



FAMOUS
HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS

ADVENTURERS CLUB

Hello everybody

"Hackman Turns Detective"

By FLOYD GIBBONS.

THE other night, boys and girls, I got myself into a fine argument with a bird who said there wasn't any adventure any more. Or, to be more accurate about it, this fellow said there wasn't any more adventure in peace time.

He said that civilization had so caught up with the world that the modern exploring trip was nothing but a cut-and-dried business of hiring a bunch of natives to carry your baggage and then going for a walk in the woods.

He said that big game hunting had degenerated into a sort of game of hide-and-seek with a tame elephant on a practically fenced in reservation. He seemed to think I had a monopoly on all the adventures because I was a war correspondent and got around to the spots where fighting was going on.

Well, sir, I've been to a couple of wars where I didn't have anything more exciting happen to me than having a family of cooties move into the vacant flat on my top floor. And on the other hand, I had one of the toughest times in my life in peace-time taking a trip across the Sahara desert.

Taxi Driver's Life Is an Adventurous One.

That trip was just like the exploring jaunts that bird was talking about. A camel carried my baggage. A camel carried me too—whenever I wasn't too doggone weak from heat and thirst to stay on the doggone brute. I'd rather go through six wars than take that trip across the Sahara again.

But all that is beside the point. What I want to talk about is exploring, and big game hunting—and taxi driving. You know when that bird was through with his spiel I said to him: "Who cares about the explorers and the big game hunters? They're not such big potatoes in the adventuring business. Why a New York taxi driver runs into more adventure in the course of a year than an explorer does in ten."

And maybe it's co-incidence, and maybe it's fate. But two days later I reach into a file of your letters on my desk and out comes this yarn from taxi driver Andy Muscarella, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Suspicious Looking Fare Hires Andy for Jaunt.

Andy tells us about an adventure that happened to him at four o'clock in the morning on March 26, 1934. Andy had his cab parked in front of Madison Square Garden when a young fellow hailed him



"Come On," the Fellow Said, "Hand Over Your Dough."

and told him to drive him to an address in Thirtieth street between Ninth and Tenth avenues.

Andy had had a good day that day—one of the best in weeks. He had nineteen dollars and sixty-five cents on the clock and enough tips to make it all come to about twenty-two bucks. Having that much money in his pocket at four a. m. made him sort of careful. And besides, he didn't like the looks of this new job he was being handed.

In the first place, he didn't like the fellow's appearance, and in the second place he knew that Thirtieth, between Ninth and Tenth was no residential neighborhood. But a cab driver can't turn down everybody who looks suspicious. He could lose half his fares that way. So Andy took a chance.

Passenger Turns Out to Be a "Stick-up" Guy.

Sure enough, as the cab neared its destination, Andy felt a gun thrust against the back of his neck. A gruff voice ordered him to stop and get out of the cab. As Andy stepped to the sidewalk, the gun was thrust into his stomach. "Come on," the fellow said, "hand over your dough."

"Go ahead and take it," said Andy. He figured if the fellow went through his pockets he might leave an opening and give him a chance to swing a haymaker. But the fellow was too smart for that. "Do I look like a sap?" he said. "Hand it over!"

Reluctantly, Andy passed over the twenty-two dollars. The bandit shoved him into a hallway and ordered him not to come out for ten minutes. Through the crack-like opening out the door Andy saw him get in the cab and drive away. Then he came out, ran back to Eighth avenue and called the police.

Sleuthing Cabbie Gets His Man!

The bandit had made a clean getaway. The police didn't find him. Andy went back to the office and told his story. The company didn't charge him for the lost money, but still he wasn't satisfied. That same night he told his wife he was going to get the bird who robbed him if it took him all the rest of his life.

The next day was a Monday. Andy was back at his stand with another cab, but he was paying less attention to hack-driving than he was to the faces of the people who passed by. All day Monday and all day Tuesday he watched without success. He did the same thing most of Wednesday night, with no luck either. But along about three in the morning he got a sort of feeling that he was going to see his man. Sure enough—while he was cruising on Eighth avenue near Fifty-first street, he spotted him crossing the street.

It was raining hard, but that didn't stop Andy. He cruised along after the man till he saw a policeman. Andy told his story to the cop, and the pair of them went after the bandit. They grabbed him at Forty-ninth street, took him to the station house, and after a ten minute grilling he admitted the hold-up.

"He proved to be an ex-convict on six years probation," says Andy. "I felt pretty good about catching him. I guess it just goes to show that there isn't such a lot of difference between a detective and a hackman."

—WNU Service.

The Milky Way

The milky way is a hazy, somewhat irregular band of light, about twenty degrees wide, which completely encircles the heavens. It can be seen on clear, moonless, summer evenings, stretching entirely across the northern sky. The unaided eye gets the impression that the milky way is made up of faint stars. The telescope confirms this impression by showing that the light of the milky way is caused by millions of stars. In reality these stars are great suns and they appear faint only because of their immense distances. Most of them are so remote that several thousand years are required for their light to come to us.

Schubert's Serenade

Whatever his inspiration, Schubert wrote the "Serenade" to suit the words of a poem by Ludwig Rellstab. A number of Rellstab's poems were originally sent by their author to Beethoven, who declined to do anything with them because of the state of his health, but who recommended that they be turned over to Schubert. This was done after Beethoven's death. In 1828 Schubert wrote a number of fine songs, which were brought out after his death under the title of "Swan Songs." "Serenade" is No. 4 of the Swan Songs, which include six others written to Rellstab's words. Schubert was born Jan. 31, 1797, and died Nov. 19, 1828.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Airplanes at \$750 Each
Perils of Pacifism
The "Man of Calcium"
Improving Human Breed?

Fourteen concerns have offered to build small airplanes to cost as little as \$750. That is important aviation news; the bureau of air commerce is to be congratulated on its effort to encourage individual flying.

The day is coming when there will be more machines in the air than there are automobiles on the ground now. More than 25,000,000 airplanes may sound like exaggeration.

But it sounded like exaggeration some years ago when this writer published editorials urging citizens not to spread tacks and cut glass on roads, to puncture automobile tires, because, before long, automobiles would be used by workers going to and from work. That prediction came true.

Some one preparing a list of ten things that Christians would and would not do says:

"There would be no private wealth; Jesus denounced great possessions as alien to His gospel, and fatal to His kingdom.

"There would be no poverty and no war, because real Christians would refuse to fight."

In this civilization, if Christians refused to fight, they would rapidly diminish in numbers and the Pacific coast would be settled by Asiatics.

The founder of Christianity taught that what was due to Caesar should be rendered unto him.

If he were on earth now He might say the same of organized capital, knowing that it supplies, in our complicated system, the possibility of steady work.

Nobody, not even a clergyman, can be positive as to what Christ's commands would be if he returned in this age of flying machines, automobiles, public schools and the strange problem of too much of almost everything, combined with want among many thousands of families lacking food and the government wondering occasionally what to do with millions of bushels of wheat.

Before long you may have football coaches feeding calcium to their players. You know what we call "a man of iron" is really the "man of calcium."

The metal calcium in the blood, in quantities that do not change, or that change little, produces a steadiness of nerve lacking in men with a fluctuating calcium supply.

It is said that experiments made on four young men at an eastern university showed that a drop in calcium brought on "moodiness, depression and pessimism."

If there is high calcium content in the blood serum they are in a "happy, cheerful, optimistic, emotional state."

But ask your doctor about it. Don't swallow calcium recklessly.

London thinks something should be done about "more than 250,000 mental defectives," and sterilization, on the German plan, is suggested, on condition that the individual consents. With such a law, government sterilization agents would have few customers.

Under one law suggested, the health minister would order the sterilization of "physically ailing persons shown to be carriers of transmissible disabilities."

The world is preparing to regulate and improve the human breed, as it has long regulated and improved breeds of cattle, swine and other creatures; a step in the direction of uniformity that may not be desirable.

One of the most enlightened educators in America tells teachers and undergraduates that the important thing is the general welfare, not the individual welfare. An excellent idea to put into the minds of young people.

They should also be told that individual welfare and striving, with selfishness back of it, is the foundation of general welfare.

The baby wiggling its arms and kicking its legs in the cradle is building up one more strong baby, for its own sake, not for the general welfare, to which it, nevertheless, contributes. The man, concentrating on his career, and on the care and education of his children, has chiefly in mind his career, children and family. But he also is building up the general welfare. Each tiny coral builder worked only for its own speck of coral, but beautiful islands are the result.

After four years of study, wise men discover that ideas are impressed on the minds of children more deeply by moving pictures than by reading books. Less than four minutes is required to establish that fact.

—King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Wool-Fur Ensembles for Autumn

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Wool-and-fur ensembles for brisk autumn days are the most talked of costumes among new arrivals for brisk autumn days. Precious furs are combined with very fine sheer wools in stunning formal daytime modes, while popular sports furs such as kidskin and leopard are teamed with novelty wools in outfits that will add extra glamor to the football stadium and campus promenade this fall.

Fingertip and three-quarter length jackets and capes are favored in these costumes, as this type of styling plays up the smart contrast between gleaming fur and dull-surfaced wool used for the lining of the coat and for the accompanying frock or suit.

Capes appear in both swagger and formal styling in any number of the most striking wool-and-fur ensembles. The new square-shouldered slim capes that are making their appearance in advance showings are creating no end of excitement for anything in the way of a daytime wrap seen in recent years. For real swank and a dramatic sensation a likely formula calls for a square-shouldered cape of safari brown Alaska sealskin which, when it swings back, shows a lining of sheer rabbit wool in matching brown, and a fitted frock of the same sheer wool with touches of gold lame at the high collar and tailored cuffs—a true aristocrat this in fashion's realm. The belt buckle of the frock and the neck clasp of the cape are of handsome hammered metal. See this patrician two-some pictured to the right in the illustration (same cape closed, in tiny inset).

Soft rabbit woolen in a muted green shade styles the nicely cut and detailed frock shown to the left. The identical rabbit woolen also lines the gray moleskin swagger coat of this smart fall ensemble. Which reminds us that style experts are all agog in regard to gray this season, especially in respect to furs. Silver lame accents the buttoned narrow gilet and edges the pocket tips. As further attraction the gilet has a row of lame-covered tiny buttons. The diagonal seaming of the dress is noteworthy.

French women adore black and this season they are again expressing a preference for it by wearing costumes of stunning black broadcloth with a touch of high color and with lavish fur. In this category is the formal afternoon costume suit that boasts a fingertip box coat of black kidskin with standup collar and banding trim at cuffs and pockets of the same soft black broadcloth that is used for the jacket lining and a straight cut skirt. A cherry red blouse and a saucy fitted kidskin cap edged with flaring black net completes the ensemble.

Then there is the costume that is very swagger indeed for sportswear and for informal daytime wear in town that features a three-quarter length flared coat of gray kidskin worked cleverly in swirling lines. The coat lining and a two-piece frock in waistcoat styling are made up in oxford rabbit wool with multi-colored polka dots scattered gaily over the surface. An accompanying kidskin hat is worn far back on the head. It is just such all-gray costumes as this that are taking the world of fashion by storm this fall.

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LACE OVER METAL

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



All the rich fabrics have a leading place in first fall showings, and the picture is one of luxury. Special importance is placed on metal cloths, heavy nubby silks and woolens and above all new patterns in lace, in such variety as has not been seen before, even in these last few seasons when lace has been foremost in vogue. The redingote dinner gown pictured combines the high-style features of rich fabric and the accepted silhouette. The foundation is heavy metal brocade.

BRIGHT SASHES AND FLOWER CLUSTERS

To be inspired by the men's clothes of the Directoire period and at the same time achieve a most feminine looking collection is certainly no common feat. This was brilliantly demonstrated at the Bruyere fall showings where smart Parisiennes were given a glimpse of beautiful fashions - to be for autumn and winter.

One of the most important items of this collection was the introduction of sashes, such as the elegant taupe of the Directoire used to parade in. They are black on black dresses, and have the ends embroidered in vivid colors. They look graceful and give a brilliant note to the dark day and evening gowns. Louise Boulanger places flower clusters on the sleeves this time in many of her dresses, encircling the arm.

Dignity Is Latest Note in Fashions for Campus Wear

Fall styles for the school and college miss are going sophisticated. It's no longer smart to cultivate a look of studied carelessness. Swagger "collegiate" clothes are giving way to dignity and formal tailoring. Sweaters are worn with pearls, and formal velveteens are breaking into the classroom. The college lass will be up on her curled pompadours and her smoky shades of polish for the nails. No more boyish bobs or back-to-nature fingertips.

Off-the-face bonnets ready for the big game are dressed up with tiny veils. Bonnet toques are smart in velvet with matching velvet bags. These contrast with the color of the suit: American beauty with slate blue, capucine or carmel with black or with brown, raisin with dark green.

Dressy, fur-trimmed suits are the leading theme for football week-ends, with fur jacket costumes a close second.

Nothing You Can Do

By STANLEY CORDELL
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WNU Service.

"IGNORANCE," said Charlie Kemp, "is an intelligent man's greatest enemy. Ignorance in another person, I mean. It's the one thing that the tutored mind can never successfully combat. If he's wise, he'll not try, unless, of course, fate forces him into the conflict. Like in the case of Jim Wilson."

"Jim was an intelligent youth, well educated, well mannered, bred of a good family and with many brilliant ancestors along the line. The kid, being unusually smart, was quite successful by the time he'd reached thirty. Reason for it chiefly was because in all his dealings he had associated with intelligent men, men who spoke his own language and whom he understood. He'd never met an ignorant person until he came in contact with Mrs. Patterson."

"Mrs. Patterson was the mother of Brenda Patterson, and Brenda Patterson happened to be the young lady with whom Jim fell in love."

Before he married her, he came to know vaguely that her folks were different, rather loud talkers and coarse in their ways. But he never paid them much heed; he figured he was marrying Brenda, not the family.

"The young folks settled down in a residential community not far from Boynton, and close to Jim's place of business. At first he didn't mind when the Pattersons began dropping in on them. It was only natural that they display an interest in the welfare of their daughter. But gradually he began to know a faint annoyance. The Pattersons lacked even the rudiments of good taste, good manners, or the correct use of the English language. "Some sort of understanding might have become necessary if it hadn't happened that Jim was forced to spend a lengthy period traveling in the interest of his business. He and Brenda talked the matter over, decided to give up their apartment and travel by auto."

"The young couple spent six months touring about the United States, and then, upon returning to Massachusetts, were invited by Jim's folks to remain at the ancestral homestead, a beautiful estate located some twenty-odd miles west of Boynton, until such time as they hired another home."

"This proved a big relief to Jim, for he had been concerned with the in-law problem again now that they were once more near the Pattersons. But his relief was short-lived. Brenda spent three days with her family at their home and then joined Jim and his parents at the ancestral estate. The following Sunday, into the yard drove an ancient automobile and out of it tumbled Mr. and Mrs. Patterson and their two sons."

"Mrs. Wilson, Jim's mother, was an intelligent woman, a gracious hostess. She made Brenda's family welcome, served them refreshments. The Pattersons were greatly taken with the lovely old estate. They would come out often."

"And they did. They came and stayed whole days at a time."

"The climax came when Jim's brother, Frank, and wife invited him and Brenda up to their camp in Maine for a week's visit. Scarcely had they been there two days before the Pattersons arrived. And here, as at the ancestral home, they adapted themselves with the same familiar ease, misinterpreted Frank's and his wife's polite greeting and acted for all the world as though they were bestowing a great favor."

"Jim knew that something must be done, and he decided that the best and kindest thing to do was to explain things as delicately and plainly as he could to Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. He attempted to do this the next week when Brenda and he were visiting the Patterson home. Just before they departed, Mrs. Patterson said: 'We'll drive out next Sunday and spend the day with you and your folks, Jim.'"

"Jim cleared his throat. 'If you don't mind,' he said, 'I'd rather you waited until we took an apartment in town. You see, after all, that place isn't ours and I don't feel at liberty to entertain you there.'"

"'Pshaw!' said Mrs. Patterson magnanimously. 'We're not guests. You don't have to entertain us none. We'll just sit around.'"

"Jim coughed. 'You seem to have given a different meaning to my use of the word "entertain," I mean, after all—'

"But Mrs. Patterson broke in on him with her raucous laughter. 'Now, don't go apologizing. It's perfectly all right. When we get there don't you pay no attention to us at all. We can keep ourselves entertained.'"

"Jim looked at Brenda in hopeless dismay. And Brenda looked at Jim. For the first time she seemed to grasp the significance of it all. She glanced toward her mother, but Mrs. Patterson was beaming—innocently, patronizingly. Brenda opened her mouth, and closed it again. And Jim suddenly caught her by the arm and led her from the house and away. He was poignantly conscious of a feeling of frustration. He had been confronted by a problem with which, he realized, there was no hope of trying to cope. Ignorance. And, dismayed, he knew there was nothing he could do about it."

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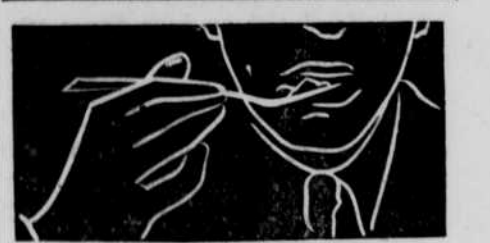
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