

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"The Babe in the Blazing House"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

These adventures provide a cross-section of life, and if they didn't show its grimmer side occasionally, they wouldn't show a faithful picture. That's why I chose for today a story I found unusually gripping because it demonstrates so clearly how close we may be at any time to tragedy. Mary Ann Grob of New York City, who tells today's adventure, was only a child of nine when it happened, and this, for me, added particular poignancy to the tale.

Imagine running back into a blazing house to rescue your eight months old baby brother only to find the smoke so dense you couldn't see what you were doing.

That's what happened to Mary. The time was the fall of 1921, around September, and at that time Mary's father and mother and Mary's three brothers lived in Thayer, a small mining town in the lower part of West Virginia.

Left in Care of the Children.

Thayer is in a valley, situated between two large hills. To get out of the valley, Mary tells us, you had to ride on a sort of incline. It was a box-shaped affair, the car, let up and down the side of a hill by means of a cable.

On this fateful morning Mary's mother and dad had to go to town, where mother was going to have her teeth fixed. Before she left she called Mary, who was the eldest child, aside and warned her to watch the three younger children, her brothers, while her parents were away. Mary had occasion later, as you will see, to recall that warning.

Of the three John was the oldest brother, then came six-year-old Pete, and last of all little Eddie, who could show only a scant eight months. Mary had her hands full keeping them all out of mischief, and when night began to fall she began to glance nervously out the window, wondering why mother and dad didn't come. The younger children grew



Groped Her Way Through Smoke-Filled Halls.

frightened with the approach of darkness, and, at their urging, not to mention her own uneasiness, Mary finally bolted all the doors and windows.

To set the scene for this story it is necessary to explain that next to the house they had a little wash-house, where Mary's dad used to wash when he came home from work. This afternoon the stove was lighted, but with the children locked inside the house there was no one to tend it or check the dampers.

And so it came to pass that as the children sat huddled in the darkness, queer red shadows, ghostly and lengthening, began to dance on the walls of the children's room. Alarmed, the children began to whimper, and at length, unable to stand the strain any longer, Mary went to the window and looked out to see what was causing the strange play of lights on the wall. Then she understood—the wash-house was on fire!

Eddie, the Baby, Was Missing.

Remember, this was no grown-up. This was a nine-year-old child with the care and responsibility of three younger brothers on her little shoulders. And now, as the fire spread to the main house, igniting the old, dry wood like tinder, the children fled from the blazing wall into the open air, Mary as scared as any.

This will explain, perhaps, how it happened that on looking around, they discovered that eight-months-old Eddie was missing.

Mary, who was frantic by this time, berated John for leaving the baby behind, as she had understood he had taken Eddie from his crib while she was looking after getting Pete out. But John protested that he had thought Mary was taking Eddie, and so hadn't bothered to go after him.

Meanwhile, inside the burning house, little Eddie lay asleep in his crib. The thought of her beloved little brother in that blazing inferno was too much for Mary. With no sager heads to dissuade her, she rushed back inside the burning house, groped her way through dark, smoke-filled halls to the room where the baby lay asleep.

By this time, Mary says, the smoke was getting so thick that she could hardly see. Reaching the bedroom she found herself in the center of a dense, rolling fog, choking her, blinding her so that she could not see her hand before her face. Heat seared her eyeballs, tore at her air-famished lungs. But the nine-year-old girl had made a promise—a promise to a mother who trusted her to care for the younger ones. Mary could hear her mother's last words echoing in her ears as she groped her way to where she thought the crib should be. "Look after them while I'm gone, Mary. I'm trusting you."

Heroic Rescue by Mary.

The flames were searing hot now, but Mary had but one thought: "She must get Eddie out. In the black pall she stumbled against something—'the crib'—she thought. Hurriedly she reached down, grabbed what she thought to be Eddie and almost delirious now with the desire to escape from those hungry flames she rushed out of the house into the open air.

Outside, safe under the open sky again, she thought of the bundle in her arms. In the smoke-suffused house, Mary says herself, "I did not know for sure whether I had him or not." Now, obsessed by a horrible premonition of possible disaster she dared not put into words, she forced herself to look down.

When you contemplate how easy it would be for a nearly hysterical child of Mary's age to mistake her precious burden in a fog of rolling smoke, you will understand how close is the line between happiness and tragedy. For had Mary's eyes met, not what they did see, but something else, this story would not have the happy ending it now has. Yes, it was Eddie, crying for all he was worth. And was Mary glad? You answer that one. I'll just go on to add that when Mary's mother and dad got home all that was left of the house was the standing chimney.

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"I Shall Not Pass This Way"

The quotation, "I shall not pass this way again," is called "Life" and is as follows: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." The author is unknown. General proof lies with Stephen Grellet as author, although it is not found in his writings. The same idea is found in "The Spectator," by Addison. Canon Jepson has positively claimed it for Emerson and it has been attributed to Edward Courtenay, due to the resemblance to the "Earl's" epitaph.

Early Golf

There is considerable evidence to support the theory that the game of golf originated in Holland as far back as 1300 A. D. Certain it is that "kolf" was played in Holland at the beginning of the Fifteenth century in the streets, church squares and church yards in the summer, and on the ice in the winter. This is definitely proved by old "Delft" tiles which date back to that period and show "kolfers" during the upswing and at the address of the ball. Further evidence of the Dutch origin of the game is quite apparent in its nomenclature. Such words as "stymie," "dormie," and "putt" can all be traced directly to the Dutch.

Bewitching Lace on Gala Nights

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



TO GIVE the glamour that every woman covets for gala nights, the answer throughout the centuries has been lace. And so it is to this very day and generation. Easily to be understood, therefore, is the fact of lace being made a theme triumphant throughout current Paris couture showings as well as in the fashion pageantry so dramatically presented nowadays by leading style creators in our country.

A most significant contemporary event that has much to do with the present enthusiasm for lace was the grand lace ball given in Chicago this fall. Not only did this delightful occasion usher in the winter social season with real fanfare and much excitement, but the lovely fashions there presented set the pace for a "lace season."

Three models that were outstanding in this style-registering lace promenade are pictured herewith, with the thought in mind that whether you can afford to buy original models or whether you choose to make your own clothes, the fact of having the best set before you proves helpful and inspirational. The woman with limited budget has every opportunity to look beautifully gowned these days (no matter how formal the function to which she may be invited) at comparatively little cost.

The present mode that voices an insistent call for formal gowns is bringing out a number of distinctly new and charming silhouettes, not the least important of which is the one with smoothly molded front lines and fullness at the back. The

beautiful dress to the right in the illustration interprets the idea with tiny ruffles starting from a deep decollete and sweeping down fan-shaped to a widened hemline. The decollete at front is heart-shaped. The trimming features are all centered at the back with a sashbow of the lace to give added grace. The lace is of filmy cobweb texture in one of the newest colors, a deep blue violet shade. The gown would be handsome done in black chantilly.

The season started with glitter and as time goes on the glitter-gleam-sparkle idea is gaining in momentum. The evening dress of silver lame lace on a white ground (center figure) does justice to the present scintillating mode. The gown is simply cut with a full skirt. The jacket of the same silver lace is detailed smartly to the nth degree with soft flaring cuffs at the elbow, and a little stiffened standup collar, plus bow. The jacket does not close completely so as to reveal the decollete gown underneath.

The two-piece dinner gown to the left, created by Norman Hartnell, London dress designer, is made of white starched lace in an interesting manner which shows up effectively over the slip of black satin. The high neckline in front contrasts a decollete back which, by the way, is a silhouette much featured this season. What fullness there is centers at the peplum-back of the blouse and the slight train. A wide girdle of rhinestones and brilliants completes the costume.

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GAY PLAID ACCENT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



If you are even a little bit handy with a needle you'll find it no trouble at all to make up the hat, scarf and pocketbook shown in this photograph. It is not difficult to secure patterns of this type. Make this attractive accessory ensemble of the new goodlooking soft-finished cotton fabric woven with a twill that looks and feels like wool. You can get it in authentic Scotch tartan plaids and being sanforized-shrunk as this fabric is it tubs without protest. Such a gay bonnet and matching gadgets would look particularly well with a dark frock—one of the new tailored cottons which can be made so successfully at home. In any event they will add life and character to the neutral tone of a smart camel's hair coat as you see in the picture.

FAVOR HEAD VEILS FOR EVENING WEAR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

A veil with your hat in the strictest sense is not news, although we must admit the ingenious ways they are being draped and flung picturesquely and nonchalantly about is worth telling about. However, that which is news, exciting news, is the veils sans hat which socialites are wearing as romantically as any senora or senorita ever draped a mantilla head and shoulder deep. It is a charming fashion that has come to us this season, that of a decorative veil caught with flower or ornament thrown over a beautifully coiffed head. There is romance and allure in this new evening headdress, especially when the veil is filmy and sparkles with glittering sequins.

Use Ancient Damascening in Chic Modern Compacts

Damascening, the ancient art of gold-wire inlay in metal, has found its way through reproduction in modern compacts. The art is traceable as far back as 490 B. C., and its origin is attributed to metal workers of ancient Damascus. Here, in order to cover streaks showing in the famous Damascus steel, workers developed the art of inlaying gold or silver wire into designs engraved upon the steel. The art has made museum pieces of decorated metalware throughout the centuries, and Damascus workers of ancient times competed for honors and acclaim in their fields. Damascus compacts have simulated designs in a great variety, and many are taken from rare prints of ancient Damascene masterpieces.

Knit Blouses Designed to Look Like Soft Woollens

Knit blouses are designed to look like soft wool and woollens are made to appear like handknit this season, so those who shun handknits can achieve the same effect with soft, lightweight woollens. Twin sweaters are shown particularly for young girls and are designed with the two parts matching or with contrasting colors for the pull-over and cardigan.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

How to Be Fair.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Every time the heirs to an undivided estate start litigating, I think of a decision which had in it more wisdom, more common sense and more fairness than even King Solomon's inspired justice.

I can't remember whether 'twas a ruler upon the throne or a judge upon the bench who handed down this ruling. But two brothers fell out over a proper division of their father's possessions. Accordingly, they carried the dispute to a higher court of the land.



Irvin S. Cobb

So his majesty, or his worship, or his honor, as the case may have been, said:

"Let the older brother appportion the property into what he regards as two equal shares—and then let the younger brother have first choice of the shares."

But, of course, the lawyers couldn't have favored the plan. It was too beautifully simple to suit any lawyer in any age. The American Bar association would just naturally despise it.

Cemetery Salesmen.

I RECEIVED a letter from one of our plushiest cemeteries. We have some of the plushiest cemeteries on earth; it's a positive pleasure to be dead here.

I was urged to invest in a highly desirable lot, for only a few thousand smackers; or buy a perfectly lovely crypt—slightly more expensive, but most luxurious.

Through some private whim or pique, I failed to answer this tempting communication. Today I received an appealing follow-up letter. I gather that, if I neglect this splendid opportunity, I'll live to regret it. Or maybe I won't.

Such thoughtful attention merits response. I'm replying as follows:

"Dear gents: Space in a graveyard is the last thing I shall require. When that time comes, somebody else will do the shopping. Trusting these few lines may find you the same, yours gratefully."

But if a representative calls in person—as he will—I'm a gone goner. Those slick talkers always do get me. You just ought to see my collection of oil stocks. Now there's something that does need burying.

Making Juleps.

SOME disputatious soul seeks to reopen the ancient debate over the proper recipe for mint julep. I decline the invitation. Since the Dred Scot decision nothing has stirred up as much bitter controversy south of the Ohio river.

North of the Ohio river doesn't count. The Yankee conception of a julep is calculated to make a host of sleeping Kentucky brigadiers rise up from their respective Bourbon casks and start giving the rebel hiss.

Naturally, the only perfect julep is the Paducah julep. Just drop in next summer and sample the real product on its native heath—not at a saloon, where the bartender is likely to have heretical ideas, such as using preserved fruits and even putting the sugar syrup in first, which amounts to downright crime—but in the private home.

Western Superiority.

IN BORNEO, tigers slay such an incredible host of natives that the yearly mortality is proportionately almost one-tenth as great as the average number of persons who will be wiped out in traffic fatalities on American highways during any given 12 months.

In India, owing to the refusal of those benighted Hindus to destroy any living creature, 20,000 inhabitants annually are killed by venomous serpents, whereas, in this country, in 1936, we spent only 15 billions for crime, or 18 times as much as we spent on national defense, yet managed to let many poisonous human snakes go free to build up murder statistics.

In Japan, geisha girls are governmentally licensed and protected, which is indeed an affront to the principles of an enlightened people who patronize so-called world's fairs that are dependent on unabashed nudity for popular favor, and shows dependent on foul lines and nasty situations.

IRVIN S. COBB.
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Marriage Customs in Japan

The Japanese live more as members of families than individuals. That is to say, every Japanese is under the moral obligation to perpetuate the family line inherited from his ancestors. The only son must take a wife; he cannot "become a husband", in other words, he takes his wife to his home and she shares with him the name of his ancestors. The only daughter, on the other hand, must take a husband to the home of her fathers and share with him her family name.

Sew-Your-Own Joins Santa



DID you know, Milady, that Santa Claus and Sew-Your-Own have joined forces to make this the brightest, charmiest Christmas you've ever known? Yes, it's a fact! And you who've tried so hard to be good (and never a little naughty) are going to be rewarded to the full. Gifts by Sew-Your-Own from Santa Claus to you. Here's what you may expect (but remember, "Do not open until Christmas").

Festive Fashion.
You're in line for personalized gifts this year, lucky lady, and what could be closer to your heart's desire than a velvet housecoat—nothing indeed (Sew-Your-Own knows every girl's weakness).

Darling and Practical.
For Miss Keep-the-Home-Beautiful we've specially designed a pair of really different aprons. One is the kind to wear when actually doing kitchen chores, the other is a dressy model—so pretty you will make a darling hostess.

For the Very Young.
If you're a very young lady you may find Gift No. 1393 or Gift Set No. 1423 packed neatly in your stocking one fine morning soon. The former, a dress plus dainty shorts, will be a peachy combination to wear to parties when you want to be "dressed up swell." The Temple Trio, a hat, scarf and muff set, was designed to put a

little "Hollywood" in your Christmas.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1210 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 (full length) requires 5 7/8 yards of 39 inch material; in medium length 5 1/4 yards.

Pattern 1422 is designed for sizes Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), and Large (42-44). Plain apron requires 1 1/2 yards of 35 inch material for medium size. The dressy style requires 1 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for medium size, plus 4 yards of machine ruffling for trimming, as pictured.

Pattern 1393 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern Set 1423 is designed for sizes Small (18 in. head size), Medium (20 in. head size), and Large (21 1/2 in. head size). The ensemble, medium size, requires 1 1/2 yards of 54 inch material.

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

New Pattern Book.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

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MOVIE

Be considerate! Don't cough in the movies. Take along a box of Smith Brothers Cough Drops for quick relief. Black or Menthol—5¢. Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A. This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Man the Captain Each man makes his own shipwreck.—Lucanus.
Eloquent Silence Silence is more eloquent than words.—Carlyle.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"Looks like the scrub team's in a huddle."