Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello, Everybody

"Locked in a Time Vault"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

INTRODUCING artist and adventurer, Robert J. Costello, boys and girls. Bob had a pretty tough break. He got caught in Wall Street! What's that? Playing the market? Not on your tintype. Bob got caught in a vault in Wall Street and that big vault full of securities nearly became Bob's cemetery vault.

The funny thing was—if anything can be funny when you're locked up in an air-tight safe—Bob read in this very Adventure column of ours about a girl who nearly died of suffocation when the door of a big bank vault closed on her. He read that story that very day and he was just thinking what a terrible experience it must have been, when the SAME THING HAPPENED TO HIM.

Here's Bob now. Let's let him tell it.

"While I was employed in an insurance brokerage firm at 96 Wall street, one of the tasks assigned to me was the placing of a metal box in a large steel vault in the office at closing time.

"One night as usual, after placing the box inside, I walked to the rear of the vault to make sure that nobody was inside before I locked the time lock for the night. Just as I reached the back of the armor plated closet I heard voices at the door. The voices were those of two young fellows who worked with me, so I paid no attention to the conversation. It's too bad that I didn't. If I had I would have saved myself a lot of unnecessary anguish. They were getting ready to shut the vault and go home.

Held Prisoner in an Impregnable Vault.

"Suddenly the light went out, leaving me in total darkness. I thought they were just playing a little joke on me and, saying nothing, I started to grope my way to the door.

"Then the trouble began. The big door slammed shut and I was a prisoner. Immediately the story I had read that morning came to my mind. I shrieked with all my might and beat on the heavy steel door with my fists. I might just as well have tried to make an impression on a stone wall.

"But my voice did reach them. I could hear them faintly calling to me from the other side. I yelled back and thought that it would not be long before I was released.

"Key" Man in the Drama Goes Home.

"But what I didn't know was that the only man who knew the combination had left for the night. He had not had time to reach home as yet and a phone call to him would not reach him for an hour or more.

"The Big Door Slammed and I Was a Prisoner."

By that time anything could happen. The air in the vault began to get bad and my nerves began to get even worse.

"After what seemed hours I heard some one tinkering with the lock, but when nothing happened and they soon stopped my spirits sank. The air seemed to be stifling me. It got hotter, too, as the air got staler. I never thought before that one man could use up so much air."

In the meantime while Bob was gasping for breath in the vault, the office was in an uproar. Messengers were hurriedly sent off to anyone's home who might know the combination. One by one they returned to report the person out or not possessed of the numbers.

Separated From Death by Precious Minutes.

Desks were broken open and files searched with no results. The police were sent for. Somebody suggested getting an acetylene torch and burning through the door.

Finally it was decided to call the manufacturers of the safe. They ought to know how to open it. But the firm's office was already closed for the day. The telephone operator got busy on the phone and finally located one of the firm at his home. He promised to try and locate an expert mechanic who could force the lock. But he wasn't sure he could find the man and the precious minutes were dragging on.

The police then decided to do something before it was too late. With a pulmotor all ready to work on Bob when he finally was released they went to work on the door. Bob says the pounding deafened him but didn't seem to be getting anywhere. He heard a clever go up in the office when the acetylene torch arrived, but he knew that might mean hours yet and groaned. He began to wonder, too, how intense the heat would get in his prison before the flame bit through the door.

Well, sir, Bob says, he was fit to be tied and just about ready to lose his mind when another cheer came from the other side and the good news filtered in that an expert mechanic from the safe company had arrived with his tools and was going right to work.

Bob had one more thrill, though, to go through before it was all over. The expert, after adjusting various tools and pulling instruments on the lock, yelled for Bob to stand back.

Wham! A chunk of steel shot by Bob's head and made a dent in the steel wall! It was the bolt of the combination knocked in by a sledge hammer. The heavy door swung open and Bob says he never thought an office could look so nice or smell so sweet and the nearest safe he'll go near now is a penny savings bank!

And I don't blame him. Do you?

CASH and CARRY
Men's 3 Pc. Suits
Ladies' Plain Dresses
80c
CLEANED AND PRESSED
PECK'S
Woodward—near Maple

No Politeness

Mother: Haven't I told you not to interrupt when I'm talking?
Mary: No.
Mother: No what?
Mary: No interruptions.

There is no vulture like despair.
—Lord Lansdowne.

9 O'Clock TOWN

The trouble with these Contract Bridge lessons in newspapers is that they're too long . . . it would take you all winter to learn how to play the game . . . or even if you wanted to . . . now take me . . . I learned Contract Bridge in one lesson . . . and I pass on my system to those yet to be initiated into this mystic order . . . the first requirement of a contract player is a thorough grounding in physiology and anatomy . . . you've got to know the meaning of "ke" . . . as well as the "f" . . . that you've got to have two of 'em to win whatever you're supposed to win . . . you've got to know the meaning of "bust" . . . according to Culbertson's system . . . not Mae's . . . you must also know a good hand when you're holding it . . . the second requirement is a knowledge of geography . . . you must know East from West . . . also that the twain shall never meet unless there's crooked work about . . . you've got to know what to do when you're South and North makes a bid . . . for instance if you're basking in Florida sunshine and North says "Come up and see me" . . . you may respond "Nerts" . . . of course in West says it your answer will probably be different . . . the third requirement is a knowledge of secret codes . . . the whole idea of Contract Bridge is to bid around and around until everybody knows what everybody else has in his hand . . . without taking the simplest way by telling right out . . . then if you have time you play bridge . . . there's a special code language connected with Contract that would put our international spies to shame . . . for example if your partner says "One club" . . . don't think for a minute he's bidding one club . . . nothing as simple as that . . . he's making a Vanderbilt bid and what he really means is "When do we eat?" . . . if he wants to bid one club he has to bid two clubs . . . and then he probably doesn't mean it . . . a contract player isn't even allowed to call a spade a spade . . . if he dared do such a thing he'd be doubled and redoubled and mayoe even trebled before he could say "Jack Robinson" . . . which means . . . well, I've forgotten that one . . . now let's proceed with Lesson One . . . under my simplified system it's the only lesson you'll need . . . suppose you hold the ace, king, queen and ten of hearts . . . the ace, king, queen and ten of clubs . . . the same cards in spades and the same in diamonds . . . you ought to be ashamed of yourself for not having the four jacks but we'll let it go this time . . . now you've sixteen cards haven't you? . . . see how simple it is? . . . it's not so simple to get all those cards though . . . you'll run up against a lot of players who will cheat you out of three at the very least . . . and just try to get any good cards at all out of some of them . . . but suppose something slipped and you got those cards . . . what would you bid? . . . it's really very easy . . . you count your cards . . . divide them by two . . . add the number of cards in your partner's hands and multiply by 52 . . . then you pick out the suit you like best and bid it for all you're worth . . . in your own opinion by the way . . . never judge your worth by what your partner or your opponents call you . . . they're probably talking Contract code anyway . . . well I've been playing the game for some time now . . . it's nothing for me to get doubled and redoubled half a dozen times in one game . . . I've won set after set . . . as many as ten in a row . . . with my simplified system . . . to those who have yet to finish their continued lessons in one of the weekly papers . . . and maybe missed one or two at that . . . my system seems very difficult . . . they sit back and marvel that anyone could get so many sets . . . just one word of warning . . . don't ever gamble with my system . . . it isn't pretented and almost anyone who wants to can steal it . . . but it has one fool-proof feature . . . you try to win money with it you're bound for a fall . . . and don't say I didn't warn you.

CAMP AND Y. M. C. A. BOARDS WILL MEET

The executive committee of Camp Mahn-Go-Tah-See will meet at the home of E. W. Seaholm Friday night to lay plans for the coming season.

The Birmingham Y. M. C. A. board will hold a meeting at the Community House Monday night to plan the annual father and son get-together in February and to hear reports from the various committees.

I Went to the Door and Was Almost Stunned to Find a Cloud of Mosquitoes Attacking Me From My Windward Side.

The Inventor

By James J. Montague

Perhaps you have never lived next door to a genius. If such is the case you have missed something. However, don't worry about that. There are some experiences in life that one may miss with more profit than loss. One of them is being awakened every morning for a week by explosions like those of small dynamite blasts. Another is thrusting your face out of the front door to pick up the morning newspaper from the porch and having it completely covered with mosquitoes, and mosquitoes which have been newly aroused to a high pitch of fury against the whole human race. But, wait a minute, and I'll tell you about it.

One autumn I rented a small cottage in New England to escape hay fever, which makes life unbearable toward the close of the year for a member of my family. There were golf courses in the neighborhood and a trout stream close by. The cottage stood on the side of a mountain, with a range of higher mountains in view, seemed an ideal spot. It would have been except for the genius.

He was a man of ideas, in fact, with so many ideas that one could not keep up with them. One was a theory that hay fever—from which he also suffered—could be cured by mosquitoes. I do not mean to say that he thought mosquitoes could go about treating hay fever patients as surgeons go about setting bones. The most ardent admirer of the mosquito—if the mosquito has any ardent admirers—would not credit him with any such powers. But it was his conviction that if you would treat mosquitoes with serum made from the pollen that causes hay fever and send them forth to sting people, the pollen would be transferred to the sufferer, and he would thus, in time, become immune.

I had observed this man from time to time, after my arrival, bending over a little stagnant pond in his back yard. I was naturally curious to know what he was doing, but having been reared by careful parents, I did not go over and ask him impertinent questions. It could be really nothing to me that he liked this kind of a pastime, if such it was.

But, one morning when there was a breeze blowing across the pond toward my porch, I went to the door to pick up the New York newspaper which the R. F. D. carried had delivered, and was almost stunned to find a cloud of mosquitoes attacking me from my windward side. Amazed and taken aback by this unsuspected assault, I stood there for a minute trying to fight the creatures off, and then backed in through the door, many numbers of them following me and biting savagely whenever they got a chance.

Ten or fifteen minutes I spent with a newspaper swatting the pests till the last of them was flattened out. I naturally wanted to go forth again and find out from whence they had come, and if possible, why. But there was a dark buzzing mass of them on the screen, so I remained indoors.

After breakfast there was a knock on the door, and a kindly faced old gentleman was standing by it when I opened it.

"Good morning," he said. "I hope you were not troubled by those insects. You see, I never thought they would get away. But, unfortunately, I lifted the screen over them carelessly and they escaped. I assure you it will not happen again."

"Were those your mosquitoes?" I inquired, trying not to be rather angry indignation.

"In a manner, yes, if any of nature's creatures can be said to belong to a man. I was experimenting with them. You don't by any chance happen to be a hay fever sufferer?"

I told him that I was not, and was about to say that my wife was, when I thought it would hardly be wise to let this man know it.

"I can't say I'm sorry for that," said the visitor, "and I can't say I'm glad. But it would have been a marvelous test. If all those mosquitoes, or even 10 per cent of them, had bitten you—and you had survived—you would have been immune to hay fever forever. It was the largest flock I ever gathered together, and if I had not been careless I might have done wonders with them."

I told him that I was sorry for his loss, but that I could not join in his sorrow over the escape of his pets. I was not, for easily understandable reasons, in a kindly mood. Nor did I regret his refusal to come into the house.

Several times after that I met him, walking along the roads, a distracted look on his face. Twice I saw him mooning around his golf course with a measuring tape, and setting little flags into the ground here and there. Once while he was thus occupied I almost drove a ball into his shoulder blade. I went up hurriedly to apologize, but he assured me that he should do the apologizing, as he had no rights on the course, but was merely trying some little test.

"What kind of a test?" I inquired.

"I have an idea," he said, "that if this game could be played with small petards—small cannon, I should say—it would be very much more exciting and much less fatiguing than it is at present. I have in mind some experiments which I shall put into execution when the governors of the club give me their permission. Meanwhile I am working out some of my theories at home. But do not be alarmed. I shall be careful to cause you no such inconvenience as you suffered from the mosquitoes."

I thanked him as cordially as I could, and went on my way. The next morning I heard an explosion, something like that made by a dynamite blast when it has been well covered up. My wife and I changed our sleeping quarters to the rear of the house. But little sleep. Day after day the noise was repeated, four or five detonations in quick succession. We got to waking at daylight to wait for them, and were none too easy in our minds. I had no idea of how powerful this golf gun of his was, or when he was likely to hook or slice with it and land a missile in our bedroom.

Then, one morning, it happened. The projectile came in through one window and out the other, the resistance of the glass not giving it a notable pause as it sped along. In less than five minutes he was at the front door, all apologies.

"I suppose," he said, "that this error in direction will result in having to give up my experiments for just as I was so near the goal. But, really, sir, I cannot continue annoying you thus all the time, can I?"

"I am convinced that you can, sir," I said politely, "but I sincerely hope you won't."

"You may be sure of it," he said. "I have given up my efforts in this direction. But at the end of the month I hope to have ready an inert gas, which in warm time can be dropped over cities and extinguish the whole population painlessly. It will, if it succeeds, provide a wonderful method of waging a war. If you care to, I would like to have you come over when I turn loose the first cloud of it from the top of that mountain over there."

I don't know what became of him or his experiments. He couldn't have worked, for he'd either have passed on or been in jail by this time. But I took no chances. We closed up the house and moved three hundred miles away the next day, without leaving any mailing address.

Sables' Luxury Life

Sables, destined to provide fur coats, lead a life of luxury at the nursery established in the forest at Barguzin, eastern Siberia. Here is their menu: Breakfast (7 a. m.): biscuits, oatmeal, cream with milk; luncheon (1 p. m.): minced meat with vegetables and cedar nuts. Once a month the sables are weighed. Those which are not up to the mark receive extra food—eggs and cream.

Birmingham before today

By MINNIE HUNT SALTZER

In 1906 Dr. Jamieson was pastor of the First Presbyterian church, then located on East Maple Ave. Robert Toms was the church janitor. Mrs. Emma Snow, Mrs. C. Carlisle, (sister of Mrs. F. Steens) and Miss Sadie Sly were the music committee. Mrs. Belle Gravin was organist and choir director, but resigned in the spring of 1906 and H. P. Saltzer became organist and continued in that capacity until he moved to Ortonville in 1918. During 1906 and 1907 I was director of the choir but, because of home duties, resigned in November 1907 and Mrs. Carrie Lee Brown became choir director in my stead. As I had been reared in the Methodist church, it took me quite a little time to adjust myself to the new church environment.

Mrs. Saltzer

Mrs. Snow and Miss Sly were especially appreciative of the efforts of the choir members, who were quite regular in their attendance. The young people who usually sang were Lou McDougal, Marian Porter, Rena Dennison, Lucy Ward, Marian Clizbe, Ruby Jamieson, Mrs. Lawrence McHugh, Charlotte Blanding, Juanita Plumstead, Carol Hayes, Guy Miller and Charles Plumstead. The older members, and the ones upon whom we could always depend, were Mrs. Hattie Smith, Mrs. Anna Adams, Mrs. Ethel McKinney and W. D. Clizbe.

When Edith Kjontz came home for a vacation we always planned on her for at least one solo, and she always cheerfully and beautifully granted our request to sing.

During the year other soloists from the town churches would come and sing for us. At one time Dr. Jamieson was called out of town for over Sunday and he asked us to take charge of the church service. Other than the choir work, each member of our choir, who had sung a solo, or in a duette, trio or quartette during the year, was asked to sing in the same capacity for this service. Those from other churches, who had sung for us, were also invited to aid us in the service. Every one did his part splendidly and upon his return Dr. Jamieson was very much gratified by the reports he received of the service.

Mrs. Carlisle liked to be really up-to-the-minute in her ideas and enjoyed taking the duties of the music committee on her own shoulders, therefore, when she called on me one afternoon, I knew she had plans of her own, for the Sunday morning music. Before calling on me, she had asked Mrs. Hattie Smith for a suggestion for the Sunday evening chorus work. Now, Andrew Porter owned a phonograph which had one of those large horns. He also possessed several hymn records. In a quiet of fun, Mrs. Smith suggested that Mrs. Carlisle have me ask Mr. Porter to provide the special music for the Sunday service. Mrs. Carlisle was fully for the suggestion and came to me at once to arrange for it. Mr. Porter, thick set, rosy faced and jolly, was quite willing to lend his assistance in the furtherance of any "musical uplift" for the church if Mrs. Carlisle so desired, but Mrs. Porter, sweet faced and soft voiced, was just a bit afraid of the experiment. However with Mr. Porter and me trying to impress upon her the fact, that, in this case, Mrs. Carlisle was all powerful, she finally decided that Mr. Porter would, with the aid of his phonograph records, provide the special Sunday music. No one except the janitor was let in on the plan. Mr. Porter came early to church and installed the phonograph in the gallery at the back of the church and ran the record, (which was one of the old records which announced the name of the song, the singers and the phonograph company) past the point of introduction and had it all set for the music itself. He then remained in the gallery and when the time came for the special music, I gave him the signal, he pushed the lever and a quartette of men's voices began to sing "Nearer My God to Thee." The music was lovely but, if you could have seen the expression on the faces of the members of the congregation, I know you would want to laugh. They looked at the choir, the minister, at each other and finally turned their heads and located the large horn back in the gallery which seemed to be running opposition to Gabriel's trumpet. Then having located the source they sat back and quietly listened to the music, like the well ordered congregation which they were.

Another time that I distinctly recall was the occasion when Dr. Jamieson called at our home one Saturday evening and asked me, as a special favor to him, to sing "Beulah Land" as a solo at the conclusion of his sermon next morning. His subject was to be "The Promised Land." When the sermon was concluded Dr. Jamieson sat down and I rose and sang the song of his choice. After the benediction, dear old Deacon Adams came over and grasped my hand and told me how he had greatly enjoyed the song and how he hoped I would sing more of the old songs and often. When I reached the rear of the church, Mrs. Carlisle after wishing me a "good morning" drew me to one side and, in what she considered a tactful manner, wondered if in the future I might try to supply a more classical solo for the special music. I thought that if she were so dense that she couldn't see the reason for the solo I sang, I wouldn't bother to enlighten her on the subject and assured her I would endeavor to do better next time.

One very cold, stormy winter evening we arrived at the church almost breathless. Robert Toms was there stoking the fires in the big old iron heating stoves. Soon Dr. Jamieson arrived and with him was William Parks. They had walked, against the storm, from the manse and Mr. Parks' home, which were just west of Chester street on West Maple avenue. We stood around the east stove and warmed ourselves and visited awhile. No one else came. At last Dr. Jamieson looked at Mr. Parks and smilingly said, "Well, Parks we might as well go home. But, at least, all the paid servants are here." Mr. Parks smiled in reply, put on his coat and cap and we donned our wraps and filed out into the cold and storm again and wended our way homewards while the frosty snow squeaked under our feet and the cold air cut deeply into our throats.

Now Dr. Jamieson and Mr. Parks are gone, Robert Toms is an old man, and yet, when H. P. and I look into each other's faces, we do not see the lines that time has marked there nor note the streaks of grey at the temples, and it seems but yesterday when "the paid servants" walked home.

GRANTED DIVORCE IN PONTIAC COURT

Mrs. Marjorie Porter Champney of 589 Knox street was granted a divorce from Don Ole Champney of Lansing, Monday by Judge Frank L. Doty. Mrs. Champney was given custody of their two children and $10 a week alimony. Both Mr. and Mrs. Champney were formerly engaged in newspaper work in Detroit.

Choosy

"You say you saw a tiger on your hunting trip and didn't shoot it? Why not?"

"Oh, it didn't have the right kind of an expression for a rug!"

JANUARY
REDUCTIONS
on
SUITS
and
O'Coats
20% off

Two Pant Suits—
Reg. $24.50 NOW $19.60
Reg. $29.50 NOW $23.60

OVERCOATS
Reg. $18.50 NOW $14.80 Reg. $22.50 NOW $18.00
Reg. $27.50 NOW $22.00 Reg. $35.00 NOW $28.00

CUSTOM MADE SUITS
Two Trouser Suits Formerly $37.00 to $65.00
Now $31.75 to $51.00

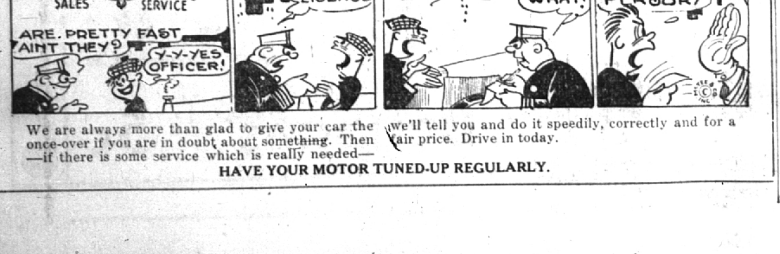
Cleaning Pressing
PECKS
Tailoring Men's Wear
103 S. WOODWARD PHONE 230

Cash Specials
for Friday and Saturday

OLSEN'S SPECIAL
BLENDED COFFEE . . . . . lb. 26c
MONARCH Vacuum Packed
COFFEE . . . . . lb. 27c
KELLOGG CORN FLAKES . lg. pkg. 13c
RALSTON
WHEAT CEREAL . . . . . lg. pkg. 23c
WHEATENA . . . . . lg. pkg. 23c
OAT MEAL . . . . . lg. pkg. 22c
MONARCH Tree Ripened
PINEAPPLE — Large size 26c
MONARCH Old Fashioned
RIPE APRICOTS 29c
BABY BEEF
POT ROAST . . . . . lb. 23c
GENUINE SPRING
LEG O LAMB . . . . . lb. 29c
STANDING—CHOICE
ROAST OF BEEF . . . . . lb. 29c
6th and 7th ribs
FANCY
ROASTING CHICKENS . . . . . lb. 35c
PURE PORK
SAUSAGE MEAT . . . . . lb. 26c
FRESH GROUND
HAMBURGER . . . . . lb. 20c

OLSEN'S MARKET
"The Home of Good Things to Eat"
120 S. Woodward Free Delivery Phone 648

MILE-A-MINUTE MARTY — by —



OSBORNE SALES & SERVICE—808 S. Woodward

We are always more than glad to give your car the once-over if you are in doubt about something. Then —if there is some service which is really needed— we'll tell you and do it speedily, correctly and for a fair price. Drive in today.

HAVE YOUR MOTOR TUNED-UP REGULARLY.