



FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS

ADVENTURERS CLUB
Hello Everybody

"Late for Work"
By FLOYD GIBBONS

YOU know, for a long time I've been inviting the boys and girls to tell me about the biggest thrills of their lives, and here's Frank J. Starr, Jr., of Bergenfield, N. J., writing me as follows: "The greatest thrill I ever had in my life came when I read an article in a newspaper."

Well, sir, when I got that far in Frank's letter I began thinking to myself, "Hold on, there! Reading a newspaper might give you a thrill now and then, but it just ain't adventure." And then I read on through the rest of Frank's letter, and doggoned if there wasn't an adventure in it, after all. You see, that newspaper article was about Frank's dad—Frank J. Starr, Senior. And it was all about how he almost got fired for being late for work.

That doesn't sound like an adventure either, does it? Plenty of people not only "almost get fired," but DO get fired every doggone day, and nobody thinks it's exciting. But this is a special case. You'll begin to realize that when I tell you that, after Frank Starr's bosses thought it over, and investigated the situation, they changed their minds about firing him for being late for work and decided, instead to GIVE HIM A MEDAL FOR BEING LATE FOR WORK!

Frank Heard a Scream for Help.

Boy, that is news, isn't it? All my life I've wanted to work for a boss like that. But being late for work still doesn't come under the head of adventuring, so I guess I'd better get down to brass tacks and tell you WHY Frank Starr was late for work. The story that Frank Starr, Jr., got such a kick out of when he read it in the newspaper.

Frank Starr—young Frank's dad—worked for the dock department in New York City. He lived in West One Hundred Fifty-first street, not far from where he worked, and he was in the habit of going home at bedtime to get a hot, home-cooked meal. On September 14, 1918, he had been home for lunch and was on the way back to work again, and as he was walking along the waterfront at One Hundred Fifty-fifth street and the Hudson river he heard a loud scream. "HELP!"

Frank looked in the direction from which the scream had come. Out there on the water he saw a head bobbing up and down and a little arm raised up in the air. A kid out there in trouble! Frank didn't hesitate a second. The tide was running strong out in the river, but he didn't even stop to take off his shoes or throw off his coat. He leaped into the water clothes and all and began swimming toward the drowning youngster.

It was hard going with his clothes on, but he swam on toward the spot where he had seen that little head go down. As he reached the place, the boy came up again and Frank grabbed him. He took him under one arm and had started to swim back to shore again when he heard an agonized voice on the shore cry: "Save Jimmy—save Jimmy, too!"

Jimmy Also Had to Be Saved.

Jimmy? Who was Jimmy? Frank had seen but one head bobbing around in that water. Was there another kid out there? He looked around. About thirty feet away he saw some bubbles coming to the surface. With one drowning boy already under his arm he turned again and swam toward those bubbles.

He had a tough job reaching the spot. His clothes—the current—the boy under his arm—all of those things hampered him in his battle. At last he reached the place where that sinister stream of bubbles rose to the surface. Down under the water he could see where those bubbles came from—a still form floating down there. He reached down and pulled up a second youngster.

Frank tucked the second youngster under his other arm. Both his arms were full now. Two KIDS, as well as a lot of heavy clothing, were dragging him down. But he started for shore again, fighting with his feet alone to keep afloat.

He didn't have to swim far. A boat was putting out from shore and coming to the rescue. Frank swam toward that boat. It reached him when he was half-way in, and he put the two kids into it and climbed in himself.

Too Modest to Tell of His Feat.

Both kids were unconscious when they reached the shore. After a long treatment they were both brought around again and taken to their homes. The doctors wanted to do something for Frank too, but he refused their offer of medical aid. He—well—he said he was all right, and he guessed he'd better run along and change his clothes. He was late for work then, and he'd be a whole lot later by the time he got into some dry duds.

Frank showed up for work just half an hour late. The boss wanted to know what was the trouble, and Frank—well—he just sort of shrugged his shoulders and said he'd get wet pulling a couple kids out of some water and had to go home and change his clothes. That report went down on the record, and pretty soon it came to the attention of Murray Hurlburt, who was then commissioner of docks.

Commissioner Hurlburt took a look at that report but he wasn't satisfied. Maybe it just looked like a new version of the sick grand-mother alibi. Anyway, he decided to investigate. He found out about pulling those kids out of the water all right—found out that there was a lot more to it than Frank Starr's own modest statement indicated.

So instead of firing Frank for being late he made a couple of telephone calls and told a couple of people what a brave fellow he had working in his department.

And the result of those phone calls was that Frank was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Medal of the Life Saving Benevolent association of New York—for being late for work and, to use the words engraved on the back of one of those medals, "For saving human life in peril."

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Spiked Boots Ban Saved
Traverse City Sidewalks

His boots were as sacred to a lumberjack in Michigan's boom timber era as a saddle to a cowboy, but the loggers couldn't wear them in Traverse City, reveals a Traverse City correspondent in the Detroit Free Press.

The city passed an ordinance providing a maximum fine of \$10 or 10 days in jail for the lumberman who was found wearing spiked boots in the city limits. In the '80s and the '90s, there was a good reason for the rule. Traverse City sidewalks then were constructed of wood.

After a couple of instances when the city had laid a sidewalk of new white pine and three or four hundred rivermen had come off a drive and riddled it with their spiked boots the city decided to call a halt.

The boots, made of the finest kangaroo skin and costing as much as \$45 a pair, were purchased in the fall. Through the winter the loggers treated them carefully with mutton tallow, but they never wore them until spring when the drive started. Then the boots went on and stayed.

Why the loggers insisted on water-proof boots when they spent most of the working day waist deep in the water hasn't been explained.

Odd Marriage Rites Are
Observed by Canadians

Ancient matrimonial customs prevailing in certain sections of some French Canadian provinces probably would amaze prospective brides in the United States. Much of the form and tradition harks back two and three centuries to the mother country, France, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

In some outlying districts and villages a wedding assumes the character of a festival.

One of the picturesque customs surviving among the "habitants," or rural residents, is that of the public wedding procession which passes through the streets to the church. At the head of the procession is the groom, his two nearest of kin walking with him. Next come his friends and relatives who are married, marching in pairs, and then the single men of his entourage. Behind them comes the bride, escorted by a large assemblage of her own relatives and friends marching in the same order as those of the groom.

Another quaint custom is the wedding feast. The bride is seated at the head of the table, but the groom stands behind the chair and serves throughout the dinner.

Silk Prints Lead the Style Parade

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



JUST one dazzling, color-gloried silk print after another is what's happening in the fabric realm this season. The new prints are more fascinating than ever, and try to resist them and do you? You do not. The urge for another and another in your wardrobe ever keeps on keeping on.

To add to the excitement, couturier and dressmaker are devising ways of making up these silks that are so artful and fraught with such high-pressure novelty in the world of fashion is being cast into new throes of enthusiasm every time a style parade of last-minute costumes is staged.

A favorite treatment is pleating and when you pleat printed silk you multiply the beauty and intensity of its coloring to a thrilling degree. The all-around pleated skirt is a favorite topic with designers who are styling the new gowns of silk print. Even if you are making your dress yourself it is a good idea to have the skirt pleated, and it is almost a certainty that you will be pleased with results. The charming dinner dress to the left in the picture is fashioned of a water color print silk crepe with separate jacket and pleated skirt.

Another dressmaker treatment adding untold interest to print ensembles is the self-printing lining. To achieve a maximum of practicality and wearability these coats with linings matched to the print of the frock are made reversible. You turn them inside out and vice versa. See the idea nicely worked out in the model centered in the group. The silk print is highly colorful and the monotone cloth of the coat repeats the background tone of the print.

Then there is this reigning vogue of the bolero. Dressmakers and designers are turning out the bolero frock of silk print in vast numbers. You'll love a print silk bolero frock. Flattering it will prove to be and practical. See the model to the right in this group. Here is a bolero frock

of feather silk print. The dark grounds such as this with wide-spaced motif are especially smart and attractive and wearable. The bodice buttons to a high neckline. The bolero has peaked shoulders and elbow sleeves. Note the red silk chiffon handkerchief in the buttoned pocket of the bolero. The circular skirt of the dress has emphasized creases. The straw bonnet has flowers massed at the front. Which calls to mind another feature designers are emphasizing, that of having flowers somewhere in the picture that are related in color to the print of the silk. This may be a corsage, a gay posy cluster at the new low of a neckline or it may be a bouquet played up in conjunction with a vivid gypsy sash tied at the front.

One of the outstanding innovations in the realm of print silk costumes is the redingote fashioned of matching print, the small figured being smartest for day wear. This redingote, while it tops on the dress of self print to a dramatic climax, will prove one of your happiest possessions to be worn as a separate coat or wrap over the monotone crepe dress on cool spring days and, later on serving admirably as a summer wrap worn with dainty lingerie frocks.

It is good style, too, to wear over your navy or crepe afternoon dress either a bolero of eye-impelling silk print or a hip-length jacket if you prefer. The latter should be slightly fitted to be up to the mode and they are especially smart when buttoned down the front.

The silk print idea enters into every phase of fashion this season. You are encouraged to wear gay print from the tip of your head down to your feet.

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BLUE TAFFETA
By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fancy turns to the southern-belle type of dress for evening wear.

Here is a charming specimen of the quaint and picturesque type that is proving such a general favorite. It is made of silk taffeta in a delicate soft-toned medium blue. Young girls are showing a preference for sprightly taffeta and they love the way the little puff sleeves stand up in lively taffeta manner. Square necklines are much in evidence this season. This one is accented with rhinestone and enamel flower pins and there is a matching bracelet.

GLOVES TO MATCH
YOUR SPRING SUIT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Cloth gloves to match spring suits are the latest news from Paris. An extra piece of material, ordered when the suit is bought, can be made up in any size or style, short or with deep gauntlet cuffs. Square fingertips are another innovation. The finger may be stitched at sides and straight across the top, giving a casual, out-of-doors look, especially popular in gloves of doeskin or chamolis.

Half-finger gloves, which made their appearance last winter in the guise of lace mitts to go with gowns of the southern belle type, are now an established vogue. They are shown in pigskin and chamolis for sports wear, and in suede for dress. The gloves extend as far as the finger-joint, revealing brightly polished nails. Very convenient when it comes to picking up a dropped coin, fitting a key or writing out a check. Polish in cardinal or burgundy may be worn to match or contrast with the gloves.

Further independence in glove fashions is exhibited in the unconventional treatment of seams along the back of the hand. These vary from two or three seams running across instead of up and down, to one crosswise seam with two short ones in the usual direction.

Artificial Corsage

Huge single flowers measuring three or four inches across are seen in silks for resort evening gowns. As many as seven or eight colors are combined in one design. Large diagonal plaid patterns offer a change from flowers.

Hat Bows Match Jabots

Tulle bows on hats usually have matching jabots, or occasionally boutonnières of tulle rosettes in the contrast color of the ensemble.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

A Yes-Man's Paradise.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—If, as, and when the President puts over his scheme for reconstructing the Supreme court nearer to his heart's desire, the question arises—in fact, has already arisen—as to where he's going to find members who will keep step with the New Deal's march of triumph.

Might this earnest well-wisher make a suggestion? Let the President look Holly-wood over before making his selections, for this is yes-man's land. Some of the studios out here are so crowded with yes-men that big yes-men have to tote little yes-men in their arms.

There's only one or two drawbacks to this plan, as I see it. It's going to be hard to wean the local appointees from wearing polo shirts along with those long silken robes. And they'll insist in a preview for each decision.



Irvin S. Cobb

Domestic Pets.

ABROOKLYN judge has decided that for a couple to keep eighty-two various animal pets in one apartment is too many—maybe not for the couple, but for the neighbors—yes!

That reminds me that once, in a hotel in the Middle West—not such a large hotel either—I found full that many pets in my bed. They weren't assorted enough; they all belonged to one standard variety. I shall not name the hotel, but it was the worst hotel in the world, as of that year. If bad hotels go where bad folks do, it is now the worst hotel in Hades.

But the point I'm getting at is that, though eighty-two animals may make a surplus in a city flat, they couldn't possibly upset a home so much as one overfed husband who's punit and has had to go on a strict diet such as would be suitable for a canary—if the canary wasn't very hungry.

Literary Legerdeman.

CULTURAL circles along sun-kissed coast of California are still all excited over the achievement of a local literary figure who, after years of concentrated effort, turned out a 50,000-word novel without once using a word containing the letter "E." If the fashion spreads to the point where the capital "I" should also be stricken out, it's going to leave a lot of actors and statesmen practically mute.

But that's not what I started out to say when I began this squib. What I started out to say was that I know of much longer novels which have been produced without a single idea in them. Sold pretty well, too, some of 'em did.

Holding World's Fairs.

IT'S customary, before launching a world's fair or an exposition or whatever they may call it, to hang the excuse for same on some great event in history and then promptly forget all about the thing that the show is supposed to commemorate in the excitement of flocking to see Sally Rand unveiled as the real main attraction.

First, the big celebration in New York in 1939 ostensibly will mark George Washington's inauguration as President 150 years before, and it may be, just as a matter of form, that Washington will be mentioned in the opening ceremonies. But the real interest will center in whether Billy Rose or Earl Carroll or the Minsky brothers succeed in thinking up some new form of peach-peeling art to entertain the customers, or have to fall back once more on such reliable standbys as fan dancers and strip-teasers.

Coronation Souvenirs.

SINCE previous engagements prevented me from going over to the coronation, I trust some friend will bring me back a specimen of that new variety of pygmy fish which some patriotic and enterprising Englishman has imported from Africa as an appropriate living souvenir of the occasion. It's a fish having a red tail, a white stomach, and a blue back, thus effectively combining the colors of the Union Jack. And it's selling like hot cakes, the dispatches say.

Now if only this engaging little creature could be trained to stand on its tail when the band plays "God Save the King" what an addition it would make for any household in the British domain! (Note—Households in the south of Ireland excepted.)

IRVIN S. COBB.
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Vegetable Ivory From Seeds
Vegetable ivory, used to make buttons and small ornaments, is obtained from the white seeds of the tagua palm.

A Winsome Quartette



THERE was a lull in the mid-morning activities of the Chic Twins (in aprons this time) and their week-end guests when the candid camera caught this gay quartette. The guests are wearing—let's have a close-up—sports dresses because they are so all purpose; tennis frocks go shopping just as often as not. The spectator model to the right with its unusual use of buttons is demure enough to wear when calling on one's Sunday school teacher and yet would have sufficient swing to "belong" in the gallery at the golf tournament. Summer days offer so many unexpected opportunities that these dresses are chosen as equal to any informal occasion.

A Two-in-One Idea.

The aprons on the charming hostesses to the left are both cut from one pattern. The clever miss will never overlook a pattern package that offers two such charming numbers for the price of one. The exhibit is over now; feature in one yourself in the very near future by ordering these patterns today.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1276 is designed in sizes small (34 to 36), medium (38 to 40), large (42 to 44). Medium size requires 1 3/4 yards of 79-inch material. Pattern 1915 is designed in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42). Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35-inch material.

Pattern 1224 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40). Size 14 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39-inch material.

My Favorite Recipe
By Gloria Swanson
Film Star

- Caviar Canape
- 1 can of caviar
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 tablespoonful of onion juice

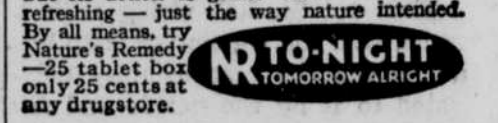
Bread for toast according to the number to be served. Spread the caviar on round piece of toast. Then spread on this the yolk of the egg which has been hard-boiled and run through a sieve. Season with the lemon and onion juice, although the latter is a matter of personal taste and should be used at the discretion of the individual. Trim the edges with the grated white of the egg and garnish with small piece of tomato.

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Do You Have This OLDER YEARS PROBLEM?

Advancing years bring to so many people the constipation problem. And it is so important for older people to meet the matter correctly. Mere partial relief is not enough. For systems clogged with accumulated wastes are bound to result in aches and pains.

Thousands of elderly people have found the real answer to constipation problems in Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). Nature's Remedy is a purely vegetable laxative. It not only thoroughly cleanses the bowels, but its action is gentle and refreshing—just the way nature intended. By all means, try Nature's Remedy—25 tablet box only 25 cents at any drugstore.



Wanting the Moon
He who is too powerful, is still aiming at that degree of power which is unattainable.—Seneca.

ARE YOUR Nerves on Edge?

Mrs. Dollie Rowland of 223 No. Cox Ave., Joplin, Mo., said: "I suffered from feminine weakness a few years ago and my whole system seemed to be upset as a result—I was 'on edge.' Many a time I had to leave my work and come home, I felt so weak and miserable. After using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I ate more, slept better, and my nerves were calm." Buy now of your druggist.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT
By Fred Neher



"Tell the movers we won't need them."