

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"John Dunker's Jump"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Well, by golly, today we have with us a guy who has chased old lady Adventure in some of the farthest corners of the globe. His chase ended after he had followed her all over South Africa, and finally ran her to earth in Gwelo, in Matabeleland, way up in the middle of southern Rhodesia. This guy's name is John Dunker, and today he lives in Brooklyn, N. Y. But along about the turn of the century, he was fighting with the South African Colonial cavalry in the Boer War.

John didn't class the Boer war as an adventure, though. The yarn he craves into the Adventurers' club with happened after that mixup was all over. After John's regiment was paid off and disbanded, he went up to Bulawayo—went broke there and, hearing of a job up in Gwelo, a hundred and fifteen miles to the north, trekked up there on foot.

The old timers in that district thought he was crazy to attempt such a thing. They figured it must be at least a ten-million dollar diamond mine that induced him to take such risks. But all John was after was a job—and all he got out of his trip was a good sock from that old adventure lady he'd been chasing.

John says that that adventure was the biggest single thrill of his life, and I believe him. He says: "I had nice curly hair back in 1902, and every kink of it stood at attention when the thing happened—or rather, after it happened. For actually I did not know I was having an adventure until some two and a half seconds after it was all over."

John landed his job in Gwelo, and went right to work. It was a job that called for a lot of horseback riding—but that didn't bother a guy who had walked more than a hundred miles just to get the doggone job. Also, it was a job that called for crossing the Gwelo river at frequent intervals. And it was the river that put John in the way of adventure.

He Would Jump Across the River.

The Gwelo river was one of those streams you just couldn't figure out. In the rainy season it could be a rushing, raging torrent. But at other times of the year, it was nothing but a dry bed, cut through by a



The "Tree Trunk" Had Its Jaws Wide Open.

little trickle of water that a man could jump over. It ran down to the Zambesi, one of the biggest rivers in Africa, and it was usually full of crocodiles, and queer fish, and other strange and awesome denizens of the African waters.

The place where John worked was on one side of the Gwelo and the corral where the horses were kept was on the other. In the rainy season, when the river was high, you had to go the long way, over the bridge, to get to the horses, but in the dry season, John used to save time by going straight across. That was easy, because the river was narrow enough so that you could make it with a good leap. And John always made his crossing at a certain spot where the bank was steep and there was a dead tree trunk lying on the other side.

He would get up speed by running down the high-sided bank, take a broad jump across the water, and land on the tree trunk on the opposite side. He did it again and again, and never thought that there might be any danger in such a simple stunt. But that's the thing about danger. You never know where it's liable to be lurking.

Well, sir, one day John had a job to do that took him to a mine over at Selukwe, and he had to have his horse to make the trip. He started out for the river, turning over in his mind the things he had to do that day, and was deep in thought when he reached the top of the bank.

It Felt Wrong, and It Was.

He raced down the bank, made his running jump, and landed on the dead tree as usual, but there was something about that tree trunk that wasn't as it should be. It felt peculiar when John landed on it. And it seemed to him that the doggone thing moved a bit when he lit. It was only for a fraction of a second that the feeling went through him—a lot shorter time than it takes to tell it—but it was enough to make him move faster than usual, getting off that log.

The bank in front of him was as high and as steep as the one he had run down on the other side. Usually, he took his time about climbing to the top. But this time, impelled by his hunch that something was wrong, he gave a leap that sent him half-way to the top, and had scrambled the rest of the way before he stopped to look back.

What John saw from the top of the bank sort of amazed him, at first. But his amazement soon gave way to another sort of feeling altogether. The first thing he noticed was that he hadn't crossed the river in his usual place at all. The tree trunk he usually stepped on was lying near the bank ten or fifteen yards downstream. In his preoccupation, he had crossed the river in the wrong place.

And what was that thing John had mistaken for the tree trunk? Well, that's what gave him the shock of his life. When he turned to look from the top of the bank, the first thing he noticed was that that tree trunk had started out of the water after him. It had its jaws wide open, that tree trunk did, and it had a couple of beady little eyes that seemed to be registering disappointment over the fact that it had just missed as juicy a morsel as had ever jumped right smack at it.

Yep—you're right. That tree trunk was a full-grown, MAN-EATING CROCODILE!
"How did I feel then?" says John. "Well, at that moment, every experience I'd ever had in my life faded right into insignificance."
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Standard Gauge R. R. Track

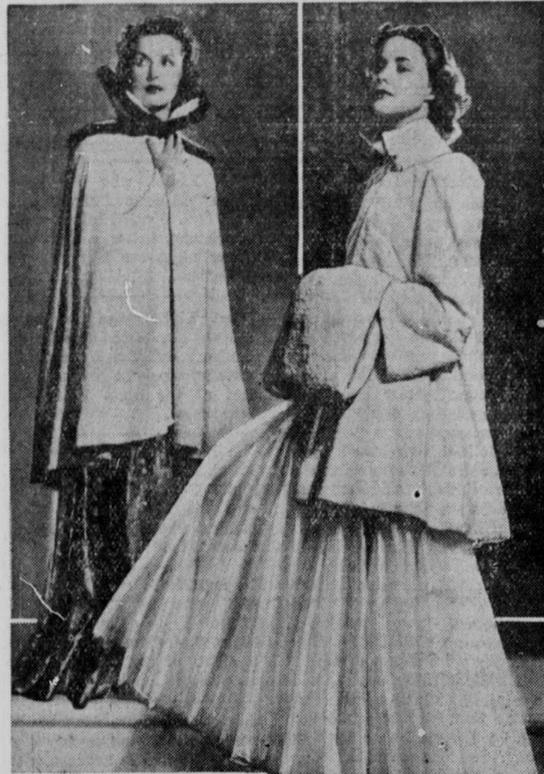
The standard gauge of railroad track in the United States, that is, the distance between the inside of the heads of the rails, is 4 feet 8 1/2 inches. This measurement is apparently the same as the prevailing gauge of road wagon wheels when railroads came into existence. One railroad, the Southern, is laid with a 4 foot 9 inch gauge, but this small variation is unimportant. It is also the general custom to widen the gauge 1/2 inch or more on sharp curves. The standard of 4 feet, 8 1/2 inches was not always general in this country. In the early days there were various gauges and their change to standard was a gradual development, brought about principally by the joining of small independent lines into larger systems. The original use of the 4 foot 8 1/2 inch gauge in America was influenced by its use in England. It is the standard gauge, also, for most of Europe except Russia and Spain.

The Language of Christ

The language used by Christ was the Aramaic, a dialect of northern Syria. The Israelites were much in contact with Aramaean populations, and some words from that tongue became incorporated into the Hebrew at an early date. At the time of Hezekiah, Aramaic had become the official language of both Judea and Assyria; that is, the language spoken at the courts. After the fall of Samaria, colonists from Syria came in, probably speaking Aramaic as their native tongue. The fall of the Jewish kingdom hastened the decay of Hebrew as a spoken language; upon their return to Judea the Jews found themselves a people few in number surrounded by a population using the Aramaic tongue. When the latest books of the Old Testament were written, Hebrew, though still the language of literature, had been supplanted by Aramaic as the language of common life.

All-White Wrap Chic This Season

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HERE'S telling you how to look your most enchanting self when you go to dining, dancing and making merry during the winter social swirl. Told in fashion's own language the message is to wear flattering white—your gown, your wrap, your corsage, all-white. White flower headress, too!

The ingenue's choice is for full-skirt romantic entrancing creations made of frosty, frothy diaphanous whites that dazzle with glittering, glistening sequin, crystal and rhinestone accents. If you happen to be of the stately, statuesque type rather than the airy-fairy sort you'll be voted the belle of the ball clad in a glovefitting skillfully draped low decollete gown made of heavy white crepe which makes trimming conspicuous by its utter absence save for a chaste corsage of waxen-white camellias or gardenias or white orchids if you will have it so.

White wraps to wear over these beguiling frocks are so smartly in fashion they are literally taking the world by storm this season. They may be of cloth or velvet (often luxuriously furred with white fox) to ensemble with the gowns they top or they may be of snowy fur, preferably ermine, for ermine is notably in the lead whether it be for jacket, medium-length coat or floor-length wrap, or bolero fantasies.

Then, too, there is the new-this-season ermincrush that makes up exquisitely into wraps such as pictured herewith. An ensemble of coat and muff made of snowy ermincrush as shown is adorable for the girl who is invited to parties galore. Under it the young lady wears one of the new tulle frocks with

voluminous skirt and expertly fitted bodice that is so quaint and so chic all in one.

Yes indeed, this winsome muff and wrap set is one any stylish-minded woman would love to own. Well, why not, even if you happen to be one among those to whom evening elegance at little cost is a problem to be met. Listen close, while we whisper a secret idea we feel the urge to pass on to you. If you need must keep within a limited budget why not buy a few yards of white ermincrush and "make your own" little cushion muff and swank coat?

We might say that if you would be intrigued with the thought of a little bolero, muff and hat set, patterns are easily available and such a trio made of ermincrush would carry you through a winter with unmistakable style distinction and allure.

An all-white cape is also a possession to be coveted. See the one in the picture. The lavishness of the velvety weave has been added unto by the trim of sable-dyed kolinsky. You would not necessarily have to keep your white cape or coat for formal for the beauty about ermincrush is it is really quite practical. Cruising in tropical waters or vacationing up North, attending opera and making the rounds of teas and musicales, it is an ideal choice because it can be packed without fear of wrinkling since ermincrush naturally has a soft snowy white deeply crushed pile.

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HIGH-STYLE SUEDE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



If you are properly style-minded you will set your heart on having a suit tailored of richly colorful suede. The handsome suede suits that feature so conspicuously in the present fashion picture are ideal for rain or shine as they are made of a shelter suede that is shower-proof and winterproof. The jacket has padded shoulders with a military air. For longer steps milady has only to unbutton the bottom leather covered button that fastens the front opening.

BLACK IS FAVORED FOR DAYTIME WEAR

Black worn with white and light colors is Bruyere's choice for smart daytime clothes in the mid-season collection. Light wool costumes in black and white satin blouses are a highlight of the showing, and rhinestone clips are the leading trim.

A black two-piece daytime ensemble is made in lightweight wool with straight-cut skirt and waist-length jacket of bloused design, fitted to a snug wide belt. With the costume is worn a lustrous white satin blouse, with long, fitted sleeves. The bodice is draped from center of the waistline, where it is fastened with a wine grosgrain ribbon which forms a corselet belt, dropped lower at the back. The suit jacket, opened to the waistline, is trimmed with a pair of rhinestone clips at the neck.

Sumptuously Furred Tweed Suits Are High in Favor

An increasing interest in suits made of striking tweed is noted. These are not just tweed in the ordinary sense of the word, but they are sumptuous affairs of gorgeous tweed that "gets you" because of the grand and glorious coloring and the fascinating nubby knotty textures. The opulent furs that trim these elegant suits are a fitting tribute to the tweed itself. These colorful tweed outfits give an excellent opportunity to vary the all-black vogue that has persisted for so long a time.

Covert Slacks.

Wool covert cloth, long a favorite for topcoats, is being used for slacks by well-dressed undergrads at several leading Eastern universities.

Accent Your Dress

Large rectangular and triangular clips of rhinestones, baguettes or jewel-tone sets are seen at high necklines of dark afternoon frocks.

Graduation

By VIVA STINGEL ELDRIDGE

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BETTY LOVETT danced into the Lovett's shabbily comfortable home, as usual a few minutes late for dinner, and began:

"It's all settled, dear family. We had a class meeting today—and I need some money for—"

"Now, see here Betty, you've got to cut out some of these shows, and dances and things." Father stopped serving the hamburger steak and canned green peas to gesture emphatically. "I'm not a millionaire. It's a dollar and a half here, and two dollars there—something all the time. It's got to stop."

"But, daddy! A dollar and a half. Two dollars! Why—why—" Betty was stammering in her excitement. "But, daddy, it's graduation!"

Betty's eyes turned to mother for encouragement; and father's eyes turned to mother for enlightenment.

Mother, with a quick little catch of her breath, evaded father's eye, and, nodding to Betty, said, "go on, Betty. Tell father what you need."

"Well, it's all settled." Betty was once more enthusiastic. "We are to have white linen for Senior day, flat crepe for Baccalaureate Sunday—"

"Clothes!" Father exploded. Then he threw his roll on the table. "Well, there it is—every last cent that can be spent for extras this spring. I told you I was not a millionaire."

Betty meekly ate her dinner until father became absorbed in the account of Betty Jones' home run, then she reached forth a dimpled white hand and gathered in the money.

"Oh, mother, I guess there'll be just enough," flipping over the bills, and calmly appropriating every last cent for herself. Betty knew that

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

many of the girls were having only two, possibly three, new frocks, but she had made up her mind to have five, one for every day.

Mrs. Lovett, mentally calculating, sighed inwardly, and resigned all thought of the excellent piece of blue silk that she had admired in Bessom & Company's window. But Susie, two years Betty's junior, sighed outwardly and exaggeratedly: "I see where I go without a new dress for Celia's party."

So Betty began her shopping and went through the whole list—and the whole roll of money.

The white graduation dress shimmered in finished beauty, the soft folds of the orchid reception frock hung in graceful completeness, and the rose-colored church dress was cut but unfinished when Betty suffered a change of heart. The blue silk in the shop window had been disturbing her for some days now. She wanted it for her mother. Also, coming quietly in one day, she had found Susie, shining-eyed, draped in the rose-colored silk, posing before the mirror.

Two lovely frocks at once, and a white linen one, ought to satisfy any girl, Betty thought to herself. She bundled up the sport silk and started for the silk store.

Timidly Betty approached the clerk. "May I exchange this for some of that blue silk in your window?"

"Usually we do not exchange out silks, miss," the clerk answered hesitatingly. "I'll call the manager."

Betty knew the manager slightly, and she again put forth her timid question. "Well, now, Miss Betty, that is a nice idea," he said, when she had told him that she wanted to surprise her mother with a new dress. "But why not keep your silk, and I'll give you some for your mother on the charge account."

"Now that is an easy way out of it," Betty murmured. "I can have my dress, and mother can have one, too. Still—daddy looked pretty stern when he said 'every last cent.' He was generous with me, too—it's almost like stealing—cheating, anyway."

"No, thank you, Mr. Baker. Father said we were not to spend any more money for clothes. He gave me a lot, but I spent it all on myself." Betty blinked rapidly to keep back the tears.

"All right, child, guess we can fix you up," and the manager got the silk himself and cut it for her. "Your mother will enjoy wearing that dress, I am sure, Miss Betty," he said as he handed it to her.

Baccalaureate Sunday came and Betty wore her old silk dress, but her heart sang above all thought of clothes.

Class day came, and Betty wore the white linen she had worn on Senior day. Graduation night came and Betty, all shimmering white loveliness, stood on the platform to receive her diploma.

Here they sought out her family, where they sat in tense silence, their eyes fastened on her. There was mother, dressed becomingly in blue silk; Susie, proudly arrayed in the adored rose frock; father, his eyes aight, not only with love, but with admiration and understanding as well. Betty felt that she had truly graduated.

Three Little Words



NEXT time you or yours want "something nice to wear," remember me and my three little words: Sew-Your-Own! Yes, Milady, sew-your-own because it pays big dividends. It's good for you! Instead of worrying about clothes you can't have, you'll be humming about all the pretty things you can have—and all because you sew, sew, Sew-Your-Own! Won't you join us today or very soon?

White House or Cottage.

Even if your home were the White House, Milady, you would need a little frock like today's 1413 to see you through your housekeeping chores. It has that style usually reserved for expensive frocks and its simplicity will fascinate you. A young collar tops its shirtwaist styling, while the trim short sleeves and shirred yoke are features to be appreciated every time you put it on. It will make you smart in crisp new gingham, and it's more than chic in silk crepe. Try it both ways—you'll like them!

So Simple, So Sweet.

Little Miss Two-to-Eight will use her very nicest three-syllable words to exclaim over this frock (above center) designed especially for her by Sew-Your-Own! It is one of those so-simple, so-sweet little affairs that every mother and every daughter has a weakness for. The new prints or criss-cross gingham will look more than appealing on your little "forty pounds of charm," especially if the trimming is of gay red ribbon to match the bows in her hair.

That Poured-in Look.

"Something nice to wear," in the full sense of the phrase, is the brand new frock at the right. Your tears and bridge will be dates to look forward to with this smart model in black satin or velvet, awaiting your call. Fashion says: "that poured-in look," and Sew-Your-Own said "when" just in the nick to make this your most figure-flattering frock. It is equally

effective for the sub-deb and young executive. It belongs in every well-groomed lady's wardrobe. Why not in yours?

The Patterns.

Pattern 1413 is designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 or 39-inch material.

Pattern 1852 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material plus 6 yards of ribbon for trimming, and 1 yard for belt.

Pattern 1383 is designed for sizes 14 to 20. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Keep a Go'in'

A man we knew had rounded out more than ninety years when a little bit of a windfall came to him. The first thing he did after counting the money was to say, "Now I'll set out another orchard!" He did not flinch in the face of his years. He was ready to start right in where he started 50 years before. Time ought never to down any of our folks. Let's not be downed by the old scamp.—Trotty Veck Messenger.

DO YOU LACK PEP?

Norfolk, Neb.—Mrs. Dora Gruning, 200 N. 2nd St., says: "My son, Clarence, was weak. He didn't have to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery long before his appetite was better and he gained in every way." Buy it in liquid or tablet form at your drug store today. See how much more vigorous and "peppy" you feel after using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.



Clarence Gruning



BE DECENT!

Don't cough in public places! Take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop for soothing, pleasant relief. (Two kinds—Black or Menthol—5¢.)
Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Aiding the Weak
Laws were made that the stronger might not in all things have his way.—Ovid.

Strangers
Much tongue and much judgment seldom go together.—l'Estrange.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG



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I got my name in the paper!

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