

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Face at the Window"

HELLO EVERYBODY: You know, boys and girls, that ornery old dame, Old Lady Adventure, is seldom a welcome guest in anybody's house. When she goes out calling she has to crash the gate, for doggone few people ever send her engraved invitations. But she gets in just the same, and because she comes uninvited and unannounced, she takes you by surprise. And I don't think the old girl was ever more unwelcome or more unexpected than on the night she picked to drop in on Mae Towers—Mrs. John J. Towers, that is—of Bay Park, L. I. That was in 1918, when Mae and her husband and her kids lived in an apartment in New York city. And of all times, the old gal with the thrill bag had to pick December 24—Christmas Eve—to do her calling. No one ever expected callers less than Mae Towers did that evening. Her husband worked nights and Mae wasn't expecting him home until morning. Her two young children were in bed, and she was all alone. Busy, too. What mother of young children isn't busy on Christmas Eve? "It was our custom," she says, "to keep all the toys and presents concealed until Christmas morning when Santa Claus was the one who received all the glory for having brought them. The tree wasn't set up and trimmed until after the children had gone to bed." And what with trimming that tree and putting the presents around it, Mae had enough to do without bothering with callers. Especially callers like Old Lady Adventure.

Turn All Lights On in Apartment. It was along about eleven o'clock and Mae was just putting the finishing touches on the tree when she heard a noise. It was a peculiar sound, and it startled her for a moment. "It seemed to come from an animal in pain," she says. "It was more of a gurgle than a groan, and I couldn't conceive of any human being making such a sound. My first thought was of my babies and I hurried to the room where they lay. They were sleeping soundly. Then I walked out through the apartment, putting on all the lights as I passed through each room." Mae went right through to the kitchen, but there wasn't a sound of any description and she began to think the stillness of the hour was affecting her nerves. The house was a ten-family apartment, and she knew most of the neighbors. She felt pretty sure they'd all be in bed by this time. "I went back to playing Santa Claus again," she says, "and tried to forget about it. Then it occurred to me that there was a new tenant in the apartment right next to ours. They might possibly have a dog or a cat."

Then, just as Mae was consoling herself and telling herself she had solved the mystery of that sound, it came again. And this time she stood petrified, for it sounded as if someone was gasping her name. "I had my back turned toward the door of the front hall, and there was a glass panel in the upper section. I turned around slowly, and there, in the middle of that panel was a face pressed flat against the glass. And once again came that horrible sound!"

She Could Distinguish Her Name Very Clearly. "I tried so hard to call out, but the words just wouldn't come. The knob of the door turned slowly, and when the door wouldn't give, two hands were spread over the glass, slapping it and slamming it. Again came that strange gurgling sound, and this time I could distinguish my name very clearly. Then, all of a sudden I began to feel ashamed of myself. One of my neighbors might be in trouble and I was standing there stiff with fear instead of going to the rescue. Gathering up my courage I asked who it was. I was doubly surprised when the answer came. It was my new neighbor next door."

Mae ran over and opened the door, and she says she'll never forget the sight she saw there. It was her neighbor all right—a beautiful woman with great brown eyes and dark, curly hair. But on that fine face there was a twisted, maniacal expression. Her right eye seemed to be dilated to twice its normal size and her mouth was drawn away down to one side. The mouth was drooping, and her eyes were moist. She was in nightclothes, and her hair hung loose in wild disorder. "Quick, come with me," she said. "The Devil is in my bed." "My first impulse," Mae says, "was to scream. Then I remembered something I had once read—that the best thing to do in a case like this was to humor the patient, for I knew by this time that the woman was stark mad. I did all I could to comfort her and told her I would immediately destroy the Devil."

The Devil Turns Out to Be Her Husband. Mae took her by the hand and let the poor woman lead her back into the apartment. She made some remark about how cold it was—but it really wasn't cold. Mae made that remark so the mad woman wouldn't notice that she was shaking with terror. As they reached the bedroom the woman screamed, "There he is," and pointed to the bed. "And who was there," says Mae, "but her husband." The woman's husband woke up at the sound of the scream. He was as frightened as Mae was, but Mae saved the day. She signalled to him with her eye, and then proceeded to put on a fine act of chasing the Devil away by beating on the bedclothes.

The husband slipped out of the room and phoned the police—and meanwhile, Mae kept her occupied by beating away at those bedclothes. "She was like a child in her gratitude to me," Mae says, "until the police arrived and she saw the uniforms. She wasn't so crazy that she couldn't sense the fact that they had come to take her away. Nor too crazy to outwit them. Immediately she disrobed and dared them to come in her room." But once again Mae came to the rescue. She persuaded the poor woman to dress, telling her they would both go down to the police station and prefer charges against those cops. The woman did as she suggested, and they took her away quietly. "She is still in the hospital," says Mae, "an incurable case. And many times I have been grateful that this poor soul didn't mistake me for the Devil's wife." But I'll bet a quick thinker like Mae would have found a way out of that, too.

Love All, Tennis Term The expression "love all" in tennis evidently had its origin about 1742 when the expression "love" was first used in Hoyle's "Whist" to indicate a game without scores. Hence, it came to mean no score on either side. Its first use in connection with tennis was apparently in 1833 in a book called the "Parson's Daughter," in which appears the line, "Can't make a hazard and has lost two love games." J. Marshall in his book on tennis in 1878 defined "love" as nothing scored on either side.

Honeybees From Europe Honeybees, as we know them, are not native to America. They had to be imported from Europe, and the first known importation was made in 1638. Early importations were of the so-called German race, a race that is common in the United States, but in later years the yellow Italians came into vogue because they are more docile than the German race, yield more honey, and can better cope with the bee moth, which pest is so damaging to the German and some other races of bees.

Early Franking Privilege The franking privilege of congressmen in the United States predates the Constitution. An ordinance was passed in 1782 by the Continental congress which provided that letters, packages, and dispatches from the members and secretaries while attending congress on official business should be mailed without payment of postage. The privilege has continued and has been extended to other government officials and departments from time to time.

Classified Its Prisoners During the World war, the prison in Baku, Russia, thoughtfully set aside two sections for good inmates—with money. The first, according to Collier's Weekly, was the "Grand Hotel," which, for a certain fee, admitted friends, food and furniture. The other was the "Hotel Metropolitan," which, for a larger sum, permitted its prisoners to live at home, merely asking that they or a representative drop in each morning and evening to answer the roll call.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—Reginald Denny, the one-time professional boxer who became a motion picture star, develops his toy airplane hobby into a business. He rings up a sale of six robot planes to Uncle Sam, to be used in army experiments next summer. They are expected to be curtain-callers for larger and more business-like robots, flying without pilots, guided by radio beams, dusting TNT on intruders. Reginald Denny will be remembered as the actor extolled a decade or so ago as "the typical, wholesome young American." Then he turned out to be an Englishman, a flier and machine-gunner in the British royal air force in the war. A light comedian, he had two absorbing interests—his screen antics and what seemed at the time a juvenile absorption with miniature airplanes. From the latter, he developed some ideas about radio-controlled planes. He established the Reginald Denny Industries, with James Blackton, an experienced technician, as manager. He is making a small "flying torpedo," designed for flying in swarms, with no pilot, and with land-control of the bomb-dropping as well as guidance. When completed the United States will get it. He ran away from school at the age of 16 to play for Charles Frohman at the Duke of York's theater. His first featured role was in the "Merry Widow." Then he became a professional boxer, later champion of the Second corps of the royal air force.

NELSON T. JOHNSON, ambassador to China, coming home by a side door as Japan slams the open door, probably will have in his hip pocket a copy of the "Analects" of Confucius, barring possibly "Alice in Wonderland," which he also packs around with him, it is his favorite reading. Like Henry R. Curran, deputy mayor of New York, he believes that public activities and attitudes should be infused with humor. More than any other American, he has been successful in translating our best anthology of pulman car gags to the Chinese. Following the labyrinth of Confucius and Lao Tze, he finds a unique approach to the Chinese mind and has been one of our most successful ambassadors. But, back home, he is sharp, exact, statistical and thoroughly accidental, among which attributes is a line of up-and-coming Chamber of Commerce oratory. He lives in two worlds.

After his graduation from George Washington university, Mr. Johnson mixed with the Indians of the Southwest, picked up Indian dialects with remarkable facility, thereby discovering his linguistic gifts. That sent him to China as a student interpreter in 1906. In the Far East, he has occupied many important posts and is a former assistant secretary of state. He finds the Chinese have a lot more humor than the Japanese.

IT WAS about three years ago that the head of the German National Institute of Physics denounced the "debased Jewish atom," and promised to deliver ised to the Reich an untainted "Aryan" atom. Under the banner of "The Pragmatic and Dogmatic Spirit in Physics," this scientific revolution has been advanced by the Nazi savants, and at last American scientists mobilize against it. Dr. Franz Boas, 80-year-old German-born American anthropologist, heads a committee of eight distinguished scientists in publishing a manifesto, signed by 1,284 of their colleagues, leaders in all branches of science throughout America. They "defend the right of scientists to speak the truth as they understand it."

Dr. Boas spent about 55 years studying long heads and round heads, but was stymied by the square heads. "If the world goes crazy, what can we do?" he said, resigning from Columbia university two years ago. He came to this country to attend the Chicago World's fair in 1893, after an Arctic expedition which had launched his career as an anthropologist. He remained to coach virtually all great American anthropologists and to become a world authority in linguistics, primitive mentality, folklore, ethnology and senility. The old Germany honored him. The new Germany made an extraordinary confidre of his books.

Group Aims to Keep Scientific Inquiry Free

Teen-Age Girl Outfitted In Garb of Modish Wools

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AFTER Yuletide holidays, so carefree and so joyous, then what? Ask the teen-age and the sub-deb, they know. It's back to school for them with an outfitting of new clothes. A dress, a coat and a suit as pictured give the correct answer. Starred for youthful simplicity and gay young charm, this season's smart wool costumes for the teen-age are ready to go places and do things with utmost chic and charm. Fine, soft-textured wools, nicely adaptable to any occasion, and sturdy enough to take plenty of wear and tear, make gay little frocks, for classroom, sports and after-school wear as well as versatile action-built jacket-and-skirt costumes, nonchalant sports coats and formal fur-trimmed coats.

The lightweight wool frock for all-day wear is appearing this season in any number of attractive versions. Sheer wool crepe, fine wool flannel in its lovely glowing colors, soft rabbit-and-wool mixtures, intriguing novel weaves and the ever-popular wool knits are distinctively tailored in chic little frocks that are as flattering as they are correct.

The plaid dress with all-round pleated skirt is a school-girl favorite. The appropriately youthful gayety of bright plaid is reflected in the winsome frock in the accompanying illustration. This youthful version of the classic shirtwaist type is of lightweight wool in a gaily colorful plaid, accenting a bold red with navy and white. The smart buttons and belt are navy leather. Short sleeves are filled on for flattering shoulder effect.

Important in the teen-age wardrobe are the wool jacket-and-skirt suits designed for all-occasion wear. Correct for traveling, country, campus or town wear, they are distinguished by smart simplicity of line with accent on fabric and color. Fine wool tweeds in subdued or bright shades, smooth wool flannels, tailor-minded twills and worsteds are all favored for these versatile costumes which are designed to be worn with little silk blouses for dress or with sporting high-neck wool sweaters for casual wear. Pleats share honors with stitched gore constructions in built-for-action skirts. For the college-minded jacket-suit pictured a nubby wool tweed in soft rose-beige is used, with brown buttons and brown leather belt for smart contrast. The double pointed pockets are clever and decorative.

Costumes that contrast jacket to skirt have made a tremendous "hit." Suits are selling with two jackets, one matching the skirt, the other in a vivid plaid or stripe wool that picks up the color of the skirt. Color is important in the soft wool fleeces and sturdy tweeds are used for tailored all-purpose coats for the younger set. Luscious wine shades and rich greens vie for popularity with the traditional neutral shades. Deep browns are good and navy is still popular. Styles vary from the comfortable and correct polo coat type single breasted and belted, to the boxy swagger or the high-buttoned semi-fitted reefer type. The fleecy coat pictured has a high-rolled wolf collar worn well up to show the squared shoulder line of the sleeves. A leather belt and the large buttons are in dark brown to contrast the deep green of the coat. The teen-age girl's wardrobe will not be complete unless it includes a jaunty tip-tilted feathered hat together with a youthful plaid flannel dress as pictured in the inset below. The blouse is enlivened with shining starlike buttons by La Mode and a pert sharkskin Peter Pan collar and cuff set.

Crochet Ensemble Bolero Theme in New Silhouette



A new departure in the bolero theme is the very short dress top that pulls on over the head like a sweater. It is, as a matter of fact, of bolero inspiration except that it is closed up the front instead of left open jacket fashion. The beauty of this new fashion is that it has a tendency to slenderize the waistline below, giving width at the top of the figure and extending out at bustline. Some of these new pull-on boleros are prettily braided and embroidered.

Fur Dyers Adding To Lure of Skunk Both kolinsky and Russian fitch in sable coloring and mink-dyed muskrat have found great favor. The fur dyer has also contributed to the continued success of skunk, now available in stunning sable and baum marten shades. Foxes—silver, red and blue—are extremely important now in the making of fur coats in short and intermediate lengths. And a newcomer in this field is the silky lynx.

Sports Coats Spotted Only for sports are the spotted coats—ocelot and leopard skin, mottled pony or calf. Lingerie Note There is a definite trend toward high necklines and short sleeves in lingerie.

PEANUTS

By DOROTHY SPEAR

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LOOK, Fran—look at this! And Nora Ramsey pointed to a column in the daily paper of a neighboring city. The two girls were on the train, returning to college after a vacation, and the column referred to, edited by one "Mavis Beaumont," offered advice to all unfortunate wives whose husbands had some habit which was most distressing to their fair helpmeets.

Frances Clarke read the column. Nora reread it, and the two girls laughed at the letters, especially one which asked what to do with a husband who WOULD chew tobacco. "Fran," said Nora, "do you suppose real people write those silly letters? Surely 'Mavis' herself must fill out the column. I say, Fran, let's write one and see if they'll print it, and what the fair Mavis advises."

"Let's!"—this from Fran; "and I know what'll be the matter with 'our' husband. He'll have your trouble, Nora—an over-fondness for peanuts."

And the two girls, enjoying themselves immensely, set to work. Their letter, completed, read like this: "My dear Miss Beaumont—I should be so glad of your advice, for my husband has a habit for which there seems no remedy. It is—peanuts! He eats them ALL the time—is never without a bag full (and in the shell, too). He embarrasses me dreadfully by offering them to all our guests—he eats them, anyway, even if they refuse—and he crunches the shells and nibbles away on the train, in stores or in the theater."

"If you could suggest some remedy, I should be everlastingly grateful."

"What shall we sign it?" asked Fran. "See, it says, 'No anonymous letters printed or answered.'" The girls thought, "I know," said Fran. "Mrs. George Wright, and we'll put the address as 'General Delivery, Hopkinton.'" This was the name of the town next the college town to which the girls were going.

"And if there is a Mrs. George Wright in Hopkinton?" said Nora, and answered her own question: "What difference will it make? She'll know she didn't write it, and treat it as a joke."

The train neared the college station. "Come on, we'll hop over to the post office now and mail it before going to campus," said Frances. Two days later their letter appeared in the column, and after it Miss Beaumont's advice:

"My dear Mrs. G. W.—I am so sorry your husband has such an annoying habit. Have you ever tried fanning the bag with bad peanuts? Let me know if this works, and believe me to be most sympathetic. Sincerely, "M. B."

The printing of this letter, plus Miss Beaumont's answer, tickled the girls' sense of humor. "You know, though," said Nora, "it's true—there's nothing worse than a bad peanut."

They thought themselves quite clever and told all their friends what they had done. But three days later, imagine the dismay of Nora and Fran when in the "Matrimonial Difficulties" column appeared the following:

"Will the 'Mrs. G. W.' whose letter appeared in this column on Monday communicate with Miss Beaumont at once?"

But on looking at the Monday paper, which they had saved, they found theirs was the only letter signed "Mrs. G. W." The girls looked at each other. Why hadn't Miss Beaumont written to Hopkinton—or had she? What could she want? After debating these questions, they decided to wait a day and see if the request would be repeated.

Sure enough! The next day appeared the following: "Will the 'Mrs. G. W.' whose letter appeared in this column on Monday, communicate in person with Miss Beaumont at once? Very urgent."

"Ye gods!" groaned Fran, "what shall we do? We'll have to go and 'fess up,' Nora."

"All right," said Nora. "I'm consumed with curiosity anyway. So the next day, Nora and Fran stood outside the office of the Daily, trying to screw up their courage to go in.

"Come on," said Nora, finally. "We who are about to die—" murmured Fran—and they walked in.

"Miss Beaumont," said Nora to the office boy. "This way," said he, and led the girls to the far side of the large, busy room, where at a desk sat an attractive young woman of about 28. "Two ladies to see you," announced the boy. "How-do-you-do," said Miss Beaumont. "Two chairs, Jimmie, please." And when he had brought them: "Now, what can I do for you?"

"You are Miss Beaumont, who edits the Matrimonial Difficulties column?" asked Nora. Miss Beaumont looked slightly

embarrassed. "Yes, I am," she said. "Well, Miss Beaumont, the truth is that we have a confession to make. We—" "We are—" said Fran. "Mrs. George Wright!" they finished together.

"What!" said Miss Beaumont. "You, Mrs. George Wright? You wrote that letter!" And she laughed and laughed. "Why, you monkeys, you. How did you happen to do that?" And when they had told her, she laughed again and said, "Now, listen to what you've got yourselves into." And she proceeded to tell them there did live in Hopkinton a Mrs. George Wright. Mrs. Wright's husband did not have the peanut habit, but her neighbor's husband, Mr. Reynolds, did. Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Reynolds had always been the best of friends, but Mrs. Reynolds had seen this letter and had jumped to the conclusions that Mrs. Wright had played a mean joke on her. Mrs. Reynolds was hurt and insulted and up in arms in defense of her husband. Mrs. Wright had come to the Daily office to find out who had used her name.

Fran and Nora were aghast. "Why, we never dreamed there was such a person. Never thought there was anybody with such a craving for peanuts, except Nora."

"I know," said Miss Beaumont. "Tom," she called to a man who was passing, chewing thoughtfully on the end of a pencil. She introduced him to the girls. "Tom," she said, "these are 'Mrs. G. W.'"

"What! Honest! How rich!" And Tom roared. "Go along, Tom," said Miss Beaumont, and as he went off chuckling: "Tom and I are engaged," she explained, "and you girls helped in a way, for I couldn't make up my mind to marry a man who was forever chewing a pencil or a match or something, but after hearing of the peanut habit, I've decided to risk Tom."

"And now," she went on, "I think you'll have to go to Hopkinton and explain to those two women. Yes, really," as the two girls seemed about to protest. "It will convince them of your innocence and will be good for you, for you might have got into serious trouble."

She gave the girls the addresses of the two women and they resolved to go directly to Hopkinton.

Going out on the train, they decided that Nora, who had the love of peanuts, should go to see Mrs. Reynolds, while Frances went to see Mrs. Wright.

Fortunately, it worked out beautifully. Both women were eager for a reconciliation, and Mrs. Reynolds' sensitiveness for her husband's habit was appeased by Nora's admission of the same habit. "Only mine's worse, Mrs. Reynolds," she said. "I eat peanuts in bed!"

Fran and Nora had a good yarn to tell when they got back to their dormitory. When they were alone again, Fran said: "What did you think of 'Tom,' Nora?"

"Oh, pretty good," yawned Nora. "Say, Fran, do you suppose Miss Beaumont will try putting pepper on his pencils?" And she laughed.

Psychologists Say Need For Pain Common Trait Citing the story of the little Negro boy who said he liked to have his shins kicked because it felt so good when it stopped, Dr. Tracy J. Putnam considers pain in its psychologic and physiologic aspects in an article entitled "Pain," in Hygeia, the Health Magazine.

The need for pain is a common human trait. Psychologists point out that it has three main sources, probably not entirely distinct. One is that pain and pleasure are so closely mingled that one may be confused with the other, or they may even be indistinguishable.

The second source of a need for pain is a penance for misdeeds, real or fancied. A feeling of guilt or anxiety may be one of the heaviest burdens that life can inflict, and sometimes physical anguish is felt to mitigate it.

Finally, one person may use his own pain, consciously or unconsciously, to inflict remorse on or exact sympathy from another. As blindness or deformity is an asset to some beggars, so may suffering be pursued as a livelihood or an adjunct to one or as a means of power.

It is obvious to everyone, certainly to every doctor, that there are great differences between individuals in their susceptibility to pain. One man will complain more bitterly of a stone in his shoe than another will of a harrowing physical experience.

The capacity to endure pain also varies with attendant circumstances. The soldier in battle or the football player in a scrimmage may be unaware of a serious injury, while the same man may dread to have a tooth filled. It is also possible for some persons to train themselves not to notice pain.

From a biologic point of view, pain is essential to the conduct of the world as we know it. It is doubtful whether any species of animal could long survive unless each of its members was equipped with a mechanism to give a signal sufficiently distressing to mobilize all reserves to remove or escape from any danger threatening the integrity of the body.

Bloodhound First Breed Recorded The bloodhound was given that name because it was the first breed in which a record was kept of pedigrees and so was termed blooded.