

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne



SMATTER POP—It Seems the Young Hopeful Had Planned a Demonstration

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY



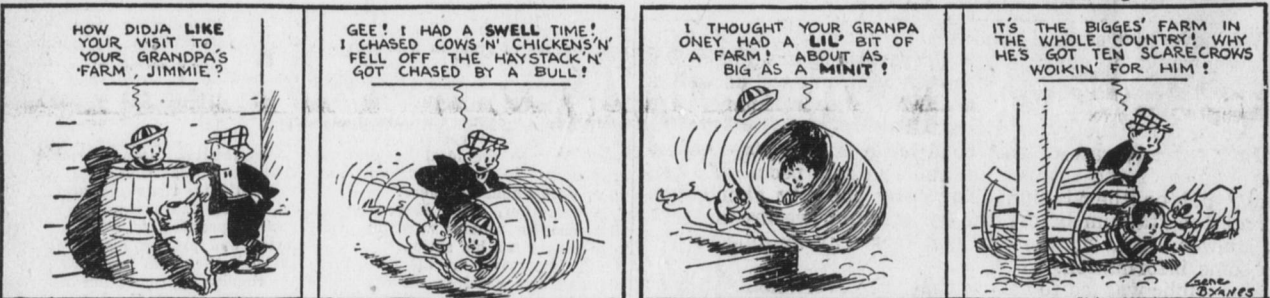
FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin



REG'LAR FELLERS

Working Three Shifts



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES

Whatever Goes Up Comes Down

By O. JACOBSSON



BRONC PEELER An Unwanted Candidate

By FRED HARMAN



AS MONEY GOES

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FLOYD GIBBONS Adventurers' Club Hello, Everybody!



"Holocaust in the Cellar"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, some of us go out looking for adventure, and the rest of us are smart enough to sit around and wait for adventure to come looking for us. About 90 per cent of all the adventures have happened to people who weren't looking for them—and about 80 per cent of them—according to my figures—come to people in their own kitchens, and dining rooms and living rooms. Now here's a story I got the other day from Gladys R. Strom, and Gladys had to go farther than most people to find the big thrill of her lifetime. It didn't come to her on the ground floor of her home. She had to go down into the cellar to find it. Gladys remembers the exact date of her experience. It was December 2, 1929. She had climbed out of bed, as usual, at about 6:30 that morning, and the first thing she did after she came downstairs was to attend to the furnace. She had bought a new-fangled composition fuel the day before, and she threw several shovelfuls on the fire. She had never used the stuff before, but she figured that you handled it pretty much the same way you did coal. But you weren't supposed to use it like coal. That was the part Gladys didn't know. And, as a result, she put too much of it on the fire. It All Started With Her Forgetting the Furnace. When the furnace was filled, Gladys went off and forgot about it. She didn't think of it again until about 8 o'clock, when her three children were just about ready to go to school. Then she noticed that the house seemed colder than usual. She felt the radiators, and sure enough they were stone cold. Then she knew there was something wrong with the heater and went down into the cellar to see what it was. She was within three feet of the furnace—was reaching out to open the door—when the door blew open of its own accord, and a terrific blast



A Terrific Blast Hurled Her Across the Cellar.

picked her up bodily and hurled her across the cellar. She landed against an ice chest and was almost knocked unconscious, but she struggled to her feet again.

Explosion Made the House Do the Rumba.

The whole house was rocking from the force of the explosion. The door was blown off, and so were the draught pipes at the top of the furnace. Great sheets of blue flame were shooting out of the door, and out of the holes where the draught pipes had been. They were reaching up—licking at the ceiling.

And although Gladys wanted to do nothing so much as to drop back to the floor again, she knew that if she did the house would be on fire in another ten seconds.

Moving in a daze, she reached with trembling hands for one of the battered draught pipes. Fighting her way close to the blazing furnace, she tried to put the pipe back in place, and thus pen up the flame that was shooting out of the empty hole.

There Was No Trifling About This Explosion.

The damage, she noticed now, was a lot worse than she had originally thought. There was a big, gaping crack running across the entire top of the furnace, and looking up she saw that the brick chimney had been blown to pieces. At the spot where the furnace pipes went in there was a hole big enough for two men to crawl through.

Somehow Gladys managed to get that draught pipe back in place. She had burned herself terribly in the doing of it—but she had accomplished something. There was still another draught pipe, and she tackled that. When it was in place alongside of the other, she picked up the hot iron door of the furnace.

That was the point where Gladys' memory went blank on her. The furnace door got put back into place somehow, but she doesn't remember doing it, or how she did it. Nor does she remember any of the other things she did from then until the firemen arrived.

Blast Sent This Little Boy for a Ride.

Upstairs, in the kitchen, Gladys' nine-year-old boy was eating his breakfast when the explosion occurred. The blast threw him from his chair, and the cat, lying nearby on the kitchen floor, was lifted about a foot in the air. The doors of the kitchen stove were shaken open, and the heavy iron lids on top rattled and danced. The other two boys, playing in the next room, ran screaming from the house, and the neighbors began telephoning for the fire department.

When the engines arrived the firemen found Gladys still reeling about the cellar, moving in a daze around the still blazing furnace. But Gladys doesn't remember anything about that—doesn't remember a thing from the time she started to put back that furnace door to the time when she came out of a dead faint upstairs, with a couple of firemen giving her a first-aid treatment. Gladys spent a few days in the hospital as a result of her adventure, and when she got out the first thing she did was to chuck all that new-fangled stove fodder out the back window. She hasn't used any of it since. And I don't blame her.

Wrote "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"

The place made famous by the old love song "When You and I Were Young, Maggie" is at Ducktown, Tenn., near a creaking old mill which ground meal for the Indians and pioneers, and the occasion, the return of an aged couple to the scene of their romance, relates a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The site is marked by a tablet placed there by the Daughters of the American Revolution, which tells all about it, and about the author, George W. Johnson, who there met, wooed and married Maggie Harris, and who years afterward wrote the poem about her. Early in the Eighteenth century, Johnson, who, according to historians, was a rambler and hunter of gold, heard strange tales from the Indians about wealth in the mountains of east Tennessee. Johnson loaded his canoe and took off from his home near the mouth of the Hiwassee river. Following the river he reached Spring creek, which finally became so shallow he abandoned his canoe and walked. Hearing a creaking mill far up the creek Johnson strode in that direction. And then he saw Maggie. He gave up his search for gold and stayed around until he had won her, and then took her to his home down the river. Years afterward when both were aged and gray they returned to the hills, and the scene of the old mill where Maggie lived when she was young. This inspired Johnson to write the poem. His poem was found later by a musician, J. A. Butterfield, who set it to music.

Invented Non-Sinkable Boat

Joseph Francis, American inventor and boat builder, patented in 1837, a nonsinkable lifeboat which was widely used for several decades after 1850. He was the founder of the American Shipwreck and Humane society, developed a corrugated metal lifeboat and used his same invention in the construction of steamers. He received the Congressional Medal, the Franklin Institute Medal and International recognition for his work.

Leading Coffee Drinkers

The Danes, Swedes and Norwegians drink the most coffee. People in the United States come next, while Belgium, Finland and Cuba follow in close succession. The per capita consumption of coffee in the Scandinavian countries is more than 15 pounds, as compared to 12 and 13 pounds in this country, annually.

Adorable Pantie Frock That Is Easy to Make

PATTERN 2556



Here's an adorable frock for a two-to-ten-year-old, and one very easy for mother to make, too. It wears a young round-collared neckline, puffed sleeves for irresistible little girl charm, and roomy pleats for agile youngsters who want "free action." Printed percale would be ever so appealing and practical. Pattern 2556 is available in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 takes 2 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included. Send fifteen cents (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. Be sure to state size. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Forward and Upward

Anywhere, if it be forward . . . and if I should never return, perhaps my life will be as profitably spent as a forerunner as in any other way.—David Livingstone.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Failings of Others

If we had no failings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

Find Out

From Your Doctor if the "Pain" Remedy You Take Is Safe.

Don't Entrust Your Own or Your Family's Well-Being to Unknown Preparations

BEFORE you take any preparation you don't know all about, for the relief of headaches; or the pains of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia, ask your doctor what he thinks about it—in comparison with Genuine Bayer Aspirin.

We say this because, before the discovery of Bayer Aspirin, most so-called "pain" remedies were advised against by physicians as being bad for the stomach; or, often, for the heart. And the discovery of Bayer Aspirin largely changed medical practice.

Countless thousands of people who have taken Bayer Aspirin year in and out without ill effect, have proved that the medical findings about its safety were correct.

Remember this: Genuine Bayer Aspirin is rated among the fastest methods yet discovered for the relief of headaches and all common pains . . . and safe for the average person to take regularly.

You can get real Bayer Aspirin at any drug store—simply by never asking for it by the name "aspirin" alone, but always saying BAYER ASPIRIN when you buy.

