Floyd Gibbons

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello, Everybody!

"Bucking Bronchos on Broadway"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

SOFARELLI is the name, boys and girls, and Pat is the first name. There's a combination for you, Patrick Sofarelli. Whenever you get that combination of good old Irish and Italian names adventure is the middle one. Pat's middle name is Adventure.

Incidentally, have you ever noticed how the Irish get mixed up with all the races of the world? South America is full of Senor Murphys and Senor O'Learys, and they are all good old Spanish-American families that have lived there hundreds of years. When I was in Spain I was astonished to find a lot of freckle-faced, red-headed senors, too, that had the map of Ireland on their faces.

The reason for the "turkey" blood in southern Spain is this: During the Napoleonic campaign in Spain, Wellington sent an army of Irish conscripts into that country. Those romantic Irish boys took one look at the sloe-eyed Spanish senoritas, and the senoritas took one longing look at the blue-eyed giants, and the result was the Irish deserted by thousands and settled down to raise red-heads in old Spain. And they certainly did a good job of it.

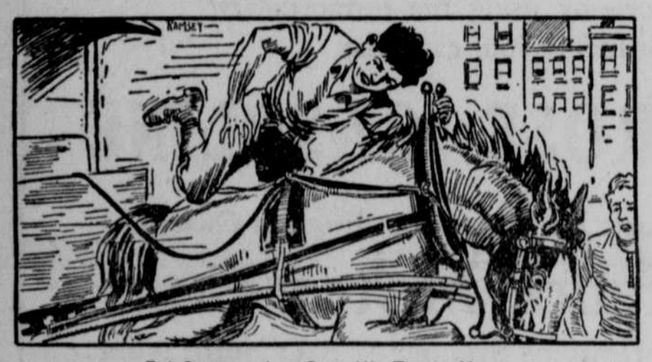
Getting back to Pat Sofarelli. Pat's Italian forebears had their share of adventure, too. Why, by golly, those old Romans didn't think a thing of traveling a few thousand miles for a week-end of high adventure and conquest. The difference between the two races was that the Romans always fought their own wars, and how!

This Adventure Starts With an Ice-Wagon.

One bright summer's day when Pat and his boy friends were bored with the prosaic life of New York, an ice wagon drew up in front of them and offered possibilities for adventure.

"I dare you to ride the ice man's horse," one of them said to Pat. Well, Pat doesn't take dares, so he just climbed up on that wagon and crawled out on the shafts. The horse was a big brute, but he didn't seem to mind. He just stood there and waited. The ice man was out of sight, so Pat swung a leg over his trusty mount and plopped into the saddle—I mean the bareback.

Well, sir, Pat says he had no sooner taken his uncertain seat than that meek ice wagon horse turned into a wild bucking bronco. Wham! He put his ears back and his back up and started to kick like a colt.



Pat Swung a Leg Over His Trusty Mount.

Pat got a death grip on the harness and held on. Up in the air he went at every buck, to come down on the hard backbone of the horse with a jolt that shook every bone in his body.

City Street Is No Place to Run a Rodeo.

The other kids loved it. "Ride 'em cowboy," they yelled, but Pat didn't like it at all. Riding a bucking bronc may be all right out on the western prairies, where you land in nice soft turf when he throws you, but on an asphalt street it's plain murder.

And that horse, Pat says, knew his tricks. He swung his big head around and, baring a huge set of yellow tusks, tried to bite Pat's leg. Pat kicked his head away as well as he could, and that hurt the horse's feelings, so he just grabbed the bit—instead of Pat's leg—and started to run away. Pat never thought a horse could pull an ice wagon so fast.

Down the street they went at a mile-a-minute clip, with the ice wagon swaying perilously behind and Pat hanging on for dear life. Automobiles just missed them as the frantic horse ran from one side of the street to another.

Children's Laughter Turns to Grave Fear.

The other kids weren't laughing now as they chased after the runaway. They were scared to death. They could see that Pat was going to be thrown sooner or later—he was just hanging on by the skin of his teeth. Around corners they'd go without giving a signal. Up on two wheels would go the lumbering ice wagon and Pat's body would swing out as though it were going to fall right under the crushing wheels.

Pat says he tried to think of everything he had seen the cowboys do in the rodeo pictures, but nothing seemed to work. Once he decided to throw himself off and trust to luck, but his foot got tangled in the reins and he got a terrific jolting for his pains.

While he was trying to loosen that foot the horse suddenly decided to go across country. Without any consideration for the rights of pedestrians he jumped up on the curb and across the sidewalk into a vacant lot. The ice wagon bounded and plunged from side to side but kept upright. From the shaking he got, Pat says, the ice in that wagon must have been cracked ice by that time.

Pat Returns to Bosom of Mother Earth.

At last he got his foot free, but just as he did, Mr. Horse decided that he had had about enough of this horse play and he proceeded to give one of those extra hard bucks that end up with four hoofs hitting the ground at the same time. As a matter of fact, five things hit the ground at the same time—the fifth was Pat.

Pat sailed through the air like a human cannon-ball. He closed his eyes and waited for the shock. At least there was one consolation, he thought, he was landing on soft ground instead of on the hard pavement.

Wham! He turned over in the air and landed on that same sore portion of his anatomy that had been taking all the beating! And that wasn't all! The horse was what the cowboys call a "killer!" And a killer goes after you when you're down! Pat saw the ponderous hoofs raised above his head. He couldn't move he was so terrified. The horse had stopped—this saved him from being run over by the wagon—but that horse was actually trying to trample him.

Heels of Death Miss Pat by Inches.

Up came the front hoofs as the furious horse reared and down they came within an inch of Pat's head. A miss! Up they went over Pat's head for another try and down they came again for another miss. Pat couldn't believe it until they pulled him away and he saw what had saved his life.

A wagon wheel had got caught on a stump and this held the horse just far enough away to keep him from reaching his victim!

Well, sir, it was all over then but the bawling out Pat got from the iceman—which isn't much after you've nearly been killed.

High Priestess

In India everything pertaining to family matters is settled by the older women, usually the grandmothers. They are almost high priestesses of the home.

Use Butter as Medicine

Hindoos use "ghee," a clarified butter, as a medicinal agent, believing that its efficacy as an external application increases with age.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Divide and Rule
Big Men, Light Eyes
Why Go Naked?
Borrowing a Blimp

Mr. Green, American Federation of Labor head, warns the miners' union not to split up the federation. Mr. Lewis, leader of the miners, tells Mr. Green, in substance, "You mind your own business." A labor split seems near.

Arthur Brisbane

Union labor should consider the fable of the dying peasant who summoned his sons and showed them how they could break small sticks separately, but could not break them when all were tied together.

Louis XI's motto, Divide et impera ("Divide and rule"), in dealing with powerful nobles, is not unknown to the enemies of union labor, or Goethe's

Divide and rule! Powerful word.
Unite and lead! Better word.

A lonely English soldier living on an island in the Indian ocean wrote that he wanted a wife, saying, "I have hazel eyes," nothing else about himself. Already 250 English girls have offered to marry him. The 249 disappointed may find comfort in a better marriage, picking out somebody with blue eyes. It annoys many, but it must be said that practically all the great men in history had blue or gray eyes, even men from dark-eyed races, like Napoleon from Corsica. Caesar from Rome.

To save answering questions, here is a short list: Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Edison, Henry Ford. Look up the others.

Near Tampa, Fla., a schooner loaded with men, women, children, on the way to establish a nudist colony in the Virgin islands, ran aground. Navigators were unwilling to sign for a nudist enterprise, afraid, perhaps, of catching cold, so the ship ran ashore.

Nudism is a queer atavistic craving. The human race began that way in the Garden of Eden, and each of us starts out as a nudist at birth. The struggle is to keep clothed thereafter.

It is a strange demoralization that makes some long to run about undressed; the more strange because they look so hideously ugly.

Discouraged by incompetence that wrecked two dirigibles, this country decided that lighter than air machines are not necessary. It was necessary to borrow a small privately owned blimp to take food to 3,000 Tangier Islanders, cut off from relief by ice. No heavier than air plane could land there before the blimp, which landed easily.

Mussolini threatens to leave the league if it includes a ban on oil in its sanctions. In modern war, no oil, no war. Mussolini may buy old American ships to use as floating gasoline storage tanks. Had he come a little sooner he could have had plenty of them at a bargain, about one thousand million dollars' worth of expensive steel floating "junk" built when this country's foolish entrance into the World war found it unprepared.

England and Russia were getting along nicely, and now the Russian envoy, Litvinoff, attending the late king's funeral, commits the British unpardonable sin.

After talking with the new king, Litvinoff, instead of expressing admiration for the overwhelming royal intellect, remarked that the new king, Edward VIII, was "just a mediocre young Englishman" and repeated what the young king had said to him, something "not done."

Mr. Norman Thomas of the Socialist left wing runs for President sometimes and says the "New Deal" is leading to Fascism, a dictator.

In Italy Socialism, and doctrines even more radical, led to the rise of Mussolini, aided by castor oil and other methods. If our dictatorship comes, some radicals will look back sadly to the good old days when you could speak your mind without being shot or put to work.

One man's frostbite is another man's good news. New Jersey fruit growers say the extreme cold, freezing the ground two feet deep, will destroy orchard pests, including the gypsy and coddling moths. The cold, which has not injured trees, is expected to discourage larvae of the Japanese beetle.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh spent his thirty-fourth birthday in Wales, his wife and one son with him. He must have felt that he had already lived 100 years, and have wished, almost, that he had been content to remain in the airmail service, apart from the limelight.

Flowers, Jewels and Rich Fabrics

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

AS THE winter and midseason social activities reach their height and as high-life society carries on gay festivity in fashionable southern resorts, one is impressed with the surpassing elegance of the more formal modes. Smart gatherings, be they grand opera audiences, diners at the smartest places in town or sojourners in the Southlands, all bespeak the trend to a new high in splendor and opulence as expressed in terms of rich fabrics, precious furs, gorgeous jewels and the wearing of rare and lovely flowers.

To add to the fascination of the style picture there is a definite movement toward individual, distinctive hairdress such as recaptures the charm of wearing flowers, jeweled ornaments or exotic feather fancies in ornate coiffures.

The aristocracy of current mode calls for materials of high degree fashioned with that master simplicity which makes rich fabrics look richer. Such is the lovely ensemble centered in the accompanying illustration. Consider it, if you will, as a fancy "in lilac time" for such it would seem to be. A petite society girl wore this very lovely creation at a velvet fashion revue presented during a ball at a leading "way down south" hotel recently. The dress is lilac velzanza, which is sheer and cool to wear. The long voluminous cape with big scarf collar draped over the shoulders is of lilac crush-resistant velvet. Note the glittering jeweled bracelet and the corsage which declares a revival of that lovely custom of wearing flowers.

The lady to the left, in the picture, tells you via her very charming costume that to interpret fashion correctly, one must wear a glamorous necklace with bracelet to match, furthermore the coiffure must be enhanced with an ornate bandeau, which, in this instance, is of velvet and wee ostrich tips The unique velvet belt done in petal or leaf motif, also the coronet of feathers and velvet, are in a deep rich purple tone matching the cape that was worn with the gown. A semi-sheer nubby material woven on a velvet loom is the fabric of this pale leaf-green evening dress.

Reports from all fashion centers in regard to the new season's trends place emphasis on the importance of strictly tailored short jackets that top rather short slenderizing skirts. The majority of first arrivals in the suit realm give preference to mannish types of hip length. The model to the right is along this line of thought—neat and natty to a nicety. The slim straight skirt is of brown crystelle and the fitted jacket of white. Fabrics such as this, that are woven on a velvet loom, are becoming increasingly popular where dainty lightweight material is wanted that is suitable and practical for year-round wear. The white hat with brown veil that tops this stunning outfit is tres chic. Most of the hats coming from Paris feature decorative veils. Brown kid gloves, brown kid shoes, and a white leather bag complete this up-to-the-moment costume.

Some of the most striking and most beautiful ensembles for formal nights are white in every detail. A likable formula for full dress is the all-white gown of velvet which is as sheer as chiffon, or it may be of white crepe, satin or taffeta, to which add a snowy ermine wrap, long white gloves, two strands of pearls, diamond bracelets or a single wide one, a diamond hair clip and three pure white orchids pinned to a narrow shoulder strap.

PLEATED CREPE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The flair for colorful crepe frocks for afternoon wear is resulting in such stunning models being turned out as this picture depicts. This very attractive luncheon or afternoon tea frock is of crepe in a wistful violet shade. The girdle is of silvered kid and violet suede. The felt hat is in matching violet shade. Pleating, tucking, and stitching, also braiding, will be lavished on fashionable apparel this season.

Many Pleats

It takes a slim figure to wear them, but there is great charm to skirts entirely pleated. Dinner and more formal evening gowns with this skirt feature give the wearer a lovely, buoyant air.

REAL FLOWERS IN HAIR, IS NEW FAD

Headdresses, as the newest of the formal accessories, embrace a wide variety. Such a wealth of real flowers, worn not only in the hair in arresting ways, such as the half cap of six gardenias which covered one side of a young girl's coiffure, but also on the shoulders and corsage of women of all ages—has not been seen around these parts in years. Orchids and gardenias are the favorites, but one sees also real daisies, cornflowers, carnations used in effective fashions.

The little Juliet cap is perhaps the most popular jeweled headdress these nights; these are in rhinestones or pearls, and very rarely in coral, sometimes with turquoise. Schiaparelli's chenille snood is another variation of this fashion, but most young girls seem to prefer the sparkle of jewels among their curls.

Hobble Skirt Is Returning According to Paris Report

Patou again outdoes himself in his new silhouette treatments and expert dressmaking.

The hobble skirt is returning. Bands of fabric hang free from shoulder to hem. Others have tight front skirts, with wide circular back gores, laid in flat pleats, the width held in place. Some evening models are slit back and front.

Silk taffeta is used to interpret gowns with back fullness, in gathers sweeping backward from the waist. One is in black silk taffeta, with scarlet velvet ribbon encrusted around the waistline. Others are in flowered silk taffeta.

Fur Hats

Mink and Persian lamb are used frequently to make the beguiling fur hats enjoying such popularity this season. Many wearers will bless their milliners when bitter, tricky, winter winds begin to blow, and the little fur hat stays snugly just where it is supposed to stay.

Among Us Breeders

By E. P. O'BRYAN

A WEEK after they opened the office in the Kern building where you could go to make a quiet little bet on the ponies and maybe win a few dollars, Grandma Hostedder went before the city council and raised so much fuss about the "outrage" that the city fathers had to do something about it. The Evening News, a conservative paper, printed the story, and this frightened the mayor half out of his wits. He ordered the place closed at once.

Twice after that other places started up quietly, and met the same fate; Grandma Hostedder saw to that.

But finally they elected a new mayor, and a new city council, and the mayor himself liked to lay a little bet now and then, and to watch the ponies gallop around the oval. So it came about that a somewhat modern booking office (that was the dignified term given it) came into being, where you could go and bet a little money on any horse no matter where, for direct wires came into the office from all the tracks.

Grandma Hostedder was away for a couple of months during all this and when she came back to town there was a pretty how-to-do. She called a meeting of the Reform league and declared the nuisance had to stop. She went around from door to door and tried to stir up resentment. She collected a few followers and on Tuesday night they were on hand when the council met in Town Hall.

Grandma Hostedder faced them, her dander up. She declared the betting establishment was a disgrace, that it took the very bread out of the mouths of children, and that if the city council didn't order the chief of police to close the place she would get out an injunction.

The council ended by passing an ordinance permitting horse racing at the county fair grounds and then Grandma Hostedder did blow up. She waved her umbrella at the mayor and called him a gangster, whereupon the mayor arose and extended her an invitation to attend the first race meet as his guest.

During the next three weeks Grandma put on a whirlwind campaign against the race meet and against betting. She trudged from door to door, but the resentment was dying down. Business was better and all the merchants were looking forward to the opening, with prospects of increased sales.

It was no go. A week before the track opened Grandma had a nervous breakdown. They took her to the Little Flower hospital for a rest. Severely shaken by her defeat she refused to see anyone.

The day the track opened the mayor sent his private car to the Little Flower hospital. Four of the mayor's stenographers went with it. They posed as indignant housewives and begged Grandma to accompany them to the track for a demonstration. Grandma listened and finally, a new light of battle in her eye, agreed to go.

The stage was all set when the mayor's car arrived. Hastily men went about the business of getting the first race under way. Grandma had a seat in a box just opposite the judge's stand. She looked a little pale, but nevertheless there was battle in her eye.

A bugle blew and the crowd cheered.

"Here they come!"

The horses were being paraded before the stands.

Horror of horrors! The third horse in line had a big white ribbon draped along his side and on it in gold letters ran the legend:

Grandma Hostedder's Entry
Lucky Boy.

The crowd went wild. Already they had spotted Grandma, her pert little hat at a belligerent angle, her eyes snapping cold defiance.

At first Grandma did not understand and then suddenly it dawned on her that she had been duped. She started to get up, but the girls flocked about her so that she could not escape. Miss Henderson, the mayor's secretary, in her quiet, efficient way began whispering things to Grandma.

"You see, it's like this. The horse is really yours. It's one they had out at your ranch at Clearwater. Somebody brought him in and entered him under your name. Really it is!"

Grandma was wide-eyed. "Why, it's that colt of Molly's, ain't it? It must be."

Ask Jeff Slagle what happened in that race. He'll tell you Grandma Hostedder can swing a wicked parasol. Yes, sir. In her excitement she busted his brand new straw hat all to smithereens.

And Jeff will tell you also that Lucky Boy was just a common old plug from the livery stable they hired for $2.50 and that nobody expected him to come anywhere near winning. But he did—beat the mayor's own entry.

The other day Grandma Hostedder was before the city council again, raising Cain because that august body hadn't appropriated enough funds to keep the race track in shape for the summer meet. "Us breeders," she began, "demand action—"

STEERING A BATTLESHIP

A modern battleship is steered by means of an electrical controller similar to that used by motormen on street cars.

Another Cause

A whole lot of the misery of this old world is caused by folks being bald-headed—on the inside.—Tramp Starr.