

FLOYD GIBBONS
FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER
ADVENTURERS CLUB
Hello Everybody

"Skirmish Line"
 By FLOYD GIBBONS

TODAY'S Distinguished Adventurer, boys and girls, is Charles Levine of New York city, an old soldier, and a veteran of the Philippine campaign. Charley has an army citation for gallantry in action—and here's how he won it.

It was the night of January 22, 1913, and word had come to the army barracks at Jolo that a Moro stronghold had been located eighteen miles in the interior. Charley Levine's outfit—Troop H, Eighth Cavalry—augmented by two companies of Philippine scouts and one company of native constabulary, started out after the insurgents. With them went a "jackass battery" consisting of one three-inch mountain gun hitched to four balky mules, and Charley was one of twelve men assigned to that battery.

All night long they forced their way through rattled jungle. At daybreak they were in sight of the Moro retreat—a rectangular trench, surrounded by a wall of bamboo palings, covered over with a thick matting of cogon grass, and stocked with enough food and supplies and ammunition to withstand a long siege.

The Skirmishers Went Too Far.

There was no time for rest. The Moros espied the cavalrymen and discharged a blast of rifle fire. The Americans set up their mountain gun on a knoll five hundred feet away and let loose a rain of shell-fire as the rest of the men deployed in a long skirmish line and advanced on the fort.

The skirmishers moved on—the mountain gun shooting over their heads. Then, suddenly, the lieutenant in charge of the gun shouted, "Hold it, boys. THEY'VE GONE TOO FAR." The skirmishers, almost to the fort now, had advanced into the range of fire of their own artillery.

The bombardment ceased. "Somebody will have to go down there and tell them to fall back," the lieutenant snapped. A man was sent down with the message. "We watched him plunge into the jungle growth and strike off toward the line," says Charley. "Suddenly a lithe brown figure streaked out of the underbrush. A bolo flashed and the messenger crashed into the sea of grass—DECAPITATED. It was over in a moment.

"We gritted our teeth with helpless rage. Another man went forward—to his death. The jungle down there was full of Moros. Still another man went down—and again that macabre performance was repeated."

Charley Took the Suicidal Job.

It was sheer murder to send a man down into that Moro infested no-man's land—sheer suicide to volunteer. But in the meantime the skirmishers on the line were firing blindly at the bamboo walls, exposed to the fusillades of the Moros, while they waited for the mountain gun to open a breach. Something had to be done. Charley and a buddy, Claude Underwood, volunteered to try it together.

"It wasn't much more than three hundred feet to the line," says Charley, but it looked like miles. The tall grass rippled sleepily in the early morning breeze. Ahead of us lay the Moro fort swathed in swirls of gun smoke which rose sinuously in the damp air. Rifles roared and blasted.

"We darted and ducked through the cogon. The creptation of the grass under our feet—the drowsy rustling of the tall shoots—made us grip our rifles hard and pivot from one side to the other in the direction of the sound. Every movement of the undergrowth looked like a Moro—bolo in hand, waiting to pad out silently behind us and cut off our heads, as they had cut off the heads of the others."

But evidently no one Moro wanted to tackle two men. They got through to the line. The line fell back and once more the gun on the knoll boomed out and sent its shells screaming into the fort. Great gaps yawned in the walls. The fire from the Moros became feeble and feebler.

Surrounded by the Moros.

Charley and Claude stayed on the line until the order to charge was sounded. Then they leaped forward with the rest. They stumbled over a muddy creek bottom and swarmed through a gap in the wall. The fort was deserted. The Moros had slipped away—those that remained alive—leaving behind their dead, their supplies and their ammunition. The men started back to the knoll. Mopping their sweaty faces, Charley and Claude turned to follow when—

Out of the jungle came eight Moros, spread fanwise, their bolos poised for their work of decapitation. "We gripped our rifles," says Charley, "and retreated slowly, exchanging glare for glare with the insurgents. A scatter of rifle fire sounded behind us. Cut off! SURROUNDED! 'The creek bottom,' I roared to Underwood. 'Let's run for it!' We ran for that slimy asylum, reaching the creek bed as another burst of gunfire crashed over our heads."

They hugged the floor of the creek, breathing hard. It was their last stand. They peered through the grass, but there was no one in sight. Where were those Moros? Why didn't those birds with the bolos come and finish their deadly work. And where were their own pals? Didn't they see the predicament Claude and Charley were in?

Comrades to the Rescue.

The suspense was maddening. They decided to make a break for it—try to shoot their way out. The Moros weren't much good as marksmen. They might make it. Another crash of rifle fire, and Charley started to get up. An anxious voice yelled: "Get down, Charlie. Stay down, Claude." And Charley says that for the next ten seconds you couldn't have slipped a cigarette paper between him and the ground.

Another volley or two and it was all over. The rifle fire had come from the Americans, who had seen those eight bolo-swinging Moros and were trying to drive them off by shooting over Claude's and Charley's heads. Ducking into the creek had saved both their lives, because it gave their buddies a chance to shoot over them and drive off the enemy.

Twenty years later, almost to a day, Charley Levine received the army's silver star citation—"for gallantry in action against hostile Moros at Jolo, Philippine Islands, January 22, 1913."
 ©—WNU Service.

Lizards and Birds Can Make Bodies Invisible

In Burma there is a brilliant lizard with a skin that almost rivals the colors of the gorgeous kingfisher. The body is a glorious ultramarine blue, with reddish hider parts, while from head to shoulder there are broad white bands. If he thinks he is not being watched by an enemy, relates a writer in London Tit-Bits Magazine, you see him in his wonderful dress, but startle him, and you see what a quick-change artist he is.

He runs down the trunk of a tree, and the blue has disappeared, for he is almost invisible against his sombre background. He lands on the ground, standing on bare earth, and he is now clothed in a dull brown coat which makes it difficult to distinguish him. When he gains confidence, he runs up the tree again; he is once more in the sunshine among the green leaves, and his glory returns. No matter where he is, his coat will agree with his surroundings.

Birds that nest on the ground seem to know that if they remain motionless they will be almost in-

visible. The woodcock, as it sits on its eggs laid among a mass of dead leaves, is passed unnoticed by most of us, but if the light falls upon its big eye it resembles a brilliant black diamond, and for this reason the bird will sit with its body flat on the ground, and its eyes almost closed.

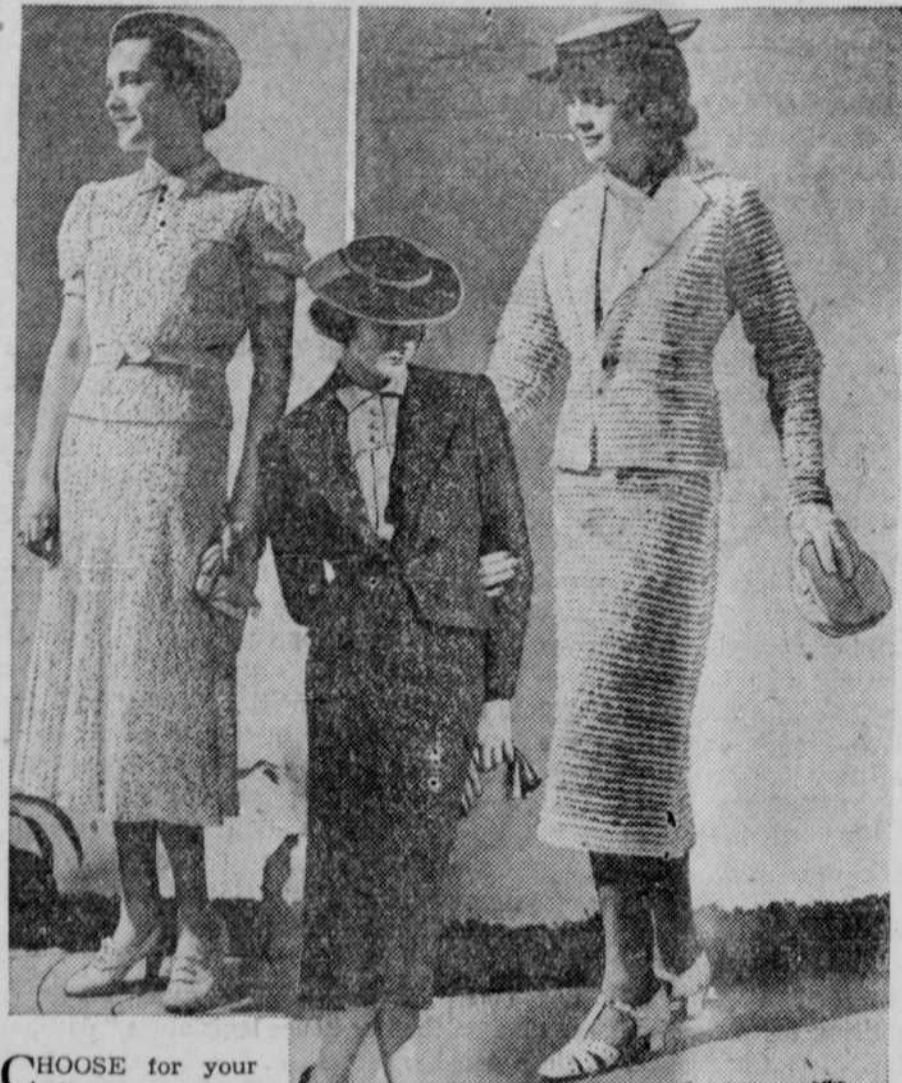
The same applies to the nightjar. As it sits on its eggs laid on the bare ground, its eyes appear to be closed, but all the time it is really watching through two narrow slits at the base of the eyelids.

As Rodent's Teeth Wear

When a rodent's teeth do not meet and wear by contact with each other he dies a slow and involuntary suicide, says a report by Dr. D. G. Steele, professor of genetics at the Connecticut State college, according to Science Service. Unlike the teeth of a man those of a rodent grow through its entire life. If by some chance they do not meet each other and wear down they often grow up through the mouth and into the nasal or brain cavities. The upper teeth grow down into the lower jaw. Extreme pain, infection and death usually result.

Lace Goes Style High for Day Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



CHOOSE for your afternoon costume a suit tailored of lace and you will have arrived at the dizziest heights of fashion. We know of no more all-important, all-significant gesture that has to do with current costume design than this of tuning lace to general daytime wear.

The grand part of the existing enthusiasm for lace in the daytime is that it is revealing as it never revealed before the practical wearability for all hours and the assured adaptability of this feminine-beloved medium. Then, too, such wide use of lace as it is now manifest, brings much anew of romance and loveliness into the afternoon hours of fashion.

Just recently a pageantry of lace was staged in the ballroom of one of the noted superb hotels in Miami which presented a most entrancing scene. At this gorgeous lace ball, which seemed almost as if it were a glimpse of fairyland, the program unfolded with breathtaking beauty with a promise of style futures that assured an unprecedented vogue for lace. Notwithstanding the lure of ravishing evening creations of shimmering filmy lace or of the very new printed laces or of crisp starched lace silhouettes, or of lace in the very new "pretty" colors (cyclamen pink, thistle, azure blue and such), not forgetting smart black or white, the big message comes to us of the importance of daytime lace fashions, such as, per example, the suit of dark lace centered in the accompanying illustration.

This model by Victor Steibel (London designers are certainly coming to the front this season) is of navy wool lace lined with the red crepe. The shirt blouse is in the same tile red crepe with pleats

at the front from yoke to waist. The hat is designed especially to complement the suit, being of the identical wool lace worked with felt in the same colors.

Likewise, the daytime dress tailored of lace declares its practicality as well as its flattering, prepossessing looks. The two-piece model to the left in the picture, being smartly tailored, bespeaks all that one could wish for to wear to any afternoon occasion from spectator sports to the cocktail hour. Just now it is proving highly acceptable for cruise or resort wear. It is wearable, also, under the fur coat or a new spring topcoat, if you are faring north. It has puff sleeves and high pockets on the blouse, both of which features are pet topics with young girls this season.

The suit illustrated to the right speaks in dramatic terms of the use being made of val lace edgings this season. The shops are showing daintiest of blouses thusly fashioned of val and the neckwear departments are making a big showing of ravishing collar and cuff sets, bibs, vests and the like of this type lace worked row-on-row on net foundations. In this model we see a winter resort fashion such as is to be taken seriously as a forerunner of a style-to-be when summer comes north. This stunning suit of shirred val lace on a net background tells better than words of the whole-hearted way in which designers are emphasizing lace this season.

And have you seen the new lace frocks with all-around pleated skirts? If not you have a revelation of super chic and charm awaiting you. There is a fabric type of lace suggesting eyellet embroidery that yields most graciously to this treatment. Printed laces are immensely important
 © Western Newspaper Union.

'TEEN AGE FROCK
 By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Special emphasis is being put on dresses for the 'teen-age girl. Tailored girl fashions such as this are designed to avoid the "awkward age." They are youthful but not childish, simple but not plain. Here is a charming tailored girl dress. It is made of gaily patterned crinkled cloquassay cotton and is one of the many cunning models of this material that is being shown in the shops and 'teen-age dress sections this spring.

HAT CROWNS LOWER AS SKIRTS SHORTEN

Skirts are climbing higher and higher and now rest between 14 and 16 inches from the ground. In order not to present an awkward silhouette, the big couturiers are elevating waistlines and thus preserve symmetry. Daytime dresses have high waistlines and evening gowns go even higher with Empire or 1910 waistlines.

Ha: crowns are tumbling as skirt lengths climb. The flowerpot crowns of last season have come back to normal in order not to look ridiculous with the shorter skirts. Many crowns are normally rounded while some are squared and others irregular in shape.

It is difficult to say what width and proportions spring skirts will take. Some houses show tight, narrow and short skirts, similar to that which was so popular earlier in the season. Still other houses show skirts that are slim and straight in front but leave much back fullness, inspired by the Directoire silhouette.

Hand-Knit Goods Suited for Day or Night Wear

Expert workmanship has now made it possible for women to wear hand-knit clothes for every hour of the day or night. Knitted clothes being shown in Paris come in a variety of weaves and threads. Hand-knitted coats made of warm, heavy woolen threads are used for winter sports while lacy weaves of silk threads make cobwebby evening gowns. Some of the clothes are knitted directly on the needles to follow a certain pattern, but the greater part of the materials are knitted in great lengths so that the material can be cut, tailored and fitted more exactly to the styles of the day.

Black Still Leads

Black remains the popular choice for street wear, although colors are shown for sports or afternoon wear.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

"Benefit" Promises.
 SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Maybe "benefits" are being overdone—indeed, some are rackets wearing the mask of charity—but even so, if a good trouper has promised to show up, you'd think he would prove he's a good trouper by showing up.

There have been cases out here when there were listed enough notables to make a whole constellation of stars, but what resulted was a milky way of amateurs and unknowns.

Those last-minute alibis for non-appearance are not always true ones. The real facts may be:

A night club cutup has been unexpectedly taken sober and so isn't funny.

A darling of the screen thinks he did enough when he allowed the use of his name, so he spends the evening congenially posing for profile photographs.

An actor is busy trying to decide whether he'll sell his yacht and buy a racing stable or sell his racing stable and buy a yacht.

An actress suddenly remembers she has an engagement over the Arizona line to be married some more.

Staying at home to post up the diary used to be an excuse, but diary-keeping is now out—oh, absolutely!

Talking Fish.

PROF. ISAAC GINSBURG of the United States bureau of fisheries solemnly vows he has heard those tiny aquatic creatures known as seahorses communicating with one another by speech and he suspects other species do the same thing.

Undoubtedly so. I can confirm this discovery by a story Drury Underwood used to repeat. Drury said a gentleman ordered whitefish in a Chicago restaurant. When the portion arrived the patron sniffed at it and then, in a confidential undertone, began talking, seemingly to himself.

The waiter ranged up. "Anything wrong, sir?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," said the patron, "I was just talking to the fish."

"Talking?"
 "Certainly. I said to him: 'Well, how're tricks out in Lake Michigan?' And he said: 'I wouldn't know. It's been so long since I left there I can't remember anything about it.'"

The Race to Arms.

ITALY sees Britain's bet of \$7,500,000,000 to be spent on war defense during the next five years, and raises it by decreeing militarization of all classes between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five, which means a trained fighting force of 8,000,000 ready for immediate mobilization, adding as a side wager the promise of "total sacrifice, if required, of civil necessities. . . for attainment of maximum. . . military needs."

This means, of course, that France and Germany and Russia must chip in with taller stacks than before, and thus the merry game goes on until some nation, in desperation, calls some other nation's bluff and all go down together in a welter of blood and bankruptcy and stark brutality.

The world has been 5,000 years patching together the covering called civilization, but experience shows that this sorry garment may be rent to tatters in an hour.

Maniacs and Motors.

DISPATCHES tell of a slaying automobile which chased a citizen clear up on the sidewalk and nailed him. This is a plain breach of the ethics governing our most popular national pastime—that of mowing down the innocent bystander.

Among our outstanding motor maniacs it has already been agreed that once a foot passenger reaches the pavement, he is out of bounds and cannot be put back in play until somebody shoves him into the roadway again. Otherwise the pedestrian class would speedily be exterminated, whereas its members are valuable for target practice when an operator is building up to the point where he is qualified to sidestripe a car full of women and children while going seventy miles an hour, or meet a fast train on equal terms at a grade crossing.

By all means let us clarify the rules so that the sport of destroying human life on the highroads shall not suffer through the overzeal of amateur homicides. Remember our proud boast that we lead all the world in traffic horrors.

IRVIN S. COBB.
 ©—WNU Service.

Hidden Genius

By STANLEY CORDELL
 © Associated Newspapers.
 WNU Service.

THE Alpha, Alpha, Alpha, Alpha fraternity at Boynton university is responsible for the fate of Percival Oakes. It happened this way. During his freshman year the AAAA's pledged Percy to membership, and initiated him into the mystic three R's. (Rites, rituals and regulations.) Percy took it like a man. When ordered to imitate a dog howling at the moon, he did his level best. The result was astonishingly successful.

The brother AAAA's cheered loudly and clamored for encores. Percy obliged a second time and a third. He was immensely pleased with the applause and the attention he attracted.

The next day, en route to class, Percy was stopped by a grave-faced sophomore and asked to give his imitation of a dog howling at the moon. For a moment he hesitated, conscious of a circle of grinning faces that had silently formed about him, faintly resentful of the fact that the brothers of the AAAA had made public the discovery of his hidden genius. He glanced once more into the grave face of the youth who had accosted him and then threw back his head and bayed lustily.

A mighty roar of applause greeted the rendition. There were cries of "More!" "More!" Percival obliged a second time and then once more. He was ready and willing for a fourth delivery when the bell on "T" hall tolled forth its mellow note and the gathering dispersed. Percy hurried on to class alone. He was not displeased with his morning's work. He had been at college four months, and this was the first time he had attracted any attention.

Returning to college in the fall, Percy had completely put from his mind the cause and fact of his last year's popularity. There were other and more important things to occupy his interest. He was now a sophomore, with all the rights and liberties and sensations of importance that are synonymous with that lofty position.

Chief among these, the one which had proved the sharpest thorn in his bed of roses, was that which had prohibited or limited his association with coeds. Now, unencumbered by this fetter, Percy's first act as a sophomore was to join a group of classmates in eating lunch at the Commons for the express purpose of looking over the incoming stock of freshman lassies.

One among them caused Percy's brain to swim. Here was loveliness and intelligence and femininity all combined. Unhappily, it took him a fortnight to negotiate an introduction. Her name was Delia Winter, and she was as popular as she was beautiful. This was discouraging and disheartening. Percy could offer nothing; she had her pick of the college.

It was at one of the Saturday night informal dances at the college gym. They had been dancing together for perhaps sixty seconds when Delia looked up at him and said: "Aren't you the boy who can imitate a dog while howling at the moon?" Her eyes twinkled.

Percy reddened to the ears. He felt a chill, a horrible apprehension. "No," he bleated. "No!" Whoever told you that is crazy!" Delia didn't press the subject, but Percy knew he was sunk. He let a month slip by before he could conjure enough courage to ask for a date, felt pitifully grateful when she assented.

No mention was made that night of his genius, but Percy sensed it was on her mind; gloomily knew that the miserable experience of last year was the seal of his doom, the closed door to his future happiness.

Within the following month he kept five dates with Delia, but it was always the same; the "thing" was always there between them. She thought, must think him ridiculous. She pitied him.

During the intermission at the Dartmouth victory dance, Percy and Delia strolled out onto the now dry ice-skating rink and sat down on the bulwark and looked up at the moon. Because of his great and hopeless love Percy was moody, unhappy, thoughtful. Suddenly he was startled by the petulant tone of his beloved.

"I think it must be wonderful," she said.

"What must?" asked Percival. "To be able to imitate things. I mean, anyone can play football, or learn to skate, or dance well, but it takes genius to be able to imitate things."

"Do—you mean that?"
 "Why, of course I do! I've always admired people who—have creative ability. Genius. Of course I mean it!"
 She looked squarely at him, and the last trace of doubt vanished from Percy's soul like mist from a river bed before a rising sun. He stood up, he threw back his head, he looked at the moon and from his throat there came the clear, deep, rich tones of a baying hound. There was in them a note of joy, of triumph, of fullness. They rose and fell and reached a new quality of perfection. Watching, the eyes of Delia Winter glowed and shone and sparkled in delighted admiration.

'Happy Bluebirds' Motifs for Linens

Bluebirds are for happiness—so runs the legend. This dainty pattern in 10-to-the-inch crosses will add a cheery touch indeed to your towels, pillow cases, scarfs or cloths. Do these simple motifs in natural color, or two shades of



Pattern 1315

one color. Pattern 1315 contains a transfer pattern of two motifs 5 1/4 by 12 1/4 inches; two motifs 6 by 7 1/4 inches and two motifs 5 1/4 by 7 inches, and four motifs 3 1/4 by 5 1/4 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches needed; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Sine qua non. (L.) Without which not; an indispensable condition.

In extenso. (L.) Fully; at length; unabridged.

Ex parte. (L.) Of or from one side only.

Non est inventus. (L.) He has not been found.

Pax vobiscum! (L.) Peace be with you!

Statu quo ante bellum. (L.) As it was before the war.

Sur le tapis. (F.) On the carpet; under consideration.

Absque hoc. (L.) Without this. Vinculum matrimonii. (L.) The bond of matrimony.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB
 My culture isn't very deep—I only think of how it looks. I simply read the book reviews And then I pretend I've read the books.