

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The Big Book Craze.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—We're promised a historical novel longer than any yet—say half a million words or so. Of course, the author probably uses some words at least twice, but that won't reduce the gross tonnage unless they're very short words.

I can't take it. While still convalescent from "Anthony Adverse," I was stricken down by "Gone With the Wind" and had such a relapse that even now I barely can hold on to my stomach such comparatively light and trifling stuff as volume VET to ZYM of the encyclopedia.

When reading this modern bulk literature, it upsets me to find my legs going to sleep before I do. And the constant pressure makes callouses on my second mezzanine landing.

I admit these mass production books serve nicely as door stoppers and for pressing wild flowers. I also heard of a chap who detected a prowler under his window and dropped a frothy little work of fiction weighing slightly less than nine pounds on the back of the fellow's neck, dislocating three vertebrae. At last accounts, the surgeons were still picking long jagged chapters out of his spine.

In my present mood, what I crave is the romantic stuff of olden days, in which our sainted Aunt Sophie was wont to inscribe "Alas, how sad!" or "Only too true!" in pale violet ink on the margins. What happened to all the Aunt Sophies, anyhow?

An Actor's Temperament.

WE'VE all been waiting for something to top it, but the best wheeze of the month remains the one that was emitted, not by a paid gagster, but by a simple stage-hand at one of the studios when Mr. Leslie Howard refused to go on making a picture until a group of distinguished visitors, including Mr. Charles Norris, the novelist, had been shooed off the set.

"He ain't sore at you gents," stated the stage-hand to the ousted parties, "but he's been playin' 'Hamlet' on the regular stage and he ain't used to havin' a crowd watchin' him while he's actin'."

If Mr. Norris and his friends wanted to see some really great acting they should have patronized the professional wrestling matches. That's where they put on the heavy dramatic stuff—beautifully rehearsed, perfectly done.

Children's Education

I LIKE the way the wealthy classes in England rear their children. Little Rosemary doesn't recite for the company after dinner, and if Master Jones-Terwilliger Minor gets uppity at school, he gets thrashed.

Many a rich American has known how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to see his daughter grow up a wanton and his boy turn out a wastrel. Yet, with few exceptions—so few that the newspapers comment on them—it never seems to occur to these fond fathers that less of coddling and pampering and spoiling in adolescence and more of wholesome discipline might produce a higher average grade of heirs.

What set me to thinking along this line was being tother night at a party where a poor little four-year-old, having already the pitiable assurance of a veteran prima donna, was fetched in to give impersonations. She never again could impersonate natural babyhood though, more's the pity! And her pert small brother was encouraged to dominate the talk.

Mark my word for it, that kid is going to come to no good end—not even a well-spanked end, which would help.

Mr. Pincus' Coup.

IN THESE topsy-turvy times liberal-minded patriots who are striving to steer a middle course between ultraenthusiastic left-wingers and ultraconservative rightists might do well, methinks, to follow the example set by Mr. Pincus.

Mr. Pincus had opened a clothing store. Immediately on one side of him was the clothing store of Mr. Ginsberg and immediately on the other side was the clothing store of Mr. Dreifus; and three clothing stores in a row were too many even for Essex street.

So the adjacent competitors framed a plot to put the newcomer out of business. Next morning their rival, coming down to open up, found over Mr. Dreifus' establishment a flaming legend, to wit:

BANKRUPT SALE

And above Mr. Ginsberg's door was this equally prominent announcement:

CLOSING OUT SALE

Within an hour, smeared across the entire front of Mr. Pincus' store, exactly in between the other two, appeared a huge sign reading as follows:

MAIN ENTRANCE. IRVIN S. COBB.

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"A Swim in the Ocean"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Here's the story of an adventure that almost ruined a girl's career. That's the way Grace Stoner of New York City looks at it, anyway. And since Grace is the girl in question—well—she ought to know, hadn't she?

But if you left it up to me, I'd put it a little more strongly than Grace put it. I'd say that adventure came doggoned near ruining Grace. I wouldn't say it was only her career she was in danger of losing. It seems to me she stood a mighty good chance of losing her life in that little episode in the harbor at Corinto, Nicaragua, in July, 1922.

Maybe in mentioning her career, Grace was talking about the thing that mattered most. Grace is a dancer, and I've heard it said that dancers take their careers mighty seriously. But the point is that Grace risked her career, and her life, too, for that matter, because a couple of birds made a couple of sneering remarks about her sex.

It Happened in Corinto Harbor.

Grace was off on a cruise when it happened. The ship was anchored in Corinto harbor about a mile from shore. It was late afternoon—just before sundown—and a more peaceful picture you never saw in your life. There wasn't a breath of wind blowing. The sea was like glass. Off in the distance the beach was bathed in shadow and the sun was sinking behind the towering peaks of the Central American Sierras.

A bunch of the young folks aboard the steamer were splashing around in the tiny improvised pool, rigged up out of wooden frame-work and waterproof canvas on the afterdeck. There was a bunch of young Spanish students aboard, going home from the University of California to their homes in Panama and San Salvador. They made up most of the crowd. The rest of it was Grace.

In a nice cool bathing suit, and with half a dozen handsome young fellows around her, Grace ought to have been happy. But the canvas pool was so small you could hardly turn around in it, and Grace was casting longing eyes on the placid, inviting waters of the harbor. It would be swell fun, she thought, to dive right off the deck and swim to shore.

Grace Wouldn't Take a Dare.

Grace mentioned her idea to the young Central American students. And that's what started all the trouble. The boys laughed at her. One of them said: "You? A girl? Why you wouldn't have the nerve to swim ashore." And another one wanted to bet her ten bucks she wouldn't have the nerve to try it.

It made Grace see red. They couldn't talk like that to her just because she was a girl. Without another word she ran to the rail, dived overboard and struck out for shore.

Behind her, the boys crowded to the rail, shouting and gesticulating. Grace wondered what they were making all the fuss about. It was only a mile to shore, and that wasn't much of a swim, even if she was a girl. Grace knew lots of girls who could swim twice that distance. She smiled to herself as she rolled along through the cool, calm water. She'd show those birds what a girl could do.

She was halfway across when she noticed a commotion ashore. A bunch of the people had formed in an excited knot there. They were waving and shouting. Finally, two men in uniforms launched a canoe and began paddling wildly toward her. Now what was the matter with those fellows anyway? Hadn't they ever seen a girl who could swim before? Or were they customs officers, seeing to it that she didn't smuggle any grand pianos into the country in the folds of her bathing suit.

Swimming Toward the Shark.

Grace decided to have some fun with them. When the canoe was about two-hundred yards away she put on a sudden spurt, swerved, and swam away from it. Cries came from the canoe behind her, but the more they shouted, the faster she swam.

And then—she saw it. Ahead of her a dark, triangular fin was cutting the water, coming straight for her. A SHARK! Instantly, all the stories she had formed in an excited knot there. The deep flashed through her mind. Here was one of them coming toward her—and what was worse, she herself was swimming toward it. Now she knew the meaning of all the shouting and gesticulating—of the commotion on the beach and the two men in the canoe. Why hadn't she remembered that these weren't the northern waters she was used to swimming in? These were tropical seas, infested with sharks, barracudas, and all sorts of other aquatic dangers.

For a second or two, Grace was paralyzed with fright. She was closer—much closer—to that shark than to the canoe. And that ominous fin was steadily diminishing the distance between them.

Then, suddenly, Grace collected her wits again. She lit out for that canoe with a speed that would have shamed an Olympic champion. No time to look behind—and no reason to. Either she won that race or she didn't. Her life was at stake, but strangely enough it was her career she was thinking of most. What if that shark bit off a leg or two? There just wasn't any such thing as a legless dancer.

One Yard Between Her and Death.

When she reached that canoe, the shark was just ONE YARD behind her. One man hauled her hastily into the boat while the other beat the shark off with a paddle. The passengers and crew were hanging anxiously over the side of the steamer when at last the canoe brought her back, and then there was a first-class brawl. The officers in the canoe bawled out the captain of the ship for allowing Grace to go swimming in the harbor, and then the captain turned around and bawled Grace out. The only ones who didn't have anything to say were the boys who hadn't thought much of a girl's swimming ability, and especially the one who bet her ten bucks she wouldn't have the nerve to try it. "And incidentally," says Grace, "I collected that ten."

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Edison Inventions From Signal Device to Rubber

Some of the important inventions accredited to Thomas A. Edison included the following:

- Telegraphic signal device (1863), the repeater (1865), the voting machine (1868), improved stock market ticker (1869), a typewriter (1871), quadruple telegraphic repeater (1872), district signal box (1874), automatic telegraph transmitter (1875), mimeograph (1875), carbon telephone transmitter (1875), phonograph (1877), incandescent lamp (1878), electric dynamo (1880), electric motor (1881), trolley car (1881), electric meter (1881), ore separator (1881), valve gear (1882), electric railway turntable (1882), railway signal system (1885), process for making plate glass (1887), extracting gold from sulphate ores (1888), sleeping doll (1889), motion picture camera (1891), composition brick (1893), rock crusher, dryer and mixer (1897), alkaline storage battery (1900), reversible galvanic battery (1901), improved cement mixer (1902), a photographic film (1903), recording telephone (1905), improved phonograph (1908), a starting system for automobiles (1912), talking pictures (1913), flashlight (1914), improved transmitter (1918), electro-plating (1919), disc phonograph records (1923), improved radio receiver (1926), synthetic rubber (1931).

Snow Drinks Forerunner of Ice Cream Industry

Who first invented ice cream? No one really knows. Alexander the Great is recorded as having a great weakness for snow-cooled fruit drinks. The Roman patricians also drank vast quantities of fruit drinks mixed with exorbitantly priced snow. And an old Roman cook, Quintus Maximus Gurgus, is said to have been the first to serve ice cream soda, says a writer in London Answers Magazine.

All that historians are really certain about is that by the Middle Ages ice cream had definitely "arrived" in court circles. Four centuries ago, Catherine de Medici was being served with ice cream of a different flavor every day. As usual, the English were all behind in this branch of civilization. Charles I remedied matters a little by bringing over a French chef who surprised the king with the delicacy. With the coming of the Civil war, the Frenchman fled back to his native land, taking the secret with him. From that time until the seventies of last century, ice-cream was practically unknown here.

The history of the ice cream industry in the United States is quite different. The real pioneer of American ice cream was a Jacob Fussell, who kept a dairy farm just outside Washington, D. C.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

RADIO amateurs played a big part in the preparation of the dramatization of Peary's dash to the pole, presented recently. If they had not come to the rescue of the authors, Henry Lanier and Alan Bunce, it might have been a year or more before this program could have been heard.

In dramatizing historical events it is necessary to get permission of all living participants to impersonate them on the radio, and of Peary's North Pole expedition Matt Henson, the negro who was the only one to accompany him on the final dash, Capt. Bob Bartlett and McMillen still survive.

It was easy enough to locate Matt Henson; he was right in New York. But Bartlett and McMillen were off somewhere in the Polar seas. Lanier and Bunce appealed to various clubs of radio amateurs and for days the short wave channels were filled with calls to the two polar exploration ships. Finally communication was established with the Bartlett and McMillen ships, and permission to go ahead with the program obtained.

The best picture of the week is "Dead End," the most breathtakingly-dramatic of all stories of New York.

The setting is an East river street where a millionaire apartment house is surrounded by squalid, sinister tenement houses. Back to this neighborhood comes Baby Face Martin, a hunted gangster who had left ten years before and things begin to happen. Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea play what are supposed to be the leading roles of the picture, but Humphrey Bogart as Baby Face Martin and Claire Trevor as the sweetheart he deserted, just take possession of the picture and romp away with the honors.

It is nothing new for secondary players to steal a show. You may remember that it was in "Flying Down to Rio" in which Gene Raymond and Dolores del Rio were supposed to be the stars, that Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers scored the knockout success that made them about the most popular young couple in the country.

Fred Waring is getting to be an industrial magnate of such proportions that he has had to take a whole floor of an office building in New York to house his music arrangers, secretaries, contract signers, and scrap books. No sooner had he and his versatile boys worked their way East from Hollywood where they made "Varsity Show" for Warners, than he up and signed a contract to play at the Drake hotel in Chicago. There he and his frenzied cohorts are working up new specialties, madder than ever.

When you see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Madame X," you will see a scene made under most unusual circumstances. John Beal, making voice and make-up tests when they were getting ready to produce the picture, ran through the biggest dramatic scene, largely to see if he had his lines all memorized. After the picture was shot, some of the staff were a little disappointed in the way he played the courtroom scene where he defends his mother. Then they remembered the test shots—dug those out of the film vaults and substituted them for the less-spontaneous performance he gave later.

Carole Lombard is going to have such fun in her next Paramount picture, "True Confessions." She plays the part of a confirmed liar, such a habitual liar that she even confesses to a murder that she did not commit.

John Barrymore will support her, playing an eccentric amateur detective who falls for every false clue, and Fred MacMurray will be the patient, long-suffering hero, who is the victim of her weird falsehoods.

ODDS AND ENDS. Greta Garbo has become a Deanna Durbin fan. . . Gloria Blondell, sister of Joan, will make her screen debut in "Accidents Will Happen." For a long time Warners would not give her a job because she looks so much like Joan they thought it might be confusing, but they finally gave in lest some other company take her. . . Rudy Vallee will film "Houdy Stranger" for Warners this fall. He wanted a part that would permit him to wear a stunning uniform, but Warners convinced him that a cowboy suit would be just as becoming. . . Frank Parker, who is a big radio favorite himself, played the role on the Broadway stage.

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Vying for Your Favor



ONE, two, three smart frocks on the line ready to go—shopping, kitchenwards, to the office downtown. And as every woman knows, a well stocked wardrobe needs all three.

From Now On.

Says the jaunty model to the left, "I can tell I'm gonna feel well dressed in this little peplum frock: ready for sports, a matinee or dinner in town, and the confident high spirits my new lines give make me sure that I will be wanted at all three.

"I made my version of sheer wool with a subdued herringbone weave. It will be my number one attire for a long spell ahead."

One Who Knows.

Miss Keep-the-Home-Beautiful, in the center, expresses herself: "Even when I do housework I like to look and feel fit.

"When I dash out to the store or go across lots to the neighbor's to borrow an egg, I don't bother to change my dress because I have

the feeling I'm doing all right as I am. I wouldn't think of a new season coming on without running up a generous supply of crisp, fresh dresses for myself. They seem to set one right, you know, and give you the spirit to pitch into any day's work like a champion."

The Last Word.

Miss Third Party goes in for that new kind of glamour in the simple model at the right. Says she: "I feel that Fall is really the season to step out and hob-nob with Fashion and the Joneses. This frock, which is my weakness in plum-colored wool, was as easy to make as it is to wear.

"Later on I'm going to have a velvet version with short sleeves—these slim lines and elegant shoulders were just made for this queen of all fabrics—and evidently I go for things royal."

The Patterns. Pattern 1348 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1 1/2 yards for contrast.

Pattern 1304 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35-inch material, plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1374 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. With short sleeves, size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, plus 1/2 yard for collar in contrast. To trim the collar requires 4 1/2 yards of braid.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle, Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"He's gettin' out tomorrow . . . his sister goes out with a politician's watch dog."