

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"The Rookery"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

HERE'S a yarn from a man who has had a thousand adventures. Small wonder, too. It would be mighty surprising if he HADN'T had a thousand or so thrilling experiences in the course of his career. For twenty-five years he has been a member of the New York Police department—and those lads are paid to hunt trouble and to straighten it out when they find it.

So step up, boys and girls. Meet Police Sergeant Julian F. Rhodes of Grant City, Staten Island, N. Y., today's newest member of the Adventurers' club.

Sergeant Rhodes has had plenty of adventures all right. For 25 years, hardly a week went by that he didn't have some sort of a thrill or other. But the one that made the biggest impression on him was the first one that ever happened to him. And that's the experience he is going to tell us about today.

Green Cop Is Assigned to Tough Neighborhood.
It happened in the month of July, in the year 1908. Just a few weeks before, young Julian Rhodes had been appointed a patrolman by Theodore A. Bingham who was then police commissioner. The department assigned him to Second precinct, and he went to work at the old station house on Trinity place between Liberty and Cortlandt streets.

There weren't quite so many tall buildings in that downtown section in 1908. The second precinct took in everything west of Broadway, from Warren street right down to the Battery, and within those confines there were some pretty tough neighborhoods and some pretty hard-boiled citizens.

"There was one place in particular," says Julian, "a ramshackle tenement on West street called The Rookery. That gave the police a lot of trouble. The house was crowded with people of all nationalities, colors and creeds, and it was a common occurrence on Saturday nights, when a sufficient quantity of the alderman's whisky had been consumed, for the tenants to engage in a free-for-all fight in which men, women and children took part."

Julian Is Called to Settle Tenement Brawl.

That's the sort of place it was. They don't have slums of that sort today. We do have slums, of course, but the worst ones have been condemned and weeded out. But when Julian Rhodes was



They Battled Their Way Across the Dark Hallway.

a rookie cop, there were a lot of them scattered about lower New York, and the cops today are still having trouble with the criminals they breed.

But Julian, in his day, wasn't afraid of anything those tenements could produce. "Before my appointment to the Police department," he says, "I had been a blacksmith. I was proud of my strength and thought I had the average amount of courage, or maybe a little more than average. It took just one experience to get out of my head the idea that I was the strongest man in town, and that same experience taught me the true meaning of the word fear."

It was a Saturday night—the night when things were at their worst in The Rookery. Julian says he wasn't unduly alarmed when a little girl came running to him, crying that her father was threatening to kill her mother and the entire family. He started off on a run toward The Rookery, climbed up to the third floor, and forced open a door in the dark hallway.

"Well," says Julian, "there I was on the threshold of my greatest adventure in 25 years of service. The stage was, appropriately set for trouble. It was a three-room dwelling and every article of furniture in it was broken. The rooms were dark and reeked of the foul odor of stale liquor."

Drunken Maniac Threatens to Murder Family.

"In the front room, in the middle of the floor, a terrified woman knelt and pleaded for her life and the lives of the cowering children clustered around her, while towering over her stood a drunken maniac, a chair upraised, ready to crash down on her head."

Julian took in that scene, and if it inspired any fear in him, he didn't even notice it. He made a flying tackle—caught the drunken man about the knees and bowled him over. The chair fell from his grasp, and that made matters even. But suddenly, the drunken man caught Julian in a powerful grasp, and then Julian realized that he was dealing with a man who was stronger than he was.

Julian Thinks His Copper Days Are Over.

He was a big man, and he had Julian in a grip of iron. Julian struggled to his feet, but the man came after him, trying to get at Julian's gun. They battled their way across the room and out into the dark hallway. And that was where Julian learned what the word fear really meant. The drunken man suddenly pushed him up against the stair railing, wrapped his arms around him and started to throw him over the rail.

"I couldn't break his grip," Julian says, "but in a frenzy of terror I managed to turn around so that he was against the railing himself. We must have struggled there for ten minutes before he finally let loose his hold, and in that time I thought that my days as a cop were finished and wished I had stuck to my forge and anvil."

"At last, though, he tried to shift his grip, and I squirmed out of it. I dropped to the ground, got hold of his knees again, and did to him just what he had tried to do to me—threw him over the railing. He went crashing to the floor below and landed on his head, out for the count. Before he got his senses back, I had him in a cell."

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Self-Consciousness
What the world would very often mistake for conceit is a self-consciousness, a recognition of it. In our common conception of the word a conceited man is an empty fellow who bases his opinion of himself upon no true grounds. Very often great but untried men will take upon themselves the achievement of that which the world deems an impossibility. But if the man has that within him which will carry him through, he is to be commended. It is the ignorant fellow and puffed-up fool who is to be blamed.

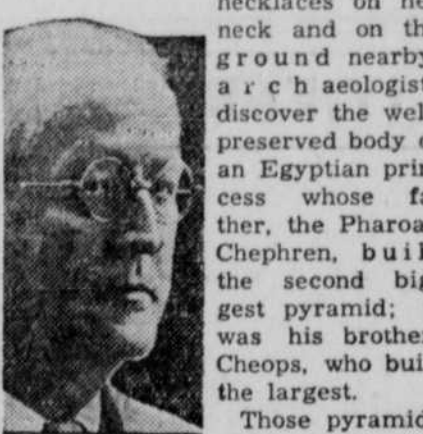
Home of Seabirds
Venice has been called the "Queen of the Adriatic" and the "Serene Seaport," but its oldest name was the "Sea-Birds' Home." Long before the Huns swept down on Italy there was a small population, the aboriginal Venetians, occupying the estuary, of whom Cassiodorus, secretary of Theodoric the Great, has left us a picture. The Huns drove refugees from Padua, Aquileia and other main cities to the lagoons to found a republic among the sea birds.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

In Ancient Nile Mud
England Keeps Ready
Let the Dead Sleep
Murder Starts Early

Paris.—Reclining on her side, her body covered with gold, gold necklaces on her neck and on the ground nearby, archaeologists discover the well-preserved body of an Egyptian princess whose father, the Pharaoh Chephren, built the second biggest pyramid; it was his brother, Cheops, who built the largest.



Arthur Brisbane

Those pyramids were tombs for kings, and searchers found the princess in one of them. The Nile mud seeping into the tomb had helped to preserve her.

That princess, living 5,000 years ago, could tell an interesting story for the movies. She "built herself a small pyramid with stones given to her by her many lovers." Where do you suppose she is now? In some strange Egyptian heaven, perhaps, with all those admirers around her.

England, alarmed by European war threats, issues an official "white paper" explaining why—

"The relation of our own armed forces to those of other great powers should be maintained at a figure high enough to enable us to exercise our influence and authority in international affairs."

Unfortunately for all plans, the airplane in the hands of a desperate nation might upset all national "authority," just as a pistol in the hands of a desperate man upsets individual and police authority.

One bullet will stretch individual authority in the dust; 1,000 airplanes, attacking the heart of a great city, might cause national "authority" to end in demoralization.

England's new defense increase will be largely in her air force; that wise nation knows that the real "ocean" in future wars will be the ocean of the air.

In a desert of southeastern Utah, men and women, belonging to the cult of "truth seekers," were gathered around the body of Mrs. Edith

Dakhal, who died more than a year ago. You read about it, perhaps.

Mrs. Ogden, leader of the "truth seekers," prayed over the body, which appeared marvelously preserved. The "truth seekers" believe they will bring the woman back to life, but the pathetic fact is that it would not in the least matter if they did.

The important thing is to improve the condition of 1,800,000,000 actually living on the earth. For one safely out of it to be brought back would be unimportant, in these days, and perhaps crucial.

America holds the world's "murder championship" for all kinds of murder, at all ages—quantity, quality, variety, volume.

A New Jersey boy, 16 years old, was sentenced to death.

In Wisconsin, a coroner reports that little David Holl, two months old, was killed by two boys four and three years of age.

They each held one hand of the younger one, and dropped it on the floor. It cried and would not stop. Then, one of the small boys explained, "We pounded him." These youngest "killers" puzzle the law. You can't "try" a four-year-old child.

Railroads tell the interstate commerce commission they would like fares reduced to two and a half cents a mile, instead of two cents. The railroads should have all possible consideration, for they have built up this country, but at two and a half cents a mile they will not compete successfully with automobiles carrying passengers for one-quarter of a cent a mile.

New York proposes to fingerprint everybody, new babies included. The baby of the future will be busy, with fingerprinting, tonsil and appendix removal, vaccination for smallpox and a half dozen other diseases.

The new treaty with France, reducing the duty on French wines and liquors by 50 per cent, interests California and other wine growing states. It should persuade them to stabilize the production of wines, establish official guarantees of purity, freedom from adulterations, mixtures, and especially "fortifying" with alcohol.

In Europe, notably in France, adulteration of wines is an offense against the law. With us, it is a business.

For advertising reasons, a group of men made long distance hike on a diet of broken grain to prove the superiority of that diet. They were surprised when 53 hikers showed a total loss of 211 pounds in weight, while one, 66 years old, showed a gain of three pounds.

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Beach Togs Tell New Fabric Trends

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IT IS not enough that beach outfits and active sports clothes be stylish and pleasing to the eye. It is not enough that they be merely practical and utilitarian. To qualify 100 per cent to the good your sun, sand and surf and your general outdoor play-around togs must be every whit as practical as they are chic and eye-appealing.

The cunning bathing and beach suit of gray print shown to the right in the picture is just that—thoroughly as practical as it is charming to look upon. Its claim to practicality is due to the fact that the sanforized-shrunk cotton of which it is made carries the promise of non-shrinking no matter how often it may happen to be water soaked. This very modern way of processing cottons and linens so that they cannot shrink insures your bathing wardrobe all season long, which, of course, means re-ent satisfaction in the final analysis of clothes logic.

Practical from another point of view, too, is this charming beach and swim ensemble, in that it is one of the very new and good-looking halter bathing suits with wrap-around skirt to tie on when you go meandering down the beach as fair maidens are wont to do.

Another story of achievement in the way of combining the practical with the highly chic and attractive in sports clothes is told in the new weight-controlling ensemble that allows one to lounge about the house, play ping-pong and go about home duties while accomplishing the

magic of shelving the extra poundage one longs to discard preparatory to getting one's self into shape for that svelte lithe appearance in one's bathing and beach suit. This miracle-working avoirdupois reducer is pictured in the foreground. A smart gym gob suit it is, made of an exceedingly good-looking crepe-texture rubber that keeps the pores of the body open and encourages a healthy perspiration. When that happens you can start making your swimming dates for to your glee and satisfaction the pounds will begin to roll off until normal weight is reached. These crepe-textured rubber gym gobs are styled in three comfortable pieces—slacks, shorts and shirt.

Big news and no doubt about it, is the beach and swimming suit in the new and startling front page newspaper print cotton. See it pictured to the left in the group. Prints this season are noted for novelty and certainly this newspaper-print cotton captures first honors in that respect. The fitted halter top which is lined with white wool jersey for extra comfort and proper contour, buttons at the front to the waistband of the one-piece wool-lined skirt and maillot. The separate cape has an attached hood and is lined with terry cloth throughout.

Very smart beach outfits of white pique are among the season's latest models. A stylish ensemble includes shorts, worn under a one-piece tunic that fastens all the way down the front (may be left open at will) with pique-covered buttons. A big floppy white fabric hat is worn.

Another interesting item is the hat made of pique that is nothing more than a brim which ties at the back. It is without crown and can be untied and flattened out to be washed and ironed.

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CHIC FOR SUMMER
By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Polka Dots in Style.
Mannish little polka dotted silk cravats and belts are worn with soft frocks and polka dot scarfs walk out with sports coats.

Window Cords and Washers

By MADELEINE DIAZ
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

SIXTY-YEAR-OLD John Henderson was the handy man who came to do odd jobs of repairing at 47 Gorton place, once a sedately fashionable private residence, now a modernized apartment house on the lower west side of town.

"Don't mind me," he told Daphne Jones, as he pattered over her kitchen sink. "All this here faucet needs is a new washer. You just go along with your tidying up and I'll be through in no time. I came early so as to get done before you had to start work—figuring as how most of the parties in the house is office folks."

"I don't have to leave for fifteen minutes," she said. "You were considerate to come now."

"Well, I'm like that," Mr. Henderson admitted without reluctance. "Always figuring out how I can do a good turn to someone whether I know 'em or not. And just now I was saying to myself as I come in it was just too bad you didn't live in a hotel. It's nice enough here for young married folks but for a lone young girl like you 't would be a whole lot pleasanter in one of them new girls' hotels. I was doing some fixing in one yesterday, up in the east sixties. Rooms are awful small but, sakes alive, they don't need much room! There's reading rooms and reception rooms and everything downstairs, where the girls can get together and have a real pleasant time. It's a heap jollier and safer, seems to me, for a young girl like you than living here all alone, and probably 't wouldn't cost you a cent more neither. They have parties every here and there where the girls can fix up their own breakfasts and—"

"But I really do like it better here—I'm sure I do," Daphne told Mr. Henderson, taking his suggestions in the spirit in which they were given. Of course there wasn't any use in trying to explain that she would very much rather be lonely by herself than lonely with a lot of other girls—most of them just as lonely as she—in a crowded, noisy hotel.

"Well of course you're fixed up nice here," said Mr. Henderson, looking about at the small neatly arranged supply of pots and pans in Daphne's small kitchen. "Interested in cooking?"

"Why, yes, I do like to cook."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Henderson, soothingly. "Just naturally a home body even if you do work in an office. That sort of explains things. Well it's only right and natural a girl should like to cook."

Ten minutes later Daphne was on her way to her office and Mr. Henderson had gained entrance to the apartment two flights above.

"Don't mind me," he told the young man who, shaving brush in hand, had opened the door for him. "Came to fix up that there window cord of yours and thought I'd get here before you'd left. I always try to be as obliging as I can. You just go ahead with your shaving and I'll be through in no time."

"Thanks a lot," said Robert Shaw, the young man with the shaving brush. "I overslept a bit or you wouldn't have found me in now."

"Well," said Mr. Henderson, "I can't blame you if you came in a little late. Natural for a young man like you to want to get about a bit. And say, I was just thinking how much handier it would be for you if you took a room in one of these here new Y. M. C. A. places. They've got swimming pools and billiards and everything. You can have all the fun you want and not have to go out for it. You'd probably save money, too."

"I'm not so fond of going out," Robert told Mr. Henderson. "Fact is, I wasn't out late last night at all. Just sat here reading till two o'clock."

"Kinda lonely, I suppose. Well I was that way too at your age. Lonely and kinda shy. We've been married now thirty-five years—Sarah and me. Took a couple of years before I could tell her I cared for her and all the time was wondering what ailed me that I didn't. Funny thing about young folks."

"Not so funny sometimes," Robert said, as much to himself as to the handy man.

"One way it is and one it isn't," said Mr. Henderson. "There's a girl down below here in this building. As pretty and sweet and good looking as a bunch of sweet clovers, likes to cook and as much as said she'd like a home of her own. She 'pears to be lonely and shy too—"

"Second floor front?"

"Sure thing," said Mr. Henderson with a chuckle, and still chuckling went on with his tinkering.

"But why didn't you tell me you were willing to have me come back?" Robert asked Daphne that evening after he had summoned courage to ring her door bell and take his accustomed place in her cheerful living room.

"I didn't want you to know because I didn't think you cared," Daphne told him. "But I still don't know how you knew I was lonely, and wanted you back."

"It's a matter of washers and window cords," said Robert with a smile that made Daphne think that explanations didn't matter.

Household Questions

Cut out old canes in raspberry bushes when they are through bearing fruit. These canes will never bear fruit again.

When making pastry use only enough water to hold ingredients together. Mix quickly, roll and handle as little as possible if you wish pastry to be flaky.

Annual seeds of such plants as annual poppies, larkspur, sweet alyssum if sown out of doors now in equal parts of soil and coarse sand will be strong enough to live through the winter if well protected.

Oil or oily substances should never be used on waxed floors. They soften the wax, sink into wood and eventually darken it.

Lingerie must be tinted occasionally to preserve its dainty appearance. A faded blue garment will tint a pink dye, a pale yellow will shade into a delicate green if dipped in blue dye and a pink dye will change the yellow to a shell pink. Be sure to use small quantities of the dye for these pastel shades.

The fat side of beef should be placed nearest the flame when roasting. The melting fat will flavor and baste the meat during the cooking.

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