

FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER FLOYD GIBBONS ADVENTURERS CLUB

Hello everybody

Miracle on a Bridge

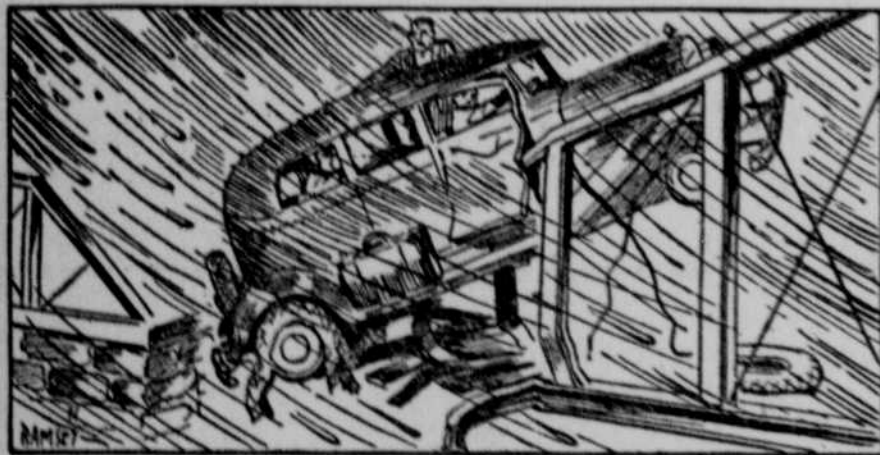
Now it's a well known fact, boys and girls, that adventurers have adventures, but why is it nobody ever gives a thought to adventurers' wives? They have adventures too—particularly if they travel around with their husbands like Grace Stanley of Fairview, N. J.

Mrs. Stanley is the wife of the late Col. King Stanley, a traveler and adventurer of long standing. During the four years that she traveled with him, she says she had enough adventure to fill an encyclopedia. But the one that gave her the biggest thrill—and also the worst fright—happened down in the wild and woolly state of Texas in the spring of 1926.

Grace Stanley and the colonel were taking a trip by automobile from Texas to Seveport, La. Just beyond Marshall, Texas, they ran into a severe storm—and when storms are severe down on the Texas plains, they're severe, and no mistake. This one was a combination of thunder, lightning, rain and hail. The rain came down in sheets. There was no cover in sight, and nothing to do but go on.

They were getting close to the state line when the car came to a bridge spanning a deep cut through which ran the tracks of the K. C. and S. railroad. As they hit the end of that bridge, Grace heard a DEAFENING CRACK. A sudden flash of light almost blinded her. The car came to a sudden stop and the air was filled with a sulphurous smell. Lightning! Had it struck them? With her heart in her mouth, Grace raised her eyes.

There were three people in the car—her husband and the driver in the front seat and Grace herself in the rear. The men, up front, were all right. Grace breathed a sigh of relief. But at the same time something inside of her was telling her to sit still—not to move even so



The Driver Got Out on the Running Board.

much as a single muscle. Without moving her head she turned her eyes to the right. The sight she saw there FROZE THE BLOOD in her veins.

The bolt of lightning had ripped away the entire corner of the bridge. The car was standing on three wheels, teetering precariously over a fifty-foot chasm, its fourth wheel—the left rear one—hanging FAR OUT OVER SPACE.

Then the Car Started to Sag.

The men in the front seat weren't moving, either. They sat stiff and motionless, with grim, set expressions on their faces. Then, slowly, the car began to sag to the right—toward the broken, twisted wrecked side of the bridge.

There wasn't any time to waste. Quickly they talked the matter over—decided the only thing that could save them was to shift as much weight as possible to the left side of the car. Grace, who was in the rear seat on the right side, directly over the dangling wheel, couldn't move because the seat beside her was filled with luggage. It was up to the driver and the colonel to do the shifting.

The car settled a bit more. Grace held her breath as she felt herself sinking. The driver opened the door, slid over in his seat and got out on the running board. Both he and the colonel were big men—both of them weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds—and Grace found herself breathing a prayer of thankfulness for that. In an agony of suspense she watched while the driver got out and her husband slid over in the seat to take his place behind the wheel.

"All this time," says Grace, "the car kept on settling down toward the right. It was probably only a minute or two, but it seemed like a thousand years. I huddled as close to the baggage on the left as I could, but still the car settled. It looked as if we were going over in spite of all our efforts."

Saved by Truck Driver With a Rope.

The colonel, too, was climbing out on the running board now—shifting his weight as far to left as possible. Still the car sagged, and there was nothing more they could do. If they stepped from the running board the car would go over. If Grace tried to move, it might furnish just the vibration needed to send the car off the bridge and down to the tracks fifty feet below. It was a heartbreaking situation. Death was staring her in the face, and nobody dared to do anything about it.

But at that same moment help was in sight. A small truck shot around a corner from the opposite direction, and the driver saw what had happened. He stepped on the gas and came speeding toward them.

Again, Grace was afraid to breathe. Would the vibration set up by the truck send them over the side?

But the driver of that truck had a lot of presence of mind. Also, he had a rope. He leaped from his seat with the rope in his hand, looped it around the front of the car and then made it fast to the far side of the bridge.

With the rope holding the car, Grace could get out. She and the colonel went around to the back of the automobile to join the truck driver, who was excitedly crying that nothing but a miracle had saved them. The fellow was right, too. The lightning had curled up the iron-work of the bridge like so much straw. One of the curbs had ripped off both right tires and completely ruined one side of the car. Another curb had caught under the car itself—and that was the only thing that had kept them from going over.

Bats Are Not Stupid... Lives Without Eating... An animal which can live for years without eating is on exhibit at the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. It is the olm, one of the three known species of cave salamanders. Found only in the deep, lightless caves of Europe, the creature has a snake-like body about a foot long. Its four legs are set widely apart and are almost useless. This doesn't bother the olm, for it is one of the most sluggish animals known, spending most of its life lying motionless upon a rocky ledge, or among the stones at the bottom of a stream. With the exception of its gills, which are red, the olm is perfectly white, but if exposed to the sun will turn jet black. The eyes, since it does not need them, have degenerated and are completely hidden under the skin.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

24,720 Miles in 18 Days Some Ladies' Hats Gen. Butler's Peace Plan 12 Ladies Good and True

H. R. Ekins, first-class newspaper "man," has gone around the globe by airplane, covering 24,720 miles in 18 days, 14 hours, 56 minutes. Such a trip seems wonderfully fast now. Soon it will seem wonderfully slow. Air progress is rapid. Because it was done scientifically, by machinery, the eighteen-day trip seems less romantic than the Nelly Bly



seventy-odd day trip that beat Jules Verne's "Around the World in Eighty Days." Nelly Bly, clever newspaper woman, knew how to make it interesting, going out of her way to travel by elephant, camel, jinrikshas, etc. Flying around the world costs about \$5,000.

Some day some woman, let us hope, will balance her fashion budget, decide just what she wants to wear, and then wear it, as men have done, but the day is far away. These are some of the hats from which your wife, daughter, sister will choose this season:

Hats shaped like East Indian war shields; hats heavy in gold embroidery; flat pillbox turbans, gold braided; Russian style hats off the face, with tall tiara fronts; hats of Persian lamb and embroidered felt; small toques, dipped down front and back, covered with soft feathers, "the military touch predominating."

Why, do you suppose, do women take so much trouble to spoil faces and heads naturally beautiful? It cannot all be the fault of hat-makers.

Gen. Smedley D. Butler, retired fighting major general of the United States marines, asks the Women's Christian temperance union to start a campaign against drunken automobile drivers, and also help peace by working for a constitutional amendment forbidding the President or congress to send troops out of the country.

You cannot change men by legislation, as was discovered in our prohibition mistake; you must change the men from the inside.

For the first time in history, New Jersey, selecting a jury all women, has surprised some, annoyed others. Why? For ages women have been judged and sentenced by individual men or groups of men. They have been ducked, branded with hot irons, put in the stocks, beheaded, hanged, burned alive.

Is there injustice in turning the thing around for a change, at least no twelve women would burn or duck anybody.

Lloyd's, British insurance concern, will insure you against anything happening, if it "guesses" that it will not happen; it usually guesses correctly. It refuses to insure against war striking England, although until lately the charge for that insurance was only one-fifth of one per cent; 200 pounds for 100,000 pounds insurance.

Somebody in Lloyd's possesses intelligence. That big organization does not like to think of war with airplanes added.

News from the East interests Americans: they might have to pay the bill. Japan and Russia, supposed recently to be on the verge of war, are said to have an understanding about things in the east that would involve depriving the British of profitable locations and rights. This does not please Britain, but that is the business of Japan, Russia and England.

Interesting flying item: Russia order in Baltimore a passenger "clipper" plane, to cost \$1,000,000 and carry forty-four passengers, besides a crew of six.

The plane, very fast, can go 4,000 miles without taking on fuel, a range that would bring it across the Atlantic nicely, if it ever wanted to come back with a load of explosives instead of passengers.

The Irish Catholic hierarchy, sitting at Maynooth College, Cardinal Macarty presiding, denounces communism and persecution of the Catholic church in Spain, "mindful of Spain's kindness to our ancestors." On October 25 all Catholic churches in Ireland will take up collections "for the relief of Spanish Catholics." Mexico, once as "Catholic" as Ireland or any nation, sends, from its Chamber of Deputies, a message of sympathy to the Spanish government at Madrid.

England and France no longer guarantee any protection for Belgium in case of war, as the new King, Leopold, says all alliances are off, with France, England and everybody else.

Satin-Clad Brides Go Victorian

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE importance of period fashions for evening this year means that they will be reflected in the gowns worn at many smart autumn and winter weddings. There is a quaintness about the early Victorian fashions that especially offers alluring possibilities to brides who would have a "picture" wedding scene.

Young brides with slender figures can wear becomingly these demure gowns of Victorian inspiration in silk taffeta or heavy slipper satin.

The lovely gown pictured creates romance and poetry for the modern wedding scene. This 1936 version of a Victorian wedding gown is interpreted in traditional ermine-white pure silk satin. The basque buttons quaintly down the back. The full sleeves give the broad shoulder effect that accents, by way of contrast, the slender girlish waistline. The bride carries a prayer book with gardenias.

Of course one's bridal party must carry out the idea so the flower girl has a period look in a Victorian cream silk taffeta princess dress that is gored to fit at the waistline with a widely spreading skirt which, by the way, stresses the new length for little girls party dresses this season. This wee maiden ties a lavender silk ribbon in her hair and carries a bouquet of purple asters and cream colored gladioli with a silk tulle frill.

The bridesmaid besettingly wears a cream silk satin Victorian gown. The full sleeve, slender line and back fullness are important style details that present-day designers are definitely introducing in their newest creations. A demure little brown silk net bonnet adds to the quaint-

SILVER LAME GOWN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Never have gleaming metal waves been more fashionable than they are at this very moment. They are interesting not about these glamorous fabrics is the fact of their importance for dressy daytime wear as well as for formal evening. Of course their styling tunes them to afternoon as does that of the charming dress pictured. Fine allover pleating distinguishes this silver silk lame cocktail gown. This very beautiful silk silver lame comes in beguiling color tones, which makes it particularly adaptable for the making of the costume blouse or the tunic that completes color harmony for the ensemble costume.

SILHOUETTES BACK TO FORMER TRENDS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Just when we're getting used to high, broad shoulders, flares, perky short tunics and important long ones, along come Paris dispatches with the news that styles which immediately followed the war are beginning to make their influence felt. That means a neat, plain, slim silhouette.

It isn't only news from Paris that indicates the trend. A London designer sends over street frocks in the newest of wools made on straight lines with only discreet, expertly tailored ornamentations of the fabric as trimming, at belt, sleeves and occasionally on the skirt above a slant, V-shaped slit in the center front—making walking easy. Even tunics are sometimes made on straight lines.

Rich Fabrics Mark Styles for Autumn, Winter Wear

Rich fabrics always signalize the advent of the fashions of autumn and winter. Rich lames and fur for evening things will be used, and hats will be correspondingly resplendent. Bright flowers and feathers on velvet comprise the theme of the new millinery. Flowers on black velvet are especially good for a hat that is good to perk up a late summer costume or point a new autumn dress.

There is a shallow, little black velvet pillbox with dangling, stemmed pink geraniums that is our favorite, but we would settle for a tall, witch's crown hat of black velvet, topped by perky red and white cellophane flowers.

Shining Furs

Fur capes of shining black caracul, nutria and Persian, from waist to three-quarter lengths, with squared shoulders will be a favorite choice of well-dressed women. Fur stole collars trim the coats of many three-piece ensembles, gray wolf or green wood, brown lapis on plaid and leopard with rust.

A Trio of Trim Togs



This trio of trim togs offers an appealing variety to the woman who sews at home. There is style and economy in every design, and a sufficiently wide range of sizes to accommodate most any wardrobe.

Pattern No. 1950, the tunic, is one of the season's smartest, featuring a modish stand-up collar and just the right amount of flare or "swing." A grand ensemble for any youthful figure. Simply and inexpensively made, this clever pattern is designed for sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 14 requires three and one-eighth yards for the tunic in 39 inch material and two yards for the skirt. Five-eighths yard ribbon required for the bow.

Pattern No. 1891 is a perfect fitting princess wrap around or a coat frock with a reversible closing. It has everything demanded of a morning or utility frock—style, slimming lines, slashed side in sleeves, one or two patch pockets, simplicity of design, and a double breasted closing which is smart and compelling. Available in a wide range of sizes, 14 to 20; and from 32 to 48, this versatile frock will win a favorite spot in your clothes closet in short order. Size 16 requires four and three-eighths yards of 35 inch material.

For tiny tots, pattern No. 1812 has all the adorable qualities you

like to associate with darling cherubs. The pattern includes a waist and pantie combination, as well as the frock and will serve for party or playtime wear with equal facility. Utterly simple in design and construction, it will slide through your machine in a brief hour or two and be a source of never ending delight to your style conscious daughter. Available in sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years and suitable for a wide selection of fabrics. Size 3 requires just two and five-eighths yards of 35 or 39 inch material, plus three-eighths yard contrast for the collar and sleeve band.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents for your copy.

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