

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Another Molly Pitcher"

**HELLO, EVERYBODY:**  
Today's soul-stirring tale of a brave little mother who was deathly afraid of guns, but afraid of nothing at all when corporation hirelings tried to grab a piece of her home, is the Battle of Monmouth all over again.

You remember, or do you, how in that important engagement at Freehold, N. J., away back on June 28, 1778, Molly Pitcher took the place of her husband, John C. Hays, an artilleryman, after he was wounded, and served his gun, thus preventing its capture by the British. That's a yarn that every red-blooded American gets a kick out of every time he reads it!

It is mighty comforting, I want to tell you, to know there are Molly Pitchers in every generation, stepping forward fearlessly to take the places of their men when necessary. Just such a woman is today's distinguished adventurer.

Meet Mrs. John Doolin, of Lemont, Ill., who did a good job at writing her story, one that makes you feel all warm and proud of our womanhood. They call women the weaker sex. O yeah? Just put their backs to the wall. If you want the proof, read how Mrs. Doolin, single-handed, whipped a rather high-handed corporation that seemed to be trying to put over a fast one.

Not long after a railroad came through the village of Lemont, where the Doolins had their home, there were a number of accidents on a sharp curve close to the Doolin property. The company wanted to straighten the line by putting it across the Doolin yard. Surveyors staked out the new right of way; workers appeared and began digging. John Doolin ordered them off. Then he took the first train to Chicago and there consulted his good friend, Attorney Alexander Sullivan.

#### Actions of Company Held Illegal by Attorney.

Mr. Sullivan told him the company had no right to put its line on Doolin property without permission. But, he continued (and here's the catch), if the company succeeded in erecting the poles and stringing



Her finger was on the trigger and she was all set to pull it.

the power wire, the only thing Doolin could do would be to go to court. John Doolin didn't have any money to pay for long years of litigation so he beat it for home, resolved to keep the company off his premises.

There, sticking up in the lawn, was a nice new pole that had been put up while he was in the city.

John sawed the pole half way through. Then he borrowed a rifle and ammunition from a neighbor.

A few days later, on a bright June morning in 1903, a policeman appeared with a warrant charging John Doolin with destroying public property. John marched away with the law, leaving three children crying, a wife on the verge of it.

No sooner was John Doolin out of sight than a crew of workmen swarmed on the place and began digging so furiously you would think they were being paid a dollar a shovel. Was little Mrs. Doolin going to let them get away with it? Up to the attic she hurried. There, forgetting she shivered at the very sight of a firearm, she took from the wall a shotgun that had hung undisturbed for many years.

With her children clinging to her and crying again, she opened the window shutters, and rested the ancient fowling piece on the sill. Then, in a cold fury, she called down to the working men:

"Throw down your tools or I'll shoot!"

They stopped working and began to kid her.

#### Foreman Orders Men to Take Gun From Her.

Then one bully, who appeared to be the foreman, ordered: "Come on, guys, let's go up and take it away from her." Mrs. Doolin leaned a little farther out of the window and lifted the rusty shotgun.

"The first man who takes a step toward my house gets shot," she called. "Now all of you drop your tools or I'll start shooting."

And boys and girls, Mrs. Doolin meant exactly what she said. She was a determined mother, protecting her home and babies in the absence of her husband. Of course, she thought the gun wasn't loaded, but her finger was on the trigger and she was all set to pull it if any one of those men made a move in the direction of the house. But their tools went down.

The workmen sensed this was real drama, not a comedy, and they became sober. One spoke up to say the company had sent them there to rush up a couple of poles. Plucky Mrs. Doolin then explained to them that they were on her property, that the company had not asked permission to use it nor offered to pay for it.

Well, sir, when those men got the word down on the proposition they took off their hats and cheered. "You win, lady, you're a game guy," they told her. "We aren't doing any more digging until you get a square deal."

With that they picked up their tools and went to town. Mrs. Doolin had won her battle, but would the men be back tomorrow? Would the company have her arrested for threatening its workmen? And what had become of her husband?

#### Officials Refuse to Prosecute Doolin.

Pondering these questions, Mrs. Doolin went to the door and was overjoyed to see her husband coming up the walk. He hadn't been in jail at all. The policeman had taken him before a justice of the peace, but no one in the courtroom was willing to prosecute him. He thought he understood why he had been taken away on a charge no one would press when Mrs. Doolin told him the men had been back. But when she told him how she had pointed the shotgun at them and really intended to pull the trigger, he felt a little faint. For that old gun was loaded!

Well, there was one thing about the old-fashioned corporation, it always knew when it was licked. The very next morning the worries of the Doolin family were over. Right after breakfast two suave lawyers called to say how sorry they were it had happened. There had been a mistake. The company was willing to pay a good price for the land. And they paid, right on the line, thanks to the little woman who didn't know when she was licked.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

#### Horse Sense

Ulysses, famed Grecian warrior in the battle with the Trojans, at first didn't want to go to war, according to legend. Pretending madness, he put on a fisherman's hat, yoked horses and started to plow up the ground. His trick was uncovered when he turned the horses aside as he saw his infant son lying on the ground in front of the plow.

#### Honoring Veterans

The custom of firing three volleys over the grave of a deceased veteran is derived from the old Roman custom of casting earth over the coffin, calling the dead by name three times and then saying "Vale" three times. The word "vale" is the Latin word for farewell. The firing of three volleys is equivalent to saying farewell to the deceased.

#### Smart Traveling Furs

Women traveling from coast to coast, or across the water, find a little fur jacket the perfect wrap.

#### Due for Attention

Black hats have been forecast for a lot of attention in the mid-summer styles.

## Dress Problems Solved for The 'Frankly Forty' Class

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE original intention was to offer in these few paragraphs suggestions as to fashions for women who register in the "frankly forty" class. However, the more we think of it, what with beauty-parlor magic and fashion necromancy that performs miracles these days in creating youthful dress, we begin to have our doubts as to whether the "frankly forty" (with emphasis on "frankly") idea fits into the modern scheme of things.

However, being forty even though not "frankly" so has lost its terrors for modern women so far as the dress problem is concerned, for the problem that confronted the "forties," likewise the forties-plus, in the past is really not a problem at all in these modern times thanks to style creators who have become increasingly alert to the call for fashions for women that give the young look, yet not so obviously young as to overstep the bounds of good taste.

Subtly and artfully, contemporary designers are handling this question of dress that will accent youthful charm at the same time that it erases traces of birthdays that count to forty and past. You can even go to specialized dress departments nowadays, take your saleswoman into confidence, and under her expert guidance be turned out in new apparel that is age defying.

Note the attractive gown in the inset to the right in the picture. "Last call for dinner" and madame, enjoying summer travels, steps into the diner smartly clad in a pert black and white silk wheat print dress looking delightfully youthful. Shirring animates the puffed top of the sleeves and it is shirring that achieves a soft draped effect in the bodice. The green shoe-string belt interprets chic to the nth

degree. Worn with a rough white straw hat and white bag the outfit becomes definitely appropriate and charming for restaurant or country club wear.

For city roofs or dinner at home mother, noted for her discriminating taste in dress, wears a gray silk chiffon dinner gown with elbow length puffed sleeves and high shirred bust line as shown centered in the picture. White flowers with a delicate tracery of wine are caught at the base of the V neckline.

For country club dining or a gathering of her sorority club members, or for an evening of entertainment a multi-colored silk print with slightly flared skirt, topped with a long bolero jacket with pushed-up three-quarter sleeves as illustrated to the left should prove a perfect choice. The advantage of this modish gown is that removing the bolero the dress is transformed into a formal for more sumptuous occasion.

Full fashion trends give promise of very elegant fabrics that tune to the call of the mode that comes from the "frankly forty" group. Silk faille bengaline, moire, stiff taffetas and stately brocades are fashion firsts on the list and they are being made up simply and exquisitely as becomes a lady of dignity and poise.

The new bustle frocks are proving interesting too, to the "frankly forty" woman. While the old time bustle effects may have been the inspiration for present styling yet the modern versions are modified and artfully interpreted via graceful butterfly bows and drapes and other skillful manipulations. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

### Autumn Millinery In Paris Display

The first new millinery collections shown in Paris are the prelude to fall and winter fashions.

Among the fall perennials in the millinery realm which invariably make their appearance about this time are high crowns, lofty trims and berets. Big berets are among this season's most striking novelties. They really do bring something different into this old reliable head-line.

Forecast for winter is a revival of real old-time Paris millinery—rich, feminine, unusually luxuriant in trimming. Ostrich plumes are often combined with bows or flowers or fastened onto the hat with glittering jeweled pins.

### Fine Red Flannel Jackets Popular

If you long for color, gaiety and style served all in one, buy a new bright jacket smartly tailored of fine red flannel. The younger set is making a dash to the sports sections, walking out proudly wearing a coveted red jacket over their mid-season light dresses. The fad is going strong during the evening hours for a red tailored jacket over a party frock is a young girl's pride at the present moment. The jacket of red velvet is also chic.

### Linen Jacket



Now that midseason has come upon us the practicality of a smartly tailored linen jacket to wear over silk print frocks is readily recognized. The silk dress in the picture is a maize and white print and with its linen jacket makes a very desirable costume to wear at the immediate moment. This spectator sports outfit is completed with a roll brim sailor hat which sets the outfit off effectively.

## A President's Attendance Caused Flurry of Excitement in Church

One Sunday during the summer of 1917 the President suggested that we drive quietly over to Virginia and attend the service at the Pohick church, which was the place of worship of George Washington. When we arrived, the little edifice was well filled. Mr. Wilson, my brother Randolph and I were escorted to the Washington pew, given prayer books and left to ourselves. The service over, we were accompanied to the door by a member of the vestry and permitted to depart without any of the crowding about which usually attends the appearance of a President in public. Also I was impressed by the large congregation, for it was raining.

Afterwards Mr. Jervis, one of the secret service men, asked:

#### "M" for Noon

According to the United States Naval Observatory 12:00 M is almost universally used to designate 12:00 o'clock noon. M in this connection is an abbreviation of "Meridien," the accusative of the Latin "meridies," meaning mid-day.

"May I tell you a story?" This is the story:

Knowing our plans, Mr. Jervis had reached the church at 9:30, finding it closed and not a soul about. At the nearest house he inquired whether there was to be a service. The man did not know, but said that the preacher was holding Sunday school at his own home and that Jervis might inquire of him. At the minister's house Mr. Jervis found a young man instructing a group of barefoot girls and boys. Jervis asked the man whether there would be a service at the church, because the President had intended to come. "The President of what?" asked the clergyman. "Of the United States," replied Jervis. The minister looked at his caller sorrowfully. "Young man, are you ill?" he asked.

Jervis showed his badge, adding that the President and Mrs. Wilson were due in an hour. The minister clasped his hands. "Children, Sunday school is dismissed. All of you run home and tell your fathers and mothers the President is coming to church and I want a good congregation to welcome him." Then he turned to Jervis.

#### Wise and Otherwise

If your garden is fooling you give it a few digs in return.  
Women can give everything with a smile and take everything back with a tear.  
Every dog has his day, says the proverb. And, judging by the row in my back garden, every cat has her knight.  
"Parents are often a hindrance to children in a career," says a judge. Perhaps—but the children could hardly start a career without them.  
A seaside worker tells me he gets \$2.50 a day for picking up litter. A tidy sum?  
Did the guy who said "honesty is the best policy" ever try telling the boss what he really thought of him?  
Hank says his wife's new diet has fairly took her breath away!

"Young man, I must have. You run over to the church and tell the sexton to ring the bell—vigorously." At the church Jervis found the old sexton opening the door. He gave the minister's message. The sexton's mouth stood open for a minute. Then he said: "Here, you ring that bell. It's just outside in a tree. I got to go home and shave."—Edith Bolling Wilson in The Saturday Evening Post.

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