



FLOYD GIBBONS Adventurers' Club *Hello Everybody!*

"Thrilling—Almost a Killing!"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

I BUMPED into this story today from Mr. Bernard Bumpus, and I don't mind telling you boys and girls that Mr. Bumpus certainly was put over the bumps in what he tells us was the biggest thrill in his young life. Let's bump into it.

Bumpus bumped into adventure—excuse me, Bernard, for my Bumptious puns—bump me off if I do it again—when he ran to the rescue of a friend he thought was about to be bumped—I mean killed off—by robbers. And it was quite a rumpus that Bumpus bumped into—All right, Reader, I'll stop!

In 1934 Bernard lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in Wareham. He had a pal—an insurance agent—who used to run back and forth between the two places daily in his car and he generally took Bernard with him.

One evening as they met at their usual place for the home ride, the agent told Bernard that he had to make an important collection at the "Head of the Bay," which is about three miles through dense woods from Buzzards Bay.

Mr. Bumpus Figures He's Being Kidded.

As the men rode through the night the insurance man confided to Bernard that he was carrying a large sum of money with him and was glad that Bernard was along. He added that the place they were headed for was an isolated spot and a tough crowd—capable of even murder—hung out there.

Now Bernard says his pal was an inveterate practical joker, and he thought right away he was being kidded so he decided to hand the line right back to him.

"That's all right," Bernard said. "I'll take care of you. If anybody gets tough, why just whistle three times and I'll clean out the place."

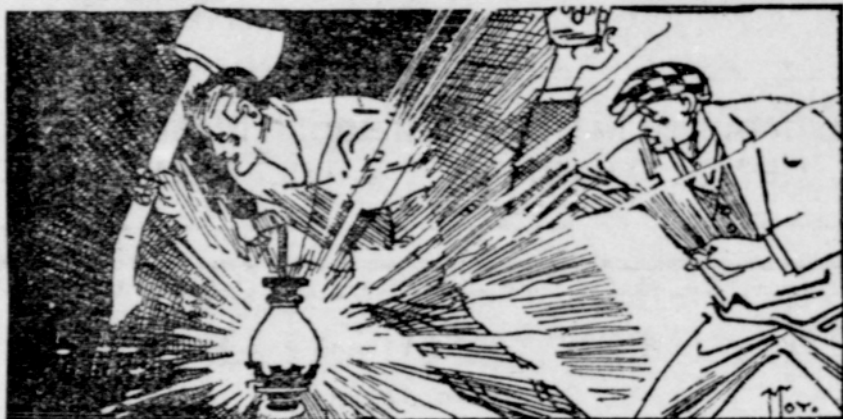
That promise, Bernard says, seemed to reassure his friend, so nothing more was said until they drew up in the darkness before an isolated cabin lighted only by a dim kerosene lamp.

The place was miles from nowhere and, despite the fact that Bernard thought his friend was joking, he had a strange feeling of uneasiness.

Bernard stayed in the car as the insurance man picked his way carefully toward the house.

"Don't forget the three whistles," he warned.

Bernard smiled to himself and settled back in the car. Once alone, however, he began to think the situation might not be so funny after all. His



The Man with the Lantern Had His Back to Me.

friend, he knew, often carried large sums on collection days—and this spot looked about as ideal a place for a robbery as you could find. He made up his mind to play safe and be on the alert.

Mysterious Goings-On Reveal Themselves.

A few seconds after the insurance man had disappeared toward the back of the house, Bernard saw a huge man sink out the front door and make for the back.

The man carried a lantern in one hand and an axe in the other. As the lantern went around the rear of the house, Bernard heard something that drove all thoughts of a practical joke out of his head. A shot rang out from the rear of the place!

Bernard straightened up with a jerk and strained his eyes in the direction his friend had taken. He held his breath as he listened for the signal agreed upon. It was no joke now he knew—and then he heard the signal.

Three faint whistles came from the back of the house—whistles so faint that they might have been made with a man's dying breath!

"Believe me, I was scared," Bernard writes. "I didn't know what to do. Was it all a joke or had they shot and killed my friend? Should I start the car and drive for help, or should I run to his aid as I had promised? I was unarmed and felt that I would be helpless against them and yet it seemed cowardly to run away."

"Did I want to be a live coward or a dead hero? My thoughts probably took only a few seconds, but it seemed as though I was wasting hours of valuable time. I sat behind the wheel ready to start the motor, and then the next instant I had jumped noiselessly out of the car and, grabbing a big stone from the road, went creeping like an Indian to the rear of the house."

Mr. Bumpus Starts to Bump—With a Rock.

"The man with the lantern had his back to me—I sneaked up with the heavy stone held ready for a death blow. In another second that stone would crash into his skull! He didn't hear me as I made the last few steps in a jump."

Wham! The big stone came down with a dull thud!

But it didn't come down on the head of the man with the lantern. No, sir-ree, Mr. Bumpus had bumped—there I go again—into another figure in the dark and the stone plopped to the ground harmlessly. A familiar laugh sounded in Bernard's ear, and as he looked sheepishly around the live insurance man explained everything.

The shot had been fired at a raccoon which had been caught red-handed robbing the chicken coop. The insurance man wanted Bernard to see the fun so he whistled.

"But the weak whistle?" Bernard asked.

"New false teeth," the agent answered.

Wow! What a close call for the man with the lantern! And it just goes to show, boys and girls, how a little thing like a new set of teeth might bumpus off!

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An Arctic Dog

The keeshond is generally regarded as a member of the Arctic group of dogs. It became localized in Holland and thus received a Dutch name. In the same dog family with the keeshond we find the Norwegian elkhound, the Spitz, and the Pomeranian. The keeshond is a wolfish gray in color. The standard calls for silver gray with black tipped hair.

Butterflies Taste With Feet

Adult butterflies, a scientist has discovered, taste with their feet.

Fresh Air Easiest to Heat

Fresh air heats more quickly than stale air because the former contains a large percentage of oxygen. Fresh air also has a higher thermal conductivity than carbon dioxide, which forms a large proportion of stale air.

First Rings Useful

The first rings were seal rings with which the wearer made the impression of an engraved design to seal letters and documents. There were talisman rings and rings of healing, and the sinister poison rings.

"Better baking at a saving—that counts in this family!"

SAYS MRS. W. V. HICKEY, OF CHICAGO, ILL.

"I'm paying the lowest prices ever
for Calumet Baking Powder!"

"CAKES AND COOKIES

Just disappear in my big family," laughs Mrs. Hickey. "So it's a big help when I can get a full-pound can of my reliable, standby baking powder, Calumet, for only 25c! As long as I bake, Calumet will be in my pantry!"

Grandfather Rommel, who was a baker for 40 years, says, "Calumet takes the guesswork out of the job nowadays."

LOOK AT THE NEW CALUMET CAN!

A simple twist... and the Easy-Opening Top lifts off. No delay, no spilling, no broken fingernails!



WHAT makes Calumet so dependable? Why is it different from other baking powders? Calumet combines two distinct leavening actions. A quick action for the mixing bowl—set free by liquid. A slower action for the oven—set free by heat. This Double-Action produces perfect leavening.

New! Big 10¢ Can!

Calumet is now selling at the lowest prices in its history... The regular price of the Full-Pound Can is now only 25c! And ask to see the new 10c can—a lot of good baking for a dime—with Calumet, the Double-Acting Baking Powder. A product of General Foods.

A BULL'S EYE FOR DAD



"WHY was coffee bad for you, Dad? ... I thought it was bad just for us kids!"
"Oh, no! Many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee upsets their nerves, causes indigestion or keeps them awake nights!"

If you are bothered by headaches, or indigestion, or can't sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. It's easy to make... costs less than half a cent a cup. It's delicious, too... and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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