

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Murder on the Loose"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Well, sir, here's an adventurer who had it coming to him. It's the first case I've seen in a long time where a bird went out looking for a thrill and actually found one. And at that, the thrill that Ben Cohn of New York City met up with in the murdered woman's bedroom was not at all the sort of thrill he had gone there looking for. But it seems that Old Lady Adventure covered his initial bet and raised him ten, big, blue-chip goose-pimples.

Ben is a newspaper reporter, so looking for trouble is no more than part of the day's work for him. In January, 1932, he was just a cub, helping out the police reporter on a Cleveland, Ohio, newspaper.

All the small, routine assignments fell to Ben's lot. He was kept busy all day, chasing around to dinky, one-alarm fires, and listening to the sorry tale of Joe Dookes who had his hat stolen while eating in a one-arm lunch room. Ben was bored stiff with that sort of thing. He wanted to get that news nose of his into something exciting for a change. There was a maniac killer running around town at the time. He had killed half a dozen women—hacked them to pieces as they lay in their beds. What wouldn't Ben have given for a chance to cover that story? Boy! Just lead him to it!

That's about the way Ben was feeling one Friday afternoon, when suddenly the police radio began booming out a message. "Number one reserve squad and detective cruiser D-2," the loudspeaker cried. "Go to Nineteenth and Chester—red brick apartment house. You will find the body of a young woman who has been murdered."

Ben's Chance at a Big Story.

Ben was beside himself with excitement. Nineteenth and Chester was only a block away from police headquarters, where they were sitting, and Ben began to plead with his boss to let him cover that story. He was the most surprised kid in the world when he heard the boss say: "All right, kid—go to it," but he didn't waste any time getting out of the station. He set out on a dead run for the apartment house a block away. The reserve squad had to go down in the basement to get their car before they started, so Ben, on foot, beat the cops to the scene by a full



Two Men—Both Fighting for Their Lives.

three minutes. A small crowd had collected in front of the apartment house as Ben ran in.

"She's upstairs," a woman shouted. And in a few leaps Ben had made the second floor. He burst into the room, and there on the bed lay a blonde girl, beautiful even in death, except for her blood-drenched throat, from which a pair of six-inch paper shears protruded.

Ben closed the door while he looked over the room. The first question that popped into his mind was: "Where is the murderer?" And the next thought that occurred to him was not such a pleasant one. "Suppose," Ben thought, "the murderer is still here—hiding somewhere in the room?"

The thought had no more than occurred to Ben when it actually, literally came true. Ben was standing before the dresser looking for a picture of the slain woman when he glanced into the mirror and saw something that made the cold shivers gallop up and down his spine. In that mirror he could see the door of the clothes closet behind him. AND THAT DOOR WAS SLOWLY OPENING!

Battling the Murderer for His Life.

Ben stiffened. The door swung wide open and a big, heavy-set colored man came tiptoeing in Ben's direction. He had a huge club in his hand and as he came close to Ben he raised it to strike.

Ben didn't wait for any more. He wheeled and dived to get inside the arc of that swinging club. He grappled with the negro as the club came down and the negro dropped the club to grapple with Ben. Then came a battle like the Roman gladiatorial contests of old. Two men, going at it bare-handed—both fighting for their lives.

The colored man was much larger and much stronger than Ben. He pushed Ben backward by sheer weight alone. Before he realized what was happening, he was thrown back onto the bed and found himself rolling over the blood-drenched body of the dead girl. It was horrible. But what was more horrible still were the fingers of the big negro, which were fastening themselves tightly around Ben's throat.

Police Got There Just in Time.

Before that Ben had been too surprised to cry out. Now, as the negro's fingers closed over his windpipe he wished he had when he had the chance. With his own hands he fought vainly to dislodge those tightening fingers, but it was no use. He kicked and heaved desperately, trying to throw the negro off him. But that wasn't any use, either. The negro's body was heavier than his own.

Ben's head began to spin. Things began to go black in front of his eyes. Then, just as he was about to give up and relax the door burst open and the room was full of policemen. The reserve squad had come at last.

Ben had not been working long around police headquarters and not many of the cops knew him. Even if they had they would never have recognized him, for his clothing was disheveled and he was blood from head to foot. He looked like a mighty suspicious customer to those cops. And Ben had to admit that being caught fighting over the body of a murdered woman was a mighty suspicious circumstance. The cops arrested both Ben and the colored man and dragged them back to the police station. But there Ben was identified by his boss, and the negro admitted the killing. He was electrocuted in July of that same year and—well—Ben has felt a lot safer ever since.

Well, sir, that yarn makes Ben Cohn a Distinguished Adventurer, as well as a distinguished newspaper man.

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Lines From "Solitude"

"Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone," are lines from "Solitude," a poem written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. It was first printed in the New York Sun on February 25, 1883. Authorship for the poem was also claimed by Col. John A. Joyce, who had the quotation inscribed on his tombstone in Oak Hill cemetery, Washington, D. C., before his death in 1915. And occasionally echoes of the controversy are still heard, but there is little doubt that Mrs. Wilcox was the author, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Joyce was not able to produce any positive evidence that he used the words before "Solitude" appeared in the Sun.

Yellow-Bellied Sea Snake

Though the yellow-bellied sea snake may not be ferocious-looking, it is nothing to get gay with, according to a writer in the Washington Post. A member of the dreaded cobra clan, it is among the most deadly of poisonous reptiles. In captivity it is particularly dangerous, becoming sullen and striking at everyone. It is the only poisonous sea snake found in the waters around America, although there are 49 other species just as deadly, elsewhere. As the name indicates, this slender snake is a brilliant yellow underneath, though its top side is black. It has no gills, must come to the surface to breathe. It is sometimes caught in fishing nets.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Growing Cannon Fodder.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

—To produce this crop takes time and planning.

First your veterans must grow past fighting age because those who survive the horrors of one war never willingly enlist for another. Meanwhile be sure the women have been bearing children, since children are the seed corn of your future sowing.

As the newer generation grows up dose it on the old reliable P. P. P. formula—parades, pomp, propaganda. Bands and guns and flag-wavings, murderous preachments and manufactured patriotism; they all help to fertilize against the ultimate harvesting.

Befuddle the first-born on dreams of drunken glory. Teach him the neighbor over the way is an enemy who must some day be crushed without mercy. Make him believe his country's destiny demands revenge for old hurts, reprisals for old losses, widened boundaries writ in blood.

And then, in about 20 years, you have a nation ripened for ruin, a race of mothers ready to offer their sons to the slaughter. It's a slow crop, but a sure one, and highly gratifying to professional sword-rattlers and power-mad dictators, to profiteers and financial hijackers.

Let's see, come 1938, it'll be just about 20 years since the last time the world cut its own throat.

Two-Faced Politicians.

SOMEbody says the type of politician who swaps worthless promises before election for the public's confidence—and its votes—reminds him of Janus. Janus was a god with two faces, and the ancients finally got so they couldn't trust either one of them. But it took them a long time to catch on.

Might I be pardoned for thinking of a homelier simile? I'm thinking of the pack-rat of this western country. The thrifty pack-rat slips with stealthy tread into your camp whilst you slumber and carries off something of value. But he doesn't steal it—nothing like that. He merely exchanges with you, you being asleep at the time. He leaves a dry twig behind and totos off a side of meat. He confiscates one of your boots, but, in return, confers on you a couple of dead cactus stalks. His intentions may be honest, but there is no record showing where a pack-rat ever got the worst of a trade. I figure he's part Scotch.

And the profits resulting from his professional dealings certainly may be likened to the career of many a chronic officeholder now flourishing in our midst.

This Man Dewey.

WHEN the Republicans get out the hound-dawgs to run down their 1940 nominee, they might search in the tall timbers of Manhattan island.

There's a young fellow there, the name being Dewey, and he being kin to the great admiral whose deeds crackled at Manila one May day morning like the lightnings on Mount Sinai. He comes of old Yankee stock. He hails from a debatable state, Michigan; lives in a pivotal state, New York. Still in his mid-thirties, he smashed the foulest, securest nests of labor racketeers and vice racketeers in America.

He married a sweet Texas girl, as southern as they make 'em. Her grand-uncle was Jeff Davis. My daddy was Jeff Davis' relative, too. And this young Dewey trained for grand opera. Speaking of this charm thing, think of a President who'd wind up his fireside radio chats singing "Home on the Range."

Yes, sir, the G. O. P. might go farther and fare worse.

Nordic Supremacy.

RECENT events bring to mind a little story of some years back when night-riding patriots in an Arkansas county fell called on, as a sacred duty imposed upon all true Caucasians, to put the Black brother in his place; said place, in at least one instance, being a colored cemetery.

Also, there had been a flood of notices to vacate sent through the mail to members of the African race, followed by unpleasant surprise parties did the recipients fail to heed the gentle warning.

So the community was getting more Nordic by the hour and the sound of the Anglo-saxophone was heard off in the stilly night. That's the scene and the plot. Now for the sketch:

Pelagria Perkins meets Hookworm Hostetter on Main street; "Hooky," says Pelagria, "effen you wuz to git a letter from dese here w'ite shirts, what would you do?"

"Me!" says Hookworm. "Boy, I'd finish readin' it on the train."

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Novel and Decorative Fastenings

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IN THE present insistent demand for unique and ornate fastenings, fashion flings a new challenge into the realm of costume design. It is a challenge to which designers are responding with unbounded enthusiasm, since it offers new avenues of adventure to creative genius. Which explains why our fall and winter apparel is being slide-fastened or buttoned, as the case may be, with a play of imagination that is fairly breath-taking.

It adds to the fascination of the theme that whether the closings be with slide fasteners, which are quite the rage here as well as being highly endorsed by leading designers in London and Paris, or with buttons so smartly positioned on the newer modes, they are that highly decorative they supply the trimming feature as well as serve in a utilitarian way.

Once mere devices for fastening this and that together, buttons have passed through an evolution from which they now emerge as colorful exquisitely wrought things (often designed by renowned artists) which vie with costume jewelry in point of ornate beauty and decorative design.

The button industry has wholeheartedly accepted catalin because, being plastic, it is easily machined and carved into all sorts of cunning and lovely motifs. Best of all it brings into the field a new aura of color which tunes charmingly into every phase of fashion. The tones and tints cover a range that extends from water-clear white to brilliant hues, also black, white or ivory and

an almost endless list of pastels.

The illustration shows several from among the multitudinous uses made in the present gesture to trim as well as to fasten with decorative slide-fasteners and with buttons. For the smart fitted sport coat with its raglan sleeves and slightly flared lines accentuated with row-and-row stitchings as pictured to the left, the designer achieves a chic fastening with huge catalin buttons carved in an effective floral motif. (Button detail below.)

See the stunning dinner gown to the right. Note how meticulously it is molded to the body and how generously it flares from just the strategic point it should flare to add queenly grace. Comes now the piece de resistance—gorgeous black catalin buttons encircled with brilliants that are used from neck to hem! Detail of this jewel-like button at bottom of illustration.

The two models in the center are zipped in latest fashion. The slide fasteners which close the two small pockets and shirred front of the modish dress at the left center have colorful wee catalin windmill pulls (shown in detail below) that are as ornamental as costume jewelry. The sports dress to the right center flares slightly with tucked umbrella skirt. The slide fastener with three bright colored catalin pulls goes zip! with a flash and a dash from neck to several inches below the waistline at the back. Other models in this class use slide-fasteners with small bright catalin plaques attached to the slide several inches apart.

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VOGUSH BELTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Attention is centered on belts this season. Just any belt won't do. The American designer, Belmo, has created a belt for every occasion, two of which are here illustrated. Worn with a black velvet cocktail frock the belt illustrated at the top contributes the final touch of perfection. In outlining this shapely belt which is of black suede, with small gold kid flowers, the artist designer adds a glittering touch to the corseted waistline trend. It is readily seen, glimpsing the girl in sports attire, that the new belt modes add zest to any costume, particularly the sweater and suit combination, favorite of the younger generation. In this instance over-lapping suede leaves rivited with metal eyelets tune to tailored and sportswear mood. Harmonious shades of gray, green, wine and rust make it possible for this multi-leaf belt to blend with several outfits.

AFTERNOON WINTER SUIT IS HIGH NOTE

The afternoon suit is one of the triumphs of Paris couturiers for the winter season, and each has presented his version of the new silhouette in handsome tailleur of rich materials and luxurious furs.

Broadcloth and duvetyn are the newest of dressy suit materials with velvet and lightweight wools popular at all leading fashion houses. Silver and black fox form immense collars, trim sleeves and hemlines and edge the bottoms of long jackets. Persian lamb, a favorite for coat trim, makes collars, cuffs, vests, and even buttons—and smooth broadtail and silky caracul are used for tailored collars and pockets.

Plaid for Dress, Blouse

Suit and Coat Is Latest

Plaids are telling a fascinating story. You'll be wanting a two-piece tailored jacket suit. Give you that new-thing-season look, besides the plaids that are being manufactured are that colorful and flattering they are simply irresistible. A dress of plaid woolen made on the bias and adhering to form-fitting lines will prove a treasure in any wardrobe for practical day wear. Then, to wear to the ball game, a huge roomy coat of horse-blanket plaid as bizarre as they make 'em will be a cheer leader in itself.

Enliven Black Costumes

With Bright Accessories

The call for black with colorful accessories is answered in the present vogue for black costumes enlivened with red accessories. The latest interpretation of the black and red color scheme is given by smart dressed women who wear red suede nats and carry handbags to match. This combination sets a black suit or ensemble off to perfection. And there's the new red suede gloves they're wearing with black. You will yield to temptation when you see them. A red boutonniere adds infinitely to this allure.

'John Peter Dunn'

By SARAH E. McCAHEY
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WNU Service.

AN UNUSUAL announcement made during the services at St. Mark's the Sunday following Easter, was the reason for the groups of parishioners gathered outside the church at the conclusion of the services. Almost everybody was discussing the import of the announcement that affected many families.

SHORT SHORT STORY

It seemed that the Oaklawn Orphanage was overcrowded, and the pastor had hit upon the plan of having several of the surplus orphan boys and girls gather in the vestry that afternoon at 3 o'clock. The people of the parish who thought they could afford to take one of them into their homes were invited to come and make a selection.

Thus on that bright Sunday afternoon following Easter, five boys and five girls were assembled in the little vestry of St. Mark's, waiting for someone to give them a home.

There was one woman toward whom curious eyes were directed. How could Amanda Dunn, the oldest parish spinster, think of adopting a child at her time of life, and with her lack of experience in bringing up children? How could she, a single woman, know of the patience and faith one must have to bring up a child, especially one whose inherent traits were unknown? It was a risk for anyone to take, let alone a spinster.

Suddenly a boy's laugh rang out: a boy's laugh, high and clear. Amanda Dunn sensed something in that laugh that drew her toward the boy from whom it had come.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked him, curiously.

"At your hat," said the boy.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Amanda.

"It's funny," said the boy, but he didn't laugh again.

Amanda squinted her eyes at him. A boy who was old enough to have a sore heart and look around for something to laugh at appealed to her. She and her Uncle Ned could do wonders with that boy, and make him happy.

"Would you like to come and live with us?" she asked gently.

"I don't know," he answered.

"We have a little place on the outskirts of the parish. There is a cow, some hens and geese, and a big strawberry patch. I'm looking for a boy to help us take care of things. A dog and some puppies," she added as an afterthought; but just then the matron from the orphanage approached and addressed the boy.

"John Peter, you seem to be in demand. Two already have spoken for you. I suppose it is because you are the biggest boy here. These two men and this woman want you," she said.

In her mind's eyes Amanda rapidly checked off both men.

"Tod Green will drive him, and Nick Morton will make a slave of him for his own children," she said to herself. "We want him," insisted Amanda, in a loud voice.

"We want to give him a chance—a good chance at the right kind of things. My Uncle Ned can teach him all good things."

"I've got a gang—" the boy broke in for the first time.

"You have?" asked Amanda. "Your gang can come to see you any time you want; make them plenty of room. They can make themselves useful picking strawberries all summer long."

"I'll get me some good clothes when this is all over," she said to herself. John Peter's influence was already beginning to be felt.

"He'll not be ashamed of his foster mother—that is, if I get him." The tears came to her eyes and John Peter saw them.

"Now, John," said the matron, bustling up. "Mr. Green spoke first. He's a grocer and has a very nice store on the square."

"I won't go," said John Peter simply.

"Well, there is Mr. Morton. He's a druggist, and can give you a good home. He has boys of his own."

"I won't go," said John Peter, stubbornly. "If I have to go, I'll run away every chance I get." And he blazed his black eyes at the two men.

"Nobody will want you if you behave so badly," said the matron, beginning to lose patience.

"She will," said John Peter. He nodded towards Amanda who was eager to see which way the scales would turn. "I'm going with her. Come along," he said, picking up her jacket and tucking it under his arm. "Come along." And they both walked out under the astonished eyes of everybody.

"What shall I call you?" he asked.

"Aunt—Aunt Amanda. I think I like that best. And you're going to love my Uncle Ned."

"Do you like my name?" was the next question.

"John Peter? I love it! It was my father's name."

"You forgot something," said John Peter, soberly.

Amanda looked inquiringly at him, and he smiled mischievously.

"John Peter Dunn," he corrected.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Freshening Coconut.—Shredded coconut that becomes dry can be freshened by soaking it in milk for five minutes before using it in cookies, cakes, frostings and puddings.

To Roll Corn Flakes.—Lay a clean towel on the table and put the corn flakes in the center. Fold each side of the towel over the flakes, turn both ends over to the center and crush with a rolling pin.

To Raise the Pile on Velvet.—Cover a hot iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet over it. Brush it quickly while damp.

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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Our faces grow to show our thoughts. At least so I've been often told; I think I'll start now being good so I'll be pretty when I'm old.

