

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Devil in the Dark"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

TODAY'S pleasant little tale, boys and girls, is about a graveyard and a boy who lay in it waiting for death. It's Harry Dennehy of New York City who is telling this yarn, and it concerns the time Harry thought he was about to get an exclusive interview with the Devil.

That's something that newspaper men would look forward to. A lot of them would give their shirts to get Old Nick off in a corner and say, "Look here, now, Dev, what do you think of American women?"

But Harry wasn't looking forward to it. He didn't give a whoop about meeting Old Nick, and he didn't give a whoop about American women then, either. For this happened in December of 1917, and Harry was just a boy living in Cork county, Ireland.

Maybe Harry's dad shouldn't have told him ghost stories. And maybe Harry shouldn't have been prowling around at night when everybody ought to be in bed. Anyway, the facts are these: The Sinn Fein movement was organizing all over Ireland. The Gaelic language had been suppressed in the public schools and the young fellows of the neighborhood were meeting in secret sessions to learn the Irish language as it was spoken in the days of the Irish kings.

Fear of the Devil Was Instilled in Him.

Harry's dad was an old-fashioned man who wanted Harry to be at home early at night, and he used every method he knew to get results. He told him stories about ghosts he had seen in the neighborhood that fairly made Harry's hair stand on end. He told Harry that the Devil haunted the country of nights, waiting to snatch up young boys who stayed out late, and Harry half believed him. But not even the fear of the Devil could keep him away from those Gaelic classes when all the other young lads of spirit in the neighborhood were going. So, on certain nights, Harry slipped out of the house and off through Owens graveyard to Strelan, where the class was held.

It was all right going—but it was the coming back that worried Harry. Coming back in the dark along about 11 o'clock. Coming back through the graveyard, with its black and white shadows. That's when Harry used to think of the stories his dad would tell him and run fast so that he'd get home all out of breath.

And then came the night that the class broke up later than usual, and Harry didn't start his four-mile walk home until half-past 11. He walked with a couple of other lads for the first mile and a half. Then they left him to go off in another direction and Harry was alone. He was more reluctant than usual to go through the graveyard, but it would cut half a mile off his journey, and even if he went the long way he'd have to pass along the edge of that graveyard anyhow. So he started right through.

It Sure Looked and Sounded Like Satan.

It was after he was well in the graveyard that Harry remembered the time. He had left Strelan at 11:30, and now it would be about midnight—the hour when, according to his dad's stories, the Devil was in the habit of appearing on earth. After that every tombstone looked as if it were grinning at him. Every shadow looked like a specter. And Harry began walking faster than ever.

He had just passed the old church that stood in the center of the grounds when suddenly—he heard a sound. It was the clanking rattle of a chain. Harry broke into a dead run and fled for the exit. He says he made it in nothing flat. The gate was locked, but there was a flight of steps leading up over the wall, and in his panic he tried to take them in a flying leap.

That leap was nothing short of disaster. Harry missed his footing. His toe stubbed on one step—his knee cracked against the edge of another. Down in a heap he went, and then, for an instant, he lost consciousness. When he came to again he was lying on the steps, still inside the cemetery, with a sharp pain stabbing through his knee.

The pain was so intense that Harry just lay there, unable to move. Then he thought of that chain-clanking specter, and in a fit of terror he tried to drag himself up the steps. Suddenly he heard that clanking of chains again—and the sound was COMING TOWARD HIM!

"I guess," says he, "that you know how a rabbit feels when he's looking into the eye of a snake that is hypnotizing him. Well, that's just how I felt then. I couldn't stir an inch. I could hear slow, rhythmic foot-falls on the gravel and the sound of the chain, keeping time with every step. It seemed an eternity that I lay there powerless to help myself—waiting for what I was certain must be the end. And just then the moon came up!"

The light should have reassured Harry—but it didn't. Straight ahead of him he could see a dark form coming straight toward him. It was a short, squat form, moving steadily to the clank of its chains, and Harry could see the horns sticking up from the top of its head!

Just a Stray, Friendly Donkey.

Old Nick! Coming to get him! Harry lay there quivering with terror as the Devil came forward with slow, steady steps. He wanted to scream, but he couldn't find his voice. And then, all at once, the figure moved right into a beam of moonlight, and Harry let out a low, hysterical laugh instead.

The figure came up to him and began rubbing against his leg. But Harry had forgotten his fear now—had even forgotten the pain in his knee. For what Harry had seen in that stray beam of moonlight was, not the Devil, but a DONKEY—a donkey with ears—not horns—sticking up from his head, and with a length of broken chain clanking on one of his hind legs.

Harry says that's the first time in his life that he ever felt like kissing a jackass. He scrambled up those steps and limped on homeward to nurse a sore knee for a week thereafter. And after that he could listen to his dad's ghost stories without turning a hair, for he had a pretty good idea of how such tales get started. In fact, he'd have started one himself—if it hadn't been for that stray, revealing ray of moonlight.

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Millions of Matches in Daily Use Through World

If all the matches used in the world in one day were placed end to end, they would reach to the moon and 10,000 miles beyond. Think how important these baby explosive bombs are in the everyday business of the world, writes a correspondent in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

American kitchen matches are usually made of pine wood cut in a round shape. In Europe the yare made of aspen and are cut square. Sheets of aspen wood can be dried artificially in a couple of hours and made into matches within the next hour. Thus three hours may see a change from an aspen log to a few hundred or more boxes of matches. But pine has to be allowed to stand for a couple of years before it is sufficiently seasoned to be made up.

There is more than one might suppose involved in the matter of dipping match sticks into the fire-producing solution that makes the head. Match heads are really the product of much chemical research. For instance, people like their matches a cheerful color, so the chemical has to be dyed a pleasing blue or red. They must be double tip, capable of being lit on any surface—a wall, a stove, your shoe. They must not leave a streak or scratch after them. They must not be noisy and pop up at the person using them.

The matches must be made so they will not flash up too soon. They must have no sharp edges, but must be smooth and oval so the heads will not rub against one another in people's pockets and light on each other. They must be fairly waterproof and windproof, and must burn without smoke or odor.

Henry's Contributions

The electromagnet was further improved by Joseph Henry, dean of American scientists in the field of electrical research and for many years secretary of the Smithsonian institution. He also made many other important contributions toward the art of communication by electricity. Henry's first magnet was exhibited in 1829. One form of magnet devised by him was particularly useful when the current energizing it was carried over considerable distances. This magnet was utilized by Morse in his telegraph receiver and, still later, by Bell and others in various forms of telephone apparatus. Electromagnets, in the form of relays, perform important functions in many other types of communication equipment. When Morse was experimenting with the telegraph, Henry gave him the benefit of his technical advice, and it was Henry's encouragement that inspired Bell to continue experiments which ultimately led to the invention of the telephone.

what Irwin S. Cobb thinks about:

The State of the World.
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Up in Montreal a veteran showman says he talks with chimpanzees in their own language. I wish he'd ask one of his chimpanzee pals what he thinks about the present setup of civilization.



Irwin S. Cobb

Because I can't find any humans who agree as to where we all are going and what the chances are of getting there. In fact, the only two who appear to be certain about it are young Mr. Corcoran and young Mr. Cohen, and they seem to hesitate at times—not much, but just a teeny-weeny bit—which is disconcerting to the lay mind. We are likely to lose confidence even in a comet, once it starts wobbling on us.

I'm also upset by a statement from England's greatest star-gazer—they call him the astronomer royal, which, by coupling it with the royal family, naturally gives astronomy a great social boost in England and admits it to the best circles. He says the moon is clear off its mathematically prescribed course.

Cash Versus I. O. U.'s.
ONLY a few weeks ago the front pages were carrying dispatches saying the adjustment of Great Britain's defaulted debt was just around the corner. Economists and financiers had discussed terms of settlement. Figures were quoted—mainly figures calling for big reductions on our part, but never mind that. They were figures anyhow.

Lately the papers have been strangely silent on the subject. Perhaps you remember the old story told on the late John Sharp Williams, who frequented a game at Washington where sportive statesmen played poker for heavy stakes—mostly with those quaint little fictional products called I. O. U.'s as mediums of exchange.

Early one morning a fellow senator met the famous Mississippian coming from an all-night session. "I certainly mopped up," he proclaimed. "I won \$3,000—and what's more, \$8.75 of it was in cash."

Autumn Millinery.

JUST as the poor, bewildered males are becoming reconciled to the prevalent styles in women's hats, up bobs a style creator in New York warning us that what we've thus far endured is merely a foretaste of what's coming. In other words, we ain't seen nothin'!

For autumn, he predicts a quaint number with a slanted peak fifteen inches high, which, I take it, will make the wearer look like a refugee trying to escape from under a collapsing pagoda.

Another is a turban entirely composed of rooster feathers. A matching coat of rooster feathers goes with this design. But in the old days they used hot tar.

A third model features for its top-hammer a series of kalsomine brushes sticking straight up. Naturally, the hat itself will imitate a barrel of whitewash.

But the gem of all is a dainty globular structure of Scotch plaid. Can you imagine anything more becoming to your lady wife than an effect suggesting that she's balancing a hot-water bag on her brow?

"McGuffeyisms."

THE lieutenant-governor of Ohio urges a return to "McGuffeyism" for settling modern problems. 'Twas in a McGuffey reader that I met those prize half-wits of literature—the Spartan boy who let the fox gnaw his vitals; the chuckle-headed youth who stood on the burning deck; the congenial idiot who climbed an alp in midwinter while wearing nothing but a night shirt and carrying a banner labeled "Excelsior" in order to freeze to death; the skipper who, when the ship was sinking, undertook to calm the passengers by—but wait, read the immortal lines:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted, As he staggered down the stair. And then the champion of all—the Dutch lad who discovered a leak in the dyke so he stuck his wrist in the crevice and all night stayed there. In the morning, when an early riser came along and asked what was the general idea, the heroic urchin said—but let me quote the exact language of the book: "I am hindering the sea from running in," was the simple reply of the child."

Simple? I'll tell the world! Nothing could be simpler except an authority on hydraulics who figures that, when the Atlantic ocean starts boring through a crack in a mud wall, you can hold it back by using one small Dutch boy's arm for a stopper.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Bamboo Largest of Grasses
The giant bamboo is doubtless the largest of the grasses. The arundinacea grows to 100 feet high and the variety Tulda to 70 feet high. There are other very high varieties.

GOOD TASTE TODAY

by EMILY POST
World's Foremost Authority on Etiquette © Emily Post

Wording Invitations to Sub-Deb's Party

DEAR Mrs. Post: My husband and I would like to give a small dance for our daughter who is of sub-debutante age, and the question of a proper form for invitations has come up. If we have them engraved "Mr. and Mrs. request the pleasure of your company at a dance in honor of their daughter . . ." won't this invitation suggest that we are bringing our daughter out at this dance? We would not like to create this impression. It seems that all the invitations my son receives to debutante parties are worded this way, but it is also true that my husband and I receive invitations to older parties also in this same wording.

Answer: An invitation such as you suggested and also the one in which the daughter's name appears immediately under that of the parents does mean that she is "out" or is to be presented at the party. On invitations to parties given for younger daughters it would be better to have forms engraved, if you do not already have them, which are intended to be filled in. These same forms are used for dinners or other occasions, which do not require a large enough number to have an especially worded invitation engraved. Your daughter's name would simply be written across the top.

Where Fashion Leads We Trail Like Sheep

DEAR Mrs. Post: Will you please explain about the wearing of veils in the present day? Mother insists that they were never intended to be worn after dark and I can hardly believe she is right because why would so many of the hats bought for street wear have veils attached to them?

Answer: It is impossible to attempt to limit fashions. Perhaps women will wear veils around their wrists or around their necks next, for whatever fashion says to do we all, like so many sheep, follow after. Of course they didn't used to wear veils in the evening. Of course they didn't used to go without backs in their dresses either, nor did they play tennis in pants! At present they do wear stiff little ruffle trimmings on the hats and call them veils, and also call some of the hats they grace evening hats. As for the large circular evening veils that are dropped snugly over the hair to keep it in place, and then flare smartly at the bottom edge, which are illustrated in the fashion magazines, they are perhaps legitimate children of day before yesterday's "fascinator."

Announcing a Birth

DEAR Mrs. Post: Is it unusual for parents to handwrite an announcement of a baby's birth on plain white cards? I think something simple like "Mr. and Mrs. John Parents are happy to announce the birth of Mary Lou at St. Luke's hospital" would be nicer than having them printed, or filling in stock forms. And is it all right to mention the hospital as I have, since I would like my out of town friends to send letters to me.

Answer: I would get a box of very small sized white note paper instead of cards, and write exactly what you said. Break the message down this way:

Mr. and Mrs. John Parent are happy to announce the birth of Mary Lou at St. Luke's Hospital on Friday, February 10th

Cutting-In at Dance

SOME time ago I was the guest of a girl at a big dance at which I was a total stranger. Stags cut in on us frequently and I stood out most of the evening. Could I have cut in on other girls whom I had not met?

Answer: What your friend should have done would have been to take you up to some of the girls first before you and she went on dancing. Then the next time she was cut in on you could have cut in on any of these girls to whom she had introduced you. To leave you not knowing a person in the room was showing very little social tact on her part.

"At Home" Cards.

DEAR Mrs. Post: After our marriage we are going west for several months but do not expect that my husband will have to stay on after that time. His next place will be permanent but we are not sure where it will be as yet. Under the circumstances, what should I do about enclosing at home cards with my announcements?

Answer: I wouldn't enclose at home cards. Those who want to write you can write to your own home address and by and by, when you are settled permanently, send out your visiting card with your address on it.

WNU Service

Prints Tune to School Girl Needs

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MYRIADS of gay little print frocks wending their way schoolward in the picture fashion is flashing on the screen for fall. There is really no danger of overdoing the print collection for little daughter, for there are so many varieties of textures and design in the realm of washable prints this season mothers can assemble a wardrobe of prints ranging from playtime and classroom frocks to pretty-party dresses, and then not have too many for occasions that may arise.

From mother's standpoint the new print collections should and will prove all that they should be in supplying fabrics which will insure her child the joy of being well-dressed whatsoever the occasion, because fabricists are bringing out cottons and rayons, and linens that have the "looks" of choicest challis and fine crepes.

The thing that intrigues the little folks in regard to prints is that many of the nicest, prettiest prints have been especially designed for them with pictorial motifs that make direct appeal to childhood. Not only are the patterns charming to behold but they are in many instances instructive and entertaining as well. For smaller children there are prints with the letters of the alphabet scattered designfully in all-over patterning. Mother Goose figures too, and boats and ships and birds and animals, fruits and flowers done in a way to capture the fancy of a child.

The washable prints developed this season are unique and lovely. It's a series of perfectly charming prints that we have in mind—artistic creations each of which has been inspired by a song. There are fifteen designs in this collection nine of which have been adapted to cotton fabrics and six to rayon. The unique part of it is that these theme

song designs use titles of copyrighted songs. What a grand chorus of prints there will be in classrooms, at home and in the highways and byways that little girls tread during the coming tanga autumn days! Not that children have a monopoly on these intriguing musical prints for designers are making them up into the smartest-ever housecoats, pajamas and daytime dresses for grown-ups.

Does your little girl love music? If so she'll adore the beruffled frock of new chintz-type print (centered in the illustration) the motif of which is based on "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," a song children know and love. Clever little girl and boy figures holding balloons and other bubble motifs following the position of the notes on the scale with tiny clef signs make the design of this print which is fascinating for young and older folk. The crisp white organdy ruffles and buttons add winsome accents.

The dress to the left is also made of a theme-song "bubble" print. It is a pleasing type for the growing girl. Three narrow ribbon bows positioned on ribbon crossbars set row and row march soldier-like down the front of the bodice. Pleated skirt and demure Peter Pan collar complete this smart style.

The dress to the right reflects a quaint spirit in the lacings up the front, the close-fitting bodice, and the now-so-fashionable "swing skirt." Any girl would love to wear this dress "first day of school." The scattered daisies is a patterning inspired by that familiar song, "Daisy, Daisy, Tell Me Your Answer True"—enough to inspire any little girl wearing this dress to become a prima donna.

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CASUAL COSTUMES SLATED FOR FALL

"Look casual," is the latest slogan being broadcast to women who are pre-occupied with the question of what to wear for early fall. Although both tailored tweeds and softly-feminine garments will continue to be style-right for particular occasions, it's the casual costume that is slated for high-style acceptance.

Suits are always an early-fall favorite but they were never better calculated to make women want to cast aside their summer clothes. Already the shops are beginning to display scores of casually cut models ranging from classic two-piece ensembles complete with blouse and topcoat or fur cape.

College Girls in Favor of Low-Heeled Daytime Shoes

Increased interest in sports is given as the chief factor in the college girl's inclination toward lower heel heights on daytime shoes but her choice is also influenced by other considerations such as comfort and the suitability of low-heeled footwear to sports clothes.

The prevalence of "girls of more than average height" was one of the reasons advanced for the increased popularity of low and medium-heeled evening shoes.

Shaded Stockings Boon to Woman With Bulky Calves

The woman with oversized calves can buy shaded stockings which gradually darken in color at the largest part of the leg and thus have a very slenderizing effect. These stockings shade from a light tan at the foot and ankle to a dark brown at the calf and upper leg. For slimmer legs, there are stockings of sun-tan color with feet of dark brown.

PLAID TAILLEUR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Plaid's the thing for your new fall suit if you are seeking the smartest. The one pictured is of heavy plaid linen. It's a real Scotch tartan plaid done in dark green, dark blue lined with white, red and yellow. Black velvet binds the edges, pocket flaps and cuffs. This makes a stunning costume for early fall and later on you will be wanting to copy it in plaid wool. We are quite sure you will for these stunning plaid jacket suits are the "last word" in chic.

Black and Sand

Black velveteen is worn with a tailored coat of sand-colored wool.