

Floyd Gibbons

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hallo, Everybody!

"The Green Horse"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

"IN MY 36 years I've had plenty of adventures," says Eugene H. Ressler of New York city, "but I think this one tops them all." And then distinguished adventurer Gene begins the tale of "The Green Horse."

Now I'll be the first to admit that the title is misleading. It sounds like either a Greenwich Village tea room, or something seen by a guy who has had too much to drink. But don't let that kid you, boys and girls. This is an adventure—and a bird of a one at that.

It happened to Gene around the first part of January, 1927, when he was driving a bakery wagon for a concern up on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. Gene got along pretty well with horses as a rule, but one morning he came in to work to find that the company had retired the gentle old plug he'd been driving for the last few months and given him instead, a new horse, fresh off the farm—one that had never seen city traffic before, and didn't quite know what to make of it.

A green horse—that's what Gene called it. And it was, a greenhorn from the fall timber, thrown in among a lot of city slicker automobiles. The horse was used to automobiles, all right. But he couldn't get accustomed to another of the sights the city has to offer.

A Green Horse Is Hard to Manage.

Gene took that green horse out for the first time early of a cold winter morning. He had trouble with it right from the start. The horse wanted to trot everywhere he went, like horses do in the country. But when he trotted, he was too late to prevent an even greater calamity. What Gene saw was a long hole in the ground, stretching out far ahead. The men working on the subway had tunneled out beneath the tracks, leaving only the two rails in place. And it was down in that excavation that Mister Green Horse had disappeared.

In the same moment that Gene saw that, he was catapulted high in the air. The horse, falling into the hole, had stopped the wagon dead, and tilted it forward. Gene shot out over the horse's back, dropped through the narrow space between the tracks—and kept on falling.

Maybe Horses Like the Subway.

Gene was clutching the reins trying to pull the horse in, when it vanished before his eyes. He started up in his seat—saw in a glance what had happened—and saw, too, that it was too late to prevent an even greater calamity. What Gene saw was a long hole in the ground, stretching out far ahead. The men working on the subway had tunneled out beneath the tracks, leaving only the two rails in place. And it was down in that excavation that Mister Green Horse had disappeared.

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Gene Catapulted Down Into the Hole.

He went down—down. He caught his breath and tensed his body. Then he landed. The impact shook his body from one end to the other. A dark curtain fell before his eyes. Gene was "out."

Says Gene: "I must have been out for at least five minutes. When I came to, everything was pitch dark. I felt bruised and sore all over—with very good reason. For I had fallen 25 feet and landed on a pile of large wooden beams.

"When I realized what had happened—well—you can imagine how I felt. First I began wondering why the horse and wagon didn't come tumbling down after me. Then I got my bearings and looked up. There was my wild steed, hanging across the third rail, slowly burning up."

Gene got to his feet—tweed out his legs before he tried to walk on them. He was surprised to find that he had broken no bones in his 25-foot dive to the hard surface of that pile of beams.

The Third Rail Was Electrocutting the Horse.

When he was on his feet again, he began groping in the dark for a way out of the excavation. It took him a few minutes to find it, and another five to work his way up to the street level again. He looked down at his horse and wagon, and what he saw gave him the shivers.

"The poor brute twitched and kicked as the fire current went through him," he says. "The smell of burning meat came to my nostrils. I might have been lying there on the third rail alongside of that horse."

Just about that time the night watchman came running over with a hammer and a cold chisel. He hammered off a connection and shut off the current that was running through the rail. The police emergency squad came flying to release the animal. And they took Gene out to the precinct station where they gave him a ticket for obstructing traffic. But that didn't bother Gene very much. "I finished my day's work," he says, "feeling lucky that I ever came out of that hole alive."

First Mule Triplets in History?



Unable to find a record of previous mule triplets, veterinarians believe birth of three mule colts to a mare near Columbus, Kan., is the first in history. The colts were declared normal in every respect. Their weights ranged from 21 to 75 pounds. The mare belonged to Tom Lucian, owner of the farm where the multiple birth occurred.

His Own Method
Old Lady—"I wouldn't cry like that, my little man."
Boy—"Cry as you damn please; this is my way."—Owl.

His Angle
Brother to new fraternity pledge—How do fraternity men strike you?
Pledge—"Too hard!"

The Truant
A recruit was on sentry duty for the first time at night, when he saw one approaching.
"Who comes there?" he challenged sharply.
"The officer of the day," said the other.
"Then," was the sentry's next pointed inquiry, "what are you doing out at night?"

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BEET SUGAR
25 LB. CLOTH BAG \$1.25

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SUGAR PRICE FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY ONLY

ALL SIX FLAVORS
JELL-O
3 pkgs. 17c

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JEWEL lb. 15c
HEALTH SOAP
LIFEBUOY cake 5c
PURE BULK
LARD 2 lbs. 25c
SOAKS THE DIRT OUT
RINSO 2 large pkgs. 35c
CRISP, CRUNCHY
WHEATIES pkg. 10c
EATMORE
OLEO 2 lbs. 25c
COUNTRY CLUB SODA
CRACKERS 2 14-oz boxes 25c

- Beet Sugar 5 lb. cloth bag 25c
Beet Sugar 10 lb. cloth bag 50c
Cane Sugar 5 lb. 13c
Cane Sugar 10 lb. 28c
Cane Sugar 25 lb. Cloth Bag 52c
Brown Sugar 5 lb. pkg. 7c
Powdered Sugar 5 lb. pkg. 7c
Ball Mason Jars QTS doz. 65c
Ball Mason Jars PTS doz. 55c
Ball Jelly Glasses doz. 39c
Ball Jar Caps doz. 19c
Kerr, Jars QTS doz. 79c
Kerr, Jars PTS doz. 69c
Kerr, Jar Caps doz. 29c
Kerr, Mason Lids doz. 10c
Kerr, Mason Caps doz. 19c

- Pan Rolls doz 5c
Grapenut Flakes pkg 11c
Post's Whole Bran pkg 11c
Corn Flakes 2 pkgs. 19c
Shredded Wheat 2 pkgs. 25c
Gerber's Baby Foods 3 cans 25c
Pabst-ette Cheese 2 pkgs. 29c
Jacob's Mushrooms 2 oz. can 10c
Lipton's Tea 14-lb. pkg. 21c
Heinz Pork and Beans can 10c
Wesco Soda Crackers 2-lb. box 15c
Soap Chips 5-lb. box 27c
Oxylol 2 large pkgs. 37c
Cracker Jack 3 pkgs. 10c
Heinz Scups 2 cans 25c

PILLSBURY'S BEST
FLOUR 24 1/2-lb. sack **90c**

Cantaloupes EACH **10c**

EXTRA FANCY, OUTDOOR GROWN
Tomatoes LB. **10c**

FANCY, RED TRIUMPH, NEW
Potatoes 4 lbs. **22c**

FANCY, GOLDEN HEART
Celery large bundle **10c**

FANCY YELLOW
New Onions 3 lbs. **10c**

JUMBO SIZE SUNKIST
Lemons 3 for **10c**

FANCY HOTHOUSE LEAF
Lettuce lb. **5c**

CALIFORNIA
Cherries lb. **19c**

MELO-RIPE, LUSCIOUS
Bananas LB **6c**

Marmalade jar 19c
Fancy Corn No. 2 can 10c
White Shinola Blue Polish bottle 8c
Cocomalt 1 1/2-lb. can 21c
Cutrite Wax Paper large roll 17c
Salted Peanuts lb. 10c
Fruit Cocktail Country Club can 15c
Catsup 3 14-oz. bottles 25c
Prince Albert Tobacco can 11 1/2c
Velvet Tobacco can 11 1/2c
Cream Cheese lb. 19c
Lipton's Black Tea 1-lb. 39c
Kerr Mason Jars 1 1/2-gal. doz. 95c
Crisco 1 lb. 20c, 3 lbs. 55c
Wesson Oil can 21c
Miracle Whip Salad Dressing qt 37c

FRESH, CRISP
Post Toasties
pkg. **10c**

WYANDOTTE
CLEANSER
2 cans **15c**

FOR CLEANING DRAINS
Drano can **19c**
WATERLESS WINDOW CLEANER
Windex bottle **19c**

- Coleman's Mustard small jar 9c
Bisquick 20-oz. pkg 17c
Grape Juice ROCKY RIVER bottle 10c
Grape Juice WELCHES bottle 19c
Peanut Butter EMBASSY 2-lb. jar 23c
Chili Sauce 12-oz. bottle 15c
Certo bottle 21c
Pen Jel 2 pkgs 25c
Parawax pkg 10c
Kraft Cheese 2 pkgs 29c
Sanka or Kaffee Hag lb 39c
Libby's Dill Pickles qt jar 15c

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RIB ROAST C. Q. Standing Choice Cuts lb. **23c**

SLICED BACON 1/2 lb. Layer 19c
BACON Bloomfield 2 3-lb. Pieces **29c**

FRESH DRESSED BROILERS lb. 31c

Chuck Roast Choice Cuts Long Bone lb. **19c**

KROGER STORES