Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"The Face at the Window"

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, that ornery old dame, Old Lady Adventure, is seldom a welcome guest in anybody's house. When she goes out calling she has to crash the gate, for doggone few people ever send her engraved invitations. But she gets in just the same, and because she comes uninvited and unannounced, she takes you by surprise. And I don't think the old girl was ever more unwelcome or more unexpected than on the night she picked to drop in on Mae Towers—Mrs. John J. Towers, that is—of Bay Park, L. I.

That was in 1918, when Mae and her husband and her kids lived in an apartment in New York city. And of all times, the old gal with the thrill bag had to pick December 24—Christmas Eve—to do her calling.

No one ever expected callers less than Mae Towers did that evening. Her husband worked nights and Mae wasn't expecting him home until morning. Her two young children were in bed, and she was all alone. Busy, too. What mother of young children isn't busy on Christmas Eve? "It was our custom," she says, "to keep all the toys and presents concealed until Christmas morning when Santa Claus was the one who received all the glory for having brought them. The tree wasn't set up and trimmed until after the children had gone to bed." And what with trimming that tree and putting the presents around it, Mae had enough to do without bothering with callers.

Especially callers like Old Lady Adventure.

Turn All Lights On in Apartment.

It was along about eleven o'clock and Mae was just putting the finishing touches on the tree when she heard a noise. It was a peculiar sound, and it startled her for a moment. "It seemed to come from an animal in pain," she says. "It was more of a gurgle than a groan, and I couldn't conceive of any human being making such a sound. My first thought was of my babies and I hurried to the room where they lay. They were sleeping soundly. Then I walked out through the apartment putting on all the lights as I passed through each room."

Mae went right through to the kitchen, but there wasn't a sound of any description and she began to think the stillness of the hour was affecting her nerves. The house was a ten-family apartment, and she knew most of the neighbors. She felt pretty sure they'd all be in bed by this time. "I went back to playing Santa Claus again," she says, "and tried to forget about it. Then it occurred to me that there was a new tenant in the apartment right next to ours. They might possibly have a dog or a cat."

Then, just as Mae was consoling herself and telling herself she had solved the mystery of that sound, it came again. And this time she stood petrified, for it sounded as if someone was gasping her name. "I had my back turned toward the door of the front hall, and there was a glass panel in the upper section. I turned around slowly, and there, in the middle of that panel was a face pressed flat against the glass. And once again came that horrible sound!

She Could Distinguish Her Name Very Clearly.

"I tried so hard to call out, but the words just wouldn't come. The knob of the door turned slowly, and when the door wouldn't give, two hands were spread over the glass, slapping it and slamming it. Again came that strange gurgling sound, and this time I could distinguish my name very clearly. Then, all of a sudden I began to feel ashamed of myself. One of my neighbors might be in trouble and I was standing there stiff with fear instead of going to the rescue. Gathering up my courage I asked who it was. I was doubly surprised when the answer came. It was my new neighbor next door."

Mae ran over and opened the door, and she says she'll never forget the sight she saw there. It was her neighbor all right—a beautiful woman with great brown eyes and dark, curly hair. But on that fine face there was a twisted, maniacal expression. Her right eye seemed to be dilated to twice its normal size and her mouth was drawn away down to one side. The mouth was drooling, and her eyes were moist. She was in nightclothes, and her hair hung loose in wild disorder. "Quick, come with me," she said. "The Devil is in my bed."

"My first impulse," Mae says, "was to scream. Then I remembered something I had once read—that the best thing to do in a case like this was to humor the patient, for I knew by this time that the woman was stark mad. I did all I could to comfort her and told her I would immediately destroy the Devil."

The Devil Turns Out to Be Her Husband.

Mae took her by the hand and let the poor woman lead her back into the apartment. She made some remark about how cold it was—but it really wasn't cold. Mae made that remark so the mad woman wouldn't notice that she was shaking with terror. As they reached the bedroom the woman screamed, "There he is," and pointed to the bed. "And who was there," says Mae, "but her husband."

The woman's husband woke up at the sound of the scream. He was as frightened as Mae was, but Mae saved the day. She signalled to him with her eye, and then proceeded to put on a fine act of chasing the Devil away by beating on the bedclothes.

The husband slipped out of the room and phoned the police—and meanwhile, Mae kept her occupied by beating away at those bedclothes. "She was like a child in her gratitude to me," Mae says, "until the police arrived and she saw the uniforms. She wasn't so crazy that she couldn't sense the fact that they had come to take her away. Nor too crazy to outwit them. Immediately she disrobed and dared them to come in her room."

But once again Mae came to the rescue. She persuaded the poor woman to dress, telling her they would both go down to the police station and prefer charges against those cops. The woman did as she suggested, and they took her away quietly.

"She is still in the hospital," says Mae, "an incurable case. And many times I have been grateful that this poor soul didn't mistake me for the Devil's wife."

But I'll bet a quick thinker like Mae would have found a way out of that, too.

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Atlanta Had Other Names

In 1821 the land which was the site of the founding of Atlanta was ceded by the Creek Indians to the state. The first cabin was built in 1833 and in 1836 engineers drove the stake which was to mark the end of the proposed state railroad. For that reason the town's first name was Terminus. In 1843 the name was changed to Marthasville in honor of the daughter of Governor Lumpkin. In 1847 it was incorporated as a city with the name of Atlanta, probably suggested by the railroad which was called the Western & Atlantic. It was made the capital of the state in 1868.

Cockroach Old-Timer

The lowly cockroach has existed in its present form a long time. There are four different types of cockroach—the Croton bug, first found in New York; the proper cockroach of the East; the American cockroach, which probably came from tropical America, and the Australian cockroach, which is much like the large, reddish-brown American cockroach except that it is a trifle smaller. There are said to be 225 fossil species of the pest.

Tree Surgery Old Practice

Tree surgery dates back to the Sixteenth century, at which time Sir William Forsyth was supposed to have been knighted for having compounded a filling for trees consisting of a mixture of cow manure and well tamped mortar. The profession itself was developed mainly since 1900.

When Columbus Saw Pineapples

Columbus first saw pineapples when he landed at Guadeloupe in the East Indies in 1493.

Early Lecturers' Fees

Louis J. Alber says in the Commentator: "In 1831 Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: 'I am willing to come to Waltham on the date you suggest and lecture to your Lyceum for the $5 fee you offer, but I think you should also give me four quarts of oats for my horse.' Daniel Webster was the first lecturer to receive a fee of $100; Abraham Lincoln lectured at Cooper Union for $200, and in 1880 Henry Ward Beecher was paid the first known fee of $1,000. After finding Livingstone in Africa, Henry M. Stanley received $100,000 and all expenses for a hundred lectures."

Use of Bookplates

The earliest known examples of bookplates are German. According to one authority, the oldest movable ex-libris are certain woodcuts representing a shield of arms supported by an angel which were pasted in books presented to the Carthusian Monastery of Buxheim by Brother Hildebrand Brandenburg of Biberach, about the year 1480. The earliest known American example is the plain printed label of John Cotton, 1674.

The Name Morris

The name Morris, like Maurice, is of Latin origin and means "Moorish" or "dark-skinned." It is, therefore, suited to brunettes. Morris seems to be the form of the name more commonly used as a surname, but is quite as often a given name.

How Mineral Wool Is Made

Mineral wool is made by heating rock, slag or glass to high temperatures and drawing the molten material into long, continuous fibers with high pressure jets of steam.

Star Dust

★ *Repeated Mistakes*
★ *Doug. Sr. in Again*
★ *A Moral-less Tale*

By Virginia Vale

THERE'S a good reason for one of the mistakes that Hollywood makes about every so often; the only trouble is that after it's been made the studios forget about it, and make it all over again later.

You read about beautiful models who've been signed for pictures—girls who pose for magazine covers and advertisements, girls whose faces are familiar to you, although you probably have never known their names until you read about their going to Hollywood. Then, in all likelihood, you never hear of them again. They stay in California until their contracts run out, and then head back to New York, sadder and wiser.

One of those models talked to me the other day. She'd been urged—by phone, telegraph and letter—to take advantage of the movies. She'd

ANITA COUNIHAN

been offered a screen test. She'd dodged all interviews, just saying that she wasn't interested.

"Of course I take beautiful photographs," she said. "That's because I know how to use make-up. I'm nothing unusual to look at in real life. But the men who make movies, even though they know what make-up can do for their stars, don't seem to realize that a model's beauty may be all artificial. They sign us up, and then comes the awful shock! We're not beautiful, except when our faces are re-done and are in repose. And then they lose interest in us."

Well, that hasn't been the difficulty where some of the famous models were concerned. Anita Counihan is an example. She went to Hollywood, got started in bits—and went back east again. But for one like her there have been others by the dozen, girls whose beauty in photographs captivated the movie men, when it didn't exist in real life.

—*—

Remember Mary Kornman, who used to be the sweetheart of the "Our Gang" comedy shorts? She's an attractive young woman now, and you'll see her in "It's Spring Again," with Oliver Hardy and Harry Langdon.

—*—

The Hall Johnson Negro choir, which you've often heard on the air, has been signed for that same picture, incidentally; in it they'll feature "In the Evening by the Moonlight."

—*—

Douglas Fairbanks Sr. just couldn't stay out of the picture business any longer. His new company is all set, financed by American, British and Swiss capital. The senior Fairbanks will just produce—at least, at present he thinks he won't act, but you never can tell—and he has planned three pictures for 1939. They are "The Californians," "The Tenth Woman," based on the life of Lord Byron, and "The Three Musketeers."

—*—

Here are a couple of success stories of the air for you. Eugene Conley was a shipping clerk in Lynn, Mass., until not so very long ago. He took time off whenever he could to sing with three of his friends. A radio executive heard the boys, one time when Conley was playing hookey from his job in order to sing—and now Conley has three programs a week, and has had an offer from the Chicago Opera company!

John Laing didn't play hookey from his job, because he was a page boy, and soon after that he was a guide (N. B. C. has a lot of them, you know, to guide tourists through its studios). After that he did an audition as an announcer, and an announcer he was, for four years. Now he's been signed up for movies.

So one won out by not sticking to his job, and the other succeeded by sticking to it.

—*—

ODDS AND ENDS—Dolores Costello has the feminine lead opposite Adolphe Menjou in "King of the Turf"—and Bing Crosby, the horse, not the crooner, is also in the cast . . . That corn-flake company that wanted Rudy Vallee for its radio programs took Carole Lombard and Cary Grant instead.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Dachshund, 'Badger Dog'

The dachshund's German name means "badger dog." With its short legs and extremely long body, the dachshund reflects centuries of breeding. The length of the ears indicates a trace of hound in its family tree.

Unwritten Law With Ants

In some ant communities it seems to be an unwritten law that if an "empty" ant applies to a full one for food, he must forthwith be fed.

A Few Little Smiles

FIRST

Two men got a job to clean some very high windows.

"Mike," said Tom, "get a plank and put it through the window. "I'll sit on the plank inside, and you sit outside."

All went well until Mike cried out: "I've let my window leather fall!"

"All right," replied Tom. "Stop where you are; I'll get it."

Away went Tom down the stairs. On reaching the street he exclaimed: "Be jabbers, Mike, you're here first! Which way did you come?"—Indianapolis News.

Just Ruined

"Why won't you advertise?" ask the canvasser of a man in a small way of business.

"Because I'm against advertising," the man answered.

"But why?"

"It don't leave a man no time," was the reply. "I advertised once last year and the consequence was I was so busy I didn't have time to go fishing the whole summer."

Evidence

The little typist was very cheery on the way home, and her companion questioned her about the reason for her good spirits.

"Oh," she jubilantly answered, "I thought I was the worst typist in the office; but today while I hunted some papers on another girl's desk, I found her eraser and it was worn completely down." — Indianapolis News.

PREPAREDNESS

"Aren't you terribly interested in sport?"

"Terribly; my outfit of sport clothes is practically complete."

No Halving

The young man stood before the grizzled mountaineer.

"Mr. Burbridge," he stammered, "I've—I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The mountaineer knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Can't allow no such thing," he drawled. "You takes the whole gal or nothin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Both Wrong

The stout man accused the small boy of stealing his handkerchief. Then, when he found the missing handkerchief in another pocket, he apologized profusely.

"Forget it," advised the lad tersely. "You thought I was a crook—I thought you were a gentleman. We were both wrong."

Mixed Up

"Have we got any 4-volt 2-watt bulbs, George?"

"For what?"

"No—two."

"Two what?"

"Yes."

Not Serious

"Do you mean to say that your daughter hasn't told you she was engaged to me?"

"Yes, I told her not to bother me with those affairs unless she intended to get married."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sentimentality

"Gladys is very sentimental," remarked the mutual friend.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Every time she receives a picture post-card she is impressed by the idea that it would be a beautiful place for a wedding trip."

WHAT'YE KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Hubby—How do you dress a chicken?

Wifie—What do you want to know how to dress a chicken for?

They All Saw

Mabel—I saw your husband last night, dear, out with another woman.

Flo—Did you, darling? Your husband and I saw him, too.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Must Be

Hayton—Just one more question, Uncle Biff.

Uncle Biff—What is it this time?

Hayton—If a boy is a lad and he has a stepfather, is the boy a stepladder?

Tough Spot

Jones—Why did you call that fellow Horo? I thought his name was Horowitz.

Brown—It was, but he lived in a tough neighborhood and they scared the witz out of him.

On Account

Johnny—Mother, how much am I worth to you?

Mother—Why, you're worth a million dollars to me, dear.

Johnny—Well, could you advance me a quarter?

WHAT to EAT and WHY

C. Houston Goudiss Offers New Year's Resolutions Concerning Foods and Nutrition. Suggests How to Help Make Your Family Healthier and Happier

By C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

IT HAS been customary for a long time to mark the beginning of a new year with the ringing of bells, with merry-making, and with the hope expressed to one's friends that they will enjoy greater health, happiness and prosperity in the forthcoming twelve months.

Though greetings are usually exchanged in a spirit of gayety, the occasion frequently does, as indeed it should, have an undercurrent of solemnity. For it is quite fitting that we should view the close of one year and the beginning of another as both an Ending and a Beginning, even though we recognize that life goes along in an unbroken stream.

The magic hour of midnight may well mark the end of certain of our mistakes, and the beginning of greater wisdom in acting, thinking, and living.

It seems to me that the week in which we celebrate New Year's is a particularly appropriate time for mothers to resolve to take stock of the program of daily living that they have outlined for their families; and if necessary, to alter it so that every member may gain a more generous share of well-being and contentment.

Questions for a Homemaker

I believe that every homemaker owes it to her family to pause for a few moments at this season to look backwards along the road that she and her family have traveled in recent months.

Have you taken advantage of the knowledge offered by modern nutritional science? Can you conscientiously say with conviction that you have given your husband and children all the different food elements that are necessary for buoyant, radiant health?

If you have grown as you should in the past year . . . and no homemaker who is doing a really first class job ever remains static; she moves with the times . . . then it is inevitable that there has been a gradual change in the character of the food that you have put on your table three times a day. But can you feel confident those meals have been right in every respect? Have they included the necessary protein, fats, carbohydrates? Have they included at least 12 minerals; the six known vitamins; and sufficient bulk or cellulose to help maintain regular health habits?

Time to Take Inventory

Do not be too discouraged if you cannot answer yes to all of these questions, because the chances are that many other homemakers may also find it necessary to give a partially negative answer. Mothers especially are busy people, and many of them feel that it is difficult to keep pace, as they would like to do, with the fast-moving science of nutrition.

Now, during this season which brings us the beginning of a new year, now is a time—after taking inventory of what you have or have not done—to look forward, to survey the road that lies ahead.

Before every wife and mother hangs the curtain of the future that will be slowly drawn aside, revealing the destiny of herself, her husband and her children, as the future becomes the present, as tomorrow becomes today.

And as your loved ones travel the road of life, it is you who have it in your power to help them attain strong vigorous bodies; alert, efficiently working minds.

Now is the time for you to determine to make the power of food **their** power, so that they shall not flag in their travels along the highway, but draw new strength for each day's journey every time they sit down at your table, sit down, as I have said before, to **Life!**

The Tremendous Power of Food

What they are going **to be** tomorrow is indeed influenced by what **they eat** today, for there never was a truer statement than that man is what he eats. And that does not mean that physical prowess and mental superiority may result only when the table is set with luxuries! On the contrary, malnutrition, which means not necessarily under-nutrition but improper nutrition, is found in the homes of the wealthy as well as in the homes of the underprivileged. **The power of food is determined, not so much by what you spend, as by what you choose.**

One need not spend a great deal for food to provide the milk and other dairy products, fruits and vegetables that should be consumed in abundance. There is always evaporated milk for those who do not care to buy bottled milk, or who prefer to use it as a supplement to bottled milk. And since large numbers of fruits and vegetables are now in season practically throughout the year, it is almost always possible to choose varieties of these mineral- and vitamin-bearing foods that are inexpensively priced.

Be It Resolved:

I should, therefore, like to urge every homemaker to make at least one New Year's resolution: to resolve that she will build her family diet in 1939 first of all around the protective foods, milk, eggs, fruits and vegetables.

It will be my privilege each week to help interpret for you the amazing discoveries of nutritional science; and to show how you can utilize the newer knowledge of nutrition to help increase the mental and physical efficiency of your family.

Together then, let us resolve to travel along the highroad of well-being in 1939.

Questions Answered

Mrs. K. Mc.N.—You should include at least two rich sources of each of the vitamins in your menus every day. It is also important to serve some raw food, as for example, a salad, in planning the diet of persons in normal health. Use fruits liberally and provide a pint of milk for each adult, a quart for every child, either as a beverage or in cooked dishes.

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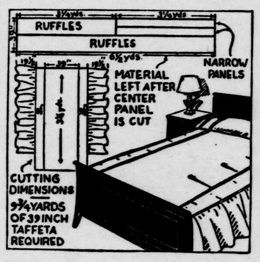
HOW to SEW

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

"DEAR MRS. SPEARS: I have long been wanting a taffeta spread for a double bed. I figure that, if I can make one from 10 yards of 39-inch taffeta, it will cost about half as much as one of the same quality ready made. Will you be good enough to tell me how to cut the material so there



will be no waste? This is important as I must economize. M. G."

Here are cutting dimensions for a double bedspread of 39 or 40-inch material. You will need a little less than your 10 yards—9¾ yards will be enough, and this makes the spread long enough to cover the pillows nicely. Cut the center panel first, then divide the material that is left as shown in the upper diagram. Join the two pieces of ruffle material to make one long piece, then divide it evenly; for the two ruffles. These cutting dimensions allow generous seams. Enough material may be taken from the seam edges to cover cords for welted seams if desired. A very narrow machine stitched hem should be used at the bottom of the ruffles.

Full directions for making welted seams are contained in Book 1, offered herewith. There are also directions in this book for making bedspreads of 36-inch cotton material. Today's lesson is not in either of the books offered here, so be sure to clip and save it for reference.

NOTE: Mrs. Spears' Book 2—Gifts, Novelties and Embroidery, has helped thousands of women to use odds and ends of materials and their spare time to make things to sell and to use. Book 1—SEWING, for the Home Decorator, is full of inspiration for every homemaker. These books make delightful gifts. Mrs. Spears will autograph them on request. Crazy-patch quilt leaflet is included free with every order for both books. Books are 25 cents each. Address Mrs. Spears, 210 S. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.

Yanks That Stayed

According to figures compiled by the Paris post of the American Legion, slightly more than 1,500 members of the Never-Go-Home battalion of the A. E. F. still reside in France, although it now is twenty years since the World war was brought to an end by the Armistice at Rethondes.

Most of them are married to French wives; most of them never returned to the United States, and many of them will be exiles until they die; and yet, not a single one of them has given up United States citizenship.—New York Times.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Color for Foods.—Grated raw carrots give cabbage salad added color and flavor. Minced green peppers or pimentos will do the same for creamed potatoes, turnips, cauliflower, lima beans or corn.

• • •

Cleaning Burnt Pans. — Burnt saucepans can be made bright again without scouring. Sprinkle the burn with salt, leaving it for some hours and then wash, rubbing the burn gently. Unless the burn has actually eaten into the surface of the pan it will come away with the salt.

• • •

Sift the Sugar.—Always sift sugar before using. To get all grains alike. You will then have a cake of finer texture.

Safeguarding the Baby.—Inspect baby's toys before putting them in his crib or pen to be sure there are no loose fragments, such as eyes, buttons, bits of wood, etc., that might be pulled off and swallowed.

• • •

Fire Hazard.—The basement is one of the chief danger places in the house from the fire standpoint. It should be kept free from accumulations of inflammable materials such as paper, old boxes, oily and paint-soaked rags, and trash.

• • •

Drying Fur Garments.—Damp fur garments should be dried in a cool current of air, never near a radiator or other source of heat.

• • •

A Dyeing Help.—The household washer is ideal for dyeing curtains, draperies and other articles made of fabrics that can be colored with tints that do not require boiling. You can let the washer run until the articles are sufficiently and evenly colored.

• • •

Storing Steel Articles.—Put a lump of freshly burned lime in the drawer or box when storing away steel articles and it will prevent them from rusting.

• • •

How to Buy Spices.—In buying spices choose the smaller packages, for spice must be replaced often as the essential oils evaporate. Don't allow your spice to waste its sweetness on the air. Keep cans and jars tightly closed. If your gingerbread has not been up to par, if your pickled peaches are flat, the answer probably is in the spice jar.

Don't Do That!

A New Hampshire law says that when two motor cars meet at an intersection, each must wait for the other to pass.

A Seattle, Wash., ordinance says that it is unlawful for any person to use water during a fire.

Egypt, Ill., makes it illegal to advance clocks or watches without a written permit.

In River Forest, Ill., you can't keep any bear, lion, wildcat, orang utan, chimpanzee, tiger or poisonous reptile.—Dick Hyman in "It's the Law," in the American Magazine.

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