

Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB



Hello, Everybody!

"Soldier in the Sea"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, sometimes it seems there ain't no justice in this adventurous-old world of ours and if you don't believe it just ask Benny Graham. Benny has a tale of adventure and injustice that happened in the late summer of 1927 off Fort McDowell in San Francisco Bay, California.

Benny was a soldier stationed at Fort McDowell. He was a "casual"—but his story isn't—awaiting transfer to Schofield barracks, which is located in the place Amelia Earhart commutes to—Hawaii.

Now the fort is on an island in the bay and one day Benny and a pal of his decided to take a swim. One toe in that cold Pacific ocean water and Benny's pal had enough.

"You go ahead," he said, "I'll watch your clothes."
So Benny went ahead and swam straight out from the island. He noticed he was making pretty good speed, but it never occurred to him that a dangerous current was taking him for a ride, until he was miles from nowhere.

Strong Ocean Current Sweeps Benny to Sea.

He headed back and yelled for help but an offshore breeze threw his voice right back at him.

Try as he would, Benny couldn't make any headway against the current so he finally gave up and drifted with it.

"I was pretty cold by this time," Benny writes, "and pretty tired too. The current was carrying me around the island through the open bay. If I once missed the tip of the island I know I was as good as dead. The cold and exhaustion would soon finish me."

"It was late in the afternoon and to make matters worse the sun quickly sank beneath the waves and darkness settled around me. I began to lose hope—a boat could never find me in the dark, and soon I wouldn't know in which direction to swim.

Lighthouse Haven Is Hard to Approach.

"I was swimming as fast as I could—not against the current but on a slant with it—headed for the fast disappearing tip of the island and won-



"You Can't Imagine How I Felt Out There."

dering how it would feel to drown when I saw something that gave me renewed hope.

"It was a small lighthouse on the tip of the island miles away but the current was taking me in that direction!

"Beyond the lighthouse was the open bay—and death. But I made up my mind that I wasn't going to miss it. I'll bet no sailor in a storm was ever happier to see a light than I was that night. Each time it flashed off, as lighthouse signals do, I worried myself sick for fear it would stay out.

"You can't imagine how I felt out there in that ice-cold water knowing that my chance lay in hitting the rocks beneath that light. They looked awfully small from where I was.

"Suddenly to my horror I realized that the current was changing and pulling me from shore. If I continued to let the current carry me now I'd end up in the middle of the bay!

"There was only one thing to do and I did it. I buried my face in the water and went into a fast crawl, straight for the light. I remembered that when I learnt the crawl they told me to count 10 kicks to each stroke of the arms—I counted 10 prayers to every stroke instead.

"Hours went by. Despite my efforts I felt myself freezing to death. The light never seemed to get nearer. I began to get numb and not care.

A Rock Never Before Felt So Comfortable.

"And then, just as I was about to sink, my hand hit a rock! I grabbed it and held on and after a long rest was able to pull myself ashore—almost dead from cold and exhaustion."

And now, boys and girls, comes the sad part of Benny's yarn.

Benny was safe, but unfortunately for him he didn't land at a nudist camp because, you see, he was as free of clothes as the bride at a nudist wedding. He scrambled up the bank and along the road without even a barrel. It was pitch dark, but the lighthouse that had once proved such a friend in need was now his worst enemy. Every time it flashed Benny had to run for cover.

But he finally managed, by fits and starts, to reach a house with a light in it and he got up his nerve and rang the bell.

If a servant girl had answered Benny's ring he probably would still be doing a Tarzan on the island, but he was in luck for once that day. His own first sergeant came to the door.

Benny Finds Out How Much He's Missed.

Well, you know how tough those "Top Kickers" can be when a button is out of place, so you can just imagine what this one said when he saw Benny without a button on him! After the storm had passed Ben borrowed an overcoat and the non-com drove him back toward camp.

They picked up Benny's clothes first and Benny was shocked to find that his old pal who had been watching them was gone. He got a worse shock a moment later when he found his pocketbook and watch were also gone!

Alas! for the faithlessness of the human race!

Benny later found his pal spending his money, wearing his watch, and he hadn't even reported Benny's tragic end! And that, Benny says, was the "most unkind cut of all."

But Benny had his revenge. When his pal first saw him that night, the faithless doughboy thought he was seeing ghosts and nearly died of fright. ©—WNU Service.

Walter Damrosch Gives

Word Picture of "Music"

"Servant and master am I. Servant of those dead, and master of those living."

"Through my spirits immortals speak the message that makes the world weep and laugh, and wonder and worship."

"I tell the story of love, the story of hate, the story that saves, and the story that damns."

"I am the incense upon which prayers float to heaven."

"I am the smoke which falls over the field of battle where men lie dying with me on their lips."

"I am close to the marriage altar, and when graves open I stand nearby."

"I call the wanderer home, I rescue the soul from the depths, I open the lips of lovers, and through me the dead whisper to the living."

"One I serve as I serve all; and the king I make my slave as easily as I subject his slave."

"I speak through the birds of the air, the insects of the field, the sighing of the wind, the crash of water on the rock-ribbed shores, and I am heard by the soul that hears me in the clatter of wheels on city's streets."

"I know no brother, yet all men are my brothers; I am father, of the best that is in them; and they are father of the best that is in me. I am of them and they are of me, for I am the instrument of God."

"I am music."—Boston Herald.

An Odd River

The Indian river in Florida begins in the same ocean as that in which it ends, for it is a long, narrow arm of the sea running parallel with the East coast and stretching from Daytona to Fort Pierce. It is, however, not strictly a river, in spite of its name.

Charmis strikes the light But merit wins the soul.

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Merit Wins The Soul

A Christmas Story
By Agnes Myers



IT WAS Christmas eve and Jane Harrison was preparing to close the Book and Gift shop after a busy day. The door opened and an elderly man wearing spectacles and a white muffler entered hurriedly.

Setting aside his gloves and cane, and hastily scanning the shelves, he said: "I have but a few moments to make a selection; perhaps you could assist me. Something for an elderly lady."

Jane was more than a bookseller; she was reader. And, too, she could quickly sense the literary taste of an individual. Delving into a case she brought forth Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Bronte"; also "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and "Out of Doors in the Holyland," all in new holiday bindings.

"Here are some delightful gift books," she remarked.

The gentleman raised a pair of surprised eyes and wonderingly surveyed the girl, rather than the books. Drawing a wallet from his inner coat he replied:

"My dear young lady, your excellent choice has tempted me to take all three." Handing Jane a card he continued, "please have them sent over to Miss Adelaide Perkins, Burton street, number 78."

Thanking her he dashed out to his cab and was gone.

"Seventy-eight Burton street!" gasped Jane, "and the delivery boy gone for the night on his last round!"

Locking the store and with Miss Adelaide Perkins' gift in the hollow of her arm, the tired girl started off on her errand.

Jane and her widowed mother had lived in Edgebrook on a small income. She attended Miss Edmonds' School for Girls as a day student and received a very thorough education. In the evenings Jane worked in the town library. Her mother passed away and Jane had gone to the city. This was her first Christmas to be alone.

At the Perkins address the door was opened by an elderly lady. "My goodness, child! A package for me! Do step in." But before she could close the door a boy called out:

"Telegram for Perkins."

"Yes, yes," she said, all bewildered.

"Mercy me, where are my glasses!" and she fumbled around in her pocket.

"I'll sign for you, if I may," said Jane.

"Yes, please do—dear, dear, where are my glasses! Oh, here they are," and Miss Perkins' fine patient hands trembled as she opened the envelope.

"It is from my nieces, the Bosworth girls. They are driving down from Hartland tomorrow afternoon and will be here for tea with me around five."

"Your nieces the Bosworth girls!" exclaimed Jane; "not Emille and Susan! Why, they were my best friends at Miss Edmonds' school," and thoughts of Edgebrook dashed through her mind.

The June commencement—Richard Bosworth, the tall brother, up from the city for the festivities.

"And don't forget tomorrow at five," called Miss Perkins as Jane was departing.

The next afternoon Jane helped Miss Perkins put the finishing touches to a table set in blue china of willow pattern. There was the sound of a motor, then merry voices in the hall. Emille, Susan, Richard, Uncle Carroll, the elderly gentleman who had sent the books, were greeting Miss Perkins.

"Why Jane Harrison!" gasped the Bosworth girls in one breath.

Then followed such excited exclamations; the bliss of renewed friendship.

With a rustle of her silken skirts Miss Perkins led the way to the dining-room. Jane sat opposite Richard. She liked the strength in his broad shoulders, his well-modulated voice and his clear honest eyes. Emotions of newly awakened interest roused her sentiments.

Richard was beaming across the table at the young woman in the blue frock; her quaint charm, rippling laughter, the glance of her brown eyes and the lift of her pretty shoulders.

As the happy gathering moved into the sitting room Jane felt the warmth of a large hand gripping her own slim one. Looking up, she smiled into Richard's firm and understanding face.

Uncle Carroll, with an approving nod, stroked his beard like a prophet, and reflected upon the words of the poet:

Charmis strikes the light But merit wins the soul.

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Simple Set of Bibs For the Little One

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Plenty of bibs must always be handy for the little one and a mother is always ready to make up a few more if they cost as little as these do and also require a little handwork.

This package No. A-4 contains a set of three bibs stamped with designs like shown above on a fine quality heavy sheeting. Binding and thread are not included. The embroidery is in simple outline stitch. Send 15 cents to our stamped goods department and receive this set by mail.

Address Home Craft Co., Dept. A, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Funny Business

The University of Kansas "dime-a-day" bureau went to the wall with assets of 45 cents and a handful of practical jokes. Leo Gottlieb, who operated the bureau only a week, offered dates for men or coeds at 10 cents and "25 cents if satisfied." He admitted practical jokers furnished two-thirds of his business.

Prof Forgot How to Stop But He Wasn't Rattled

The professor had bought a new car, and was demonstrating it by taking a spin with his wife. After a while he coughed deprecatingly. "My dear," he said, with a note of apology in his voice, "I'm sorry, but—er—I'm really afraid I've forgotten what one does to bring this machine to a halt."
"Oh, Enos," shrieked the lady. "What shall we do?"
"Now, never mind, dear," consoled her husband. "We'll just stop at the next garage and ask a mechanic."
Brockton Enterprise.

New Flag

Citizens of Winnipeg rubbed their eyes. From the flagpole atop the government building floated a pair of trousers. Investigators found a playful workman was responsible.

Beethoven Would Appease Goethe's Anger at Homage

Goethe and Beethoven were taking the cure at Carlsbad. They spent much time together but as they were always followed by crowds of admirers they chose the most solitary spots for their walks. Soon, however, their retreat was discovered and again people followed them and passers-by respectfully stopped and took their hats off. This irritated Goethe terribly and he complained of the impossibility of escaping homage.

"Never mind, Your Excellency," remarked Beethoven. "Perhaps these homages are meant for me!"—From Anecdotes on Goethe.

Subtlety

The subtle man is immeasurably easier to understand than the natural man.—G. K. Chesterton.

How Calotabs Help Nature To Throw Off a Bad Cold

Millions have found in Calotabs a most valuable aid in the treatment of colds. They take one or two tabs of cold poisons from the system. Thus Calotabs serve the double purpose of a purgative and diuretic, both of which are needed in the treatment of colds.

Calotabs are quite economical; one of the most thorough and dependable of all intestinal eliminators, thus cleansing the intestinal tract of the germ-laden mucus and toxins.

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Special Care for Sensitive Skin

Tender, easily-irritated, sensitive skins require a toilet soap that will do more than merely cleanse. It must keep the skin in good condition, freeing it from all cause of irritation. Cuticura Soap contains the delicately medicated, emollient properties of Cuticura which bring to the skin a condition of healthful cleanliness.

Price 25c. Sold at all druggists.



MUD OR SNOW ... WITHOUT CHAINS

THIS new tire solves winter driving problems for farmers. When you equip your car and truck with Firestone Ground Grip Tires you can get through unimproved roads in any weather. These remarkable tires make their own road, and give you super-traction in mud, snow or loose earth. They are self-cleaning and they do not clog up.

No farmer can afford to be without a set of these Ground Grip Tires—they are made with patented features used in no other tire.

See your nearby Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store or Firestone Tire Dealer today and avoid winter driving troubles.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks or Nelson Eddy—with Margaret Spear, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C.—WEAF Network

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