FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBON'S ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello everybody

"When the Cable Snapped"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

YOU can have your wild rides on bucking bronchos, on runaway trains, and on automobiles gone haywire, but Warren Roop of Orange, N. J., will back an ordinary coal barge against any of them. Maybe you never thought of a coal barge ride as either fast or exciting. Neither did I. But listen to Warren's tale. There are times, it seems, when those slow, easy-going barges can cut up and act nasty.

In 1913, Warren was captain of the barge, Victor, owned by the Peacock Coal company of Philadelphia. The Victor was a 10,000-ton vessel, practically new, and Warren was mighty proud of her. And maybe that's the reason he stuck to her when many another man would have quit the job the minute those November gales began whipping the river into an inferno of water and foam.

The November blow was particularly bad in 1913. A three-day northeaster had turned the water around Philadelphia into a boiling torrent. There were three barges tied up together and the Victor was on the outside. The other two barges were moored with steel cables, but the Victor's lines were of rope, and they were wearing thin.

The Rope Cables Snapped Quickly.

Warren called the office and told them he'd have to have a steel cable. "We've got none," they told him. Warren went back to the Victor and looked at the swollen river. Those rope cables wouldn't last long. The thought had hardly entered his mind when the headlines parted. The Victor's head swung away from the wharf.

"The stern lines snapped like so much macaroni," says Warren, "and the Victor started on a perilous trip down the river, hog wild on the rushing tide, and with four bridges ahead of her. There was absolutely nothing that could be done, for the barge was not power-driven. I stood there helpless, while the driving rain beat into my face and the storm seemed to increase in fury.

"I made my way to the bow, and clung desperately to the capstan. Carried by the tide, the Victor was tearing along at a twenty-mile-an-hour clip. She was loaded with ten thousand tons of soft coal, and I wondered what would happen if she struck one of those bridge abutments broadside."

Warren wasn't long in finding out. There came a sudden shock—a thunderous, grinding roar, and the Victor shook from stem to stern. She had struck the Pennsylvania Bridge. She veered around and shot through the draw stern first. Warren yelled to the bridge tender—thought he heard a faint reply. Then he was off, whirling down the stream again.

The second bridge was only four city blocks away. Again the crash—and again the Victor shivered as if she had been torpedoed. She heeled over at a ten-degree angle and went racing through the second draw, twisting round and round like an egg shell. And on she sped—sweeping under the third bridge—missing an abutment by a hair—heading for the fourth and last bridge.

Barge Went Tearing Down the River.

"We swirled into the last bridge with a sickening shudder that I thought would split the barge in two," says Warren. "Then suddenly I saw a red and green light looming up ahead of me. The police boat!" She took the Victor in tow and hauled her ashore. Warren threw a line out. But the police boat hadn't gone ten minutes when the lines snapped again—and again the Victor was tearing away down the Schuylkill.

By now the wind was blowing a veritable hurricane. Warren had to crawl along the deck to keep from being blown overboard. He was making for the little cabin in the stern for he was numb with the cold, and he thought a jigger of rum would warm him up. But Warren never got to the cabin and the bottle he had stowed away there in a closet. At that moment there came a terrific jar. The Victor shook as it had never shaken before. Suddenly it keeled over on one side, and Warren was hurled clear off the deck.

"I felt myself flying through the air," he says. "Then I landed and my body struck the port scupper railing. Instinctively I grabbed for it. My hand missed it, but my hand closed upon a two-inch line fastened to the midships cleat. I bounced from the railing, shot over the side, and there I swayed, now in mid-air, now hurled into the angry water."

And for a full fifteen minutes Warren hung there, dashed repeatedly against the side of the barge. He tried to climb back up that rope, but it was a slow, painful job. The barge was heading for the mouth of the Schuylkill now—heading out into the Delaware. The storm would be worse out there. Warren redoubled his efforts to climb that rope.

Terrific Climb for Life.

Hand over hand—one arm's length at a time—fighting every inch of the way! It was the toughest work Warren had ever done in his life. But it was work or drown, so he kept on. "I was fully three-quarters of the way up it," he says, "but I knew my bruised body could stand little more of that sort of punishment. I was breathless and worn. I think there was a moment in there when I lost consciousness completely. But if I did, I must have clung to the rope instinctively, for I didn't fall off.

"How I ever negotiated those few remaining feet to safety I will never know. What I accomplished after that must have been purely automatic. But the next thing I knew I found myself on the deck, looking over the side of the still lurching vessel."

To this day, Warren doesn't know what gave the Victor that last wallop. He says he can only guess that some other vessel rammed her. It was quite a while later that the Victor was hurled against a dock on the New Jersey side of the Delaware river and a patrolling tug came up and stood by her all night to see that she didn't break away again.

The Victor was leaking badly by that time, and would have gone to the bottom if she'd been in mid-stream much longer. And Warren agrees that you can have your bucking bronchos. For sheer excitement, give him one of those big, sluggish coal barges in a storm.

Barnacles

Young barnacles are odd looking, very different in youth from the adult barnacle familiar to the sailor. And for a long time no one realized that this curious little creature was a young barnacle. It was named a "nauplius." It is only after the nauplius attaches itself to a rock or some board with its long feelers, that it develops a double shell for its protection. From time to time, the new shell sections are added to its "roof" until it generally has five compartments. Below the shell hang several pairs of long arm-like appendages which wave currents of water into the barnacle's mouth—and in the water hundreds of tiny creatures which are the barnacles' regular menu. Barnacles are commonest in warm seas, but there are countless numbers of them on sticks and stones in northern waters as well.

Crocodiles and Alligators

A crocodile can't stick out its tongue. It can only move it up and down. People once thought crocs were just big, lazy lizards, but we know they are not even closely related to lizards. Except for alligators their nearest kin died out millions of years ago, says a writer in the Washington Post. The chief difference between a croc and alligator is that the latter's snout is shaped like a shovel while the former's resembles a trowel or arrow head. Most crocs, unlike alligators, are very vicious. Sea crocs are invariably man-eaters. So are African, or Nile crocs. There is but one animal able to conquer the African croc—the orang-utan. This Samson of the jungle is strong enough to hold a croc's jaws open while he tears out its tongue. Yet crocs do not hesitate to attack orang-utans.

Silk Print for Your Easter Frock

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

FASHION foresees as tremendous a vogue for prints as ere eye hath witnessed. What with gay and flowery, bursting-with-color silk prints massing together in a scene of riotous beauty, as they are at the dawn of this new season, the Easter style parade promises to be a colorful pageant.

The beauty of the super-lovely prints brought out this season transcends all that has gone before. Some of them look as if nature itself had thrown clusters of flowers on black or navy grounds and in their own graceful way petals and leaves had fluttered down in pretty confusion. This tendency to depart from the conventional adds very much to the fascination of the new prints.

One of the charms of a colorful and chic flowery printed silk dress or ensemble is that it breathes the very breath of spring even if snows may not yet have melted out of sight. Then, too, clad in a rapturous gay print you are sure to look lovely regardless of features, avoirdupois or the color of your hair. As to the practical side of the question a vivacious print has a most fetching way of taking kindly to the idea of being worn under your fur or your smart new spring cloth coat which is something to think about, seeing that Easter comes so early this year.

For a fashion "first" the demand centers mostly about the dark-ground types with emphasis on wide spaced effects. Huge floral patterns both for daytime and evening in a maze of vivid colors is the new note for silk prints. There is also a pronounced trend in favor of strikingly bold black and white effects. Also enthusiasm is running high for paisley and cashmere prints with an oriental beauty that baffles description. Very new too, and outstanding are the flower-striped silk prints.

The high-style costume to the left in the illustration is fashioned of one of the very smart black crepes printed in white with crown motif, no doubt inspired by the coming coronation. The modish square-shouldered black wool cape is lined with the dress silk. The little black straw pillbox has roses encrusted in the crown with petals spattered on the draped veil.

To the right, the print that fashions this model is black crepe spaced with flowers in bright chartreuse yellow. Similar prints are carried out in gorgeous multi-color. The bodice and sleeves are draped in accordance with latest style dictates. The skirt is sunburst-pleated. The tiny cap that is worn far back on the head surely is last word in millinery.

The more widely spaced the smarter for prints, which gives zest to designers to play up the idea with originality so that one flower cluster will position at the very most effective spot on the bodice while another remote bouquet will find its way to exactly the strategic point it should to show off to best advantage on the skirt. Note the lovely dress centered in the group. The very fragrance of violets is caught in this gray silk crepe frock with huge bunches of violets scattered over the ground. A lovely Easter corsage completes this violet symphony. It is really quite the thing to wear flowers, artificial or natural, matching the flowers in the silk print. Green straw braid with a cluster of violets makes the pert hat and green suede gloves are worn with it. If it's a cold Easter wear this lovely gown under your gray Persian lamb coat.

DUSTY-PINK WOOL

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

A pastel wool frock for spring, and you will be right up-to-the-moment in style. Among the fascinating colors there is no lovelier than the new much-exploited dusty-pink. The attractive two-piece dress pictured is made of a highly fashionable dusty-pink tropical worsted. Allied with a multi-colored knit swagger coat the color scheme tunes in delightsomely to a gladsome spring day. Jet buttons and a black patent belt add to the prestige of this fashionable costume.

COTTON LACES IN FAVOR FOR EVENING

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Cotton laces have been popular for a couple of seasons past, but most often these have been associated with the sports and daytime frocks for summertime, and in the sturdy types of laces that suggest fabrics. This season, however, they are seen in great quantity and variety for evening, and are competing in favoritism with the prints and sheer fabrics. These cotton laces for evening are the sheer and crisp types, and are delightfully novel and varied in their patterns. They usually follow simple classic lines, not too formal in cut, and are especially nice for young girls. They are most effective when worn over rustling taffeta slips, and this of course makes them the more desirable to the debs and sub-debs.

Hemlines Focus Fashion's Spotlight on Smart Heels

There's no longer any need for women to depend on the chance swish of a skirt to reveal the sparkling heels on their evening shoes. To make certain that heels get the notice they deserve, French designers are sponsoring evening gowns with skirts draped up a trifle at the back.

This is in line with the trend for bringing back views to the forefront of style.

Prints for Children

The season's prints have not overlooked the children. One stylist has made a series of prints out of nursery rhymes and story books.

Double-Duty Capes

Enter the double-duty shoulder cape, which may be looped up over the wearer's head and used as a hood.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Streamlined Grandmothers.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—All along I've been wondering what has vanished from the city landscape.

I'd grown reconciled to service stations where blacksmith shops used to be and a beauty parlor where once the livery stable spread its fascinating perfumes. So it couldn't be that.

Irvin S. Cobb.

All of a sudden it dawned on me. Since coming here I've seen mighty few 1912 - model grandmothers—barring in the movies, and then, with the exception of dear May Robson, they had to wear makeup.

We don't so much mind the young girl who has gone prematurely old—we're accustomed to her—but the old woman who has gone prematurely young, so young that she seems to be advertising the approach of second childhood by dressing to match it—well, that's different.

So now I know what I miss. It's the old-fashioned lady who was neither streamlined nor a four-color process.

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Penalties of Old Age.

IF, MENTALLY or physically, or both, a man of seventy has so slowed down he no longer can function usefully, what are we going to do about Secretary of State Hull and Secretary Roper, and Senator Glass and Senator Norris, and both California's senators, and a sizable proportion of the outstanding membership of either branch of congress?

And, to avoid cluttering up the words, so to speak, what disposition should have been made, at seventy, of Thomas A. Edison and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Henry Ford and Queen Victoria and Cardinal Gibbons and Von Hindenburg and Clemenceau and Professor Eliot and Carrie Chapman Catt and Mark Twain and Elihu Root and Melville W. Fuller, just to mention a few names that come to mind?

Going still further back, one gets to thinking, among others of Henry Clay and Ben Franklin and Gladstone and Bismarck and Victor Hugo and Alexander Humboldt.

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Open Season on Bears.

NEW Brunswick is granting free licenses for sportsmen to kill bears this spring. I regard this as an error. It reduces bears, which are picturesque features of forest life, and increases amateur gunners barging through the wilderness plugging away at every living object they see, including guides. A greenhorn might miss a sitting union depot—probably would—but he garners him a guide nearly every time.

On all counts, the black bear should have game protection. For every shoat he steals, he eats thrice his weight in grubs and ants and bugs; and he's a fine scavenger, for he likes his dead meat high. If he were a veteran member of a Maryland Duck club, he couldn't like it any higher.

Even so, he has been preyed on until, in parts of our north woods, he's practically extinct. Yet, next to a Vermont Democrat, he's probably the most inoffensive mammal found in New England.

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Tyranny of the Soviets.

SEEPING through the Soviet embargo on free speech and free press and even free thought, stories came out that the five-year plan shows signs of utter collapse and also that, in their striving for absolute despotism, Stalin and his—for the moment—intimate lieutenants are preparing to "liquidate" by execution or remove by a wholesale campaign of exile all such of their recent ruthless associates as might, through private ambitions, stand in the way of this latest desperate tyranny.

Of course, we hear all sorts of tales about the real inside of the Russian situation, some inspired by hostile prejudice and some by sympathetic partisans.

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Women's New Freedom.

EVEN in olden days, before they broke loose, women envied us every masculine perquisite we had, except the moustache cup and possibly chewing tobacco. Since emancipation, seems like they've taken over practically everything we ever had.

The bars are crowded with women, and the smoking rooms and the barber shops and the gambling clubs and the prize-fights and the wrestling matches and the political caucuses. If it weren't for them, the race-tracks and the night spots would languish and the cocktail mixers might get an occasional rest. Mabye, as a distinguished scientist now arises to proclaim, they could have excelled us in our then exclusive fields, only before this they didn't get a chance to prove it.

IRVIN S. COBB

First Stirrings of Spring

THE chic young miss above, center, says, "I make my own clothes. I learned sewing from Mother first, got a touch of it in school, and a real exposure in 4-H activities. I choose this dress for Spring because it looks like Spring, and because it takes the minimum of time and money. Puff sleeves and princess lines give a formal note if I wish to impress the folks (which I often do) and the peplum jacket is added for frivolous reasons—when I want to feel a bit sophisticated, and it makes a sweet all-occasion dress."

A Practical Choice.

The Lady on the Left says, "I'm practical. I choose patterns that I can cut twice; then I have a gingham gown to set me off in my kitchen and an afternoon dress in which to entertain the Maggie-Jiggs club. The all-of-a-piece yoke and sleeves make me look years younger, the shirred pockets give the decorative note every dress needs, and I can run it up in an afternoon."

Three-Purpose Pattern.

The Girl in the Oval has a far-away look in her eyes. She says it's because she wears glamorous blouses like this one. She cuts her pattern three times—no less—and evolves a blouse in eggshell for her velvet skirt; one in velveteen for her tweeds, and the third in metallic cloth for after-five activities. "The skirt with its simple well directed lines is equally well suited to tweeds for sport, velvet for dress and wool for business," says Madam.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1832 (above left) comes in sizes 32 to 44. Size 34 requires 4¾ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1263 (above center) is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requiress 4⅜ yards of 39 inch material for the dress and 2¼ yards for the jacket—to line it requires 2¼ yards of 35 inch material.

Pattern 1958 (above right) is available in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards for the blouse in 39 inch material and 2 yards of 54 inch material for the skirt.

New Pattern Book.

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents today for your copy.

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

Foreign Words and Phrases

Caetera desunt. (L.) The remainder is wanting.

Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana. (It.) The Tuscan speech on Roman lips; i. e., the most correct Italian.

Similia similibus curantur. (L.) Like things are cured by like.

Quo jure? (L.) By what right?

Au fait. (F.) Well informed; master of; skilled.

En arriere. (F.) In the rear; backward; behind.

Lares et penates. (L.) Household gods.

Ore rotundo. (L.) With full utterance.

Principiis obsta. (L.) Withstand beginnings.

Sans gene. (F.) Without embarrassment.

Tout au contraire. (F.) Quite the contrary.

Difficult Word

One word is the secret of most financial independence: No.

"Quotations"

Education to be valuable must be primarily character education rather than a mere accumulation of information.—*Newton D. Baker.*

Democracy substitutes self-restraint for external restraint.—*Louis D. Brandeis.*

The manner in which the community takes care of its sick and incapacitated is the gauge by which the degree of civilization of a people may be judged.—*Fannie Hurst.*

In the long and dreary history of war, no idea has yet been conquered by force.—*Cordell Hull.*

Measured by the advance made in other fields, radio in the last ten years has lived a century. Perhaps it may crowd a thousand years into the next decade.—*David Sarnoff.*