

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Assassins of the Nile"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, I have often said that you'll find adventure close to home a darned sight easier than you will roaming the world. One who goes traveling in search of thrills usually doesn't find any until he gets back into his own bailiwick again. But there are exceptions to every rule—and here's one of them. George C. Dorste of Bardonia, Rockland county, N. Y., met his biggest thrill when he was thousands of miles away from home and in a strange exotic country.

The country was Egypt, and George landed there in the course of his travels as a fireman on a tramp steamer. The steamer was carrying scrap iron, unloading it in consignments of various sizes at ports along the Nile river and its many branches. The year was 1912, and the ship had traveled part way up the Nile and was anchored in the river just south of the town of Medinet El Falyum.

The ship was anchored not far from a pier. The weather is pretty hot in Egypt. In the afternoon, particularly, the sun beats down with such intensity that it is next to impossible for anybody but a native to do any work. It was at the height of the hot season, and the crew of the steamer, dripping sweat from every pore of their bodies, were just about all in. Along in the afternoon the skipper gave orders for all hands to knock off work for the rest of the day.

The men didn't argue about that. Most of them just walked to the shadiest spot they could find on that hot ship, flopped on the deck and rested. But there were a half dozen young fellows—George among them—who had a better idea. They stripped off their clothes and dived over the side into the water.

A Dandy Day for Lazy Sport.

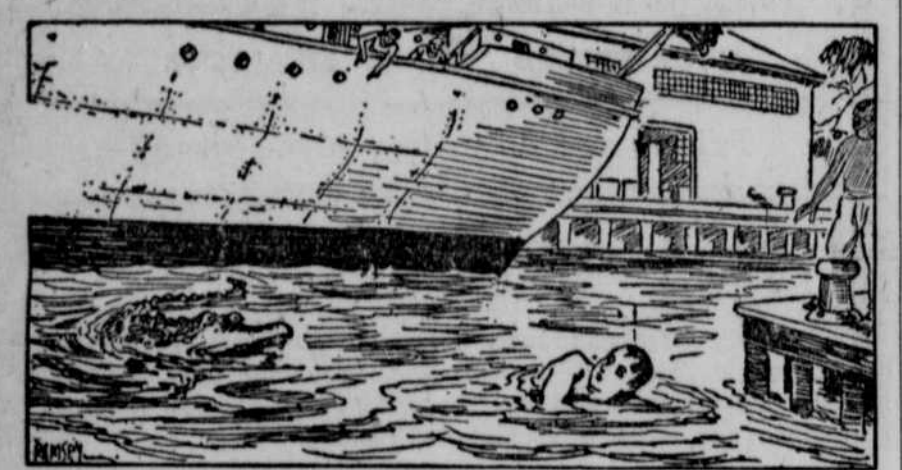
The water was cool and refreshing. Those lads were in it, off and on, for the better part of the afternoon. They came out, now and then, for a breathing spell on the ship's deck, but the sun beating down on the iron hull of the vessel made it so hot that they were glad to get back in the water again.

The afternoon wore on and the sun began sinking toward the horizon. As its scorching rays withdrew little by little, the day became cooler. One by one the swimmers climbed back aboard the steamer and stayed there. Finally all of them were out of the water except one. And that one man was George Dorste.

George loved the water and he hated to leave it. He was swimming some distance away from the ship's side, and about half-way between it and the pier. As he splashed about in the river he heard a voice calling on shore and, looking up, saw a native standing on the pier.

If George Had Only Been a Linguist!

The native was shouting to George, but in a language he didn't understand. Then suddenly, he began to point toward the ship. George



The great reptile was between him and the ship.

could figure out only one reason for that pointing. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that someone aboard had dropped something over the side and wanted him to retrieve it.

He turned and swam slowly toward the ship. The native on the pier kept right on yelling, but George paid no attention. And then, suddenly, he saw it—a thing that looked like a log floating in the water, but a log that had a rough wrinkled snout and a pair of glassy eyes just showing above the surface!

A crocodile! The great reptile was between him and the ship—and not more than twenty feet away from him. A shudder went through George's body when he saw it. He turned and began swimming toward the pier. But the pier was a great distance away—or at least, so it seemed to George. He knew that beast could catch up to him in less time than it takes to tell the story.

He Looked Like Good Meal to Crocodile.

He was swimming as fast as he could—exhausting himself in a spurt for the pier. And the crocodile was following along behind. It seemed to George that the great reptile never approached any closer than that original twenty feet—the distance that had separated them when he turned toward the pier. Was the beast playing with him, as a cat would with a mouse? Or was it waiting until George had exhausted himself in the swim toward shore before those cruel jaws opened and closed over him?

Still swimming frantically, he reached the pier. And then another terrifying discovery greeted him. As he made frenzied efforts to climb up the piles that supported the pier, he found that he couldn't. Those piles were covered with a slippery moss. He could make no headway up them. And all the time, now, the crocodile was coming closer, swimming slowly toward what it knew must inevitably furnish it its evening meal.

By now, George was mad with terror. He was still clawing and scraping frantically at those smooth, moss-covered piles, when the native on the dock came to his rescue. Suddenly, the native picked up a huge piece of scrap iron from a pile on the dock, and hurled it at the swimming crocodile. The piece missed. The native threw another—and that one found its mark. It hit the beast on the snout, and it dived beneath the surface.

Native's Accurate Peg Saves George's Life.

By that time a boat had been launched from the ship. It came tearing across the water as George's shipmates pulled hard on the oars. It reached George a few seconds after the crocodile had gone down.

"As they pulled me out of the water," George says, "I lost consciousness for a minute or two. But I came back to life before the boat had reached the ship—in time to see the steely eyes of the crocodile which had reappeared once more. It was following along, not more than ten feet behind the boat."

And George says that if he'd had a gun then, it would have given him the greatest pleasure to aim it right between those two glassy eyes and pull the trigger.

©—WNU Service.

Marshal Foch's Tomb

The tomb of Marshal Ferdinand Foch in the chapel of St. Ambroise in the Invalides is in the form of a memorial above a marble sarcophagus. It was designed by the sculptor, Paul Landowski, and consists of a group of eight figures, who bear on their shoulders a bier covered with laurel branches on which lies the effigy of the marshal in his uniform of war days. On three sides of the base are reliefs showing the armies of his command. On the fourth side are the dates of his birth and death.

Most Primitive Indians

The Seminoles, the most primitive Indians in the country, live on small islands of about an acre that rise above the water of the Florida Everglades. They hunt and fish in long, narrow canoes which they pole through the labyrinthine waterways. Their houses have no walls, but consist merely of platforms canopied with palmetto leaves. Their fires burn continuously. They are made of trunks of cypress trees which radiate from the fire like spokes from a hub, and are gradually pushed into the burning center.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Seeking Contentment.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Out in the desert country I met kindly, hospitable folk bravely making the best of things on remote, small homesteads.

On little far-away ranches, on reservation trading posts, they are educating their children by resolute self-sacrifice; keeping in touch with the world through radio, through books and magazines; and almost invariably content with their lives and proud of their struggles and living comfortably—yes, and happily—within their means, however meager.



Irvin S. Cobb

Then I come back to crowded cities where wealth seems only to make the inmates dissatisfied because somebody with greater wealth puts on a gaudier show of ostentation and extravagance. And I see the man who feverishly is striving after riches so that when he breaks down he may afford the most expensive nerve specialist. And the spoiled woman who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but judging by her expression the spoon must have been full of castor oil—and the flavor lasts. And the poor little rich children who have everything now and so will have nothing—except maybe dollars—when they grow up.

Curious, isn't it, that so little buys such a lot for some people and such a lot buys so little for the others?

The Return of Prosperity.

I CAN'T help gloating over what appeared in this space when I predicted that the temperamental and fickle bird of passage known as prosperity was winging its way back. Because the Better Business bureau reports that sellers of no-good stocks are showing increased activity.

Moreover, I hear that for the first time in years practically all the veteran bunco-steers are off relief. The lean times when the locusts of depression gnawed away our substance must indeed be over if the customers begin to nibble more freely at the same dependable old baits.

So, as he thumbs his copy of the sucker list against the morrow's campaign, I seem to hear Mr. Henry J. Slickguy (date of Leavenworth but now opening offices in the Wall street district) murmuring to himself:

"Happy days are here again! Drouth may kill the corn, Rust rots the wheat. Boll weevils destroy the cotton. But, thanks be, there's one crop in America which never fails!"

Have you a little gold brick in your home, dear reader? Well, don't worry, nobody's going to be slighted. Ere long you'll get your chance to invest in one.

Making Mental Slips.

THE most incredible thing has come to pass. Here I go along, year after year, building up a reputation for invariably being right, the same as George Bernard Shaw and Mme. Secretary Perkins. Then—bang!—I make one little slip and the trusting reader is shocked from pit to dome.

The other day I suggested taxing salaries of governmental employees. Now from all sides I'm told federal employees are subject to income taxes; only the vast majority of them, and probably the hardest-worked ones, draw such small wages that they owe Uncle Sam nothing when March 15 rolls around.

So far as I recall, this is the second time in my life I've been wrong. I can't cite what the other instance was—some very trifling matter, no doubt—but it must have occurred because I remember the nationwide excitement which ensued, with people going around in a daze muttering: "Can it be possible?"

I now admit that early error and the recent one, too, and humbly beg pardon of my devoted public—all eight of them. It'll never happen again.

Conquered Champions.

IT HAS been brought to the attention of Mr. James J. Braddock that something happened to him a while back. Probably, by now, he has quit wondering whether many others were caught in the earthquake, but is reported to be still saying "Ouch!" at intervals.

And now, as is customary, his backers will insist he demand a return engagement—or disaster—with the Brown Bomber. But if I were Mr. Braddock—game though he be—I think I'd pattern my reply on the example of the gentleman who was knocked galley-west by a hit-and-run motorist.

As the dazed pedestrian was trying feebly to ascertain whether he was all in one piece, a kind-hearted citizen hurried up.

"Have an accident?" he inquired, brightly.

"No, thank you," said the victim; "just had one."

IRVIN S. COBB.

©—WNU Service.

Chic Swim Suits, Deck Fashions

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FICKLE fashion? Maybe so, but decidedly practical and dependable when occasion demands. Be assured when it comes to proper clothes for outdoor activities modern fashion is displaying an efficiency that is equal to every demand for practicality and wearability plus all that can be desired in the way of smart style. It is really amazing and most gratifying to see how skillfully the esthetic and the utilitarian combine in present day apparel.

Speaking of fashion from the practical viewpoint, have you noted the clever use being made of denim in the sportswear realm, just plain ordinary denim such as is used for workmen's overalls? Designers are making the swankiest tailored jacket suits of it. Goodlooking? Yes, indeed, and as to withstanding strenuous wear and tear, we leave that for you to figure out for yourself. Slacks and shorts of denim too, are on the sportswear style program.

And there's bed ticking, the simple "homey" blue and white stripe sort, or giddy stripes if you prefer. It's fun to see what fashion is doing with this sturdy material, making separate skirts of it, jackets, beach robes and simple one-piece frocks and like denim there's "no wear out to it."

On board ship and at all smart resorts many women are wearing shorts and tailored shirts (see illustrated to left) made of serviceable chambray, the kind workmen have always depended upon to give good wear. This reliable fabric now enters the high-style sportswear picture, and being completely shrunk beforehand, workmen's chambray offers the perfect fabric for strenuous play clothes for fashionable women.

Aye, aye sir, the sailor's life is the life for any girl who owns such a timely costume as the venturesome young woman is wearing, making the hazardous climb among the ship's rigging as pictured in the group. This suit is beautifully tailored out of sanforized-shrunk cotton. Yes, this swanky slacks and

GAY SILK PRINT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



As the season progresses the fascination of silk prints leads on and on to acquire another—and another and "just one more." The latest message is for brilliant flowers in gorgeous purples and vibrant blues and exotic magenta reds and bright greens and other ravishing colors printed on white backgrounds. Typical of this midsummer spirit in prints is the handsome model shown. It is a white silk crepe patterned in medium size florals. A grand dress to wear to afternoon occasions. The neck is high with a tiny collar that flaunts a spaghetti tie in purple. The large hat is most interesting and significant since it bespeaks a type of millinery that is new and outstanding. The long gloves are according to the latest style dictates.

NEW SUMMER SUITS FAVOR EMBROIDERY

Heim has gone in for embroidered details on spring and summer suits. One black tailored suit in black wool has a straight little skirt and a tailored and fitted jacket that fastens high at the neck with a cut-out and embroidered design of a bird in a cage. The round cage is banded by gold embroidery which matches the gold braid that trims the neckline. Inside the round cage is a natural linen foundation upon which is embroidered a little silk bird.

A more summery suit is groge (between gray and beige) shantung. The skirt is made with front pleats and then pressed into place. The jacket fastens high at the neck but is cut away in a center V to make small revers and to reveal a blouse of black linen embroidered all over in a conventional design of colored birds.

Skirts Shorter and Fuller in Late Paris Collection

Shorter, fuller skirts are shown in the new Chanel collection and waistlines are slightly dropped to give a more youthful silhouette.

Series of small pockets trim the tailored clothes, and there are many touches of bright red throughout the entire collection. Tulle, laces and sheer organdies are shown in white and in pastel shades for summery evening gowns that are fashioned with full, bouffant skirts to stress the youthful and girlish trend.

Season of Stripes

It's a season of stripes. Everything is made of striped materials. Evening gowns, afternoon frocks, blouses, scarfs, bags and right down to shoes—all are striped in gay colors.

Middle Age and Weight

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

WHEN a middle-aged individual is found to be losing weight there is always the possibility of tuberculosis, but the physician usually has in mind diabetes or even cancer. When neither of these conditions is present then the cause of the loss of weight is sought from other or less serious standpoints.

If it were a youngster the physician would find that there was not enough outdoor play perhaps to create an appetite or so much outdoor play that the youngster was not getting enough rest or perhaps the youngster is being allowed to stay up too late at night. Thus more nourishing food and more rest or sleep is generally all that is necessary to increase the child's weight in such cases.

To some extent the same treatment is applied to adults—more sleep, more fresh air, more nourishing food.

Effects of Infection.

Often, however, the physician finds the blood thin, the blood pressure low and a feeling of weakness present. As these are often the effects of some infection in the system, a close examination is made of nose and throat and sinuses, the teeth are checked up by the dentist, including an X-ray examination of all the teeth. If there is indigestion perhaps an X-ray examination of stomach, intestines and gall bladder is made.

If after this complete examination—nose, throat, sinuses, gall bladder, stomach and intestines, examination of blood, blood pressure, heart, lungs, urine, no infection can be found, then the physician believes, as he may have believed before he started the examination, that the patient has "something on his mind," some worry, some anxiety or fear, that is disturbing rest, appetite, and digestion, thus causing loss of weight.

Seeks Cause of Worry.

If he is the family doctor he may know something of the conditions which are upsetting the patient's mind and through the mind the whole digestive system. Having made the thorough examination he is now in a position to tell the patient that after this "complete" examination in which no organic condition has been found, there must be something disturbing his mind and that he would be glad to talk it over if the patient thought he could be of help.

Once the cause of the emotional disturbance—worry, anxiety, fear—is discovered, discussed openly and freely with the patient, and the patient sees a possible way out of, or an effective way of meeting, the trouble, then he can get his rest and sleep, will be able to go out and about and meet his friends (or foes) without too much disturbance of mind.

With his mind "settled" he will become his normal self; he will be able to eat and to sleep and regain his weight.

Prolonging Life in Heart Disease.

NOW that heart disease stands first as a cause of death, physicians everywhere are advising their patients that despite leaking valves, irregularity in the beat, enlargement, high blood pressure and other disturbances, life can be prolonged if the individual can prevent further infections, eat small easily digested meals, and not do much work or take much exercise.

The heart does a great deal of work, pumping about four quarts or one gallon of blood per minute from each ventricle, one ventricle pumping blood to the lungs to be purified and the other pumping blood to all parts of the body.

It will carry on this regular work day and night and the rate and amount of blood will not be increased much if light digestible meals are eaten and little or no exercise taken.

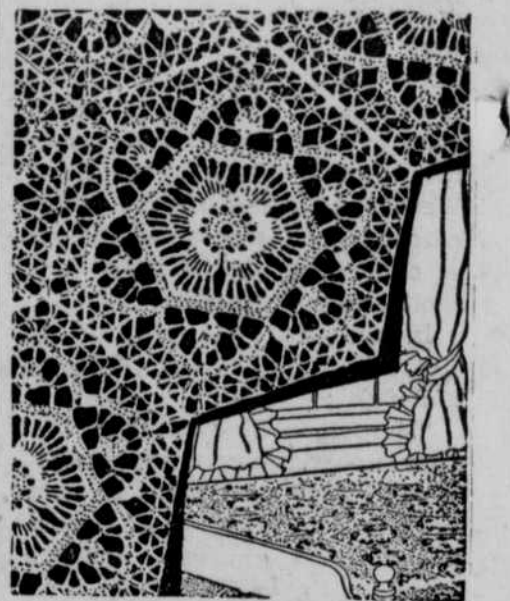
Dr. George L. Walker, Griffin, Ga., in the Journal of the Medical Association of Georgia says, "A heavy meal increases the output of blood from the heart by 50 per cent. In anger, resentment, and apprehension an increase of 25 per cent or more is frequent, accompanied by a rise in blood pressure. Exercise often increases the output of the heart to 25 quarts per minute, which is very much more than when the individual is at rest.

"The normal and even the diseased heart (unless it has reached an advanced stage of disease) will deliver exactly the amount of blood required by all the tissues of the body."

Leaking valves, irregularities, and increased blood pressure may all increase the work of the heart, interfere with or undermine the heart muscle itself and yet for a long time the heart continues to do its full or complete amount of work. When the heart muscle completely loses its power or reserve strength then the heart stops and not before.

Lace Spread That Reflects Good Taste

When you dress up your bed for company, you seek distinction—the purpose of this lace spread. A true reflection of your own good taste is this stunning open-work design, one easily achieved by crocheting simple, single me-



Pattern 1443

dallions of string. A stunning dresser or table scarf, or perchance a cloth could also be your choice. It may be done in one or a combination of colors. Pattern 1443 contains detailed directions for making the 8 3/4 inch medallion shown and joining it for a variety of articles; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Blackberry Jelly.

3 cups (1 1/2 lbs.) juice
4 cups (1 3/4 lbs.) sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare juice, grind or crush thoroughly about 2 quarts fully ripe berries, (not black caps). Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. (If there is a slight shortage of juice, add small amount of water to pulp in jelly cloth and squeeze again.)

Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure juice into a 3 to 4 quart saucepan and place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1/2 minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 7 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

The Joker

The wisest and best of men—nay, the wisest and best of their actions—may be rendered ridiculous by a person whose first object in life is a joke.—Jane Austen.



WNU-U 28-37

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance. The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I envy millionaires no more.
I feel as rich as they.
I now can buy 'most anything—
My boss just raised my pay.
RICHMAN

