

Floyd Gibbons



ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello, Everybody!

"The Open Grave"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

AND greeting and salutations, Miss Evelyn Perry, for the story of your night of terror. Gosh! If folks don't stop telling me spooky stories about graveyards I'll be afraid of even being buried in one.

Let's tell this one as fast as we can before my hands start shaking. Question: "And now, Miss Perry, where were you on the night of February 21, 1928?"

Answer: "I was in a graveyard."
Question: "A graveyard! What were you doing in a graveyard at night?"
Answer: "The graveyard was near my home and by cutting through it I could save a mile on my walk from town. I had been attending a dance in town and had stayed later than I had permission to stay so I left the dance alone and in my hurry to get home entered the graveyard."
Question: "Did you continue through the graveyard?"
Answer: "No."

Question: "What did you see there that caused you to change your mind?"
Answer: "I saw a—"

Wait a minute! I object. We haven't any proof that Miss Perry saw a ghost, so let's just review the evidence for the Adventurers' club jury and let them judge.

Evelyn Entered a Graveyard With Open Mind.

The evidence I have here before me shows that Miss Perry entered the graveyard in a carefree manner. She was thinking of the good time she had



She Jumped Out Like a Frightened Ghost.

had at the dance and not a thought of the supernatural passed through her romantic mind.

This state of mind is important. It leaves out the supposition that the young lady might have been "seeing things" because of an active imagination. The night was a typical February one. A light snow lay on the ground and dark wintry clouds made the way difficult to see.

But Miss Perry was not bothered by that. She had taken this short cut through the grave-stones many times before and was completely familiar with it.

She had, on this night, according to her own testimony, traversed two-thirds of the graveyard and was approaching the farther gate when she saw something that caused her to stand transfixed with horror!

A Real Ghost Clanks Real Chains.

A white figure moved slowly toward her along the path to the gate! The figure, Miss Perry says, was approaching her and as she stared terror-stricken, unable to scream because of a tremulous lump in her throat, she heard distinctly the slight metallic rustling of chains! Miss Perry was now beside herself with horror. She saw that she could not reach the gate without passing close to the specter in her path. She decided, therefore, to return the way she had come—even if it was a mile farther. But she was afraid to turn suddenly and run so she kept facing the Thing and backed slowly away.

At this point, boys and girls of the jury, you'd better take a deep breath. You may think this is written flippantly but when you hear what happened next you'll understand how terribly serious it really was.

As Miss Perry walked blindly backward she tripped and fell right into an open grave!

I told you to take a deep breath! Well, now, take another one, and make it a good one, because the worst is yet to come.

You may even doubt that a young person could go through such an experience and keep her reason, but one did, and it's true. All right, have you got your breath? Then listen.

Miss Perry was not alone in that open grave!

As she fell, a cold hand closed on her wrist!
Zowie! The dead in that graveyard are still talking about the scream the young lady let out and, if they could have seen her, they would have been even more amazed.

She wrenched loose from that hand and jumped like a frightened ghost right out of the grave!

Unbelievable Story Has Plausible Ending.

Through the stones and out the gate toward home she went at break-neck speed and that long extra mile seemed only a few short steps—so fast did she travel! Her clothes were torn and muddy but she crept into bed and hid her head under the covers.

Not until the next afternoon did the shaken girl dare tell her weird story. And what do you suppose her father did? Why, the unfeeling man just roared with laughter!

You see, Evelyn Perry's father had heard another story that day which dovetailed perfectly with his daughter's.

Now that my heart is a little quiet I'll tell you the facts. Here they are, in order:

First: The town drunkard's white goat ran away after breaking his chain. (It was this goat—not a ghost—that Evelyn saw.)

Second: Said drunkard, while following his goat into the graveyard, fell into an open grave and was too stiff to climb out. He was found there the next morning.

Third: Evelyn fell into the same grave and aforesaid T. D.—like a drowning man grasping a straw—grabbed her wrist!

Well, these are the facts in the case, so you see it's all true after all. Evelyn doesn't say whether her hair turned white or not, but I know a certain portly Adventurer who would have gone green and stayed right in that grave! How about you?

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Remarkable Swiss Clock

an Ancient Attraction

The Clock Tower, a well known landmark in the Swiss capital, stands in what is the center of the city and dates back to the Fifteenth century. The clockwork was constructed in the Sixteenth century and proves a never-failing attraction for visitors and natives alike. From early morning until late at night, whenever the time approaches for the hour to strike, groups of people station themselves before this ancient tower, eagerly anticipating the moment when the intricate mechanism of the clock is set into play. This masterpiece of medieval clock-making functions in the following manner:

As often as the hour strikes, a troop of little bears goes round in a circle and a cock crows three times before and once after the chiming. A sitting man holding a staff in one hand and

an hour-glass in the other counts the strikes by opening his mouth and smiting with his stick at every stroke of the clock. Another wooden manikin rings two little bells when the hour is about to strike. In the belfry at the top of the tower are the bells and beside them stands a figure of the duke of Zabrigen (the founder of the city) in armor, who announces the hours on the bells with a hammer.

Anemone

The delicate weed anemone is one of America's rarest and prettiest wild flowers. The quilt block of this name is one of the oldest known to quilt historians and one that is thoroughly American, since it is only recently that the anemone was cultivated in Europe. Early Virginia quilters seized upon the simplest flowers and reproduced them most successfully in their most famous quilts.

Uncommon Sense

By John Blake

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The motor car gasped, spluttered—and came to a dead stop.

We were on a lonely road. As far as we knew, we were twenty miles from the nearest town.

Night was coming on. It had begun to rain.

I tried all the devices to make a car start that I knew.

None of them were of any use.

Two cars passed. I hailed both of them.

The driver of the first grinned, and sped on.

The driver of the second got out of his car, and walking over to us asked what was the matter.

I couldn't tell him. He lifted the hood and looked under it.

"The engine isn't going," he said. I could have told him that—and a number of other things. But I didn't.

I thought he might possibly help us. I didn't want to put him in an unfriendly state of mind.

By and by he said he would have to be going, but that he would tell the men in the nearest garage he found to come out and help us.

We waited for half an hour. No car came.

Presently out of the woods came a small boy, with a shotgun over his shoulder.

"What's matter?" he inquired. "Stalled?"

"We are," I said. "Will you please stop at the nearest garage, if you know where there is one, and ask them to send a man out here?"

"Lemme look under the hood," he said.

He looked under the hood. Presently he lifted his head. "S'all right now," he said. "Give her the gas."

I gave her the gas. The car started slowly, then began to purr pleasantly.

"O. K.," said the kid. "She won't give you no more trouble."

"What was the matter?" I inquired, handing him a dollar bill.

"Piece of grit in the gas line," he said. "She'll be all right."

"How did you find out?" I asked him.

"Just looked at her. You could of did it, but you didn't know how."

From that time forth I have had a high regard for technical knowledge.

Here was a child, who, by virtue of special knowledge, could solve a problem that four strong men had pondered in vain.

It has often occurred to me, as I have driven out into the country, that most motorists see very little except the roads.

Roads are useful. But they only take one there and back.

In garages where I have left my car after a pleasant journey over the countryside, I find great numbers of cars, all stored away for the night while their owners sit, and fume on hotel porches, with nothing to do but skim through the local papers, and complain about the detours they found along their way.

Now if these people were really in a hurry, there would be some excuse for them.

But the fact that they get into their destinations long before dinner time indicates that they were not really in a hurry, except when they are driving.

And in burning up the road as they go along they lose all the beauty of driving, which is to explore little winding lanes, sit down for a half hour beside a little brook, or look out from a hill top on a wide stretch of winding river.

I get more fun out of exploring the country that I pass through than I could possibly get out of speeding.

There always are snug little farms, with silos or hay stacks beside them.

Here and there cattle are grazing, or horses look over the fence at you to see what manner of people you are. You can stop at almost any little farm house and get a glass of milk or a pitcher of cider, and drink them while you are asking about the weather and the crops and the likelihood of rain or sunshine the next day.

Farming people are almost invariably friendly. They like to meet strangers, and talk to them.

They can tell you about pretty places that are off the road a little way, and usually give you interesting information about the country 'round about.

To travel through New England, over old Revolutionary country, is always a delight.

To me, it seems too bad that the highways are always chosen by the city motorist.

Shopping May Be a Wearisome Work or a Pleasant Adventure

Shopping has two aspects. One is of its tiresome element. The other is of its interesting element. It is wearisome to stand about and wait until busy salesmen have the chance to wait on you in your right turn.

The walking from one store to another, and then through the shops, in search of the needed, or wanted, thing to accord with both preference and price the purse permits, the trying on of frocks, or being fitted to articles, if clothes must be bought, all these and many other of the activities of shopping are tiresome, indeed. Were it not for the pleasant reverse side of the consideration, stores would not be crowded, only dire necessity would tempt purchasers. Fortunately all shopping is not of this sort.

Window shopping is the feature that begins the pleasure, even before the shops are entered. Window dressers are paid well to arrange goods so that they will appeal to passers-by to enter. They may see what they want, or perhaps what they would like to have. These window displays are planned to lure persons into the shops, for comparatively few persons go through a store without buying something, however small. Windows, consequently, are worth looking into. It is a pleasure to do it.

If windows are fascinating, this is but the beginning of interest. Once the shops are entered, it is amazing how well and how invitingly the wares are displayed. Any woman who has gone through just one department, that carrying kitchenware for instance, will discover many articles, new ideas, or improvements of old ones, that makes her feel repaid for the exertion. The furniture department or the furniture store, the yard goods department with its handsome textiles, the dress shop, the lingerie shop, etc., each is a joy just to look at.

Shopping in large cities has both the tiresome and the pleasurable sides to the fullest degree. Shopping in smaller places is far less exhausting, and, when there are fine shops in that town or locality, then the enjoyable element prevails. As every normal person has more or less shopping to do, it is well, before starting out, to determine on one of two ways to shop. Either she should go with unseeing eyes straight to the department or shop where the wanted articles are to be found, and eliminate to the least possible degree the wearisome feature. Or she should be determined

to make the trip as pleasant and as profitable as possible, with least exertion.

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King Who Reigns 10 Days Left 10 Tons of Books

The libraries formed by Henry V, of France, and by the Empress Elisabeth of Austria, have been acquired by a famous London bookseller and will probably be exhibited to the public this fall.

Henry V, of France, who reigned for ten days in 1830 and died as the Comte de Chambord in 1883, was Henry, Duke of Bordeaux, a grandson of Charles X, of France. His magnificent library, consisting of ten tons of books in 87 huge cases, was eventually left to the son of Don Carlos—Don Jaime, Duke of Madrid.

After negotiations lasting over a year it has been bought from his heirs and removed to London from the Castle of Frohsdorf, near Vienna.

Many of the books have superb Louis XVI bindings, and a feature of the library is an extraordinary collection of French pamphlets written between 1820 and 1875, for and against the monarchy.

The library left by the Empress Elisabeth consists of a huge number of volumes in lavish bindings. Liszt's Coronation Mass, 1856, is a specially ornate binding of salmon pink, embossed with the arms of the empress.

Smooth Article

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but what a lot of polish!

to make the trip as pleasant and as profitable as possible, with least exertion.

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Dad Pays
It costs a lot of money to bring up a boy so he won't be able to support himself when he becomes a man.

It soon brings relief and promotes healing. Because of its absolute purity and soothing properties, it is most useful in the treatment of rashes, red, rough skin, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, irritations, cuts and burns. No household should be without this Ointment.
Price 25c and 50c.
Sold at all druggists.

DIZZY DEAN bears down!

SAY, BOSS, WE JUST SIGHTED THEM CATTLE THIEVES! THEY'RE CAMPIN' IN BIG BEAR CANYON.

LET'S GET GOIN', BOYS, AND ROUND-UP THOSE RUSTLERS! COME ALONG, DIZZY, IF YOU WANT A THRILL!

HEY, DON'T TAKE A SHOT AT THAT LOOKOUT! NO—THE NOISE WILL GIVE US AWAY TO THE REST OF THE GANG!

I'LL GET RID OF HIM FOR YOU—WITHOUT A GUN.

YOU SURE POPPED HIM, DIZZY!

STICK 'EM UP! REACH FOR THE SKY!

THE SHERIFF WILL BE RIGHT GLAD TO SEE YOU BOYS.

IT'LL BE A CINCH TO NAB 'EM NOW! COME ON—LET'S CLOSE IN ON 'EM!

YOU SURE SHOWED US A NEW TRICK IN ROUNDING UP CATTLE THIEVES, DIZZY!

AND I GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, DIZZY, FOR SOME FAST THINKING!

YOU GOT TO THINK FAST—TO PITCH BIG LEAGUE BALL. AND TO THINK FAST YOU GOT TO HAVE ENERGY. 'CAUSE ENERGY KEEPS YOU WIDE AWAKE. THAT'S WHY I EAT GRAPE-NUTS. IT MAKES THE BATTING ORDER FOR ENERGY MAKING.

AND IT CERTAINLY TASTES GREAT, TOO!

Boys! Girls! Get Valuable Prizes Free!

Join the Dizzy Dean Winners... wear the Membership Pin... get Dizzy's Autographed Portrait!

Send top from one 12-oz. yellow-and-blue Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of club manual showing 37 nifty free prizes. And to have lots of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own. Economical, too, for two tablespoons, with milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935. Good only in U.S.A.)

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