

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Hospital Horror"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, lots of adventures have happened because someone did the wrong thing somewhere along the line, but here's one that resulted from saying the wrong thing. It's the story of George T. Parker of Brooklyn, N. Y., and it's as fine an example of a horrible experience as I've come across in many a day.

It isn't that George talked out of turn, or tried to start an argument. No—there's nothing like that in this yarn. What little George did say, he said with the best and most peaceful intentions in the world. As a matter of fact, George was just out of the operating room and lying on a hospital bed when he said it. Birds in that fix don't go around looking for fights, and you and I know it.

But just the same, George sure talked himself into a sizable lot of trouble. Trouble that probably caused one death and came mighty near causing George's.

It was April of 1917. The United States had just entered the World war, and maybe you remember how we used to guard our bridges and railroad yards in those days. Well, that's what George was doing. He was a private in the Seventy-first regiment, and his company was sent to Kingston, N. Y., to guard a bridge over the Rondout creek. They had put a couple of freight cars on a siding and built bunks in them to house the men, and it is in one of those freight cars that George's story starts.

It was twelve midnight, and George was just leaving to take his turn at guard duty when he began to feel terrific pains. The doctor said it was appendicitis, and he flagged a train, loaded George on the baggage car and took him into the Kingston city hospital.

Bearded Old Man in Next Bed.

They held him in a ward for a day for observation. There were some twenty other patients in the room, and one of them was a bed-ridden fellow named Tony. He had been there fifteen years, poor devil, with a broken spine. But helpless as he was, Tony is the hero of this yarn. It was he who saved George's life.

While George was still under observation they brought in another patient—a bearded old man with a case of blood poisoning in his left arm. They put him in a bed right in front of George's and—well—somehow or other that old fellow gave George the creeps every time he looked at him.

In the morning they took George out to the operating room and the sawbones took out his appendix. They brought him back and put him



"Where is that fifteen cents?" He hissed.

in the same bed he had had before—right next to the old fellow with the beard who gave him the willies.

For two days after his operation, George was a pretty sick man, what with the ether he had swallowed and the shock of being cut up by the surgeon. On the second day, the old fellow with the beard became delirious and started to rave, and that didn't help George's frame of mind any.

George Pretended to Be "Lenny."

"He was talking about some one named Lenny," George says, "and he kept it up until everyone started to complain. I thought it would be all right to try and pacify him, so when he called for Lenny again I answered him."

The trick seemed to work. The old fellow actually thought he was talking to Lenny. "What did you do with that junk in the attic?" he asked. And George answered, "I sold it." "How much did you get for it?" the old fellow wanted to know. And George told him, "Fifteen cents." After that the old fellow was quiet. At ten o'clock the lights were put out and George dozed off.

And then, suddenly, George woke up at the sound of a foot-step beside his bed. "I looked up," he says, "and there, staring down at me, was the old fellow. His eyes seemed to be popping out of his head and his good hand was reaching down for my throat. And in a low voice he hissed, 'Where is the fifteen cents?'"

It might have been funny—that situation—if it hadn't been so pathetic, too. But to George there was neither humor nor pathos in it—nor anything else but just plain terror. There he lay helpless, two days out of the operating room, and hardly able to lift a finger in his own defense, and over him stood a man out of his mind and plainly bent on violence.

Strangling Him to Death.

"I was petrified with fright," says George. "Perspiration began running off me like water from a faucet. The old man was in a long white nightgown, with his long hair hanging down over his shoulders and his white beard flowing over his chest. The moonlight was shining full on him and the very picture of him was enough to scare a man to death."

"I couldn't find my voice—couldn't utter a word. I put up my hand to protect myself, but it was weak and shaking. The old man grasped me by the throat and began to squeeze. His hand was strong, and it's lucky for me he didn't have two of them—that the other one was crippled with blood poisoning—or he might have strangled me then and there."

As it was that one hand wasn't any too gentle. George wondered if anyone in the room was awake. If he could only scream! But with the old man's fingers tightening on his throat, it was too late for that now. He wondered if he was going to die there, in the apparent safety of a hospital bed. And then, suddenly, the lights came on. Nurses and attendants came running to the rescue. Tony, the poor fellow with the broken spine, had brought help. He had awakened, seen what was happening, and pushed the buzzer that summoned the nurse.

The old man was taken away to a padded cell, and on the following morning he was dead. The exertion had been too much for him.

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Ancient Ways of Greeting

How do you greet a friend when you meet him or her in the street? If you shake hands or take off your hat you aren't doing anything new. You're just following old customs, says a writer in London Answers Magazine. In days of old, the joining of hands was equivalent to a peace treaty—it meant that the hands were free of weapons. And even the boldest of knights would take off his helmet among friends to show that he wasn't afraid of a blow on the head. Kissing, too, has its origin in earliest times. The old Greeks and Romans used to kiss their friends and acquaintances on every occasion. One old scholar relates that it was polite, when calling on anyone, to kiss first the host, then his wife, followed by all his children, and finally the dog and cat.

The Word "Starboard"

The word "starboard" appears to have come down from the earliest Anglo-Saxons, who called that side of their Viking ships from which the steering oar protruded the "steorbord," which became corrupted to "starboard" or even the "sta'b'd" of the tar. Naturally enough, according to a writer in the Chicago Tribune, the opposite of the ship, which was brought in contact with the jetty or wharf when loading for fear of breaking the steer or rudder, became the lading board, laddeboard, or larboard, later changed to port because of the danger of confusing larboard and starboard when hearing was difficult during a storm. The full rigged ship is seemingly a tangle of ropes, every one of which is called martingale, stay, sheet, line, painter—anything but a rope.

Striking Wools for Town, Campus

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SMART clothes are alive with fabric interest this fall. The woolsens that tailor to town and campus needs are especially intriguing and seeing that the requisite of a perfect autumn wardrobe is a tailored outfit that will prove "first aid" no matter what apparel emergency may arise, here's telling you about the fascinating weaves that lead in fashion this season.

Tweeds especially have a lot of texture interest. They are nubbed and flecked in decorative weavings that capture your fancy at first sight. When you go tweed shopping, and of course you will if you are assembling a school-faring clothes collection, ask to see some of the new-tweed season candlewick tweeds, the latest herringbone weaves, smart diagonals, the houndstooth, tattersall, rosey plaid and sugarleaf patterns, and you will feel, having seen these, that you have had a liberal education on the subject of tweeds at the very start.

The next thing is to decide on which tweed is the tweed you want most. To help you out we are suggesting a nubby beige tweed flecked with white such as makes the smart three-piece costume as shown to the left in the picture. Here is an outfit that is ideal for fall wear on campus or in town. It pretty near comes to being a whole wardrobe in itself. A suit that has a topcoat as has this is an economical buy no matter what it costs, for it takes care of the problem of an early fall coat since it can be worn as a separate wrap. Note its button-back revers, also the unpressed pleats running down from the slash pocket lines. The matching suit has a chic high lapel collar, triangular pockets and narrow leather belt. The skirt is cut straight and slim as a fashionable daytime skirt must be this season.

And we are not through talking about tweeds for we just must mention the especially lovely "winter pastels" that belong to the tweed family. More than likely you won't be able to resist them because of the fine shetland and other fine yarns used in the spinning. You can

get novelty open weaves if you wish.

Very youthful and attractive for campus wear is the two-piece frock of sheer rabbit wool centered in the group. The pleated-all-around skirt speaks "last word" vogue. You really must have a pleated wool skirt if you are going away to school to wear with your sweater, with your suede jacket, and with blouses galore. The wide shoulder line, high lapel collar and front-buttoned jacket closing are nice points but we've saved the nicest point to the last—those cunning little bows on the pockets! Now there's an idea that's going to send you right to the head of the class. Made of the very self-same material as the suit itself these bows add infinitely to the chic of this most attractive outfit.

A luxurious natural wolf tuxedo collar runs the length of the topcoat of this stunning three-piece costume shown to the right. The tout ensemble is made of novelty woolen with a diagonal rib weave in deep brown flecked with beige. This outfit is entirely in line with the vogue this season that calls for lavishness of fur on suits and coats. The tuxedo effects are especially good this season. Handsome furs will be used unsparingly with care taken in achieving color blends that unify the costume.

Citing other fashionable wool weaves there are the new coating fabrics that have long hair interspersed and tightly embedded in the texture, their sheen contrasting against the soft surface of the fabric. Tightly twisted boucle nubbs are also decorative and colorful. Persian lamb cloth is a new fabric this season. For children's coats, a new chinchilla fabric in soft colors is important. Fleeces, both woven and knitted, are in demand. Suedes, velours and duvetynes are outstanding for dress wear. For formal type costumes broadcloth is a leader.

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DAYTIME SKIRTS TO BE SHORT AND SLIM

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Short, slim and pencil-like is the dictum for daytime skirts. The accepted length for the suit skirt is from twelve to fifteen inches from the ground. Depends on how conservative you may be. Of a necessity these narrow skirts often have slashed hemlines. Daytime dresses hover about twelve to fourteen inches from floor.

For evening dresses the newest thing is the short-in-front hemline. In fact uneven hemlines are a most important styling detail. A few designers continue to favor the short full ballerina skirts for dance frocks. There are dinner gowns galore that are ankle length and sheathlike, for the most part in sleek black, many of which are enlivened with glittering touches.

The majority have high necklines with fluttering short sleeves. However, in the practical daytime dresses long sleeves perfectly fitted, also bracelet sleeve lengths are featured.

Double-Duty Capes

Enter the double-duty shoulder cape, which may be looped up over the wearer's head and used as a hood.

Slide Fasteners Used

The Schiaparelli type of house coat developed in flannel and fastening at the front with a patent slide fastener is popular.

Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The Big Book Craze.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—We're promised a historical novel longer than any yet—say half a million words or so. Of course, the author probably uses some words at least twice, but that won't reduce the gross tonnage unless they're very short words.

I can't take it. While still convalescent from "Anthony Adverse," I was stricken down by "Gone With the Wind" and had such a relapse that even now I barely can hold on my stomach such comparatively light and trifling stuff as volume VET to ZYM of the encyclopedia.

When reading this modern bulk literature, it upsets me to find my legs going to sleep before I do. And the constant pressure makes callouses on my second mezzanine landing.

I admit these mass production books serve nicely as door stoppers and for pressing wild flowers. I also heard of a chap who detected a prowler under his window and dropped a frothy little work of fiction weighing slightly less than nine pounds on the back of the fellow's neck, dislocating three vertebrae. At last accounts, the surgeons were still picking long jagged chapters out of his spine.

In my present mood, what I crave is the romantic stuff of olden days, in which our sainted Aunt Sophie was wont to inscribe "Alas, how sad!" or "Only too true!" in pale violet ink on the margins. What happened to all the Aunt Sophies, anyhow?

An Actor's Temperament.

WE'VE all been waiting for something to top it, but the best wheeze of the month remains the one that was emitted, not by a paid gags-er, but by a simple stagehand at one of the studios when Mr. Leslie Howard refused to go on making a picture until a group of distinguished visitors, including Mr. Charles Norris, the novelist, had been shooed off the set.

"He ain't sore at you gents," stated the stage-hand to the ousted parties, "but he's been playin' 'Hamlet' on the regular stage and he ain't used to havin' a crowd watchin' him while he's actin'."

If Mr. Norris and his friends wanted to see some really great acting they should have patronized the professional wrestling matches. That's where they put on the heavy dramatic stuff—beautifully rehearsed, perfectly done.

Children's Education

I LIKE the way the wealthy classes in England rear their children. Little Rosemary doesn't recite for the company after dinner, and if Master Jones-Tervillager Minor gets uppity at school, he gets thrashed.

Many a rich American has known how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to see his daughter grow up a wanton and his boy turn out a wastrel. Yet, with a few exceptions—so few that the newspapers comment on them—it never seems to occur to these fond fathers that less of coddling and pampering and spoiling in adolescence and more of wholesome discipline might produce a higher average grade of heirs.

What set me to thinking along this line was being t'other night at a party where a poor little four-year-old, having already the pitiable assurance of a veteran prima donna, was fetched in to give impersonations. She never again could impersonate natural babyhood though, more's the pity! And her pert small brother was encouraged to dominate the talk.

Mark my word for it, that kid is going to come to no good end—not even a well-spangled end, which would help.

Mr. Pincus' Coup.

IN THESE topsy-turvy times liberal-minded patriots who are striving to steer a middle course between ultraenthusiastic left-wingers and ultraconservative rightists might do well, methinks, to follow the example set by Mr. Pincus.

Mr. Pincus had opened a clothing store. Immediately on one side of him was the clothing store of Mr. Ginsberg and immediately on the other side was the clothing store of Mr. Dreifus; and three clothing stores in a row were too many even for Essex street.

So the adjacent competitors framed a plot to put the newcomer out of business. Next morning their rival, coming down to open up, found over Mr. Dreifus' establishment a flaming legend, to wit:

BANKRUPT SALE

And above Mr. Ginsberg's door was this equally prominent announcement:

CLOSING OUT SALE

Within an hour, smeared across the entire front of Mr. Pincus' store, exactly in between the other two, appeared a huge sign reading as follows:

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IRVIN S. COBB.
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Vying for Your Favor



queen of all fabrics—and evidently I go for things royal."

The Patterns.

Pattern 1348 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 1/2 yards for contrast.

Pattern 1304 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material, plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1374 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. With short sleeves, size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1/2 yard for collar in contrast. To trim the collar requires 4 1/2 yards of braid.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

ONE, two, three smart frocks on the line ready to go—shopping, kitchenwards, to the office downtown. And as every woman knows, a well stocked wardrobe needs all three.

From Now On.

Says the jaunty model to the left, "I can tell I'm gonna feel well dressed in this little peplum frock: ready for sports, a matinee or dinner in town, and the confident high spirits my new lines give make me sure that I will be wanted at all three."

"I made my version of sheer wool with a subdued herringbone weave. It will be my number one attire for a long spell ahead."

One Who Knows.

Miss Keep-the-Home-Beautiful, in the center, expresses herself: "Even when I do housework I like to look and feel fit."

"When I dash out to the store or go across lots to the neighbor's to borrow an egg, I don't bother to change my dress because I have the feeling I'm doing all right as I am. I wouldn't think of a new season coming on without running up a generous supply of crisp, fresh dresses for myself. They seem to set one right, you know, and give you the spirit to pitch into any day's work like a champion."

The Last Word.

Miss Third Party goes in for that new kind of glamour in the simple model at the right. Says she: "I feel that Fall is really the season to step out and hob-nob with Fashion and the Joneses. This frock, which is my weakness in plum-colored wool, was as easy to make as it is to wear."

"Later on I'm going to have a velvet version with short sleeves—these slim lines and elegant shoulders were just made for this

Favorite Recipe of the Week

FLOATING ISLAND

2 1/2 cups milk
Grated orange rind
2 whole eggs
1 egg yolk

1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. vanilla

Scald milk with orange rind. Beat eggs and egg yolk slightly, mix with salt, sugar and vanilla. Add hot milk gradually, return to double boiler, cook until custard coats spoon and foam disappears from surface. Strain and chill. Serve with meringue and garnish with jelly. This will make a delicious dessert.

Uncooked Meringue.

1 egg white
Few grains salt
2 lbs. sugar

Few drops vanilla
or orange extract

Beat salted and flavored egg white to stiff foam. Add sugar, a tablespoonful at a time, beating until all granules are dissolved.



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