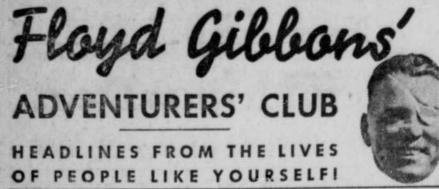
THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

Wool Robes and Hostess Gowns What



"He Confessed a Murder" By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

IELLO EVERYBODY:

Meet James B. Doyle, boys and girls, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who tells us a yarn today about a terrific adventure that happened to him while he was a member of a CCC camp in Long Island back in '34.

Jim was sleeping soundly, after a hard day's work, when he was awakened by the bright rays of a flashlight in his face. It was still pitch dark in the bunkhouse and, he knew, not time to get up.

"What's the matter?" he growled.

The light flashed off and Jim recognized the hushed voice of a buddy of his who occupied a bunk near him. The voice was shaking with suppressed emotion

"Sh-h-h," it warned. "Don't make any noise. I want to tell you something-something important."

'Well, go ahead," Jim answered, "but I don't see why you wake a fellow up at this time of the night to tell stories."

"I can't tell it to you here. Someone might be listening. Slip into your clothes and come to the washroom."

Told of Killing Infirmary Attendant.

The washroom was a separate building. It was raining outside and Jim didn't feel like getting wet. It was nice and warm in bed, too. But something in the voice of his excited buddy made him obey. He was sure something terrible had happened and dressed quietly.

Silently both men made their way through the rain to the washroom. The flashlight showed them the way through the darkness. "What's the big mystery?" he asked.

Jim's buddy looked about him carefully. He paced up and down the floor as though hesitating to tell what he had on his mind.

"I'm in trouble," he said finally, "a lot of trouble. I want your advice. But first I want your promise that you will never breathe a word of this to a living soul."

"I promise," Jim said wearily, "what's the trouble?"

"I've just murdered a man!"

Jim's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Murder! He hadn't



"I've Just Murdered a Man," He Said.

thought it would be as bad as that. He couldn't quite figure it out. He remembered seeing his buddy in bed earlier in the night and said so.



outstanding importance attached to is tied casually at the waist. the use of fine wool weaves not only for daytime clothes, as one would naturally expect, but that which is the thrill of thrills is the widespread use of rich wool materials for the

evening apparel. If you have the right slant on that which is truly high style you will wear over your prettiest formal gown to the opera, horse show, or to your favorite dine-and-dance rendezvous, a floor length cape (three-quarter length if you prefer) of broadcloth, duvetyn, or nubby tweed or even fine jersey, as some few Paris designers now sponsor.

For the more casual and workmanlike modes, smartly patterned flannels are shown in gay young stripes, checks and geometrical designs that against its gaily colorful backyield to flattering tailored treat- ground. ment emphasizing square-shoul-

In keeping with the mood for ele-

gance that dominates current styles, there is a decided tendency to embellish these lovely at-home flannels with glistening trimmings and bright metallic touches, also lavish embroidery, beading and fringe that contrasts to perfection the smooth richness of the fabric. For closings all the fashion world loves the new decorative slide fasteners that run the full length of the garment. See centered in the group the slender sculptured lines of a fitted woolen robe in rich blue flannel enlivened with contrasting tri-colored bands that make a perfect setting for the neck-to-hemline slide fastener that gleams so brightly

A diagonal zipper glittering with gold sequins is striking against the jet black of a gracefully draped robe in soft lightweight flannel, as shown to the right in the group. From a slender, high-built waist the wrap-around skirt falls in soft flowing lines and the well-cut sleeves are slightly puffed at the shoulders. Silk cord with gold pointed ends ties at the neck for flattering effect. © Western Newspaper Union.

FASHION SIGNPOSTS

From no less an authority than

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

the renowned Schiaparelli comes

this foreword in regard to fashions

first place in fashion's relay."



DEL RIO, TEXAS. - According to the scientists, who have a great way of naming earthly phenomena without inquiring into the wishes of the phenomena, we are now living in a terrestrial era known as the Hollocene period.

This will be news to a lot of people who rather suspected we were living through a

stage which might be called Chaos. Still, it's no wonder that the word hasn't got around generally yet, because this present era is quite a young era as eras go. It's merely a few million years old, which, to our true geologist, is the Irvin S. Cobb

his fingers-like that.

same as yesterday. Mention a few million years to him and he'll say "phew!" and just snap

I wonder if the authorities would with Sew-Your-Own - the pardon a suggestion from a poor easy way to chic. Here, for ignoramus whose acquaintance with | instance, are three swell geology is largely limited to two swing models that will make you | material plus 6 yards of grosular paved roads and those derned in the running for the title, "best the humorous illustrations and the bulk of the humorous text printed a pair of eligibles from this trio. in the average smart magazine of today, and the even spicier lines heard in smart modern plays, wouldn't it be more fitting to call model at the left in black moire. it, not the Holocene, but the Obscene period?

The Law's Long Arm.

'HE long arm of the law-it's a grand phrase, isn't it? So mouthfilling, so satisfying to the honest citizen's soul!

It conjures up visions of unrelenting warfare against crime, inevitable punishment for the guilty. It's the bunk!

It's the bunk because of crooked lawyers; venal policemen; complacent prosecutors; soft-hearted or corrupted jurors; witnesses, bribed or intimidated; the law's delays; reversals of fair verdicts on foolish both ways. technicalities; a false sentimentali-

Niftiness for New Year's



of its surface phases, namely: Reg- modern as tomorrow and put you grain ribbon to trim as pictured. Pattern 1397 is designed for detours. When we consider most of dressed woman." Right now it's sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size parties you're thinking of, so pick 14 requires 31/2 yards of 39-inch material.

Pattern 1396 is designed for The New Year's Party will be sizes 32 to 44. Size 34 requires festive and so will you in the 11% yards of 39-inch material for Y the blouse; 1% yards of 54-inch This is a very young frock and material for the skirt.

not a little flattering to the debu-Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, tante figure. It has a skirt that's built for dancing, and the oh, so slender waist is no drawback. 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

New Pattern Book.

There's always a "morning after," and that's when you'll be Send 15 cents for the Barbara glad to have a spic and classic Bell Fall and Winter Pattern frock like the one above, center. Book. Make yourself attractive, It is suitable to take back to practical and becoming clothes, school to rouse the roommate's selecting designs from the Barenvy and, pleasantly enough, it's bara Bell well-planned, easy-toso easy to cut and stitch, a freshmake patterns. @ Bell Syndicate.-WNU Service. man can't go wrong. Make one

copy in sheer wool-it is superb Smokers know that

"I know it," the excited man went on, "but I got up in the night and went down to the infirmary. The attendant and I got into an argument and I shot him dead."

Jim understood now and recoiled in horror from the speaker. Face houette. To the left in the picture to face with a murderer he felt a feeling of revulsion. With a sickly you will see just such a garment. It smile he told the other he must be kidding.

"I wish I was kidding," was the answer: "if you don't believe me go white pin stripe, the same distincdown to the infirmary and see for yourself. He's lying on the floor in tively tailored in a wrap-around robe a pool of blood. I put two bullets in him."

Jim's Turn Was to Come Next.

Jim, still unable to associate his friend with such a cold-blooded killing, studied his twitching face carefully. In the dim light of the lantern it gleamed pale and set. The self-confessed killer stood-hands in his raincoat pocket-trying to read Jim's thoughts. Jim thought he detected a threatening gleam in his eyes.

"What did you do with the gun?" Jim asked casually.

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Before he answered the other man suddenly stepped quickly before the door and stood, back to the door, facing Jim. His hands were still in his pockets; his eyes narrowed to two thin lines. Something in his expression sent the cold chills down Jim's spine.

"The gun is right here in my pocket," he sneered. "and I was just thinking you know too much. You're the only man who knows I did it and I know what's on your mind. You're going to tell the state troopers. I was a sucker to tell you I killed a guy, but I'm going to kill you now and play safe. One more won't matter."

And with that the self-confessed murderer came after Jim. Jim backed away, stalling for time. He talked fast and told the determined man that he was his friend.

"Don't kill me," he pleaded. "I won't say a word. Run away now and they will never know who did it."

Jim promised anything to get away from that menacing bulk in the. raincoat pocket. But his words fell like water on a duck's back. He was backed, hands in air, into a corner of the washroom. There was no pity in those eyes that stared-cold as ice-into his. In another secand Jim expected to hear the explosion that would send him hurtling into eternity. At the thought of this courage seemed to come to him.

All the Result of Shell Shock.

Wham! Jim braced himself and let fly a haymaker! It landed full on the other's jaw. Jim didn't stop to give him the count but tore out of the washroom into the night.

Well, sir, Jim wouldn't risk going back to the barracks. He hid all night, instead, in a pile of lumber. From his shelter he could see his erstwhile buddy slinking back and forth in the darkness, searching for his escaped victim. Not until daybreak did Jim make his way to the mess hall. The mess sergeant glanced at his haggard, pale face. Over a cup of hot coffee that shook in his hand Jim told the sergeant his story.

The sergeant listened intently but at the finish broke out into a roar of laughter. As he laughed he pointed outside.

And up the path-alive and smiling-came the murdered infirmary attendant and his arm was around the man who had confessed to his murder!

Jim heard the whole story then. It wasn't a joke. His poor buddy, he learned, was suffering from shell shock, and, although he often had wild hallucinations he was, in reality, harmless as a baby!

And that, boys and girls, is what I call an adventure! Copyright .- WNU Service.

"None But Americans on Guard"

There is a tradition that during an especially critical period of the Revolution General Washington issued the order. "Put none but Amerieans on guard tonight." There is no record that such an order was ever issued, but that it might have been issued is suggested by a circular letter which Washington sent to his regimental commanders in 1777 regarding recruits for his bodyguard: "You will therefore send me none but natives." A few months before Thomas Hickey, a pretended deserter from the British army, had tried to poison Washington and had been convicted and hanged. "Put none but Americans on guard" was about 1852.

Legend of the King

made their bow with the opening of Here is an old legend of the eagle: Alfred, king of the West Saxons, the New York automobile show. The handsomely gowned young went out one day a-hunting and, passing by a certain wood, heard, woman here pictured was photoas he supposed, the cry of an in- graphed as she stood admiring one fant from the top of a tree, and forth- of the new-model streamline cars. with diligently inquiring of the She is wearing a dinner suit of huntsmen what the doleful sound uncut black silk velvet with emcould be, demanded one of them to phasis on the word silk for there is climb the tree, when in the top of it an insistent and increasing demand was found an eagle's nest and lo! for materials of sterling quality therein a pretty sweet-faced infant, that bear an air of distinction. The wrapped in a purple mantle, and up- smart fitted jacket has appliques of on his arm a bracelet of gold, a gold kid flowers. The applique idea clear sign that he was born of noble is a fashion highlight this winter. purents. Wherefore the king took carried out not only in gold on black charge of him, and caused him to be which leads, but other very efbaptized, and because he was found fective designing is being achieved in the nest he gave him the name of with patent leather or suede apone of the mottoes of the Know Nestingum, and in after time ad- pliqued motifs. The hat worn with Nothing party which was organized vanced him to the dignity of an this voguish costume is black Perearl."-London Tit-Bits Magazine. sian coronet.

dered lines with mannish details to accent, by way of contrast, the femininity of the beautifully molded silis of deep wine flannel with a smart which is at once chic and practical. It has broad padded shoulders, slit pockets and tailored shawl collar

STREAMLINE GOWN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

DESIGNER SETS OUT

ty which forgets the widow and orphan of the victim and thinks only of the family of the killer; most often of all, abuse of the powers to commute and to pardon and to parole.

These days, when I see a sentenced offender handcuffed to an officer. I find myself saying to myself, "Chances are that fellow, literally or figuratively, is wearing that decoration only temporarily."

> . . . The Passing Years.

EVERY newborn year is a rosy prospect just as nearly every dying year is a dun-colored disappointment. But without revived hope what could we look forward to except being measured for a shroud?

on the way. Says this distin-It seems only yesterday when 1937 guished style creator: "Signposts was busting in, a radiant, bouncing signal a new class distinction for baby-child, his arms burdened with black tailored suits, giving them promises, bless his little soul! After several false starts, happy days were here again. Nobody was aimjersey stockings to match sports ing to remodel the Supreme court. Senator Ashurst told us so, and bowknots; all the tinsel decora- didn't he know? He didn't.

tions of a Christmas tree directed in Secretary Wallace, slightly assisted by Divine Providence, would immediately have the crop situation well in hand. Grass would grow only in the street leading to the almshouse. The Wall Street boys were expecting two suckers in every pot. And the song of the Bulbul was heard in the land-ah, the bullbull!

> Within the 12-month the Republican party again would be a going concern. Well, if it's a going con-

And now, laden with future gifts, refused to conform to any one sil- comes 1938. How time flies! Why, houette. Paris designers show before you know it, Sistie will be old sheath-like tubular coats that are enough to take a job with the radio sometimes edged with a band of and Buzzie will be signing testimo-

. . .

Gambling Houses. the back; or of classic lines, nipped in at the waist and flared to the A ONCE famous card-sharp-not reformed, but retired-said to

"Show me a professional gamders have given way to a more nat- bling house where the roulette ural line, waistlines frequently are wheel isn't crooked, where any othaccented, and plain, close-fitting er-mechanical device is on the necklines are new. Fur panels often square, where the operatives from give importance to straight-cut the bosses on down won't skin a skirts, and lavish use of fur is seen customer-call him a sucker, if you at all of the leading fashion houses want to; the terms are interchangeable-and I'll drop dead from shock, because no such outfit ever existed nor ever will, not so long as games can be tricked, as all of them can, and gamblers are out for the coin, dresses are important as trimming as they naturally are, and the hand is quicker than the eye, which it is." "But how about the mathematical percentage in favor of the bank-

isn't that enough?" I asked "How about the mathematical percentage of crooked law-enforcement officers who have to be bribed?" he countered. "There's never enough coming in to satisfy those babies."

> **IRVIN S. COBB** Copyright .- WNU Service.

How about a two-piecer of lame and velvet for that rousing family reunion over the holidays? The model above, right, is two pieces, but it's one with chic and figure flattery. You'll have your aunties making ohs and ahs and the bright young cousins calling you "the duchess"! What's more you'll look the part. Pattern 1330 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size

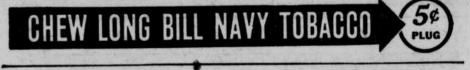
version in flat crepe and a carbon

Ah, My Friends.

Will You Dance?

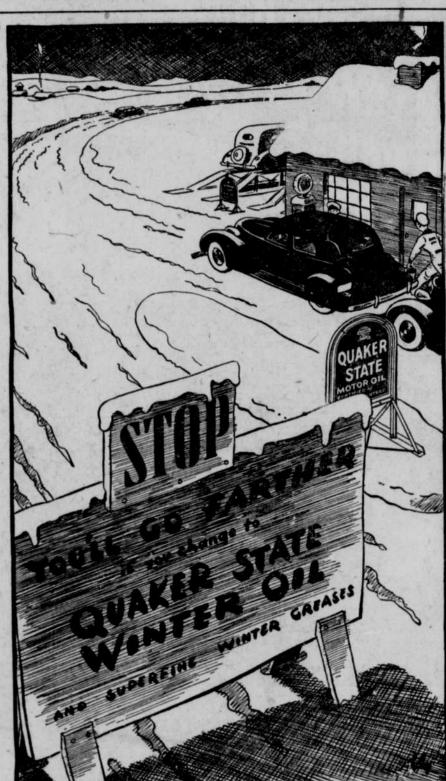
Spic 'n' Classic.





To Create

Sacred Abuse If you would create something The older the abuse the more you must be something .- Goethe. | sacred it is .- Voltaire.



Retail price, 35¢ per quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.



Streamliners are what they call

the stunning party dresses that

They flash "go" to innumerable gadgets and accessories-colored blouses in same material; pailletted fashion channels. The signals tell us the road lies straight ahead to long legs, a higher waistline and a covered throat, to draped sleeves and draped blouses, to bust length jackets, to jewels you never saw before made to flash from jacket lapels and so the story of fashion unfolds.

Coat Silhouettes Varied

Coats for the coming winter have fox at the bottom; straight, loose nials. . coats that are full-length and occasionally made with extra fullness in the back; or of classic lines, nipped

Generally speaking, broad shoul-

Leopard and Green Used in Smart Paris Costume

Touches of fine fur on wooi now. One smart form-fitting en semble seen in a Paris collection is of soft deep green wool with long slide fastener closing at the front. slightly accentuated shoulders and bows of leopard at throat and belt fastening. It is worn with boxy leopard jacket and matching green turban, leopard trimmed. It is 'sporty'' enough to cheer your fav orite football team on to victory and smart enough for any afternoop function.

in Fashions for Winter cern, the question is, where?

hemline.

