FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello Everybody

"Torn to Pieces"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

AND here's a tale from Mrs. Alma Heyer of Red Bank, N. J. —a tale of horror that might keep you awake nights, and a tale of a woman's bravery that I can't help but admire. You know, they say women are the weaker sex. They say that they lack courage. But when the life or the safety of a child—anybody's child—is in the picture, a woman, nine times out of ten, will prove herself braver than any man that ever lived. I don't think there are many men who would have done what Alma Heyer did on a bright July afternoon in 1927, when Death stalked through an estate in Middletown, N. J., in the shape of a beast with bloody, tearing fangs. And as a matter of fact, I don't think there are so very many women who would have done it either.

"Big Gray Dog" in the Yard.

It was a Thursday. Alma remembers that because it was the cook's day off. Alma was working as waitress and between meals she took care of the children of her employer. The family for whom she worked had two children—a boy of five, and little Teddy, who was a little over three. Alma, herself, had a little four-year-old youngster named Henry. As a rule she had all three to take care of. But on this day the lady of the house had gone out and had taken her five-year-old boy with her. That left Alma at home alone with Henry and Teddy.

The two kids were playing together outdoors, and Alma was peeling the potatoes for dinner when suddenly her own boy, Henry, ran into the house. "Mother," he cried, "there's a big gray dog in the yard. It was biting me, and now it's biting Teddy"

Alma didn't stop to look at her own son. With Henry clinging to her skirts she ran out to drive away that dog. She got out of the door and stopped dead in her tracks. The animal that had Teddy was not a dog. It was a WOLF! A great, snarling wolf that had escaped from a private zoo half a mile away!

There was a rifle in the house. Alma ran back to get it. She found the gun, but there were no cartridges for it. She grabbed up the rifle

She Grabbed Up the Rifle and Ran Back.

and ran back to the yard again. She didn't stop to think that attacking a savage wolf with an empty gun was dangerous. A little child's life was at stake—and to a woman, that is all that matters.

Terrific Fight With the Wolf.

When she got there, little Teddy was already horribly bitten and clawed. The wolf was paying no attention to her. He was too occupied tearing away with his fangs at the screaming child's body. Alma waited her chance to hit the animal without hurting the baby. When it came she brought down the barrel of the rifle with all her might.

The rifle barrel landed on the wolf's head. Momentarily stunned, the animal went limp. Alma pulled little Teddy from under his paws and gathered him in her arms. Just as she was rising the wolf sprang at her. She felt a sharp pain as its teeth ripped into her side, and then she started running.

Says she: "My own little boy was still clinging to my skirts. How I managed to get back to the house I don't know. Just as I reached the kitchen door I looked back—and there was the wolf right behind me. I thrust Henry inside, grabbed the broom that was standing in the corner and pushed it in the wolf's face. It snarled and backed out of the kitchen. Then I slammed and locked the door, lay the baby on a couch and ran to the telephone."

It Was Coming in the Window.

And at that crucial moment the telephone took it into its head to be out of order. Alma tried to get the operator, but the line was dead. Then, at a cry from Henry she dropped the useless instrument and ran back into the kitchen. The wolf was coming in at the kitchen window!

The wolf had torn away the thick wire screen and almost succeeded in getting into the kitchen. Again Alma beat him back snatched up the baby and, crying to Henry to hold onto her dress, she fled up the stairs. She ran into the bathroom, locked the door, and looked at little Teddy. He was so weak that he was just barely breathing. The wolf had clawed and bitten him all over the body. His clothes were torn to shreds and whole chunks had been bitten out of his little arms and legs.

Alma gave him a drink of water. She put him down, went to the bathroom window and screamed as hard as she could. No one heard her. The grounds were large, and the nearest house was a long way up the road. Alma shouted and screamed for half an hour. Then a sixteen-year-old boy came running up, a club in his hand, wanting to know what was the matter.

Little Teddy Couldn't Be Saved.

When Alma told him what had happened he turned and ran to get little Teddy's father. Twenty minutes later Teddy's dad came back with two men who worked at the Zoo from which the animal escaped. They found the wolf in the front yard, ducking his head in the gold fish pool, and one of the men shot him dead. Then Teddy's dad came upstairs. They wrapped Teddy in a blanket and took him to the hospital.

But the hospital could do nothing for Teddy. He died early the next morning. By that time, Alma's boy, Henry, was in the hospital, too. In all the excitement Alma had failed to notice that the wolf had clawed and torn his back before he had attacked Teddy.

They took the wolf's head to Trenton to be examined, and found it had a fractured skull, the result of Alma's blow with the gun. If it hadn't been for that well-aimed crack on the head that left the animal groggy, she might never have reached the house alive herself.

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Makes Models Realistic

An Italian painter of ancient days painting a picture of a saint in agony, would tie up his model very tightly to get the expression on his face. A friend of his, doubting he could get the correct expression, one day, rushed in, brandished a knife at the tied model, and shouted: "Now, I've got you; prepare for death!" The model, thinking himself a dead man, struggled to loosen his bonds, and in his panic fear represented vividly the horror of death in his face and in his distorted limbs. "There," said the artist's friend, "that is how he should be; the rest you must do yourself."

Wigs Once Popular

When William, the Dutchman, and his English wife, Mary, occupied the throne of England from 1689 to 1702, wigs for men became all the rage. There was the periwig, the peruke, the campaign wig with polelocks, all of which were the first thoughts of the gentlemen of the kingdom. Historians say "their heads were loaded with curl upon curl, long ringlets hanging over their shoulders and down their backs, some brown, some covered with meal until their coats looked like millers' coats; scented hair, almost hiding the loose tied cravat, most agreeably discolored with snuff from top to bottom."

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

From Old China
She Wore Boy's Clothes
The Long Farewell
Dangerous Gold, in Russia

A roar comes from the great Chinese dragon, the 400,000,000 that live, labor, die and are exploited. The Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, attached to the ancient Chinese belief that right is so powerful that it does not "require to be supported or enforced by might," is arrested by his mutinous troops demanding "an immediate declaration of war against Japan; recovery of all Chinese territory, including Manchuria."

Arthur Brisbane

This outbreak worries Tokyo, and it might, if China had a few fighting leaders, with enough airplanes and good pilots. China now is like Niagara Falls before the turbines were put in, much power going to waste. What could military genius and modern weapons accomplish, backed by a nation of 400,000,000?

Helen Coberly said she "never liked girl's clothes, wanted to be a boy."

Millions of other girls have said that. Helen lived up to it, put on boy's clothes, went through the boys' high school to the senior class, earning her way "digging ditches, mending fences."

Known to be a girl, expelled from the class, she weeps. Some intelligent young man with blue eyes and a kind heart, marrying Helen Coberly, might some day be the father of a great American.

The former King Edward has bid farewell to England, and England and the rest of the world bid farewell to the young man, who told his people: "I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility without the help and support of the woman I love."

A good many men might say that who do not realize it.

Whoever wrote, or helped to write that broadcast, it was a sincere, touching farewell to the world's highest position, and well done. There is no doubt that the young King inspired it.

Russia's production of gold increases rapidly, with 144 gold fields active; the total production not less than $200,000,000 a year, and according to some estimates nearly $500,000,000.

Russia already surpasses Canada and the United States in gold production, and expects soon to surpass the British South African gold fields, and all the gold goes to the government. Prospectors and miners get "praise."

This gold production does not mean greater power for bolshevism. Quite the other way, it may be the worst thing that could happen to the Karl Marx-Lenin-Stalin theory.

As nations and individuals become rich they become conservative.

There is still reverence for English kings in "democratic America." In New York clubs of "aristocratic" membership all rose when the broadcast began, and not one sat down while the King was speaking. In England they sat down. they are used to kings there.

Mrs. C. H. Wilson of Columbia, S. C., went farther; her house was on fire, she told firemen, let me know if you think the roof will fall, and went on listening to Prince Edward, while the house burned.

It takes a long time to breed out of human beings that which is inbred into them through ages; hence the persistence of our various superstitions.

Intelligent Dr. Craster, health officer of Newark, N. J., starts a needed campaign against kissing babies, suggesting the use of bibs embroidered with these words:

"I don't want to be sick—do not kiss me."

He says:

"A kiss can be more dangerous than a bomb."

Consumption begins in infancy; babies usually get it from tubercular mothers who kiss them on the mouth.

Congress resumes work soon; what will it do, and try to do? How will it interpret the 46 to 2 vote, "all present" except Maine and Vermont; how will the unwieldy Democratic majority deal with its problems?

It will probably try to do whatever President Roosevelt tells it to do; that last election seemed to intimate that the President has the public's permission to do as he pleases.

And that makes the situation extremely difficult for the President. There is such a thing as TOO MUCH approval, too much POWER.

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A Holiday for Two

by Luella B. Lyons

"THIS being with the family on Christmas is the bunk so I won't mind parking myself down there in Martinville, Mr. Howard," Paul Boyd told his employer. That's how he found himself spending the holidays in a lonely little room in a boarding and rooming house. His landlady had gone out to church services, he knew, but he determined to pass the lonely hours by reading, having prepared himself with a flock of new detective fiction before leaving the city.

Before another half hour had passed, Paul tossed the book aside and began pacing the floor. Here he was alone at last on one Christmas eve, far from too-concerned relatives and friends.

As the crowning insult, without a moment's warning, the little light

Paul Tossed the Book Aside and Began Pacing the Floor.

that hung on a single cord from the ceiling, flickered and went out. "Great day, this is the end! I wonder what they do here when the lights go out—go to bed, I suppose!" he muttered disgustedly. But just the same he began scratching matches to hunt for a possible kerosene lamp he might have overlooked. Five matches later, he found a candle and lost no time lighting that. "At least I can find my way about while getting ready to retire," he grumbled.

But as he jerked at his tie, the unmistakable sound of a smothered sob came to him through the hot air register. Paul wanted to be alone, but sobs did things to him and it took him just three minutes to locate the door from behind which was darkness and those sobs.

All because a thoughtless landlady had failed to provide the lovely and lonely girl with an extra bit of lighting in case the rather unreliable power company service discontinued without notice, wasn't the only reason for the sobs.

"Being in a noisy city where folks are celebrating, asking all kinds of favors of you at the holiday time, doing the same old parties, family dinners and all that—I thought it would be nice to escape it for a change," she explained. Jean Hathaway, she said was her name.

"Jean, I said the same thing and maybe we were both right only that—that," and suddenly he became embarrassed but struggled on, "that it is all okeh if you don't have to escape alone. Just one for company and for celebrating is about the right number. What do you think, Jean?"

"Alone together! It doesn't make sense as for English, but it does Christmas-edly speaking!" and the light of the candle burned high and proud on that holiday for just two.

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THE CHRISTMAS CAROL

by Helen Waterman

THE Christmas Spirit, if such a sprite there be, must have fled in dismay from old Silas Wentworth, for a crustier, harder, less Christmas-spirited man would be hard to imagine.

Yet Sally Blaine, his clerk and bookkeeper, had the temerity to bring Christmas into the store, stringing lines of tinsel.

Old Silas, coming to work, stopped and stared at this unusual addition to the colored globes and patent medicines with which his windows were adorned.

Sally Blaine, rather frightened now, looked up. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Wentworth."

Silas surveyed the store grimly. "Take it down!"

But Sally hesitated.

"I said take it down. More of your fool notions! What's this?"

"Dickens' Christmas Carol, sir."

He thrust the book on a back shelf. "Humph! Don't let me catch you reading on the job."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry about the decorations—"

At nine o'clock on Christmas eve Silas saw out his last customer, and began putting up the shutters. It was beastly cold, and his numb fingers were slow at their task. As he was about to lock up, he was confronted by two men, one carrying a revolver.

"Let us in and lock the door," said the man.

Silas, his teeth chattering from more than cold, complied.

"Now if you're quiet you won't get hurt," said the spokesman. "My pal here has had an accident. I

Silas Surveyed the Store Grimly. "Take It Down!"

need some medicines. You'll be paid all right."

"Of course; of course," Silas answered, and brought out a stock of supplies.

The wounded man spoke up. "Sorry to keep you on Christmas eve, buddy."

Silas grunted. "Tommyrot."

The other man had been rummaging about the store. "Here," he commanded. "I can't watch what you're doing. So you read aloud until I get through." And he handed Silas "Christmas Carol."

He was scarcely half way through when the men paid him and left. He threw the book down and started off, but at the door he turned, and sitting by the night light, read again. "So, like me," he muttered, as he finished.

From the wastebasket he drew out the tinsel and strung it awkwardly around the store. He looked through his accounts marked "Overdue," and selected several bills which he marked "Paid in Full," and put in proper envelopes. Then he got his wraps.

"Merry Christmas, Silas," he exclaimed, and went out to the dawning of his first merry one in many years.

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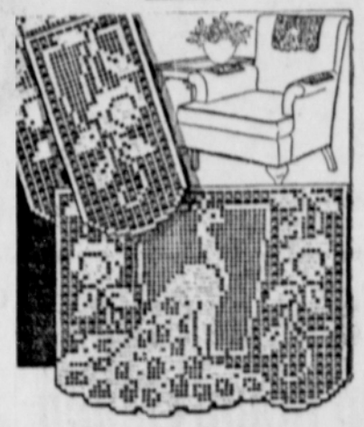
It's Easy to Crochet This Set of Lace Filet



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