



FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS

Arthur Brisbane, Editor, Dies at 72

Work Known to Millions; Column Popular in This Newspaper.

New York, N. Y.—With the death of Arthur Brisbane Christmas morning, the world lost its most widely known and most widely read newspaper writer and editor.

True to the Brisbane tradition, he kept up the terrific pace of his work to the last. When he was stricken late in the afternoon of Christmas eve he had almost finished his column, "Today," which appeared in many large daily newspapers.

Millions of Readers. It was only a few hours afterward Mr. Brisbane fell asleep in his Fifth avenue apartment. At his bedside were his physicians, Dr. Leopold Stieglitz and Dr. Frederick Zeman, and a nurse.



ARTHUR BRISBANE

wife, Mrs. Phoebe Brisbane, whom he had married in 1912; his son, Seward, and his four daughters, Mrs. J. R. K. McCrary, 23; Emily, 18; Alice, 14, and Elinor 12.

Probably no one knows how many millions of persons read Mr. Brisbane's verse, analytical comments upon the news of the day. It is estimated that 25 millions read his daily column.

Mr. Brisbane was wealthy. It is reported that his yearly salary at the time of his death was \$260,000. In addition, there was the return on his extensive real estate holdings.

Arthur Brisbane was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1864. He attended the public schools and then, forsaking a college education, he became a reporter on the old New York Sun at 19.

It was not long before he was the Sun's London correspondent. After five years, there was a shake-up on the paper and the management cabled him to return.

"Greatest Journalist of Day." When William Randolph Hearst came from California and bought the New York Journal he hired Mr. Brisbane—at a reduction in salary of almost 50 per cent.

It was Arthur Brisbane who was credited with bringing the trend of newspaper style "down to earth." He believed that newspapers should be written for the ordinary man, not the intelligentsia.

He dictated his 1,000 to 1,200 crisp, unvarnished words daily in half an hour to an hour. There was a dictaphone beside him wherever he went.

Casual Clothes in Tailored Wools

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



CASUAL clothes were never more attractive than they are at this very moment. Planned to perfection in colorings as well as textures, and beautifully styled and tailored as they now are, whether you're planning either a resort, cruise or stay-at-home wardrobe it's your casual clothes in the new stunning woens that are sure to fit into the picture in the most fashionable and comfortable way.

Your frocks will be in lightweight or sheer wool and will slip nicely under your warm coats for northern and cruise wear, as well as being admirably adapted to active coat-less days in the sunny south.

For wear all day, every day, in any climate, lightweight wool frocks are styled on practical and jaunty lines as they have never been styled before.

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GYPSY HEADDRESS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A handkerchief of red silk chiffon edged with sequins worn over the hair in gypsy fashion to protect milady's wave flavors of romance and the picturesque, does it not? Ever so smart this season! Young girls are greatly excited over the idea.

VELVET LEADS WAY IN STYLE INTEREST

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Velvets have a way with them this season. They are not only crush-resistant but they seem to like the crowd. They certainly have gone places, done things and looked right smart.

Velvet nighties and robes of washable velvet, pajamas, hostess gowns and bed jackets, lovely velvet mules and sandals, boudoir quilted pillows and bed covers of delicate shades of velvet.

Men have dressing gowns, smoking jackets, and collar boxes of velvet in rich, dark shades.

Little girls may have velvet dresses just like mother's, and little girls get the same satisfaction out of their velvet dresses that mother gets out of hers.

Smart velvet coats for little boys as well as little girls with tiny velvet berets to match, are to be found and they do look well.

The older woman finds velvets for every hour of her day, and this year we have our velvets properly styled, not only for every hour of the day but becoming clothes for women of every age.

Turbans for Evening Are Proving Popular in Paris

Turbans are proving immensely popular in Paris for evening wear. They are practical for last-minute invitations where a woman has not time to have an original coiffure arranged by a hairdresser.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Instead of sewing ribbon belt to a buckle to be worn on wash dresses, use a snap fastener. Buckle may then be easily removed when washing.

To remove marks on paint which have been made with matches, rub them with lemon, then with whiting and finally wash with soap and water.

If mayonnaise curdles while it is being made, put another yolk of egg into an empty basin, add the curdled sauce gradually to it, stirring all the time, and it will become right again.

Don't whisper in a sick person's presence, and don't look gloomy after the doctor's visit. Imagination runs riot when one is ill and sick people miss nothing.

Crumbled dried bacon is delicious when added to egg omelet. Left-over bacon can be used this way.

A clove of garlic rubbed around the salad bowl will season the salad, but will not give it too strong a flavor.

If the range is wiped carefully with brown paper after cooking greasy food it can be kept bright with little difficulty.

Mix ingredients for ginger cookies with cold coffee instead of water. It improves them.

When potatoes have been over-boiled and gone to broth, lay a

strong cloth in the colander and empty the contents of the saucepan into it. Gather up the cloth as if for a pudding, and squeeze tightly until every drop of moisture is out, and you will find that you have a light, floury ball.

Dates filled with cheese or nuts make a good accompaniment to serve on fruit salads.

A Continual Course

Life is but one continual course of instruction—the hand of the parent writes on the heart of the child the first faint characters which time deepens into strength so that nothing can efface them.—R. Hill.

ONLY 1¢ A NIGHT for Eye-saving LIGHT

with Coleman AIR-PRESSURE Mantle LAMPS. Protect your sight with this eye-saving Coleman Lamp. Light Kerosene and Gasoline Models.

Here's Simple Way to Ease a Cold



Two Quick-Acting, Quick-Dissolving Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a Glass of Water

The modern way to ease a cold is this: Two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel a cold coming on. Then repeat, if necessary, according to instructions in the box.

At the same time, if you have a sore throat, crush and dissolve three BAYER tablets in one-third glass of water. And gargle with this mixture twice.

The Bayer Aspirin you take internally will act to combat fever and the pains which usually accompany colds. The gargle will act as a medicinal gargle to provide almost instant relief from rawness and pain.

Try this way. Your doctor, we know, will endorse it. For it is a quick, effective means of combating a cold. Ask for Bayer Aspirin by the full name at your druggist's—not for "aspirin" alone.

15¢ FOR A DOZEN 2 FULL DOZEN FOR 25¢ VIRTUALLY 1¢ A TABLET



BOY DELIVERING A NOTE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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MEET Evelyn Kerr of Somerville, who is pinch hitting for her dad, George R. Kerr, of the same address. Evelyn says she has never had any adventures—not yet, anyway. If she had, she'd be glad to tell us about them.

Her dad, on the other hand, has had one of those rip-roaring experiences that make your hair stand on end for a week afterward, but somehow or other he never gets around to writing us about it. So Evelyn is writing that story up for him.

All right, dad. That makes you a Distinguished Adventurer, and a full fledged member of the club.

A lot of good yarns begin with a man in the driver's seat of an automobile. This is one of them.

In 1918, Evelyn's dad, George Kerr, was working as a truck driver for a company in Medford, and one trip he made in his truck he'll never forget in all his life.

George's Truck Had a Heavy Load.

It was a warm day in September. George was driving a five-ton truck loaded with corrugated paper boxes.

There's one thing that ought to be explained here—that is, that those boxes were heavy. A truck load of paper boxes doesn't sound like much weight, but these boxes were folded flat and piled high on George's gas buggy.

It was a five-ton truck, but that load of boxes weighed every ounce of six tons.

That load of boxes was to go to Salem, and, although George had been in the nearby town of Lynn a good many times, he had never driven to Salem.

George got to Lynn in good time, and drove right on. To get to Salem, he had to cross the marshes that lie between the two towns—had to cross them over the floating bridge.

"I don't know whether that floating bridge is still there, or whether it has been replaced by a more modern—and more solid—structure."

"That bridge was built of 137 layers of board placed on the top of the swamp, and those boards kept sinking so that they had to be reinforced twice a week," Evelyn says.

It was said around those parts that nobody had ever been able to find a bottom to those marshes. But that's something George Kerr didn't know about.

If he had, he might have traveled from Lynn to Salem by an entirely different route.

Another thing George didn't know much about was that floating bridge.

The Sign That He Didn't See.

There was a sign at the entrance to it that said: "Nothing over 6,000 pounds allowed on this bridge. Anyone driving a vehicle weighing over 6,000 pounds proceed at their own risk."

But George didn't see that sign as he rolled onto the bridge approach. So, with a load alone that weighed 6,000 pounds, and a truck that weighed almost as much again, he started across.

It was George's helper who first noticed that things were going wrong. The truck was halfway across—IN THE DEAD MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE—when suddenly he cried out:

"For Pete's sake, George, look. The bridge is sinking!"

GEORGE DID LOOK—AND HIS SCALP BEGAN TO CREEP AND FUNNY, CHILLY TWINGES BEGAN RUNNING UP AND DOWN HIS BACK. THE BRIDGE BENEATH THEM WAS OUT OF SIGHT UNDER MUDDY SWAMP WATER. AND THE WATER ITSELF WAS UP OVER THE RIMS OF THE TRUCK'S BIG WHEELS.

The next thing George heard was the helper's voice again. "Come on, George. We'll have to jump for it!" That's the last George saw of his helper for a while. He was over the side of the truck like a monkey, and George was left alone on the seat.

From somewhere behind, he could hear his helper's voice calling to him—telling him to get off that truck before it was too late. But George didn't get off.

That truck and the load it was carrying had been entrusted to his care. It was his responsibility.

He'd heard about those marshes—heard people say that anything that went down in them never came up again. But that applied to the truck as well as himself, didn't it?

Hard Decision for Him to Make.

Was he going to abandon that truck—the property of the people who handed him his pay check every week—while there was still a chance of getting it across?

On the other hand, George had a wife and five small kids at home. He owed a duty to them, too, didn't he?

What would happen to them if he went down in that swamp and never came up again?

It was a tough decision to make, but George made it. He threw his truck into low gear, fed it the gas gently, and started crawling along toward the other side.

It seemed as though he'd never make it. The bridge sagged beneath the weight of the heavy load. The truck was moving at a snail's pace, but he didn't dare make it go any faster.

Nothing to do but sit tight, hold his breath, and pray that everything would be all right.

The water rose higher and higher. It was almost up to the hub caps. What if it got into the engine and stalled the motor? George didn't want to think about that.

What if the flimsy foundation of floating planks broke out from beneath him altogether? He didn't like to think about that either.

Out of the Water to Safety.

Then, suddenly, he noticed the truck was rising higher out of the water. He was almost at the end now. Another minute and he'd be across.

George didn't breathe while they were crossing those last few yards.

Then he was on dry land again—truck and all—and he stopped and sat there a few minutes to get control of his jumping nerves.

His helper, back on the other side of the bridge, saw him get across safely, then followed on foot.

After awhile they continued on their way and delivered their load, but it wasn't until they were on their way back and passed the bridge approach that they saw the sign that read: "Nothing over 6,000 pounds allowed on this bridge."

"Then," says Evelyn, "Dad nearly collapsed when he realized just how close a call he had had."

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Sir Walter Raleigh's Clothes

The usual attire of Sir Walter Raleigh, it is recorded, consisted of a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist, and over the body a brown doublet finely flowered and embroidered with pearls.

In the feather of his hat a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig in place of a button.

His breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes which on great court days were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of \$3,000.

He had a suit of armor of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

Marine Corps

The United States Marine Corps is under a major general commandant, who receives orders from the secretary of the navy.

The corps headquarters are in the Navy building at Washington, D. C. Recruit depots of the corps are located at Parris Island, S. C., and San Diego, Calif.

Recruits from the eastern part of the country receive their training at the former station and those from west of the Rocky mountains at the latter.

The Parris island post is off the Atlantic coast, near Beaufort, S. C. It includes the Receiving station, Naval hospital, Naval Radio station, Marine Corps Training station, Marine Corps Aviation station and a naval prison.