

Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club
Hello Everybody!



"Two Wanted Men"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, in some of these adventure yarns I've been telling you, everything seems to happen all in a split second. Just one—two—three and it's all over, with action every doggone minute.

Then there are other yarns in which there's darned little action, and the suspense of the story lies in the fact that some poor devil has to stand still while death comes creeping up on him. That sort of adventure drags out for a long time. But the yarn I'm going to tell you today is like both of those above-mentioned types of adventures. It went on for a long time, and every doggone minute of that time was packed with danger and suspense. And at the same time, it was so full of action that you'd have a hard time packing another single movement into it.

It's one of the most thrilling tales I've come across in quite a while, and the heroes today go to a Chicago policeman—Alber Rickett.

Wild Chase After Automobile Thieves.

It was a cool September afternoon in 1927. Al was off duty and with time on his hands, he went over to the home of his pal, Emmett Hartnett, for a visit. After he'd been there awhile, they decided it would be a good idea to go for a ride. Emmett got a car and they drove around for about two hours.

They were on their way to a restaurant at Archer and Western avenues when things began to happen. As they came to Rockwell street, a small sedan passed them. There were two men in the car, and Al recognized them both as automobile thieves!

Al told Emmett to turn around and follow that car. They were catching up to it when the thieves spotted the auto behind them and recognized Al as a policeman. They stepped on the gas—and the chase was on!

The car in front of them leaped ahead. Emmett stepped on it and followed. The faster they went, the faster the smaller car ahead traveled. Al pulled out his gun and fired one shot. But the car ahead didn't stop.

Both those gas buggies were tearing along down the street at close to top speed. The scenery was fairly whizzing past, and people along the way stopped to stare at a race they had never seen the like of outside of a race track.

Bullets Didn't Stop Them.

Gun in hand, Al opened the door and climbed out on the running board to get a better shot at his quarry. As Emmett drove and the car careened along the wide street he fired again and again. Still the car ahead sped on!

Now, Al could see that they were gaining on the crooks. The small car didn't have enough speed to outdistance the big one in which they were riding. Al continued to fire until they reached Kedzie avenue, and then his revolver was empty.

The big car had almost caught up to the little one now. Bit by bit they gained until at last Al's car was nosing up beside the one in which the two thieves were riding. They were running almost hood to hood now, and Al could have reached out and touched the other auto, when suddenly the front car turned sharply.

They had just reached St. Louis avenue. Al saw the crooks' car swerving toward them, but before he had a chance to do anything about it, there was a crash. The crooks sideswiped them, knocking them over to the side of the street.

There was another crash as the car lurched into a telephone pole, but Al wasn't inside the car when it hit. As the two cars came together he was caught between them and knocked down on the running board.

Al Was Dragged by the Fleeing Car.

Then, as the smaller car veered away again, his right leg was pinched between its rear fender and the bumper. He felt a tug at that leg—felt himself falling to the pavement—and then he was being dragged along behind the fleeing car.

The car was out of control now. The crook at the wheel was trying to keep it going straight, but it shot up over the curb on the other side of the street. It crossed the sidewalk and plunged on over a stretch of bare, water-soaked prairie.

Dragged along behind it, Al felt a terrific bump as his body was pulled over the curb. There was a terrible pain in his imprisoned leg where the tire was scraping the flesh away. His back and sides were being bruised and lacerated.

The car traveled a hundred feet through the prairie and by that time Al was numb from pain and shock. Then the car bogged down in the mud and came to a stop. Al's clothes had been literally torn from his body by then, but he still had his gun clutched tightly in his hand.

"There was no chance to use it," he says, "but as soon as the car came to a halt, I began struggling to get my leg out of its trap. The driver jumped out and ran north across the prairie.

Got Him With the Empty Gun.

"At last I got my leg loose and crawled out from under the car. I raised my gun and pulled the trigger, but all I got was a click of the hammer. In the excitement I had forgotten that I emptied the gun during the chase."

As the gun clicked, the second man leaped from the car and started to run. And then Al made the pinch of his life. Helpless and unable to walk, much less run after the fleeing crook, he got up on his feet and threw the empty gun after him.

That gun went straight to the mark. It caught the crook on the back of the head and he fell forward on his face—out cold. At that same moment Emmett extricated himself from his wrecked car and came running across the street. He grabbed the crook.

Emmett took them both to a restaurant a block away and there he called the station house. They took Al to the hospital, and he stayed there for three months, getting over the injury to his leg. The rear tire had ground a ridge right into his flesh as the car dragged him across the prairie.

The crook he caught drew a fourteen-year sentence. The other one was shot down by an Englewood policeman three days later—in another stolen car.

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Koala Bear About Half an Inch Long When Born

The koala bear, Australia's most popular native, is a lovable live toy, writes Mason Warner in the Chicago Tribune. He never grows very big. The young are born in an immature state, little more than half an inch in length, and are carried and developed in the mother's pouch for about six months, at the end of which time the baby measures about six inches in length, weighs about six ounces, and sports a fine fur coat.

For three or four months longer the mother carries the cub on her back, where it holds on with its arms around her neck, or clings to her bosom with her protecting arms around it. But the pouch is still used until the young one has grown too big to get into it. Maternal care and protection continue till the cub is a year old. A mother will hold her infant on her lap and fondle and stroke it in almost human fashion.

ion. When molested, a little one will whimper and cry like a hurt baby.

The koala reaches maturity at about four years and may live to reach the age of twenty. Full grown ones weigh about 30 pounds and measure 24 to 30 inches from tip of nose to where the tail would begin if they had a tail. They range in color from dark gray to brown.

The Australian native bear loves the tall eucalyptus trees and he is adapted to its environment. He can climb the smooth, barkless trees with ease and grace. His powerful limbs and strong, sharp claws enable him to keep his position aloft unperturbed in the fiercest gales.

The koala is the personification of indolent leisure. He does not move about while the sun is high. He sits and sleeps in the croch of a tree most of the day. He apparently becomes active only to eat, and prefers to go from the limb of one tree to the limb of another rather than descend to the ground.

Beguiling Silks This Summer

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



YARDS and yards and yards of entrancing silk sheers will go floating and billowing through the evening mode this summer. Airy-fairy, vaporous, frothy and transparent tulles, nets, organzas, chiffons, marquises, mousseline de soies and other as filmy fabrics have an importance this season such as they have not achieved in years.

The vast yardage that goes into the making of the new romantic full-skirted dance frocks is almost unbelievable. Certain Paris dressmakers are using as much as forty yards for a single gown—the type (slim bodice and voluminous skirt over stiff petticoats) that "us moderns" regarded as belonging to quaint century-past scenes, but scarcely expected to see revived in our own day and generation. Yet here they are dancing before your very eyes into the current style picture.

The skirts of these picturesque gowns vary, from floor-touching to the very new ballerina type. Nothing in the way of a dance frock so startled the world of fashion this season as the appearance of the waltz frock which Schiaparelli brought forth. Now that we are getting used to the idea, this soufflé silhouette which caused such a sensation at the openings is developing into a big vogue among the younger dancing set. The frock centered in the group illustrated plays up the new favorite. It is made of white mousseine de soie exquisitely detailed with tiny tufts on the waist and wee buttons that fasten at the back.

Some of the more informal waltz frocks are often of printed silk with perhaps shirred fullness at the waistline like a girdle or with flaring pleats in the peasant skirt. The bodice is neat and slim at the waist.

With demure square neckline in front and cunning short puff sleeves.

Not that all party dresses are full skirted, but the fragile sheers and gay silk prints certainly do make up beautifully in full-skirted versions.

The gown to the right and to the left in the picture demonstrates the effectiveness of sheer material for the evening mode. The lovely summery redingote model shows up the exquisiteness of transparent materials to a nicely. It is designed of two tones of chiffon—green over yellow, with ties at the neckline and back waistline. A brown orchid corsage adds the final accent to an arterial color study.

If there is one type of dress that is running away with the honors more so than the redingote styles it is the bolero costume. Not only are the redingote and the bolero important daytime features but they are just as significant throughout the evening mode. Here, to the left in the picture, is a lovely bolero dress for summer night, moonlight dancing under the stars. White silk marquise is the chosen medium for this pretty ensemble. Large floral appliques on the bolero and the skirt add color glory to the scene.

Silk sheers featured for evening gowns are also suggested in dark colors, the latest being bold and glamorous plaid transparencies or stripes if you prefer. Triple sheers are also shown in luscious plain colors or in exotic prints. Some of the silk marquises are flock-dotted or embroidered.

Clever and ornate trimmings that accent the width of swirling hemlines include bands of contrasting colors, full stiff ruchings, borders of delicate lace, sprays of natural looking flowers positioned effectively, also scalloped or picoted edges.

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COSTUME ACCENTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



It's a daisy, she is a daisy—getting our pronouns somewhat confused—but perhaps it would be better to study this picture of a modish young miss and figure it out for yourself. The soft white petals with fluffy yellow gold centers of the most American of flowers, form the crown of a charming hat by Jean King. A rough natural straw braid of circular weave is the brim, and the hat is worn tilted slightly over one eye. A Victorian scroll monogram craft pin beautifully wrought in gold, tines to the glinting gold highlights in the straw of the hat as it clasps a sweetly feminine jabot made of the daintiest of dainty valing. The secret that the young woman pictured would tell you is that carefully selected flattering accessories play a big part in the fine art of dress.

Doubles for Evening

Detachable sheer silk overskirts in evening costumes sometimes do double duty as evening wraps.

Sailor Most Popular

The sailor hat is the most popular shape in Paris.

GRADUATES SHOULD THINK OF GLOVES

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Gloves have always been a mark of sophistication. If this year's crop of sweet girl graduates realized that, there would be a rush for the glove counter. Most of the time, we are so concerned over the big items, like the dress, that we forget about the things that go-with, those little tell-tale touches.

Most schools require a simple, youthful white dress. The majority of these are the short-sleeved, garden-party variety. In the prep and high schools, they are almost informal evening dresses. Such formality with no gloves? Your hands will look much prettier when accepting your diploma if they are well gloved in snow-white glace kid. There is such a variety of little short formal gloves in the shops that you should have fun choosing the pair that particularly suits your dress.

And don't forget gloves for the spring proms. It's not so much the basic costume as the finishing that makes a well-dressed woman. Gloves are indispensable to even the most divine evening dress. Nude hands are fast fading out of the picture. You must look feminine and romantic these days. And don't you feel a lot more dressed up when you wear gloves? You can indulge your taste for long ones or very short ones as both are correct.

Evening Fashions

Fashions for evening, in contrast to daytime, are elaborate, very formal and decollete. Skirts just touch the floor, although you'll see some of the new ankle-length dance frocks introduced at the Paris midseason openings.

Colorful Corset

The color contagion has spread to corsets and there is a youthful corsette available in all the better stores which may be ordered dyed in any one of a dozen colors to match your evening gown or your new suit.

Charming Panel to Crochet



for making the panels shown; illustrations of the panel and of the stitches used; material requirements.

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"Quotations"

—△—

Man cannot live without some great purpose outside himself. — Andre Maurois.

People are always moved by gallantry and integrity.—Eva Le Gallienne.

We look backward too much; thus we lose the passing moment.—William Lyon Phelps.

All life is a craving for possession and jealousy is merely the instinct to guard that craving and to defend possessions.—Havelock Ellis.

Time Is a River

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong in its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away.

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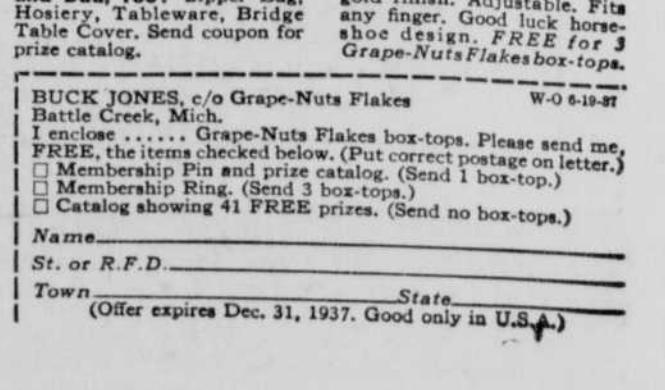
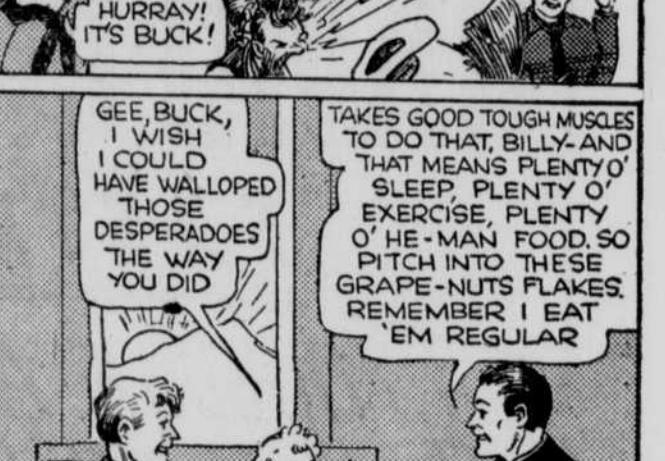
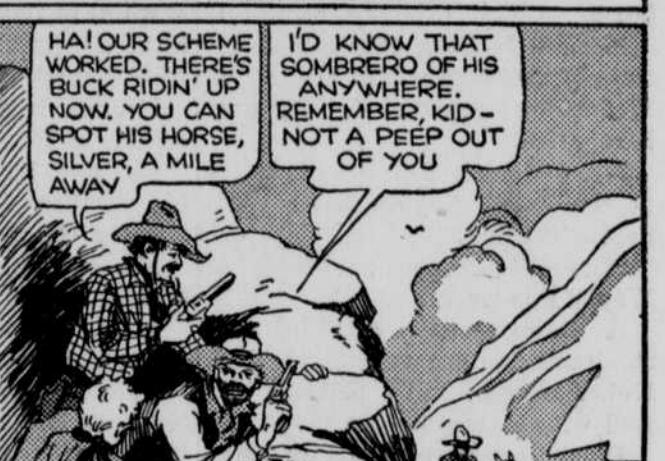
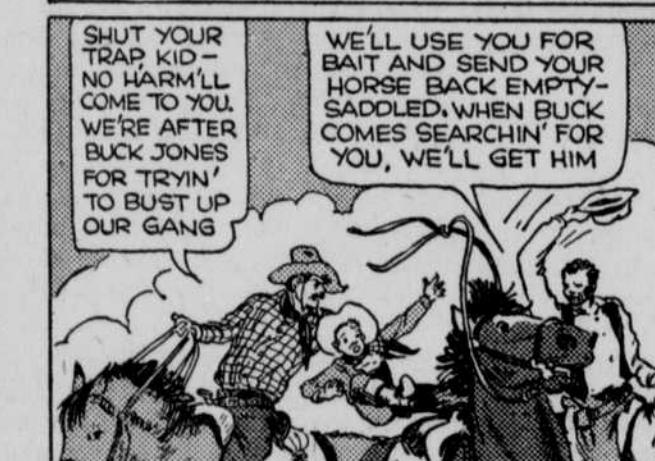
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