually democratic. In King George's funeral procession everybody walked. At his father's funeral, the great all went on horseback, including King George's cousin, the former kaiser, on a prancing white horse.

Now King Edward VIII orders simpler uniforms, less fancy dressing in Buckingham palace.

President Lewis, fifty, head of the miners' union, plenty of cash on hand, offers William Green, American Federation of Labor head, \$500,000 for a campaign to organize 500,000 men in the steel industry. Mr. Green, a long-time union man, has not accepted the offer. He knows how easy it is for one man to become a tall for the other man's kite.

Mrs. Watson Davis, for Science Service, says the world needs just now: A remedy for the two greatest "killers of men," cancer and organic heart disease; a substitute for power, developed in primitive fashion from oil, coal, etc. That means harnessing the sun to one end of the scale, the atom at the other.

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## Spring Hat Bright Spot on Horizon

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



standing at attention at the front, thus the new flower treatment's repeat and repeat.

While we started out telling of the tinniness of some of the new hats, please do not conclude that every new spring model has been reduced to postage stamp size. On the contrary some of the smartest numbers on the style program have brims. Shallow-crowned sailors are all the go, especially the Breton types which are shown in felt or stitched silk, and the latest swaggy note is the Breton made of gay patent leather. Then, too, the hat with a visor made of silk, quilted or stitched, is very popular. Young girls are charmed with the idea of the new "Rose of the Ranch" hat with its wide round rolled-up brim and that which captures fancy most of all, its chin strap of fancy cord. Also in this class is the new Argentine type which likewise boasts a chin strap. As to the new swaggy soft manish felts, their vogue is assured.

We are following up our statement about hats of Lilliputian size by including two such in the accompanying illustration. To the right in group is a Paris model which goes to verify this new trend. It is a toque of dotted grosgrain trimmed at the back with a feather and a veil which is not a veil. However, this bow of open mesh conceals an important message of veiling tied in bows and we might add matching bows at the throat are cited in fashion reports. To the left is another wee toque as fashion decrees for spring. A flange of geraniums and the inevitable little veil do the trimming act.

The off-the-face hat above proclaims the existing flair of gay color. It is a bright Chinese red straw. Band and bow are of black belting ribbon. The print gown is black and white.

A very smart shallow navy straw Breton concludes the group. The bouquet atop the crown and the inset about the headline are made of multi-colored leather.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### DINNER JACKET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Wear a dinner jacket with your slim-skirted formal frock if you would look up-to-the-instant good style. White cotton pique is considered ever so smart for the dinner jacket. Indeed, these white washable jackets are proving quite the fad of the immediate moment. A white cotton pique dinner jacket, flared at the hips, adds a tailored note to a printed silk crepe frock as here shown. The dress has splashy flowers of red and blue on white with a decolletage cut high in front and low in back.

### Blouses Feminize Suits

Soft blouses, frilly scarfs and other extremely feminine looking accessories are important with the new strictly tailored suits. If you have chosen a severe suit of men's wear flannel or worsted, do dress it up with a ruffled blouse, chiffon scarf and gay boutonniere of loose, feathery flowers.

### CHINESE MODE SEEN IN PARIS FASHIONS

China put an oriental sign on the new spring mode shown in 1938 fashion displays.

Chinese lacquer red appeared in trimmings, Chinese motifs marked belt buckles and Chinese figures were stamped on prints.

Many black afternoon frocks were designed along simple, high-necked lines, suggestive of oriental snauity. Some black dinner frocks were topped by knee-length coats of flower printed black crepe silk, whose cut showed Chinese inspiration.

A slender silhouette, high neckline and accented shoulderline, marked by big topped sleeves gathered into the armhole, distinguish the Paris profile shown so far. Waists are normal and busts are definitely outlined.

### Smartest Black Costumes Touched With Vivid Colors

Bright touches either as trim ming or in the way of accessories are dramatizing the season's smartest black costumes. Perhaps it will be embroidery done in vivid colored yarn or a row of striking red buttons or inset of red patent leather. As to accessories the most striking item is the new gloves which are being shown in high colors including red, green, dubonnet and the natural chamolai shade is especially sponsored by smart Parisiennes.

### New Trend Is Exhibited in Double-Date Fashions

A simple gown with a broken sleeve line and a draped scarf which can be arranged to cover a low-cut back expresses the latest trend in double-date fashions. It is becoming more popular than the sleeveless gown and coatee. This dress is cozy for dinner when the scarf is looped at the neck and hangs behind. For dancing the scarf is rearranged and draped about the waist to reveal the low-cut back.

### Little Gray Lamb

Gray is an extremely smart fur this year. Gray Persian lamb, gray ki and gray caracul lamb have been used in many of the most elegant coats.

### A Matter of Business

By DAPHNE A. McVICKER  
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"WHEW," Lenore panted as her high heels came to rest from clattering down the stairs. She smiled up at the tall broad shouldered youth who was leaning impatiently against the letters, Employees' Entrance. "Wotta life. If I didn't have a new red coat to look forward to and that house party Saturday night, I think I'd try out our new front fourth story window."

She pushed a coaxing hand against the man's shoulder. "I know you hate window shopping, Gary, but just one more look at the coat?" It was red. The deep, soft crimson of the inside of a flame in a burning log. It had a tall upstanding collar of gray fur that lapped back into a series of attractive curves. Gary could see the effect of a small head nestled into the fur. A head as sleek and black as the wing of a bird. The very head, in fact, that was pressing its forehead against the pane.

"I can just do it Saturday with my discount," Lenore gloated. "And then you'll have the most beautiful coat at the house party, my lad."

"I always have the most beautiful coat anywhere," Gary said absently. Lenore's lips parted and she looked up at him. Was he—was he at last going to say words that she had waited overlong to hear?

"What a job! Word had gone out about our big sale and I had to interview the prize class graduated from the imbecile asylum. Who would be an employment manager? I asked one old man the regular question: How far did you go in school? And he said 'Five miles.'"

Gary's laugh was troubled. "But doesn't it get you?" he asked. "Don't you fall for their hard luck stories?"

She laughed. "Old Sir Soft Heart," she said. "I honestly believe you worry about my willingness to turn people down for jobs, Gary. As if I could help it. It's the store's doing, not mine."

Gary thought for a long time. Then he reached for the telephone and presently his Cousin Anne was answering. "I think it would be great sport, Gary. Of course I'll try it for you."

On Friday evening two people, miles apart across the city, sat writing letters. One chewed on the stem of a pipe and scowled as he set down sentences. One ruffled sleek black hair into criss-cross points and wiped angrily at a tear blotch or two that fell.

Gary got his mail early at his office. He looked unbelievably at the letter from Lenore. So sorry. Some unexpected visitors from out of town. She must spend the week-end with them. She wouldn't be able to go to the house party.

Then the telephone rang. Anne's voice waivered in his ear. "Such a mess!" she scolded. "Mother's furious. You see I gave the right address. I couldn't think of any other. I never can think things up offhand."

Gary raced down the steps four at a time. The mail wouldn't have been delivered yet at Lenore's apartment. He could wait outside for the letter carrier. And he had an errand to do first.

He was carrying a large pasteboard box when he encountered Lenore's postman and assured him that he would carry up Lenore's mail. The postman was glad to avoid a climb up steep steps. He handed it to Gary, and Gary with a sigh of relief was tearing up a letter—

"May I ask," an icy voice said, "if you know that that's a penitentiary offense?"

"Oh, hello, Lenore," he stammered. And then feebly, "It wasn't a nice letter. You wouldn't want that old letter."

"Give me my letter."

"No," he said as they entered the hall. "B—but—" He ripped at the strings of the box and took out something red as the embers of a dying fire, edged by the gray of its ashes.

"My coat—"

"Oh, Lenore, darling! I've been wondering what on earth to tell you—and I have an inspiration. I'll tell you the truth. You remember the blond nitwit who interviewed you for a job yesterday? The one with the hard luck story. She was my Cousin Anne—and I thought if you turned her down after that story, you had a heart of flint and I couldn't take you to the house party—and marry you—and everything. And you did turn her down and I wrote to break the date."

"You did—"

"But then Anne told me you sent a big basket and a check out to her house. My aunt was furious. And you went without the coat. And I'm Sir Soft Head, darling, not Soft Heart, because I just began to realize that softness in business with your employer's money and softness outside are two entirely different things. Button the coat, will you, dear?"

Lenore's dimples were enchanting. After all, he had never known that almost all her money went for charity. Hence no coat for so long. She slipped into the red enchantment.

"Rise, Sir Soft Heart," she said. "Rise—and be forgiven."

### SHEEP-SHEARING OAK

The historical sheep-shearing oak is one of the most famous trees in Arlington National cemetery, Virginia. Estimated to be 300 years old, this tree was the scene of the shearing on the Arlington plantation of a valuable flock of imported merino sheep owned by George Washington Parke Custis.

## Find Out

From Your Doctor if the "Pain" Remedy You Take Is Safe.

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches, or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

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## Bayer Aspirin



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Kindly Feeling Where there is kindly feeling, injustices are easily put right.

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