Unnatural Nature

NATURE sometimes startles man by turning its tables and revealing amazing quirks. For example, the above beach on the southeastern coast of Hawaii has unusually fine sand. But imagine the amazement of the first white man who saw it; this sand is coal black, the result of volcanic deposits.

In North Carolina is famous "Blowing Rock" over the precipitous chasm of John's river. The young lady tosses her handkerchief over the edge and a moment later sees it wafted gently back into her hands. In winter, it actually snows upward at this strange place, and air currents are constantly moving up.

Nature made peculiar things in the sea, too. At Seaside Park, N. J., this lovely miss caught a blowfish which was chased ashore by larger fish. These creatures expand many times their normal size when their tummies are tickled. When released they deflate—with a snort. Be careful, fellow, or you'll explode!

Many of nature's underground secrets have never been fathomed. Here is one in a stream near Lake Lure, N. C. Miss Helen Hoffman points into the black abyss that holds a mystery never fathomed—just how deep the water is. Several similar pools are in the same locality, and no one has ever been able to reach their bottoms.

Nature made this man-shaped face; man gave it a smoke!

Production of Radium

Radium is produced from carnotite and other ores found in Utah and Colorado, Belgian Congo, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Australia, Russia, etc. Its chief use is in the treatment of cancer. Meteors do not form a source of radium.

The Beaufort Sea

The Beaufort sea is that part of the Arctic ocean lying between Alaska and the Canadian Arctic islands.

Sable Dances, Too

The Russian sable gracefully trips the light fantastic. Like all members of the weasel family it has short, compressed claws which are capable of only partial restriction. This physical quality gives it a toe-dancing motion when it walks.

Arizona Has Large County

Coconino county in Arizona is larger than Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware combined.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

'Stream of Death'

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Maurice Dunford of Chicago is today's distinguished adventurer. He was a volunteer fire fighter and "smoke eater" in the little town of Russelville, Ark., in 1929, when his adventure happened. It was a quiet, warm, summer afternoon in the little town that nestled in a valley at the foot of the Ozarks close to the bank of the Arkansas river. Every one was dozing and taking life easy, but suddenly the fire siren let out a shieking blast that brought the whole town to life.

Maury made a rush for the station. Firemen from all over the town were running to the same point. They poured into the building and the big truck rolled out even before the sound of the siren had died away.

The burning building was only two blocks from the fire house. It was a small dwelling and the fire was in the attic. Maury says that smoke was pouring from under every shingle. He grabbed a line from a coupling and went around to the back of the house looking for an opening through which to get at the fire. Then, seeing no openings, he went into the house, dragged the hose up through a small trap door in the ceiling, and crawled with it into the attic.

Fighting Fire in the Attic.

"The heat and smoke were terrific," he says. "I started creeping forward so I could get at the seat of the blaze. Water was now belching through the nozzle in my hands, and the boys outside were playing

Maury couldn't even move a muscle. He couldn't even turn around.

another hose. The water from that hose was drenching me, but it was doing little toward putting out the fire."

The little attic was fairly flooded with water now. What's more, that water was hot. "It felt as if it was cooking my knees," says Maury, "for I was kneeling in it, between the sills, with my head bent down to my chest to keep as much smoke out of my lungs as possible."

And then it happened. He felt as if something had grabbed him all at once. He tried to look around—and found that he couldn't. He simply couldn't move a muscle.

His whole body was stiff. It wasn't exactly trembling, but it felt to Maury as if something was trembling inside of him, giving him the shaking up of his life. All at once he realized what it was. An electric shock!

Paralyzed by Electric Current.

Where was the shock coming from? He had stepped on no wires. There wasn't any wiring anywhere within ten feet of him. It took Maury a minute or two to figure that out. The hose! That stream of water had found a bare electric wire somewhere back there in the smoke and flame. The electricity was traveling down the stream to the nozzle, and Maury was gripping that nozzle with both hands. His wet clothes and the water-soaked floor were completing the hook-up that was sending the voltage through his body.

He tried to move the hose—divert the stream of water away from that wire—but he couldn't budge an inch. He tried to drop the nozzle, but for the life of him he couldn't let go of it. He tried to use his voice—and that worked. Somehow his vocal cords weren't paralyzed by the flow of electricity, and he shouted at the top of his lungs. "Shut off the juice," he was yelling. But he didn't think any one could hear him over the bedlam and confusion of sounds that came up to him from below.

"The pain was getting terrible," he says. "Every joint—every muscle—every bone in my body was aching. Smoke was choking—blinding me. I was held there by that shock, as immovable as if I'd been chained there. What was I to do? What was going to happen to me? Was I going to stand there until the fire crept over and burned me alive? Or would I succumb to the shocks of the electricity before the fire reached me?"

Some One Pulled the Switch.

Maury knew that even house current could kill a man under the proper conditions, and he was sure that current would kill him if he held on long enough. The pain was getting worse by the minute. He felt as if he were about to lose consciousness, but he fought that giddy feeling that was making his head spin round and round. Once he let go of himself—well—he knew that would be the end.

And then, all of a sudden, Maury felt his body relax. He tried to move—found that he could—and turned the nozzle upward. Some one downstairs had pulled the main switch, shutting off all the current in the building. And he'd done it just in time to save Maury from collapse—and probably from death.

Says he: "The force of the upturned stream of water battered through the roof. Shingles went flying. Sunshine came pouring in. And I felt like a million dollars!"

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Resin Made by Accident

The discovery of a way artificial resins might be made for use in paints and varnishes came about quite by accident. In 1901 an English dyestuff maker produced a tough resinous mass in his laboratory. Experiments made over a number of years perfected the product as we know it today and opened the way to an inexhaustible source of supply, obtainable at will. Natural resins are still used, of course—being largely collected by natives of tropical swamplands where it is found embedded in the mud.

Roman Women Used Creams

Roman women of fashion kept their face creams in glass phials, while alabaster cosmetic boxes were favored for rouge. But while the ancient Romans were "on top" with all these beauty devices, it took the "barbarian" Gauls to teach them how to manufacture soap.

Harp Playing Part of Education

Little over a century ago, harp playing was part of every young lady's education. Then the piano forced the harp out of style.

Curious Survival

The name "Boardman" or "Bordman" is a curious survival of a past life; they were tenants of land which the lord of the manor kept expressly for the maintenance of his table, the rental being paid in kind.

Last of the Bastille

In the cellars of some houses on the Rue Saint-Antoine, in Paris, can be seen the basements of what were once the towers of the Bastille, the famous prison of the French revolution.

Termites Use Caterpillars

A naturalist describes the occurrence of the larvae of a Tincid moth in the nests of a New Zealand termite. The larvae depend upon the material of the nest for their food, and they may be seen moving along in file, at regular intervals, as if in a procession, each escorted by a few soldier and worker termites. It appears that the larvae exude a strong odor which is attractive to the termites. Just as one may have flowers in his room for the sake of their perfume, so the termites have caterpillars.

No Grace in Short Grace

Scottish grace at mealtimes was a lengthy affair in olden Scotland, especially at a bountiful feast, in contrast to the short form used by the neighboring English. As a Scottish elder once said when present at a great English dinner, "Sicna grace for sicna dinner!"

Built Earliest Warships

From what is known of the ancient history of ships, the Phoenicians and Greeks were first to build ships of special type for war.

Hypnosis Defined

Hypnosis is a drowsy or semi-drowsy state brought about by bodily relaxation and stillness accompanied by the fixation of attention on some monotonous sight or sound such as the ticking of a clock or a light.

Yellow River

The Yellow river in China is approximately 2,500 miles long and has a river basin area of 600,000 square miles in which live 100,000,000 people.

The SALLY SMILE

—By—
D. J. Walsh

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WNU Service

MRS. PINNEY had called to see Miss Bowman, and the two women were in close conversation in Miss Bowman's private office. Miss Bowman was chief executive of the governing board of the hospital, and Mrs. Pinney was a director.

"Well, it simply has come to this," Miss Bowman said, wiping her eyeglasses nervously, "we'll have to close the hospital, if we can't get something to run it on. The citizens have done nobly—nobly, but they can't do everything. It remains for some moneyed person to come to the front now."

"Like Mrs. Chichester?" suggested Mrs. Pinney. Mrs. Pinney was a small, eager woman, who looked rather worn from the long-continued struggle of keeping the precious little hospital going on next to nothing a year.

"Yes! Mrs. Chichester. She is our richest citizen. She could give $50,000 and never feel it."

"But would she?"

"There's the question. I'm afraid she wouldn't. I've approached her unsuccessfully—"

"So have I," moaned Mrs. Pinney. "Well, you can't force a person to give up her money, that's certain. I suppose it's hopeless."

"I don't know about that. I've been thinking I'd send Sally Drew to her and see what good that would do."

"Sally Drew!" Mrs. Pinney jumped. "She's the very one. I'll see her this afternoon."

Sally Drew was a tiny woman with hair like snowy wool and a pale pointed little face. Her eyes were wonderful, so bright, so black, so alive. They danced in her face. But her smile was more wonderful than her eyes.

The smile came now at sight of Mrs. Pinney.

"Julia!" she cried. "Come right in."

In Sally's small living room, so old-fashioned, so cozy, and withal so well suited to Sally herself, Julia Pinney told her story.

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Sally asked.

"I want you to go to Helen Chichester and get her to give us $5,000. That will keep the hospital running for one year. After that—but we'll hope."

Sally's smile vanished. She was silent an instant.

"I'll go, of course," she said quietly.

Mrs. Pinney arose.

"Sally, you're a dear. If any one can do it you can. You are our last resort."

At 9, just as Mrs. Pinney was ready to fly to pieces with suspense, Sally walked in. The Sally smile was bright indeed.

"I couldn't get away sooner. Helen wouldn't let me come. You see, we haven't spoken before in thirty years—"

"What?" gasped Mrs. Pinney.

"Thirty years," nodded Sally. "I did hate to go. But after I got there it was all right. Here's your money." She drew a check from her handbag and gave it to Julia.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" Mrs. Pinney could just articulate. "But we hoped your smile would do it."

"It did." Sally grew grave. "I'll tell you how. Thirty years ago Helen Chichester got the man I wanted. But no one ever knew it except her and me, for the day she was married I pinned on my smile and I've worn it ever since." She paused reflectively. "She says she was puzzled for thirty years over my smile. We made a fair exchange. I told her how I got it and she gave me $50,000 for my secret."

Herbert Chichester had only lived five years, but he had lived long enough to spoil the lives of two women. His wife had grown selfish and sore, but the woman she had won him from had "pinned on a smile" that had brightened a whole community.

Brave little Sally who had given away the secret of her life to help a good cause!

Sally was smiling the Sally smile—as usual.

Not What You Learned

Don't be too surprised, upon going abroad, to find that the names of cities are not at all like those you learned in school. You may know all about Rome and Milan, Florence and Genoa, but the trick lies in recognizing them in Italy as Roma, Milano, Firenze and Genova. Also, the native calls it Napoli and Venezia; not Naples and Venice.

If you are entrained for Cologne you may never get there. You will, however, arrive at Koeln. You may speak of Vienna, but it's Wien. Antwerp is Anvers, and The Hague is den Haag.

How Popular Phrase Affected Willie's Life

Fond Mother—You behave so well, baby dear.

Infant William Swerington Smith—A-doooo, a-dooooo.

Teacher—Who knows the answer?

Willie—I do.

Mother—Who wants the extra piece of cake?

Bill—I do!

Minister—Do you, William, take this woman——?

William—I do.

Faithful Wife—Will! You have lipstick marks on your bald head!

Will—I—I do?

Bailiff—Do you solemnly swear to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

W. Swerington Smith (defendant in divorce suit)—I do.

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