

THE FEATHERHEADS By Osborne



S'MATTER POP— Here's a Tense Moment, Yes Indeed!



MESCAL IKE By S. L. HUNTLEY



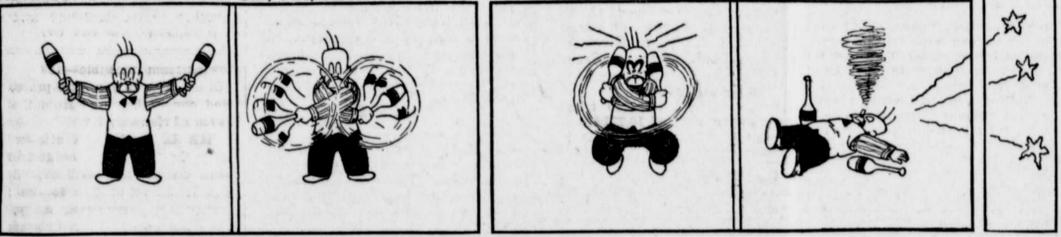
FINNEY OF THE FORCE By Ted O'Laughlin



"REG'LAR FELLERS"



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES One, Two, Three—Out!

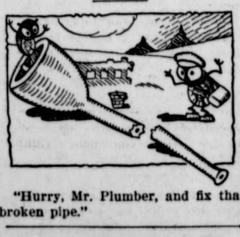


BRONC PEELER A Scion of Richard the Lion-Hearted

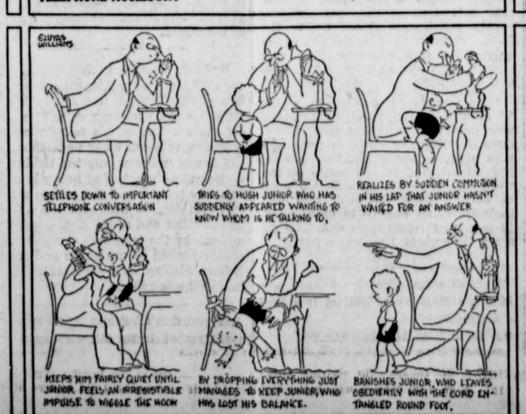


YOU COULDN'T WISH FOR BETTER FLAVOR THAN WRIGLEY'S

FORGOT HIS TOOLS



TELEPHONE ACCESSORY By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB
Hello, Everybody!



"Guns in the Night"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, when a guy gets in trouble, generally his first thought is: "Boy, I wish there was a cop around to get me out of this." And if there is a cop around, the chances are he can get you out of almost any sort of jam in the world. The police are called on at all hours of the day and night, to do everything from straightening out a family argument, to catching a cat that's crawled up a tree and won't come down. But here's the story of a bunch of boys who couldn't call on the cops when they got into trouble. In fact, it was the cops who were making all the trouble for Frank Zapala, and for his three pals.

Not that Frank had done anything to deserve all that attention from the New York police department. All he was doing was trying to get to New Jersey. There are some funny laws on the statute books, I'll admit, but there isn't any against going to New Jersey, so Frank was entirely within his rights when he tried to dig up the half buck he needed to get through the Holland tunnel.

But things were happening around New York, that night, that Frank and his friends didn't know about. Old Lady Adventure was setting the stage for big doings—and she used the cops for actors in the drama she staged with Frank in the leading role.

Frank and his friends started out one September evening for a ride in a car that belonged to one of the fellows' dads. They had the car—but doggone little money. There was only twenty cents in cash in the whole crowd, and they wanted to go over to New Jersey to see some friends they had over there.

Boys Would Rather Be in Jersey—So Watch.

Going to Jersey, though, cost fifty cents—the price of admission to the Holland tunnel. So Frank suggested that one of the other lads—a fellow named Jim—sell an old dollar-and-a-half watch that he carried. Jim was agreeable, and handed over the watch. Frank got out of the car and went looking for a customer for it.

The car was parked at the foot of Wall street and it was around 10:30 at night. Prospective watch-buyers were few and far between. As a matter of fact there was only one man in sight, and all the dough he had was twenty cents. The boys needed thirty cents, so it was just no sale.

They drove the car down to the Battery and tried again. A street cleaner was working there, and they offered the watch to him. He didn't want it, but he talked to the boys for a while. And then—suddenly—things began to happen.

Police Speed After Some Wrong-Doer.

A police car shot around the corner, siren screaming, and sped off down the street going about sixty-five miles an hour. About ten seconds later, another



"Don't Shoot, Mister—Don't Shoot."

one followed it, going even faster than the first. Both cars disappeared around another corner before the boys even had a chance to get a good look at them. The street cleaner ran for the corner to get a last look at them, and the four boys climbed back into their own car.

Jim got in front and took the wheel. Frank was in the back seat with a lad named Charlie. While Jim was starting the motor, Frank turned to Charlie and said: "What luck we've got. We can't even sell a watch!" And then he saw Charlie's hands go up in the air—heard him cry out: "Don't shoot, mister—don't shoot!"

Frank sat gazing, spellbound, past Charlie and out into the street. Two men were standing there—detectives, they looked like—pointing sawed-off police rifles into the back seat of the car. Two uniformed police came up then, and one of the detectives opened the door and yanked Charlie out of the car. Another poked a rifle into Frank's midriff and told him to climb out, too. And up ahead, the two boys in the front seat were also being pulled out onto the pavement.

It Begins to Look Like They're Public Enemies.

By this time there were eight policemen and detectives clustered around the car. A couple more were inside, going through it with a fine-toothed comb. "Where are the guns?" they asked Frank. "Where are the other two fellows?"

All four boys said they didn't have any guns—didn't know anything about any two other fellows—but they couldn't convince the cops. A robbery had been committed in the neighborhood, and these lads answered the description of the men. They were carted off to the station house—fingerprinted, questioned. They hadn't been there long before they realized that they were in trouble—likely to be put on trial for a crime they had no hand in.

Where were they when the robbery was committed? That's the question the police kept asking them. And their answer: "Parked on a corner down by the Battery" was not good enough.

Street Cleaner Cleans Up Their Slate.

Then Frank thought of the street cleaner. If the cops could only find him, he could back their story. Frank told the detective captain, and the captain sent a man out to bring him in. He got there about fifteen minutes later.

"Did you ever see these boys before?" the detectives asked him. "Sure I did," he replied. "I was talking to them for twenty minutes, just before the police cars came shooting around the corner."

And that was all the cops wanted to know. But for a half hour or so, it sure looked to Frank as though four guys were going to jail for the heinous crime of trying to get to Jersey City.

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Mercury, Gold and Other Materials Outweigh Lead

Materials Outweigh Lead

The finding of the densest material on earth is a relatively simple matter. All that need be done is to weigh and measure all known forms of matter that are available. In general we find that solid metals are denser than gases, liquids, or nonmetallic solids. Consequently it is not surprising that the heaviest substances known are metals, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck, in the Chicago Tribune.

Lead, which is proverbial for its heaviness, is far from being the heaviest metal. In fact, it is not even the heaviest of the commonly known ones; mercury is somewhat heavier, and gold has almost twice its density. But there are three rather rare metals, platinum, iridium, and osmium, having almost identical densities, which are the heaviest materials known to man.

Of the three osmium happens to be slightly the densest, with a density of about 22.5.

Everyone is aware that gases are the least dense of all forms of matter. The heaviest gas is far lighter than the lightest of solids or liquids. And the lightest of gases is hydrogen, with a density at ordinary temperature and pressure of about .000089.

Scenic Contrasts in Death Valley

Death Valley is a region of dramatic scenic contrasts, with multi-colored mountainous formations. The floor of the valley is 276 feet below sea level. It is pocketed between the Panamint mountains on the west and the Funeral and Grapevine mountains on the east, all a part of the Sierra Nevada range. Death Valley is approximately 150 miles in length and at maximum points from 15 to 30 miles in width.