

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Dangerous Crossing"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:
Here's a yarn from Claire Gibson of Chicago about an adventure that took place in Springfield, Ill. Claire was just a little girl when she had that adventure. It was the first one of her life, and for thrills and plain out-and-out terror nothing that has happened to her since could ever approach it.

It was a hot day in the early summer of 1910. Claire had an invitation to a party that was being given at a house some distance away from her home and she was all dressed and ready to go.

It must have been somewhere between seven and eight in the evening, because Claire remembers that the party started at eight. She left her home, walked two blocks to the trolley line, and waited for a car to come along. When it arrived, she got on and took a seat up near the end of the car.

The car moved on, and, after a few blocks, an old lady boarded it and took a seat near the middle. More people got on after that. It was pretty well filled by the time it reached Fifth and Rafter streets and started to cross the railroad tracks.

Claire was up in front of the car, and she saw everything that happened. That crossing they were coming to was a dangerous one, and it seemed to her that all necessary care was being taken to see that the car got over it safely. The conductor got out and ran ahead to make sure there were no trains coming.

Freight Engine Smashed the Trolley.

Apparently satisfied, he motioned to the motorman to come ahead, and swung back aboard the moving trolley. And, then something went wrong. The trolley was moving across the tracks—was right in the middle of them—when suddenly a freight train appeared out of nowhere, looming up in the night not three yards away from the car!

There was no time to avoid it—no time to do anything. Some one in the car screamed. Then there was a thud—a terrific jar—a crashing of glass and a terrible grinding sound. The big engine was tearing and ripping the trolley car to pieces!

The air was full of shouts and screams now. Bodies were flying everywhere. At the first impact, Claire had been tossed into the air and



Claire Was Thrown Through a Window.

thrown bodily through a window, shattering the glass as she went. She landed in a sitting position on the ground, 30 or 40 feet from the car tracks. The car, carried along by the train, was right beside her.

Claire got to her feet. Kid-like, she never gave a thought to the possibility that she might be hurt. And as a matter of fact she was so stunned and dazed by the accident that she didn't notice such things.

"I was only about half-conscious of what was going on," she says. "I didn't even realize that I had been in a train wreck."

Climbed Over Bodies of the Dead.

As soon as she got to her feet, she thought of the old woman who had boarded the car just after she had. Back through the window of the wrecked car she climbed, in search of that old lady.

"I climbed over bodies," she says, "until I found her. She was unconscious but I dragged her out of the window and laid her on a nearby lawn. I screamed for help, but no one paid any attention to me."

"Then I ran to the wrecked engine and climbed to the cab to get the engineer."

But the engineer wasn't in the cab. Claire found him lying outside on the tracks—dead.

By this time she was beginning to realize that she was hurt. She was covered with blood and her clothing was nearly all torn from her body. There was a deep cut on her wrist that was bleeding badly. But still she carried on. She climbed back into the wrecked trolley.

"I found another woman," she says, "lying on her back and begging for help. I managed to lift her a little and, as I did, I recognized her as one of our neighbors. I dragged her out through the window and laid her on the lawn beside the old lady, but she died a short time afterward."

Claire Herself Was Badly Hurt.

But by that time help had arrived. The ambulances, the fire department, and the police had all been summoned, and now they were reaching the scene of the accident. Hundreds of people were gathering, trying to lend a hand.

By this time, too, Claire's head was beginning to clear and she was sick at heart at the horrible sights she had seen. With the blood still streaming from her, she began to run home, too excited to realize that she was badly injured.

She reached home all but exhausted—ready to collapse. Her wrist was cut to the bone, and there were splinters of glass in her face, and her back was strained from lifting people out through the window of that wrecked car. She was so weak from loss of blood that she staggered as she entered her house.

Her folks called a doctor and put her to bed. And it was the next day before she read in the newspapers the cause of the accident.

The conductor had looked for the train all right. He just hadn't been able to see it. It was dark, and in addition to that a thick fog had fallen over the city, obscuring the view. The freight's headlamp had gone out, and the watchman at the crossing had gone home just a short while before.

All that was a long time ago. Claire has never forgotten the horrible sights she saw that night, but she doesn't regret that adventure either.

"I'm glad," she says, "that I was able to be there and do a little to help those who were more badly hurt than I was."

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Habits of the Hummingbird

The hummingbird camouflages its nest (hung from horizontal branches for safer wind sway) with moss and cobwebs, for the nest itself using soft fibers held together by spider's silk.

Naming Birds and Fishes

Birds are not the only wild creatures burdened with vernacular names. There is really more confusion among the fishes. There are hardly two states that refer to the same species by the same names.

Discovered, Named Brazil

Brazil was discovered by Petro Alvares Cabral in 1500. He named it Terra de Santa Cruz, or Land of the Holy Cross, and took possession of it in the name of the king of Portugal.

Meaning of Name Arna

Arna might well be more commonly used as a girl's name, being simple and distinctive. It is of Teutonic and Latin origin and means "of the eagle's breed" or "like the eagle."

FAMOUS STORIES

Beowulf Saga Is Anonymous Tale of Valor

By ELIZABETH C. JAMES

AS A youth Beowulf had the reputation of being the bravest among his tribe. Swimming, fighting, and fishing in the open boats of the northmen gave sturdiness and valor to him and to his friends. When he was still young he became known as a chieftain warrior, partly because his father was king, but also because the warriors liked to follow him in battle.



Elizabeth James

There came a message one day from Hrothgar, Beowulf's uncle, whose kingdom lay just across the waters, in the land known today as Denmark. The message begged that Beowulf and his warriors would come over and help rid the land of a fearful dragon, named Grendel.

At once Beowulf and a chosen group of his best men launched their boats and set out for the land of their kinsmen. On their arrival, Hrothgar gave a feast in the long mead hall. While this feasting and joy reigned, there sounded a roar. It was Grendel!

Battle to Death.

The monster seized a warrior with each hand, knocked the two together, and began to eat them for his supper. But the dragon was safely away before anything was done.

The next night Beowulf was ready. When Grendel approached, Beowulf met him and there ensued

RECORDED BY MONKS

No one knows who wrote the stories concerning the hero Beowulf. The poem as we have it today was recorded about the Eighth century, but the events which underlie the epic occurred about five centuries before that. By memory the legends came down through the generations. Perhaps the story tellers vied with each other in relating the most entertaining account of their hero; perhaps some of the stories were sung to dancing around camp fires.

a terrible fight between the man and the dragon. Using his powerful and trusted sword Beowulf defended himself. Seizing the dragon's arm he pulled with all his strength and tore it from its socket. Howling with pain, Grendel fled.

Knowing that the monster would likely die from so dreadful a wound, there was great rejoicing in the mead hall. Until another roar resounded through the night. Grendel's mother, a fierce dragon, now came in fury to avenge the death of her son. She did not fight that night, so the next day Beowulf tracked her to her lair by the blood stains of Grendel. The trail led to the side of a black tarn.

A whole day it took him to reach the bottom of the waters. There he saw a vast cavern, in which he knew the dragons made their abode. Holding his sword ready, he called. Grendel's mother came forth, eager for battle. Long they fought, and Beowulf found that his mortal-made sword was impotent against this supernatural being. Looking around he saw a sword hanging on the wall of the cavern. Seizing it, he stabbed and killed the dragon.

Beowulf Triumphs.

Having killed the mother dragon he went into the cavern and found the body of Grendel, from which he cut the head to use as a trophy. Carrying this, he began his ascent to the surface of the lake, where he found his warriors mournful for their leader whom they feared dead.

When the king had become an old man, he heard of a vast horde of treasure which a fire drake had discovered; the treasure had been buried three centuries before by an earl. Coveting this treasure for his people, Beowulf determined to have it. Only one warrior out of the entire kingdom dared to follow his lord into such a battle.

Long and ardously Beowulf fought with this monster. The dragon charged once, and a second time, but Beowulf guarded himself. A third time the dragon hurled himself at his enemy and this time he fastened his fangs in the throat of the king. Rushing to the aid of his king, the faithful warrior thrust his sword into the side of the dragon and forced him to loosen his grip on Beowulf. Although the warrior's arm was burned, he stayed with the king. Beowulf recovered himself and plunged his knife into the coils of the fire drake, cutting him through.

Soon after the death of the dragon, the wound in the king's throat grew worse, with swelling and pain. There was a fever which grew hotter and hotter until the king knew that he was to die. He rewarded his faithful warrior by making him his successor, and he divided the treasure among his subjects. Reminding his people of the glory of their race, the hero died.

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Farm Champions on the Air



AMONG the Champion Farmers of America who are being featured on Firestone's series of 26 "Voice of the Farm" programs, is this representative group of leading crop growers and stock raisers. Each program in the series presents a farm champion in an interview with Everett Mitchell, popular farm commentator who has been heard on the National Farm and Home Hour for the last eight years. Each champion tells the fact story of his climb to championship rating in his particular branch of farm operation.

Distinguish by Purity
Distinguish between baseness and merit, not by descent, but by purity of life and heart.—Horace.

Top from left—Albert Schroe-

Wise and Otherwise

NO DOUBT the tailor who asked for cash in advance had taken his customer's measure.

Quite small things may keep you from sleeping at night, says a doctor. Never mind—they'll grow up presently.

Little Buddy wants to know how far it is 'tween to and fro. Girls who play with fire don't always strike a match.

Many a man has the wolf at his door because his wife will have a silver-fox round her neck!

When you're in a jam, it's soon spread all over the place.

Paradox: It's only when a man comes clean that he spills the dirt.

Buckingham Fountain

The Buckingham Memorial fountain is the gift of the late Miss Kate Buckingham of Chicago, art patron, in memory of her brother, Clarence, a former trustee and benefactor of the Art Institute of Chicago. The fountain cost \$1,000,000 and is set in a garden 600 feet square with three basins rising in a central pool surrounded by four minor pools. When in full play the fountain flows about 5,500 gallons of water a minute, one column rising to a height of 75 feet. It is beautifully illuminated at night in five different colors.

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR!

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