

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"The Joke That Wasn't Funny"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, I don't suppose anybody exactly relishes the idea of death for any reason, but you can't get around the fact that some reasons for dying are more pleasant than others. The long list of the world's martyrs seems to suggest that death isn't quite so terrible when you're dying for a good and worthy cause.

But on the other hand, it must be pretty awful to be facing your doom on account of nothing more important than a practical joke.

That's what happened, though, to CHARLEY DI GIACOMO, of Paterson, N. J., on March 8, 1923, at the Peoples Bank in Paterson. Death came for him riding on the butterfly wings of a laugh—came for him at his place of business, just as he was getting ready to leave for the night.

It happened so suddenly that for a moment Charley could hardly realize what had happened. He was putting his books away in the big vault when his friend Bill, another clerk in the bank, called out, "Hurry up, Charley, or I'll lock you in." Then he heard the door click shut. It was seconds before he realized that that ominous click meant death.

Bill's Thoughtless Gag Threatens to Smother Charley.

Bill hadn't meant to shut that door. He'd only been kidding—only meant to close it part way. But at the last moment the heavy portal had slipped from his hands. Too late he realized he had shut the door to an air-tight vault—a vault in which a man could live only a few hours—a vault equipped with a time lock that couldn't be opened till the next morning!

Bill called Garret Kuiken, the assistant cashier, who was still in the bank. Kuiken called the fire department, and the firemen called out half of Paterson. They got crews from the electric light company, crews of structural iron workers and concrete workers. They sent for an ambulance for they knew Charley Di Giacomo would need it before they got him out. Then they set to work with drills trying to punch a hole through the side of the vault.

While crew after crew arrived on the scene the firemen worked frantically, but their labors were futile. A bank vault is built to keep people out of it, but it isn't an easy thing to GET people out of. And



"Hurry Up, Charley, Or I'll Lock You In."

meanwhile poor Bill, the cause of all the trouble, was taken home in a state of collapse, tormented by the thought that his joke had caused the death of his friend Charley.

It Looked as if the Vault Would Be Charley's Tomb.

Again the drills began clattering at the top of the vault. Would he live until they could get him out? That's something Charley didn't know himself. When that door had closed on him it had taken him a few seconds to realize the gravity of his predicament.

"When I remembered that the door couldn't be opened till the next morning," he says, "I was stunned—for how long I cannot say. Everything was quiet. I could hear the thumping of my heart. I felt alone and helpless like a man buried a thousand miles under ground. I pulled myself together. I knew I must keep calm."

The concrete workers arrived and a pneumatic drill was brought into play on the top of the vault. After an hour's work they succeeded in drilling a small hole in the top of the vault. Would Charley still be conscious? The president of the bank just came on the scene, put his mouth to the hole and called: "Are you all right boy?" There was no answer. But after a moment a piece of twisted paper was thrust up through the opening. On it was scrawled one word, "Hurry!"

There Wasn't Any Air Left for Charley to Breathe.

"At first I could breathe, but I knew that the air wouldn't last long. I was standing up when they began to pound on the sides of the vault. The din was so terrific that I stuffed my fingers in my ears. But I was happy to know help had arrived.

"The place seemed to be getting hot. Breathing began to be harder. I broke out in a cold sweat and got down on the floor where the air was better. For hours I lay there, gasping for breath. My body was feverish. I began to pray that they would be in time."

Charley's lungs were aching. He was burning up inside. As time went on breathing became almost impossible. His tongue hung out and he licked at the side of the vault because it felt cool. His head was spinning. Tears were rolling down his face. His stomach was turning and he thought he would go mad.

The Cost of Humor Is Pretty High, Sometimes.

"I felt like dashing my head against the walls," he says. "Everything was getting hazy. The end was near when I looked up and saw a hole. I struggled to a chair, stood on it and pushed a note through. Then I fell to the floor, unconscious."

It took them five hours to open a breach in that two-foot-thick wall of battleship steel. Charley's face was blue, his eyes bulging and his tongue hanging out of his mouth when, at last, they got him out into the air.

His hearing was gone and he still can't hear as well as he once could. For weeks he lay in bed recovering from the shock. The doctors say he will never be quite the same again and won't be able to do indoor work for many years. It's a pretty tough price to pay—for another guy's sense of humor.

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Variety of Flavors

A classification of many of the eucalyptus trees reads like a catalog of flavoring extracts for cake-making. Some of them, says the Los Angeles Times, are the peppermint gum, lemon-scented gum, apple-scented gum and sugar gum. The crushed leaves of these trees actually have the designated odors. The peppermints are the tallest trees in the world. The almost unbelievable heights of the tallest eucalyptus trees vary from 400 to almost 600 feet. It is said that there is a eucalyptus tree near Sydney 525 feet high. One of the modest cousins of these giants of the eucalyptus family is known as Eucalyptus polyanthemos, or the Australian beech. It is one of the hardiest and most drought resistant of the small types of eucalyptus.

Abraham's Gardens

Gardens are recorded in ancient accounts of the journey of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees to the Land of Canaan, says the New York World, gardens that flourished in approximately 2000 B. C. The record is, as follows: "When the caravan stopped for a long time in one place the women cultivated the soil. They raised lettuce, onions, radishes, beans, lentils, cauliflower, cabbage, carrots and beets. The seeds they carefully saved and carried from place to place. Sometimes when they found a new spot they planted it. In larger fields they raised wheat, rye and barley to feed their cattle and make bread for themselves. The men could not help much in cultivating the soil because they had to care for the herds, hunt and fight."

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Hear the Noble Lord
He Sees a New Germany
A Must for the U. S. A.
Strength Alone Protects

An association called "The Anglo-German Fellowship," a name which shows that men forget wars as easily as they do seasickness, gave a dinner in London in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, who are Germans, as was the British royal family originally.

Among other speakers at the dinner, Lord Lothian talked Arthur Brisbane about war, the importance of doing something to satisfy Germany, now that Germany is strong enough to fight back.

Lord Lothian has discovered that it is one thing to deal with dissatisfied populations when they are unarmed, and a very different thing to deal with the same dissatisfied populations when they are fully armed.

The British made that discovery for themselves long ago, before Lord Lothian was born, in the process of building up their great empire. If the Boers, Hindus, Zulus and some others had been as thoroughly armed as they were thoroughly dissatisfied, the British empire would be smaller.

Americans who want to know what Europeans, including the English, are thinking and planning, will be interested in the following statement by Lord Lothian concerning Germany. It has been suggested that England and France should pacify Germany by giving back some of the colonial properties taken from Germany at the end of the war. Lord Lothian is one of the numerous Englishmen who do not believe in "giving things back."

"Personally, I do not believe that the problem can be solved along the lines of the restoration to Germany of the old German colonies. That would not solve Germany's difficulties, and things have changed since 1914. The question must be considered on much wider lines. All the colonial nations must be willing to make their contribution to a transfer of territory. The new world as well as the old must be willing once more to reopen its doors to trade and migration."

The statement of the noble lord that "the new world as well as the old MUST be willing," etc., has no pleasant sound in American ears. The word "must," especially, is one that a wise Englishman could hardly apply to the United States after 1776. Lord Lothian probably meant that the United States "ought," not that it "MUST," once more reopen its doors to trade and migration.

The United States, it is to be hoped, will decide for itself about reopening its doors to trade and immigration. This country needs more of the immigration that made it what it is—it is NOT a redskin country, its people came from Europe, and it needs many millions more of the same kind. It also needs, and the majority of its people intend to keep, American jobs, American wages and American money for the people who live and work in the United States.

There is nothing like being strong and prepared for trouble. You notice how differently Germany appears in the eyes of France and other nations surrounding her today, as compared with the years after the war. Hear Lord Lothian on that subject:

"Germany now has both equality and strength. Reparations have gone. Part V of the Treaty of Versailles has gone. The demilitarization of the Rhineland has gone, and the sooner that recovery of her natural right to self-defense is accepted without further discussion the better. Germany is rearmed. It only remains for the British government to abandon once and for all the fatal system whereby she first has a conference with her friends and then presents the results as a kind of ultimatum to Germany—the system represented by the recent questionnaire—and to substitute for it free and equal and frank discussion around a table. The old system is not equality, either for Germany or for ourselves."

What telephone girl in America has the softest, most beautiful, most easily understood voice? That question was asked in England and a Miss Cain won the competition arranged by the British postoffice, which owns British telephones and telegraph. The finest voice having been selected, a robot was manufactured to imitate that voice by phonographic process. Now, when you want to know the time in London, you dial "Tim" and the soft voice of Miss Cain, perfectly reproduced, tells you: "At the third stroke it will be four twenty-seven and fifteen seconds—"

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Flair for Hand-Quilted Fashions

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



UP TO comparatively a short time ago handquilting was regarded as a form of needlework to be utilized and reserved for luxurious intimate apparel, robes, bed-jackets, negligees and such. The thought no longer holds good. The emergence of hand-quilting from boudoir environs becomes a high-style event—the dawn of a new era for this exquisite needle work.

That faithful perennial back-to-college clothes problem is with us again. By way of a new and interesting approach to the subject suppose we talk about the perfectly fascinating hand-quilted sports coats and evening jackets such as are now proudly showing in shops that make boast of being ever "first" in fashion.

Tuck away one or more of these cunning and chic hand-quilted garments in your back-to-school wardrobe. Wear 'em on the campus and to parties and proms and you will excite the admiration and envy of the whole college. If you think this is an exaggerated way of putting it, please take one long look at the hand-quilted fashions here pictured. The argument is closed, n'est ce pas?

Hand-quilting really dates back to early history, some of the oldest pieces originating in China and India. In the general art revival of the Renaissance period Trapunto quilting came into existence, the same accomplished by quilting the design in double lines, raising the space between into a bas relief effect by drawing through wisps of soft wool to form a padding.

Women especially in north of England and in northern Italy created unusually artistic and original pieces of hand-quilting. Via the English route the art of quilting was brought over by the English

settlers whose descendants, farmers' wives, living in the mountains of Kentucky carry on the work today.

Visions of the possibilities in this attractive handiwork, current style creators have put experts in voguish costume design at the service of native workers and thus is added to hand-quilted garments now showing in the shops.

The new sport coats and evening jackets now featuring in the fashion picture are made mostly of hand-blocked linens, cottons, smart satins, sheer woolsens and dainty challis. There are flowery prints, geometrical designs, checks and plaids as well as plain colors in flattering combinations.

The stunning swaggar coat in the picture is made of hand-blocked challis in brilliant plaid. It is lined with plain linen. Just the thing for campus wear or to stroll about town on an early coolish autumn day.

The good-looking model to the right at the top makes an ideal knockabout country club coat. The original was done in brown lines. The pronounced vogue for satin this fall bespeaks the appeal of a hand-quilted coat thereof fashioned in like manner.

The sports cardigan "set" shown in foreground is of bright monotone fabric lined with a gay print, the complementary waistcoat being of match-color pique with silver coin buttons to add to its lure. The evening jacket (in panel) is in a Trapunto design on silk-finished linen with contrasting lining. This model comes in exquisite Chinese colorings. A perfect accessory to complete an autumn campus frock is shown to left above. This roundabout jacket is reversible and has contrasting lacing.

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TAILORED SILK

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Emphasis is on the tailored theme for pajama costumes. The pajamas pictured is typical. This two-piece is tailored of gray silk shantung with glove stitching to give it fine finesse. This model is not only good to wear at a resort or at countryside, one may even drop in to see a friend and wear this conservatively styled pajama costume with perfect propriety.

LOOKING AHEAD TO COATS FOR WINTER

Those who prefer to ignore the heat by focusing their thoughts on the winter and fur coats will find sufficient different styles in the shops to keep them guessing for hours as to which is the most important. If they're wise they'll choose the most becoming silhouette and forget about the others.

Outstanding in fur fashions is the flared silhouette, the width of hemline contrasted with the slenderness of the waistline. A coat of this type is obviously dressy, so the busy woman may prefer to pass it by in favor of a straightline "topcoat" model which proves serviceable from morning until night.

Fall Hosiery to Glisten in Bright Copper Tones

A penny—or rather a copper—for your thoughts if you're thinking of colors that are good in hosiery at the moment. The copper tones are important—shades that glisten with the bright bronze of a new penny, or of your burnished copper teakettle. The copper casts will continue into the fall, the fashion makers tell us, because they consort so well with the new autumn colors in fabrics and shoes. New taupes and grays are also coming into the picture.

Wine Tones Are Popular in Fashions for Autumn

The prominence of wine tones, grapes and vintage greens in the first fall fashions springs from the Exposition Vinicole at the Tuileries in Paris. American women have already caught this Bacchanalian note in fashion. Evidences of its presence are seen in clusters of grapes worn in the hair for evening, wine colors in the first fall hats and leaf motifs in trimming.

The Wedding Reunion

By FLORENCE SMITH
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DOROTHY rested easily in the comfortable chair of the special Pullman car that was taking the guests to Hazel Thompson's wedding. It was hard to believe that she was part of that gay throng after staying home on the farm all summer. After graduation the rest of the girls in her class had been on European trips or away at the seashore having lively times at the summer hotels. It really was delectable of Hazel to have her down now. They'd been roommates at college of course, but Hazel knew that Dorothy didn't have much money, and a lot of girls couldn't have included her in their party.

There were gay greetings all around her—"Hello, darling. I hear you're going back to Paris this winter. So am I—we'll have a knockout time together!" "Joan, did you hear about Gladys? Well, it's a long story but she eloped and her father's fit to be tied. He says he's going to leave her out of his will."

"Oh, well, she can get a divorce and then stage a family reconciliation. You know Gladys—she's likely to do anything," retorted Joan, dropping into the chair nearest to Dorothy's. "Oh, hello, Dorothy. Haven't seen you since graduation. How's tricks?"

But without waiting for Dorothy to answer, Joan had turned her back to Dorothy after an inspection of her dress. "Speaking of love and elopement and such things," she remarked to the other girls, "wait till you see the best man. He's absolutely the best looking male specimen I've yet laid eyes on. With a whole week of parties in romantic country—well, girls, just give me free rein. I warn you all—I'm out to kill."

"What's his name?" "Who is he?" "Is he blond or brunette?" "His name is Joe Douglass. He's only been out of Yale for a year and he's a striking brunette. I've never met anyone like him. I had lunch with Hazel and her fiance and him when she was in town to buy her trousseau."

Dorothy met Joe Douglass that afternoon, but Joan ran over to him with one of the latest jokes, and pulled him away before he had much more than acknowledged the introduction. Dorothy liked his looks—the nice steady look in his eyes, his square chin, his broad shoulders.

At the dance that night, everyone appeared at his or her best. Joe danced with Dorothy and told her a few things about his life. He had been working with an oil company since he finished college and within a couple of months he was to be transferred to Shanghai.

The days passed. But Dorothy saw little of Joe. There were polo games between the men and women—but Dorothy had never cared for riding horseback. Joan was an expert horsewoman. They all went swimming together, but Dorothy was not a very good swimmer. Joan, however, was proud of her speed in the water.

"Can't you do anything?" cried Joan at dinner one night as she addressed Dorothy. Dorothy blushed when everyone turned around to see who Joan had spoken to. Then, suddenly, she regained her poise and threw her head back, laughing.

"Well, I can cook and straighten up a house and sew," she said. "And I can play the piano. Outside of that—well, that's about all."

"Bravo, Dorothy!" cried Mr. Thompson. "You're O. K. And I wish my daughter Hazel were as well equipped to make Daniel as good a wife as you'll make the man you marry!"

A terrible thing happened two days later at the Thompson's house party. The girl who was to be maid of honor at the wedding was taken sick. It looked like a case of the flu and she was required to stay in bed.

Hazel was extremely upset. "Just my luck," she said to Joan.

"Well, it can't be helped, so it's up to you to choose another maid of honor. I'm an applicant for the position—in fact the dress will just fit me, and—" But Joan was interrupted.

"And it will fit Dorothy, too," said Hazel quietly. "I'm going to hunt her up and tell her she's elected." So when the day of the wedding arrived, Dorothy walked down the aisle of the pretty church alone, just in front of the bride. Looking straight ahead, her eyes met those of Joe Douglass as he and the groom waited.

Later that evening after all the excitement had died down Joe escorted Dorothy to a secluded corner of moonlit lawn.

"I don't want to rush you, Dorothy, but—well, I'm in love with you, and I haven't much time before I'll have to sail. Then I'll be so far away and for so long a time—unless you'll go along with me to cook, straighten up the house—and play the piano for me—won't you marry me, Dorothy dear?"

Dorothy knew from the softness of his voice and the sincerity in his eyes that what he said were his true feelings. She didn't give a verbal answer but Joe found her way of saying yes quite understandable and satisfying.

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