

# Floyd Gibbons

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

*Hello, Everybody!*



### "Maniac's Trap"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter.

HERE'S one from a fellow reporter—and by golly, after reading his yarn I am almost convinced that maybe there is a thrill or two in the newspaper business after all.

Charles K. Ulrich of Long Island City is the lad, and it happened on Sunday, January 26, 1913, while Charley was working as a reporter for the New York Herald. He was sent by his city editor to interview a man who had called up on the telephone and promised the paper the biggest "beat" since the Spanish-American war. Well, Charley doesn't know about its being the biggest beat, but it certainly landed him in the biggest mess of trouble since that war the fellow mentioned.

The address they had given Charley was in the sixth story of an apartment building in One Hundred and Twenty-second street. On the way up, he noticed that the negro elevator boy turned three shades whiter when he told him whom he had come to see. The boy said: "I hopes you has a good time with that bird." But Charley attached no particular significance to his cryptic remark.

As he approached the door, Charley heard angry shouts and onths within, accompanied by the screeching of a parrot. During a lull in the shouting he heard sounds such as a man might make by beating a bird-cage with an iron rod. The sounds mystified Charley, but they didn't alarm him. If they had, he might have saved himself a lot of trouble.

#### Reporter Invited to Enter Room.

Charley rang the bell. A tall, stout man opened it. He was in his shirt sleeves and on his left shoulder was perched a parrot. He had a heavy stick in



The Man Invited Charley to Enter.

his right hand. His face was swollen, and froth flecked his pale lips. Charley thought he was drunk, but he explained his errand.

The man invited Charley to enter and, grasping his arm in a vise-like grip, pulled him into the hall. He thrust him into a small parlor, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Then, for the first time, Charley began to be afraid. This man was a lunatic—a big, strong, athletically built lunatic. And except for a small pocket knife, Charley was unarmed.

The man thrust the parrot into its cage and fell to beating the cage with a stick. The parrot shrieked at each blow. "You'll force me to kill you yet, Emma Goldman," the man shouted, and spat viciously at the bird.

There was no doubt in Charley's mind now. The man was a raving lunatic. He got up to go, but the man turned on him snarling: "Sit down, d—n you. I'll attend to you as soon as I've finished with Emma Goldman." Then he fell to beating the parrot's cage again, and Charley sat down. He had just remembered that the key to the room was in the lunatic's pocket.

#### Maniac Threatens Him With Death.

When the man had finished beating the cage he turned again to Charley. "I'm an electrical expert," he said suddenly. "I'm going to charge you with electricity to the gills."

Charley looked around wildly for some means of escape. There was none. "And what if I refuse to be charged with electricity?" he asked. The big man smiled coldly. Facing him menacingly he whispered: "Refuse and you die. You have your choice. The operation may kill you, but surely you won't mind sacrificing your life for science, will you?"

A queer story of De Maupassant's flashed into Charley's mind—the story of a man who outwitted a homicidal maniac by humoring him. No, he said, he'd be glad to sacrifice his life for science. And then he feigned sudden illness and leaned against a door. "I'm sick," he said. "You don't want a sick man for this operation, do you?"

"Certainly not," the man growled. "A perfectly sound man is needed."

"Then," said Charley, "I think I'd better take a walk around the block and get some air. I'll be back in a few minutes and we can go on with the operation."

#### Wild Man Falls for Story.

"I think you're right," the man assented heartily. "But it's understood you must come back in five minutes. Do you agree?"

Charley nodded. The big man unlocked the door and followed him through the hall. "Remember," he shouted as Charley passed out of the door, "you're to be back in five minutes." He slammed the door, and Charley went down the stairway, three steps at a time.

Outside, he found a policeman and told him his story. Six husky cops were sent to the house with orders to arrest the madman. He fought them fiercely for ten minutes before he was subdued and placed in an observation ward at Bellevue hospital.

"Later," says Charley, "they removed him to Matteawan hospital for the Insane, at Beacon, N. Y., and placed him in a strait-jacket. He died there some months afterward. In the room in which he proposed to conduct experiments on me they found a revolver and two large knives, sharp as razors. That he aimed to carve me into bits, once he had me under his control, was as certain as two and two make four. Thanks to De Maupassant's story, I escaped that fate."

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#### Color Blindness Traced to Variety of Causes

Color blindness, also called achromatopsia and daltonism, is the inability to distinguish certain colors or shades of color. Total color blindness, in which there is no perception of colors as such, but only of gradations of light and shade, is rare. The most common form, states a writer in the Indianapolis News, is that in which some bright colors, different in different cases, are confused with each other, though other colors are correctly perceived. Color blindness may be congenital (i. e., present from birth) or acquired. It is said frequently to be transmitted from grandfather to grandson, and is more common in males than in females, in the proportion of over three to one.

Acquired color blindness may be caused by a diseased brain or by a diseased or wounded optic nerve; but it appears to be unconnected with defects of sight and with retinal diseases generally. It is sometimes temporary, but even in such cases is usually recurrent in increasing acute forms. The average eye distinguishes

six spectral colors; an acute sense of color distinguishes seven.

Color blindness, affecting one eye or both, has no known remedy. It must, however, be distinguished from mere ignorance of color names. A case of color blindness was mentioned in 1684, and others were noted in 1777 and 1779; but the most famous early instance—from which the defect was known as daltonism—was that of the English chemist, John Dalton, who in 1794, described his own case. Investigations during the Nineteenth century established the importance of color blindness, especially in the mercantile marine and railway service; and tests were devised for applicants for such positions.

#### People Who Are Old

Some people at eighty are actually younger, physically, than others at sixty or even forty. People who are really old are those whose bodies are no longer so strong or active as they were, people who with their years have become worn, infirm, disabled or sick. For people in middle life or later, who are merely not so active as they were, the answer may be different.

## Just a Little Smile



#### OLD WIVES' TALE

A backwoods mountaineer one day found a mirror which a tourist had lost.

"Well, if it ain't my old dad," he said, as he looked in the mirror. "I never knewed he had his pitcher took."

He took the mirror home and stole into the attic to hide it. But his actions didn't escape his suspicious wife. That night while he slept she slipped up to the attic and found the mirror. "Hum-um," she said, looking into it, "so that's the old hag he's been chasin'."—Cherokee (Kan.) Sentinel.

#### LATEST SHADES



"She has a good face."  
"The best the market affords."

#### But Love Conquers All

For a lad who had recently got himself engaged to a beautiful and attractive young woman, his face was radiating a surprisingly small amount of rapture.

"I've got a five-thousand-a-year girl," he confided gloomily.

"Well, then," said his friend, heartily, "you're fixed for life."

"No, no, you misunderstand, the upkeep."—Stray Stories Magazine.

#### More Polite Follies

"How is politics in Crimson Gulch?"

"All right," said Bronco Bob. "We're getting rid of the idea that when a man runs for office the boys get out with so many six shooters that the only thing for him to do is to keep on running."

#### Epithetisms

"Do you think we should speak ill of those who have passed from this life?"

"No," said Miss Cayenne. "But I can't see the wisdom of trying to assert tombstone epithetisms as political doctrine."

#### The Answer

Teacher—Are you the oldest in your family?

Nellie—No, both father and mother are older than I am.

#### Room for Something

Big Brother—Ouch! This liniment makes my arm smart.

Little Sister—Better try some of it on your head.

#### IT'S BEING DONE



"Silence is golden, you know."

"Well, I don't know about silence being golden, but I've heard of people making money out of a still."

#### Scientific

Mother—But why don't you like school, Mary?

Mary—Oh, it isn't the school. It's the principle of the thing.

#### Just a Happy Family

"So you are building a new house, eh? How are you getting along with it?"

"Fine. I've got the roof and the mortgage on it, and I expect to have the furnace and the sheriff in before fall."—Wall Street Journal.

#### Necessity

Green—You must be keen on the talkies, old boy, to go twice a week.

Howarth—It's not that exactly. You see, if I don't go regularly I can't understand what my children are saying.

#### Spreading the Oil

Customer—To what do you owe your extraordinary success as a house-to-house salesman?

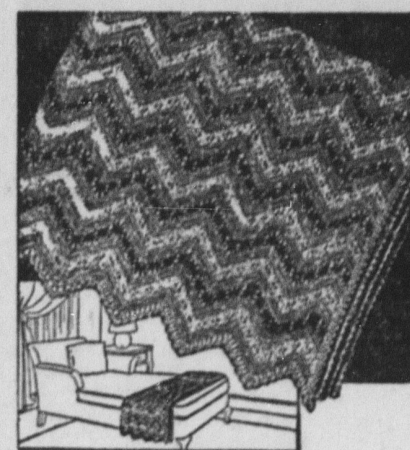
Salesman—To the first five words I utter when a woman opens the door—"Mis, is your mother in?"

#### Says the Farmer

Tractor Salesman—With this tractor you can do twice as much work.

Farmer (with a look of disgust)—I do plenty of work now. What the heck do I want with a thing that makes me do twice as much?

## Crocheting a Fluffy, Lacy Afghan, to Be the Heirloom of Tomorrow



PATTERN 5254

What more conducive to "forty winks" than this fluffy, lacy afghan! Its crocheted warmth will ward off

the most treacherous draughts, its color brighten and gladden any room it adorns. A very simple pattern to follow, too. The stripes look like tiny daisies strung together, and are in a crochet stitch which busy hands and needle soon learn to do by heart. Lovely in three shades of one color, it is also effective with each stripe a different color.

In pattern 5254 you will find directions for making the afghan; an illustration of it and of the stitches used; material requirements, and color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 250 W. Fourteenth Street, New York City, N. Y.



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## Woman Linguist Maintains Vow of Silence 25 Years

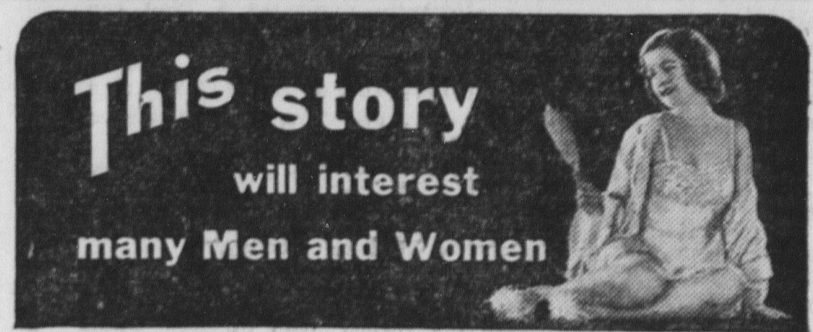
Anne Louise Reinzi, of Boston, could talk fluently in seven languages. But for more than 25 years she uttered not a single syllable of one of them to a living soul!

In 1910 she became a recluse, locking the door of her home to all visitors. Gas, electricity and water companies had to turn off supplies because she refused to admit their inspectors. Recently kindly neighbors grew anxious when she was not seen about. Police were called, battered down doors, found her lying on the floor with a fractured leg. She was rushed to a hospital, where she died, aged ninety.—Pearson's Weekly.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

#### Lack of It

A mussy office is not necessarily an indication of a lot of work done.



This story will interest many Men and Women

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S. Tonic...which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this treatment...I started a course. The color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Insist on S.S.S. Tonic in the blood-red Cellophane-wrapped package...the big 20-oz. size is sufficient for two weeks' treatment...it's more economical, too.

**SSS TONIC** Makes you feel like yourself again



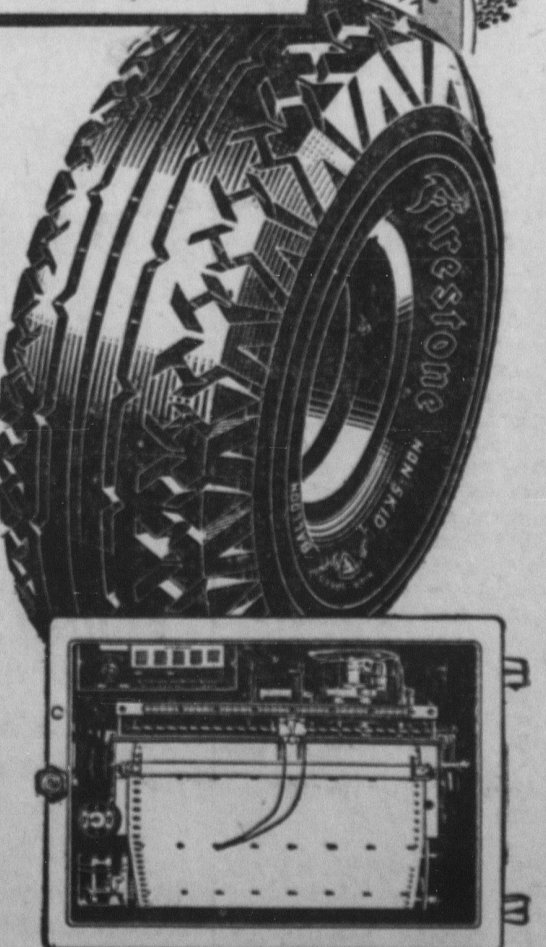
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Every truck operator knows that internal friction causes heat and heat is the greatest destroyer of tire life. The only way to counteract friction and heat is by Gum-Dipping, the Firestone patented process which soaks the cords in liquid rubber, saturating and coating each tiny cotton fiber and strand within the cord, counteracting friction and heat at their very source. As a result of this patented process, Firestone Tires run up to 28° cooler than tires built without Gum-Dipped Cords.

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#### FIRESTONE TIRES RUN COOLER

This scientific instrument accurately measures the heat generated in tires at high sustained speeds. Firestone Tires run up to 28° cooler than tires built without Gum-Dipped Cords—this means added strength, greater dependability and longer mileage.

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