

FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER
FLOYD GIBBONS
ADVENTURER

Hello everybody

"Thunder on the Track"
 By FLOYD GIBBONS

"HERE'S one for you," says Edward Green of New York city. And then he unwinds the story of an experience that befell him while he was captain, first-mate, chief steward and crew of a one-man trolley car—a yarn that makes him a Distinguished Adventurer.

Now a one-man car is a gadget that was invented so there'd be something that would keep a man busier than that well known one-armed paper-hanger with the hives.

You run them with both hands and both feet like an old-fashioned parlor organ. Ed Green thought he knew what it meant to be busy, after just a few hours operating one of those cars, but he admits now he didn't have any idea of the true meaning of the word until he tried to take care of TWO OF THE CONTRAPTIONS AT THE SAME TIME.

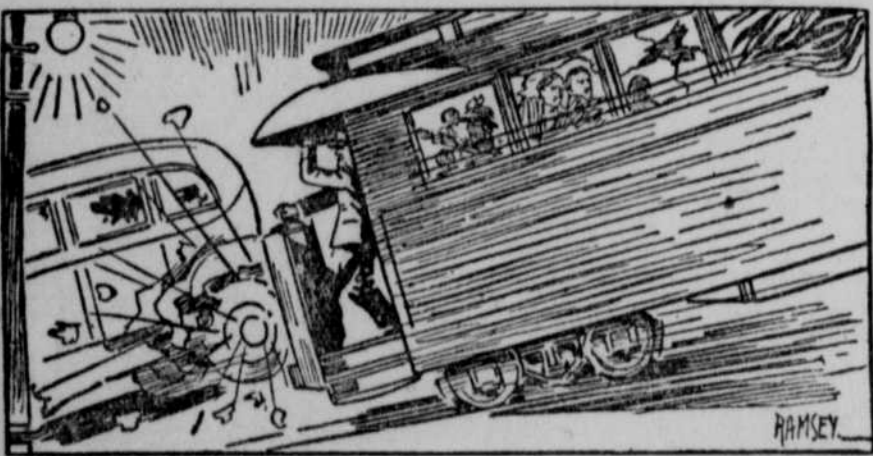
Ed was working on the night shift of the New York & Harlem Railroad company's old Fourth and Madison avenue line. It was Christmas Eve, of the year 1924. He got to the car-barn on time that night, but the man he was to relieve brought the car in late, so Ed had to hurry to make up time.

Runaway Trolley Car Threatens Death to Passengers.

He left the barn going at a pretty fast clip, got as far as Madison and Ninety-seventh street and stopped to pick up a passenger. The passenger got on and Ed shut the door with the foot lever while he made change with one hand, rang up the fare with the other and started the car going with well—I guess it must have been his nose. Then, as the car began moving, and Ed got a spare second, he looked up—and saw something that didn't look altogether right to him.

The car was on a fairly steep grade. Farther on up that grade, at the Ninety-sixth street corner was another one-man trolley, and it was rolling back toward Ed's car at a fast clip! It was mid-winter and a nasty night. The rails were slippery, and it didn't take Ed long to figure out what had happened to that car ahead. It was out of control. Due to crash into his own car in about thirty seconds!

Ed says he forgot everything else for a minute and began figuring out which was the best way to jump and save his life. Then he came to his right senses and thought, "What about the passengers?" He might save his own life, but a whole bunch of other people would



The Trolley Hit the Taxicab With a Crash.

be killed if he did. No—he had to be a regular guy and stick to his post. He reached up, threw off his overhead switch, and turned to the crowd behind him. "Back to the rear of the car," he shouted. "Run for your lives. There's a runaway car heading straight for us!"

Panic-Stricken Riders Stampede at Crash.

In a second, pandemonium was on the loose. Screaming—shoving, the passengers stampeded for the rear of the car. At that moment the crash came. The car ahead struck—with such force that it wrecked the whole front compartment of the one Ed was operating. A sheet of flame shot up between the two vehicles. In the fleeting glimpse Ed got of the crash, he saw that the other car had no motorman aboard. He had jumped for his life shortly after he had lost control.

The first car crashed—and stopped. The impact had given it a pause and given its set brakes a chance to catch hold. But at the same time, Ed's car started moving. Ed had thrown off the juice when he saw the other car coming, and now, his own vehicle without any power to control it, was running away on its own.

Ed says that, through some miracle, he managed to keep his head. Something had to stop that car. He turned to the rear again and began fighting his way through the screaming, milling herd of panic-stricken passengers.

Berserk Street Car Butts Automobile Out of Its Path.

The passengers, frantic now, were breaking windows and jumping out. Those who didn't were fighting their way back down the aisle. Ed pushed through the mob to the rear platform. It was the front platform now, for the car was speeding backward down the hill. By the time he got there, the trolley was traveling at breakneck speed. He grabbed for the emergency brake—jammed it on with all his might.

He might as well have saved the effort. The car still careened ahead along the slippery tracks. Behind him, fire flared up again while the crowd screamed and broke more windows. Ahead of him was a street crowded with traffic.

A taxicab shot out ahead of him. The trolley hit it with a crash and tossed it over to the gutter. Another car got in the way and was butted away with a crumpled fender and a broken wheel. Ed says he must have hit half a dozen automobiles during that wild ride, but he was too excited to keep count of them.

Ed's Heroism Is Commended by the Big Boss.

But now the car was nearing the bottom of the hill. It was slowing down. Still blazing at the rear, it ground to a stop, and Ed began getting his passengers out.

Some of them walked out by themselves—and others had to be carried. Ed doesn't remember how many were hurt. He says there must have been plenty, for inside of ten minutes there were at least a dozen ambulances on the scene. When all the injured were being taken care of, the fire put out, and the excitement all over, Ed was sitting on the step of the smouldering trolley, a disconsolate figure, wondering whether this business was going to cost him his job.

But Ed didn't have to worry about that. Later on that night, the big boss did come down to the car barn, but not to fire Ed. Instead he came to thank him personally and commend his courage for sticking to his car and thinking of his passengers at a time when the rest of them were thinking only of saving their own skins.

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Elaborate Coiffures

Until recent years, men in the Society islands went in for ornamental hair in a big way. Sometimes they shaved off one-half of their hair, and left the other half long. Sometimes they shaved a path down the middle and gathered the hair on both sides into knots. But the Pijians took first prize for elaborate coiffures. One case is on record where a head of hair measured five feet in circumference. This great growth was dyed in every color of the rainbow.

Had No Right to Throne

Isabella II was said to have had no right to the throne under, an old Spanish law prohibiting the succession of women to the crown, but had been maintained there by one of the factions in spite of various uprisings on the part of followers of Don Carlos, her paternal uncle. An anti-Bourbon faction had been forming, however, due largely to the despotic disposition of Isabella and in 1869 she was dethroned by a popular revolt, many of the leaders of which demanded a republic.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Yes, a Queer World Supply and Demand If All Worked Hard The Biggest Brain How Queer is our world!

Fascists, led by Sir Oswald Mosely of the English Blackshirts, who think they ought to change the British government, learned from a mob that fascism does not suit England—yet. The Blackshirts were driven home.

Next day, bands of the Fascists invaded the London Jewish quarter, smashing windows. In the first day's rioting between Fascists and the crowd that does not want fascism, hundreds were hurt.

England is becoming modernized. One of her race track gambling-gangsters, murdered "American fashion" in the course of gangster business, was honored with a funeral that would make Chicago or New York stare.

Mussolini does not believe that old "supply and demand" is necessarily omnipotent. While cutting four per cent from the value of Italian money, he forbids any increase in prices, any rent increase for two years. That experiment will be watched with interest. The word "money," most important in the world to many, has less real meaning than any other word in the dictionary, nobody knowing anything about it.

A new law in Paraguay compels every able-bodied man to work, whether he wants to or not. Here men that want jobs can't get them. There men can get jobs, but don't want them.

The general idea is good, but if all able-bodied men had been compelled to work always the human race would still be far back in the dark ages. One of the greatest Greeks said truly that bodily slavery was necessary, because it gave leisure to a few, leisure made thought possible and thought created progress.

If all men had worked hard, by compulsion, there would have been no deliberate thinking. Slavery

would be necessary now for the world's progress had not machines taken the place of slaves.

Scientists of the Smithsonian Institution announce discovery by Dr. Hrdlicka in the Aleutian islands, off the coast of Alaska, of a skull that once held the biggest brain on record, excepting that of the Russian novelist Turgenieff, who had a brain cavity of 2,030 cubic centimeters. The biggest American brain belonged to Daniel Webster, 2,000 cubic centimeters.

But brain size and weight are not everything. Beethoven, with a 1,750 cubic centimeter skull, will outlive in importance Webster, the French naturalist Cuvier, and other "big brains."

Adaptation to usefulness is the important thing. It is said that the eye of the eagle is twice as heavy as the eagle's brain.

Wine bottled in Germany hereafter will have, instead of a cork, a plug of German wood.

To help make Germany independent of the outside world, the use of cork, that does not grow in Germany, is forbidden. This will save 10,000,000 marks a year, spent abroad for cork.

German wood, according to authorities, is cheaper, better, resists breakage, acid, alkali, and eliminates cork taste.

One question is, will the wooden cork swell up at the lower end sufficiently to overcome the pressure of gas in a champagne bottle?

At Jonesville, Va., Rev. T. Anderson, in a demonstration of faith, allowed poisonous serpents to bite him three times, assuring his congregation that they could not harm him. A copperhead moccasin snake bit him twice on the right hand; a rattlesnake once on the left.

Unfortunately Rev. Mr. Anderson, member of the Holiness persuasion, died soon afterward.

We go up and down quickly in the United States, particularly in new enterprises. William Fox, once one of the most energetic, successful of moving picture men, now a bankrupt, tells the court that in 1930 he was worth one hundred million dollars; now he has only "odds and ends," meaning only a few hundred thousands, here and there.

Our South American neighbor, Nicaragua, forbids all slot machines and other gambling devices in that country. All must be destroyed.

Nicaragua's government says such machines teach children to gamble, and their owners are parasites of the worst kind, making a profit of 63 cents on every dollar.

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Moe Was Smart

By RICHARD H. WILKINSON
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WHEN Moe Aspinwald was fourteen he set down on paper the details of his first hunting trip, and mailed the narrative to a sporting magazine. The magazine printed the yarn and sent Moe a jackknife in payment. Moe was elated. He stated then and there that he was going to make writing his career, admitting that for years he had cherished such an ambition.

The youngster's friends were amused. Not in their wildest imaginings could they picture Moe as a successful writer. To begin with, his penmanship was atrocious, his spelling was worse and his adolescent use of the English language not without serious flaws.

Ten years passed and it appeared that Moe's prognosticating friends had known whereof they spoke. Moe didn't write any more stories, or if he did they never saw the printer's ink. The friends couldn't help feeling a little triumphant and smug about it; they had predicted that Moe's boasts were nothing but hot air, and it flattered their vanity to discover they were right. And because Moe seemed undaunted and continued to boast, they chided him a lot.

"How about it, Moe?" they'd say. "When are you going to get the chance to read that masterpiece of yours?"

But Moe seemed wholly unabashed. "I haven't written it yet," he'd answer seriously. "But I'm working all the time. Developing my natural talent. Be foolish of me to send a lot of trash to the magazines that I knew wasn't salable. Injure my reputation. I'm smart, too smart, to do that. You just watch."

The friends grinned and looked amused and agreed to watch. And then abruptly, shortly after Moe had passed his twenty-fifth birthday, their watching eyes began to bulge. For the Mid-Week Fiction magazine, recognized as the leader in its field, one day published a short story by a new writer. "Dark Days" was the name of the yarn and its author was Moe Aspinwald. The magazine spoke of him as a "literary find." They advertised the story widely, gambled their reputation on its success.

But it wasn't much of a gamble, for "Dark Days" proved to be everything that the magazine predicted. It swept the country like wild fire. It was reprinted a dozen times, even reproduced in small book form and sold by the thousands. Hollywood bought the screen rights and dramatized the yarn.

Moe Aspinwald wasn't much affected by his success as his friends expected. Instead of gloating, he merely grinned amiably. "Why, sure," he said, "I knew that's what would happen. I waited till I had developed myself, that's all. I'm smart."

But it turned out that Moe wasn't as smart as he thought; the friends who, in truth, were envious of his success, were given an opportunity to become smug once more. Incredible from the first, many of them predicted that "Dark Days" was only a flash in the pan. Which appeared to be right. Moe couldn't keep it up, or at least didn't. The editor of Mid-Week Fiction asked for more stories and the youth wrote them, but the editor of Mid-Week Fiction shook his head doubtfully. "It would hurt your reputation if we published these, Mr. Aspinwald. And ours, too. This stuff is good, but it isn't up to 'Dark Days.'" The readers of Mid-Week Fiction expect more of you.

And Moe went home and wrote some more. But obviously he'd shot his bolt. Within the next six months he managed to sell two more stories to two other magazines, on the strength of the success of "Dark Days," but they were inferior and the readers of the other magazines objected so strenuously that the editors told Moe he'd better take a long rest, for his own good.

Yes, it appeared that Moe had shot his bolt. He was like a comet that had flared across the sky, burn brightly and died. He tried other magazines and tried Mid-Week Fiction again. But they all turned him down. Indeed, Mid-Week Fiction had lost interest in him. They had become concerned with a new find, a youth named Clay Hereford, who, like Moe, had attracted attention to himself by submitting for his first story one of extraordinary merit. Whereas Hereford's stuff was inferior to "Dark Days," the new author possessed the ability to maintain his quality. And this meant that Moe Aspinwald had the skids under him for sure.

Few of Moe's friends were sympathetic. They had predicted that Moe would come to this end and they were selfishly glad because it had happened. Moe was a boaster. Maybe this would teach him a lesson, do him some good.

But Moe didn't change. And he didn't mind their gloating. He continued to tell them what a great writer he was, that he was smart.

It bothered him a little because they couldn't know his secret, but at the same time he knew that sometime they'd find it out. And he could wait. He was used to waiting, and it gave him a lot of satisfaction to think of how they'd look when they discovered that the real name of Clay Hereford was Moe Aspinwald.

Oh, Moe was smart, all right.

Flattering Matron Frock



1841-B

This frock is the eighth wonder of the world. Just imagine only four major pieces to cut and sew and you've completed a frock that renders a becoming, chic, and flattering appearance to a size 34 or 46.

It has clever short sleeves, that can be supplanted by long ones, scalloped blouse opening and the kind of collar that echoes the admiring "ahs" of your neighbors. The dress is dart fitted at the waist and shoulders for ease and a slimming effect, while a self-fabric belt adds its contribution too. You want to own this thoroughly young style and attractive model that's as easy to make as to

look at, don't you? Here's your opportunity, order this debonair model today. It's irresistible indeed.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1841-B is available for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires four and one-eighth yards with long sleeves; and three and three-fourths yards of 39 inch material with short sleeves. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 367 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

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Value of Accuracy

I do not know that there is anything, except it be humility, which is so valuable as an incident of education as accuracy. And accuracy can be taught. Direct lies told to the world are as dust in the balance when weighed against the falsehoods of inaccuracy. These are the fatal things, and they are all-pervading. I scarcely care what is taught to the young if it will but implant in them the habit of accuracy.—Arthur Helps.

FREE! \$24,600 WORTH OF WONDERFUL GIFTS

... Just for Naming This Picture of Dr. Dafoe and the Dionne Quins

- 4,168 DIFFERENT GIFTS!
- 6 CHEVROLET SEDANS
- 42 FRIGIDAIRES
- 120 RCA RADIOS
- 1,000 CASH AWARDS OF \$2 EACH
- 3,000 CASH AWARDS OF \$1 EACH



Today, more than ever, the healthy, robust Dionne Quins are a glorious tribute to the finest methods of child-raising. Today, and every day the Dionne Quins have Quaker Oats. To bring this fact to the attention of every mother, Quaker Oats is making a sensational offer of \$24,600.00 worth of wonderful FREE GIFTS! ... Just for the most original suitable names for this picture of Dr. Dafoe and the Dionne Quins, Quaker is offering 4,168 gorgeous prizes—6 Chevrolet Sedans, 42 Frigidaires, 120 RCA Radios, 1,000 prizes of \$2 in cash, and 3,000 prizes of \$1 in cash! Half of these will be awarded on October 30th, 1936, the other half on December 15, 1936. . . . Your grocer has all the details of this sensational offer. See him today and find out how to enter . . . it may mean a wonderful free gift for you!

See Your Grocer for Details of How to Win One of These Wonderful Free Gifts!

TED LAUNCHES A NEW SHIP

DADDY, PLEASE HELP US BUILD OUR BOAT—IT'S FOR THE SHIP MODEL CONTEST AT SCHOOL NEXT MONTH!

STOP BOTHERING ME! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO READ?

HEY! STOP THAT HAMMERING! WHY DOES THIS HOUSE HAVE TO SOUND LIKE A BOILER FACTORY ALL THE TIME?

THIS WHOLE FAMILY MUST SPEND ALL WEEK THINKING UP WAYS TO ANNOY YOU ON SUNDAY!

BET THEIR MOTHER PUT THEM UP TO THIS! SHE CAN'T BEAR TO SEE YOU SITTING AROUND ENJOYING YOURSELF!

IF YOU WON'T HELP THE BOYS WITH THEIR BOAT, AT LEAST YOU MIGHT LET THEM WORK ON IT! YOU TOLD THEM TO!

THERE YOU GO! NEVER THINK OF ME, DO YOU? YOU KNOW I'VE GOT A SPLITTING HEADACHE!

WHAT DOES SHE CARE HOW BADLY YOU FEEL—JUST SO SHE CAN KEEP THOSE BOYS BUSY AND OUT OF HER WAY?

IF YOU'D CUT OUT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM, AS THE DOCTOR ADVISED, I'M SURE YOU'D FEEL BETTER—

OH, ALL RIGHT, I WILL! JUST TO SHOW YOU THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS COFFEE-NERVES BUNK!

CURSES! I'M SUNK! POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!

30 DAYS LATER

THERE! SHE'S ALL FINISHED! AND IN TIME FOR THE CONTEST, TOO. BET WE WIN A PRIZE WITH THIS ONE, EH, BOYS?

DAD DESERVES A PRIZE ANYWAY—HE'S BEEN A PRETTY FINE FATHER SINCE HE SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you have headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum. It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. Postum comes in two forms—Postum Cereal, the kind you boil, and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. Either way it is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE!—Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail coupon.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. W-O 10-17-36
 Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Instant Postum Postum Cereal (check kind you prefer).

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 If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd.,
 Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)