

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



'The Nurse and the Thug'

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here's a holdup story with a different twist—almost a tragic one, for, we learn from Augusta C. Gores of Glendale, L. I., "The gunman confessed to Judge Savarese that he was about to assault me." Had it not been for the curious coincidence related below, Augusta's adventure might have had a different ending.

Augusta, who is a nurse, was attending an invalid patient in Glendale, and on the night of April 4, 1936, at 11:20 p. m., she alighted from the Metropolitan avenue trolley a block and a half from the house at which she was employed.

The road at that point happens to be very lonely, inasmuch as Saint John's cemetery is but a block away. Augusta felt rather creepy for that reason as she was walking that distance from the trolley.

Suddenly, ahead of her, she saw a lengthened shadow, traveling in the same direction. SOMEONE WAS COMING ALONG BEHIND HER.

She looked back to make certain, and, sure enough, a man was hurrying along toward her. Augusta felt the man might be following her, so she figured she would cross to the opposite side of the road in order to see whether the man would actually follow her.

He did. Augusta looked back once more as she was crossing, and as she did, the man crossed also. He, too, was looking back to see whether the road behind him was clear. "I was not mistaken," Augusta says.

No Chance to Escape by Running.

Fear came over her. Fighting for control, she realized in mounting panic, that she must suppress her blind desire to outrun the man. No hope lay in that course, she must use her wits instead.

Behind her the footsteps grew louder. At last, unable any longer to restrain herself, Augusta turned. Not a foot away from her was the man. She attempted to turn back to the avenue, as there were several cars going through, but the fellow prevented her from doing so by telling



The drunken thug was getting rough, and Augusta began to tremble.

her to go on ahead of him and obey his orders as he had her covered with a gun and would use it on her if she screamed or made any attempt to call for help.

At the same time, Augusta says, the man pressed his body up against hers so that she might feel that he had a gun.

The man wore a leather jacket, and had his hand in the breast pocket, concealing the weapon. This was enough for Augusta. All thoughts of flight vanished. She knew she must somehow talk her way out of this situation. But she knew in the next instant that she didn't have a choice. The man was under the influence of liquor, and he was past the reasoning stage.

Augusta Invented a Husband.

As the man began getting rough, Augusta told him desperately that she expected her husband along any minute, and that her husband was a police officer. "You'll be in for an awful lot of trouble!" she warned the persistent annoyer, hopefully.

Augusta adds in parentheses: "I happen to be a widow." She thought by manufacturing this story the man might go away and let her alone, but, on the contrary, he seemed inflamed by this threat. He became rougher, boasting that he could handle the situation, and Augusta, seeing now how drunk the fellow was, began to tremble inwardly.

And despite her rising panic, she knew that her one hope lay in just one thing—SHE MUST NOT LET THIS FELLOW KNOW HOW FRIGHTENED SHE WAS OF HIM.

To scream was useless; there was no one who would have heard her cries. Augusta's one hope lay in holding off her annoyer until someone should happen along.

The man was powerful, and Augusta was powerless against his drunken strength. In vain she wrestled to free herself from his grip. He was just about to overpower her when, turning down the road, Augusta saw the headlights of a car.

Her Savior Was a Policeman.

The thug had his back turned. Augusta, recalling her feeble threat of a few moments back, cried out: "Here he comes now!"

The instant's attraction was enough. While the thug wheeled to face, as he thought, the approaching police officer (Augusta's fictitious husband) she pulled away from him and threw herself into the range of the headlights!

The car was traveling at a pretty good clip, and the driver told Augusta afterward that he did not see her until he was almost on top of her, and actually came very close to running her down.

Augusta leaped on the car's running board, begged the driver, a man, to help her, explaining that she was the victim of a holdup.

By this time the thug was making his getaway. He was making good headway, WHEN SUDDENLY AUGUSTA HEARD A SHOT!

And here's the strange coincidence. The very man Augusta had stopped in the car proved to be a police officer in plain clothes, who was coming home from a prizefight. He was a total stranger to Augusta, but he must have been just as effective as if he had been the imaginary husband she had tried to scare the thug with. Because the next scene in this drama shows the thug up before the judge. Augusta was commended by the court upon being able to hold the man off long enough for help to come.

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Sloth, Laziest Animal

The sloth, said to be the laziest animal in the world, hangs from the branches of trees, feeding on shoots, foliage and fruits. The animal's anatomy is such that it can only hang. It has no defensive weapon, but is camouflaged by the coloration of the hair, which is covered with a minute green algae.

True Beauty

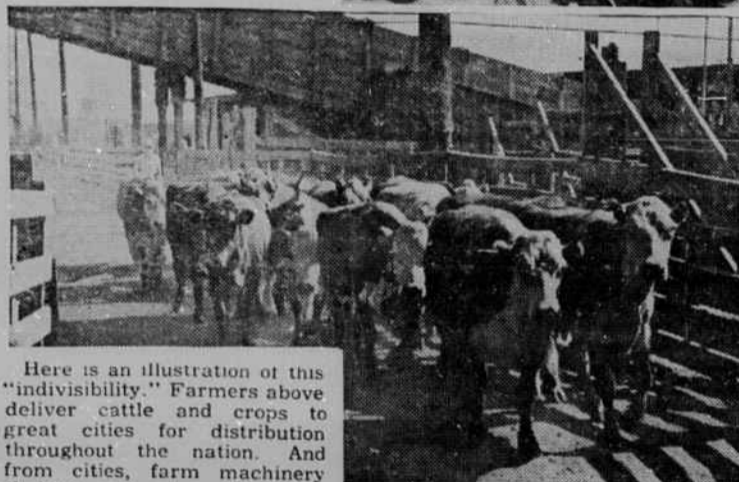
After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth; for all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measures that of harmony and music. In poetry, which is all fable, truth still is the perfection.—Lord Shaftesbury.

One Nation Indivisible



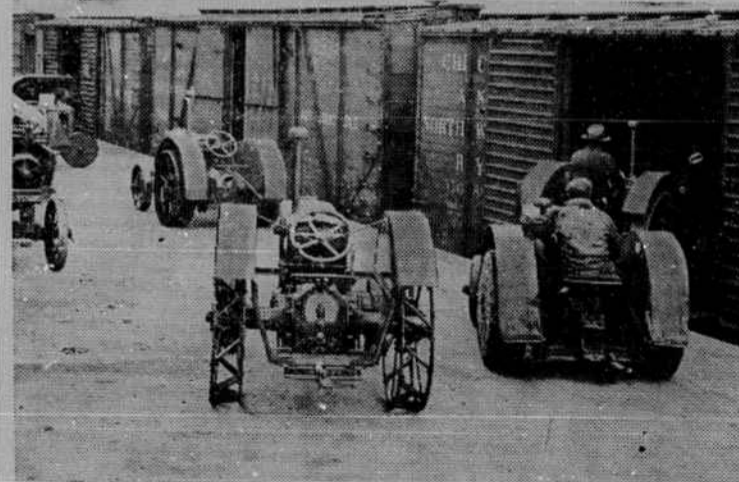
Picture Parade

WHEREAS young America consumed more than it produced, the America of 1938 approaches self-sufficiency as the farm buys from the city, the city from the farm. Each is dependent on the other. When farmers above harvested a bumper crop near Devers, Texas, the implied surplus threatened wages of Detroit automobile workers at right. And this year, new surpluses brought further complications. The cotton surplus alone was 13,000,000 bales. Apple growers had a surplus of 31,000,000 bushels at the start of the year. Milk production was higher in the early part of the year than in any corresponding period in the last seven years and granaries and warehouses bulged with lavish nature's excess production



Here is an illustration of this "indivisibility." Farmers above deliver cattle and crops to great cities for distribution throughout the nation. And from cities, farm machinery (below) and automobiles flow in steady streams to the farms.

Wages of industrial workers must be paid from the sale of their products. And the farm is a major market for products manufactured in the factories of our major cities.



To enable them to buy factory goods, farmers are co-operating with experts in finding new uses for crops, and putting chain stores to work buying surpluses and selling farm products to city workers.

Our Presidents

William Howard Taft was buried in Arlington National cemetery.
James A. Garfield wore the largest hat, in head size, size 7 3/4.
William Henry Harrison, who was 68 when elected, and 69 when inaugurated, was the oldest President at the time of his election.
Abraham Lincoln was the tallest President, being 6 feet 4 inches tall.
James Madison was the shortest President, being only 5 feet 4 inches in height.
George Washington was an honorary citizen of France.

A Stitched Sampler In Floss That's Gay



Pattern 6123.

Want some color interest for your room? Then embroider this cheery sampler. It is in easy cross stitch with the flowers in other simple stitches. Pattern 6123 contains a transfer pattern of a panel 11 3/4 by 15 inches; color chart and key; materials needed; illustrations of stitches.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 250 W. 14th St., New York City.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Mother Knew!

Here's an unsolicited letter just received from Miss B. L., who knows whereof she speaks. Read and remember it!

"My mother has used Wintersmith's from childhood. Last summer I was having chills and fever and tried all sorts of different medicines. None seemed to do me any good, so mother sent for some Wintersmith's Tonic, and soon I was up and well. I think there's nothing like it and mother says the same. I sure recommend this Tonic to anyone who suffers from Malaria."

If you have Malaria, take that letter to heart. Get a bottle of Wintersmith's from your druggist, and TRY it. That's all we ask.

Power a Blessing

Power, when employed to relieve the oppressed and to punish the oppressor, becomes a great blessing.—Swift.

HANDY Home Uses
MOROLINE
SNOW-WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Live With Care
Be not careless in deeds, nor confused in words, nor rambling in thought.—Marcus Aurelius.

SMALL SIZE 60c
LARGE SIZE \$1.20
MAGIC REMEDY
Brings Blessed Relief from aches and pains of
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS and LUMBAGO
Try a bottle... Why Suffer?
AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES

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MERCHANDISE

Must Be GOOD to be Consistently Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS