

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Escaped Ax-Murderer"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY: This adventure yarn just proves, once more, that you don't have to prowl around the African jungles to find thrills. No, sir, you don't have to be a big game hunter, either, to run across tough spots where you have to do hair-trigger thinking.

Why, if Jimmy Hagle, who lives in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, never sees a jungle, well—he will have plenty of adventure to look back upon. Hold on to your chairs, boys and girls.

Jimmy Hagle—it's James Ruthven Hagle now—was twelve years old, back in 1917, when America jumped into the World war. Frances—that's his sister—was eighteen. Both went to the same schoolhouse. Thanksgiving rolled around and school was dismissed at noon the day before, for the holidays.

Jimmy and his schoolmates were leap-frogging home, snowballing and whetting up their Turkey Day appetites.

Siren Meant Convict Had Escaped.

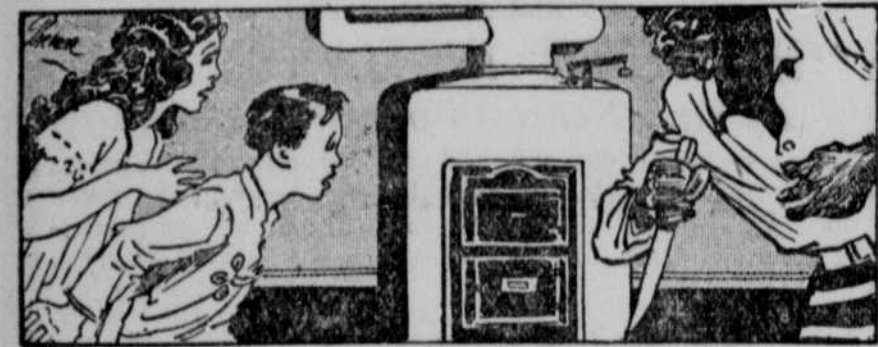
Right then, from over those snow-covered, vacant lots, came a low moan. It sharpened in the crackly air until it became a shriek. That meant just one thing to kids and grown-ups in Fort Leavenworth. There were three prisons around that town and when a siren groaned it meant that one or more convicts had escaped. It meant terror to women at home alone.

Jimmy and the boys were too busy with Thanksgiving plans to worry much about the siren's wail. Escaped convicts wouldn't bother kids. So they all shivered a little, started snowballing again and romped home.

Jimmy neared his house. A strange, black tomcat scurried out of the open coal chute. Jimmy heaved a snowball at it and ran into the kitchen to sniff of Thanksgiving preparation. Mother and Dad were all dressed up. Big affair up in Kansas City they had to attend. Mother would be back bright and early to fix that turkey. Jimmy and Frances had been tentatively planted with the neighbors for the night.

"Nix," said Jimmy. "We'll stay here. Think we're afraid?" Well, they did stay. Alone for the first time, the house seemed dark and sinister. The light snow turned into a Kansas blizzard. Rattled doors and windows and howled around the corners.

Lights out and twelve-year-old Jimmy lay sleepless, listening to noises of the storm. Memory of that wailing siren came back. Memory, also, of his father's comment on newspaper articles. Dad had read aloud, before he left, that five convicts—four of them convicted murderers—



It Was the Ax-Murderer, Insane—Desperate.

had escaped. One was a maniac murderer, guilty of a triple slaying—

butcherer of three persons with a knife and ax.

Jimmy tried to think of Thanksgiving. Troubled sleep came at last.

He was being shaken. His body tensed. Then, a voice called, "Buddy, I hear a noise in the basement. What do you suppose it is?" Jimmy put on a brave air. "It's that cat I saw running out. He must have come back through the coal chute."

Giant Negro With a Knife.

Frances went back to her room. Jimmy's mind turned again to the siren—the escaped murderers.

Ten—fifteen minutes passed. The unmistakable rattle of sliding coal. Clump clump, clump. Footsteps down there, surely. Frances was at his bedside again—trembling. "I can't sleep. You must go down and put that cat out."

Jimmy wasn't sure at all that it was a cat. Cats don't clump, clump over concrete. But he couldn't back down before his older sister.

Both Jimmy and Frances tiptoed down the cellar steps, turning on the lights. Jimmy first opened the door to the food-storage room. In the dim light he saw nothing unusual. Then he threw back the door to the furnace room and entered. He glanced backward to see whether Frances was following him. She was. But behind her, at the door, was a sight that froze the blood of that twelve-year-old lad.

A giant negro—bared teeth and bloodshot eyes—was pressing the door shut with his powerful back. His right hand was on the knob. His left held a long-bladed knife—a butcher knife.

It was the escaped ax murderer—insane—desperate. He was mumbling—gripping the knife convulsively.

Jimmy and Frances screamed in chorus. Jimmy thrust his sister behind him. They retreated toward the wall. A twelve-year-old boy facing an armed maniac who had fought off armed posses of grim men for days—overpowered prison keepers and escaped.

The murderer was weaving stealthily forward, muttering. The knife was bobbing for a thrust. His words were intelligible, now. "They'll never get me. They'll never get me," he repeated.

Jimmy's arms stretched backward to protect his sister. His hands touched something.

Dad's tool bench!

Good Hammer Throw by Jimmy.

The smooth hickory handle of a riveting hammer was in Jimmy's fingers. Instinctively they closed upon it. The convict was still advancing.

Hardly aiming, Jimmy flung the hammer with his good right baseball arm at the leering face less than six feet away.

Blood spurted. The heavy hammer had struck the murderer squarely across the bridge of the nose. He sank to his knees, scrambled for a few dazed seconds—staggered to his feet.

Frances raced for the dark stairway. A black hand seized her flowing nightgown. Jimmy seized her, literally tore her free. She plunged up the stairway. She fell. Jimmy fell across her. Up again. Into the kitchen. The stairs shook with the heavy tread of the killer behind them.

They were crossing the dining room—the front door their goal. A thud on the floor. The butcher knife, hurled by the convict, quivered in the floor beside Jimmy's foot. Blood spurted high, but brother and sister plunged on.

Frances flung open the door. Out into the blizzard, screams rising over the howl of the storm.

Lights flashed on. Jimmy and Frances fell exhausted upon a neighbor's porch. Police found marks of the struggle, and giant footprints leading from the Hagles' front porch. The convict had disappeared in the blizzard.

A few nights later, the killer prowled again. He was captured after a desperate battle. Today he is serving, in solitary confinement, the remainder of his life sentence in the Kansas State prison.

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Glove-and-Bag Ensemble Is Latest

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



LOOK to your accessories! This is a season when the accessory theme reigns uppermost in the minds of designers. Fashion demands accessory items that not only tone to a nicety to your costume but they must radiate glamor and be as elegant "as thy purse can buy."

So all-important, so outstanding has this idea of smart accessories become in the scheme of things, 'twould almost seem as if the clothes we wear were made to serve merely as a background to show off the swank, the splendor and romance of the added accents in way of jewelry, gloves, handbags and belts, headwear, neckwear, footwear and even the very "bankies" we carry or proudly display in capricious little pockets that may not be so utilitarian as they are decorative.

Especially do handbags reflect this trend of the mode to indulge in elegance and glamor. Leathers are softer, trimmings are more startling and to add to the fuss and furor now raging in behalf of accessories, designers have worked to achieve matching ensembles of bag and gloves which make it simple for the woman of impeccable taste to dress up to her standard.

The illustration shows a trio of perfectly stunning ensembles by David Lewis, American designer, noted for his leather artistry. Here gloves and handbags are matched in a manner so striking the entire costume takes on an air so smart there is none smarter.

Black with gold accents is the favorite language of fashion these times. It's gold and glamor that makes its way into the styling of the handsome and distinctive dressy afternoon and cocktail set to the right below in the picture. For this ensemble the softest of black antelope is used in a frameless skirt-type bag with black bengaline to line it. Gussets of gold kid are set

in with inverted pleats both front and back. The soft handles have the "feel" of luxury and the slide-fastener closing adds the practical note. The matching black antelope slip-on gloves are hand-stitched and have gold details, but the back of the glove is devoid of any knuckle stitching which cites an important trend this season.

Tiny perforations are one of the newest style notes in leather. You will undoubtedly see bag-and-glove sets as pictured to the left above at the smartest places. Black perforated antelope soft as a kitten's ear is used for this ensemble—the air-conditioned idea carried out even to one's accessories. The bag is beautifully lined with slipper satin. The short pull-on gloves to match are handstitched and have a corded binding at the wrist but no stitching on the backs.

One of the loveliest of the Lewis tailored bags (see pictured to right above) is simple and squarish in shape, with white cross-stitched whipped edges. The handles are set on the bag with tiny cross stitches, which is the only trim. A slide-fastener gives a wide opening for convenience. This bag comes in grand fall accessory colors and is made of antelope, lined with bengaline. Short pull-on gloves with matching cross stitches around the fingers and the entire glove make this set a striking example of how American designers are keyed to create what the American woman want and will wear. Such lovely accessories thrill us with the knowledge that we are correct even to the fingertips.

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KNIT THIS SUIT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



A two-piece suit that looks like a three-piece one, such is this smart outfit of lustre knitting yarn. It is knitted in a waffle pattern in a manner that makes it firm and reliable in wearing. The wide lapels and jabot are knitted separately and then sewn to the jacket. A smart cutaway line makes the jacket take on a trimly tailored and up-to-the-moment style.

LAME HEADS LIST OF PARIS FABRICS

Lame heads the list of important fabrics in the Paris couturiers' winter collections, for fabric designers have adapted the metallic material for broader use than ever before.

Lame is no longer simply lame. There are flower print lames in colors; simple heavy gold and silver cloths draped into enchanting evening gowns, iridescent materials with glowing silky stripes; "gold dust" lames; plaid and checkered metallic fabrics and lame moires.

Velvet in all its forms from the sheerst of chiffon velvet through Lyons and even corduroy are distinctive and feature in costumes for wear at every hour of the day. Cut velvets backed with colors or metal tones provide luxurious evening fabrics.

Four-Way Costume Is Back in New Wool and Velveteen

The four-way costume returns this fall with added popularity in a new plaid wool and velveteen version that is especially appropriate for college or general school wear.

There is a two-piece plaid dress of the shirtwaist type that comes in black, brown, wine or green, with a boxy swagger velveteen jacket and skirt with front panel of the predominant color of the plaid.

The velveteen jacket is practical in that it may be worn with other dresses and skirts.

Sequins for Glitter

Glittering sequins embroidery trims hundreds of new fall frocks. Among the motifs which brighten sober dresses are stained glass window patterns, fireworks designs and Louis XV bowknots.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Intriguing Construction.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —Downtown I saw some sort of siege-wall going up. At first I thought it must be a part of the proposed plaza leading from our new terminal.

Our new terminal has been under construction almost as long as New York's unfinished Cathedral of St. John. Inch by inch it progresses, giving creeping defiance to those critics who say that what Los Angeles needs is not any additional entrances, but more exits.

On second glance I decided the owner of the business property behind this strange rampart probably made the same mistake I did. I saw a picture in the paper and I said, "Pretty late to be printing a photograph of Fifth avenue showing how it appeared when the World's war heroes got through pranking last month." I looked again and saw it was only a scene in Shanghai after the Japanese finished bombing.

So I figure this forehanded Los Angeleno is just getting ready for next year's convention of the vets out here. When his wall is absolutely impregnable against assault, he'll no doubt paint a big sign on it reading:

"Welcome, American Legion."

Kindness for Reptiles.

UNDER the slogan, "Kindness for reptiles," the National Park service discourages people from destroying every creature they encounter, merely because it wriggles or crawls.

I'm what you might call an occasional snakist, indulging in snakes only in moderation. In other words, I can take my snakes or I can leave them be. But realizing that practically all snakes destroy noxious vermin, I refrain from murdering every passing snake, regardless of his private habits and personal disposition, just for being a snake.

I was raised in a locality where moccasin snakes were so numerous the Republicans used to accuse us of voting them at county elections. Yet I recall only one instance of a moccasin snake biting anybody, and it must have been tempted beyond all power of self-control, for the fellow bitten was a pious party who didn't think little children should be suffered to believe in Santa Claus. I regret to state that he recovered. It was the snake that died.

Movie Preferences.

I DON'T like movies about hospitals where an impossible young surgeon performs impossible operations, in four strokes under par, using his irons all the way 'round; and then, while replacing the divots, makes love to an impossible although beautiful nurse. But between operations he washes his hands. Daddum him, he's always washing his hands! Who does he think he is, Pontius Pilate?

I don't like movies about newspaper offices where the hero is a drunken reporter who behaves in a manner peculiar to newspaper reporters (in the movies); which is so darned peculiar that, in a real newspaper office, somebody'd beat out his brains with a wet towel.

I like movies showing Myrna Loy, when not playing nurse; and Spencer Tracy, when not playing reporter.

Anyhow, nothing could be an absolute failure that has a Walt Disney short separating the ultracolorful or regular feature from the extra-special four-star absolutely unparalleled super-stupendous preview feature.

Gossip About Cobb.

JUST a little effort to trace down gossip now going around:

(I) The claim that I am going to play Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind" is absolutely unfounded. Latest word is that the coveted role will go to Fannie Brice, although the Ritz brothers are being mentioned. If they should be chosen, Scarlett will be played as a three-handed quartette.

(II) Dame Rumor hath it that the Atlantic sperm whale will be renamed the Justice Black sperm whale. Not yet confirmed, but sounds sort of plausible. The Atlantic sperm whale has a hide almost two feet thick.

(III) The statement that Charley McCarthy may join the reorganized brain trust at Washington remains unsettled. Probably without foundation. For while Charley is trained to sit upon his master's knee, he cannot be depended on to keep silent and has too many brains to be trusted.

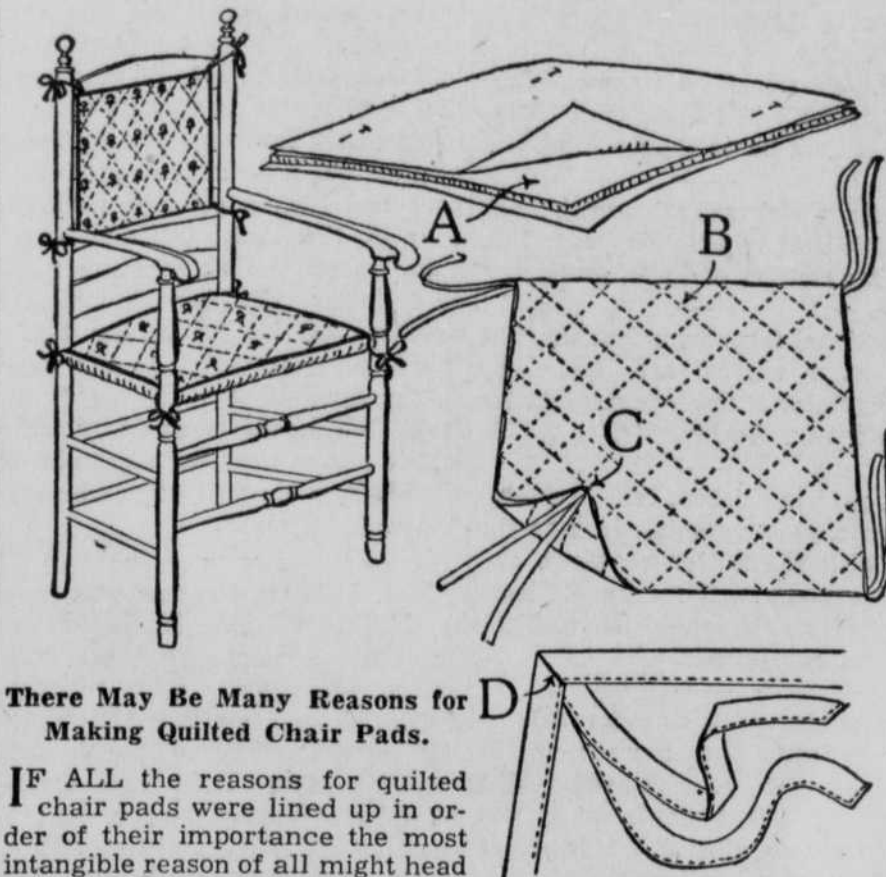
(IV) Stories to the effect that Representative Ham Fish will be Republican nominee for President in 1940 may be regarded as absolutely authentic so far as Representative Ham Fish is concerned.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



There May Be Many Reasons for Making Quilted Chair Pads.

IF ALL the reasons for quilted chair pads were lined up in order of their importance the most intangible reason of all might head the list. Yes, it is quite likely that any decorator, amateur or professional would place atmosphere at the top. But then it is also possible that first rating might be given to the reason that the pressure of slats across the backs of chairs is softened by quilted pads. Then, though it might not be mentioned, it is a known fact that worn out cane seats are sometimes replaced with inexpensive composition seats which may be disguised by gay quilted pads.

Chintz, calico or gingham chair pads are in fact one of the simplest and most inexpensive ways of adding color and charm as well as comfort to a room. Such pads are often used on the backs of chairs and not on the seats, and especially for side chairs, the seat pads used without any back covering. In making such small things as these it is quite easy to do the quilting on the machine. Or, if you wish to take the other point of view about it, the work of quilting them by hand would not consume an unreasonable amount of time. There is no doubt that handwork has a certain quaintness that machine work lacks.

The pads shown here are made with one layer of sheet wadding

between the two layers of the chintz. The edge bindings and ties are made of bias tape. Cut the three layers of the pad material exactly the size and shape you want them to be when finished. Place the sheet wadding between the two layers of covering material as shown here at A. Either pin or baste in this position, and then quilt as shown here at B. Make the ties by stitching the lengthwise edges of the bias tape together, and then tack them to the corners of the pad as at C before it is bound. Now, bind the edges, sewing the ties right in with the binding as shown here at D.

Every Homemaker should have a copy of Mrs. Spears' new book, SEWING. Forty-eight pages of step-by-step directions for making slipcovers and dressing tables; restoring and upholstering chairs, couches; making curtains for every type of room and purpose. Making lampshades, rugs, ottomans and other useful articles for the home. Readers wishing a copy should send name and address, enclosing 25 cents, to Mrs. Spears, 210 South Desplains St., Chicago, Illinois.

Household Questions

Cooking Doughnuts.—Doughnuts will crack and brown before they are thoroughly cooked inside if they contain too much flour or if the fat in which they are fried is not hot enough.

Keeping Boards From Warping.—Warping of long boards can be prevented to a considerable extent by standing them on end or on one edge so both sides are equally exposed to the weather.

Save Stale Bread Crumbs.—Bread that has become hard and stale can be ground into crumbs, browned in the oven, and used for improving the flavor and appearance of many dishes. Store in an airtight tin.

Towel Holders.—Either a spring-type clothespin, or the paper clamp from a loose-leaf notebook, properly nailed to the wall makes a satisfactory towel hanger for the basement.

Filling for Tea Biscuits.—Sardines mixed with salad dressing and a few drops of lemon juice make excellent filling for tiny tea biscuits.

Uses for Beef Marrow.—Beef marrow is very nutritious. Add it to the suet for meat puddings and forcemeat, and to stews and soups. Mixed with tinned tomato puree, or haricot bean puree, you get excellent mixture for a savory toast.

For Tight-Fitting Lid.—To remove a tight-fitting lid from a coffee can, wrap a light wire around the can below the lid, insert a stick and twist it up tight.

When to Add Salt.—Salt will curdle new milk. In preparing porridge, gravies, etc., salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

The SUNSHINE of the NIGHT

Coleman LAMPS

With this beautiful new Coleman Mantle Lamp in your home you're sure of plenty of high candlepower, clear, white, eye-saving light, so much like natural daylight. It's clean, safe, dependable light. No finer home light made. Fuel costs only 1/4 a night. Has modern Glasstex shade; fuel fount finished in attractive ivory and gold. See Coleman Lamps and Lanterns at your dealer's.

FREE FOLDERS—Send a postcard now! THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO. Dept. WU188, Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif. (7159)

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL THIS: ABOUT COLDS!

"The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition of the body. To overcome this they prescribe various alkalis." That's why, today... MENTHOL LUDEN'S COUGH DROPS 5¢ NOW CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR

Hold Secrets
The truly wise man should have no keeper of his secret but himself.—Guizot.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE
Cap-Brush Applicator makes BLACK LEAF 40 GO MUCH FARTHER
JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

"FIVE Minus TWO Leaves FOUR"

WRONG? Well, yes—and no. The arithmetic of your school days taught that "If Mary had five dollars and spent two . . ." three dollars remained. But that is mathematics—not shopping! In managing a home . . . guarding a limited family income . . . we've simply got to do better than Mary did. We must sharpen our buying wits . . . ascertain where the dollars of extra value lurk . . . take five dollars to town and get much more for the money spent. Fortunately, there are ever-willing guides right at hand—the advertisements in this newspaper. Advertised merchandise is often exceptional value merchandise. It makes dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.