



FAMOUS  
HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD  
GIBBONS

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hell  
Everybody

"Miracle on a Bridge"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

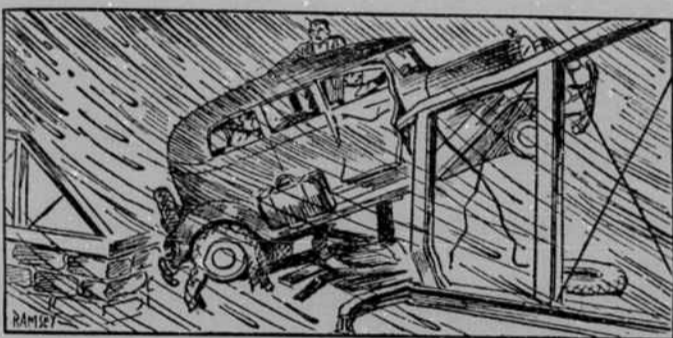
NOW it's a well known fact, boys and girls, that adventurers have adventures, but why is it nobody ever gives a thought to adventurers' wives? They have adventures too—particularly if they travel around with their husbands like Grace Stanley of Fairview, N. J.

Mrs. Stanley is the wife of the late Col. King Stanley, a traveler and adventurer of long standing. During the four years that she traveled with him, she says she had enough adventure to fill an encyclopedia. But the one that gave her the biggest thrill—and also the worst fright—happened down in the wild and woolly state of Texas in the spring of 1926.

Grace Stanley and the colonel were taking a trip by automobile from Texas to Shreveport, La. Just beyond Marshall, Texas, they ran into a severe storm—and when storms are severe down on the Texas plains, they're severe, and no mistake. This one was a combination of thunder, lightning, rain and hail. The rain came down in sheets. There was no cover in sight, and nothing to do but go on.

They were getting close to the state line when the car came to a bridge spanning a deep cut through which ran the tracks of the K. C. and S. railroad. As they hit the end of that bridge, Grace heard a DEAFENING CRACK. A sudden flash of light almost blinded her. The car came to a sudden stop and the air was filled with a sulphurous smell. Lightning! Had it struck them? With her heart in her mouth, Grace raised her eyes.

There were three people in the car—her husband and the driver in the front seat and Grace herself in the rear. The men, up front, were all right. Grace breathed a sigh of relief. But at the same time something inside of her was telling her to sit still—not to move even so



The Driver Got Out on the Running Board.

much as a single muscle. Without moving her head she turned her eyes to the right. The sight she saw there FROZE THE BLOOD in her veins.

The bolt of lightning had ripped away the entire corner of the bridge. The car was standing on three wheels, teetering precariously over a fifty-foot chasm, its fourth wheel—the left rear one—hanging FAR OUT OVER SPACE.

Then the Car Started to Sag.

The men in the front seat weren't moving, either. They sat stiff and motionless, with grim, set expressions on their faces. Then, slowly, the car began to sag to the right—toward the broken, twisted wrecked side of the bridge.

There wasn't any time to waste. Quickly they talked the matter over—decided the only thing that could save them was to shift as much weight as possible to the left side of the car. Grace, who was in the rear seat on the right side, directly over the dangling wheel, couldn't move because the seat beside her was filled with luggage. It was up to the driver and the colonel to do the shifting.

The car settled a bit more. Grace held her breath as she felt herself sinking. The driver opened the door, slid over in his seat and got out on the running board. Both he and the colonel were big men—both of them weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds—and Grace found herself breathing a prayer of thankfulness for that. In an agony of suspense she watched while the driver got out and her husband slid over in the seat to take his place behind the wheel.

"All this time," says Grace, "the car kept on settling down toward the right. It was probably only a minute or two, but it seemed like a thousand years. I hugged as close to the baggage on the left as I could, but still the car settled. It looked as if we were going over in spite of all our efforts."

Saved by Truck Driver with a Rope.

The colonel, too, was climbing out on the running board now—shifting his weight as far to left as possible. Still the car sagged, and there was nothing more they could do. If they stepped from the running board the car would go over. If Grace tried to move, it might furnish just the vibration needed to send the car off the bridge and down to the tracks fifty feet below. It was a heartbreaking situation. Death was staring her in the face, and nobody dared to do anything about it.

But at that same moment help was in sight. A small truck shot around a corner from the opposite direction, and the driver saw what had happened. He stepped on the gas and came speeding toward them.

Again, Grace was afraid to breathe. Would the vibration set up by the truck send them over the side?

But the driver of that truck had a lot of presence of mind. Also, he had a rope. He leaped from his seat with the rope in his hand, looped it around the front of the car and then made it fast to the far side of the bridge.

With the rope holding the car, Grace could get out. She and the colonel went around to the back of the automobile to join the truck driver, who was excitedly crying that nothing but a miracle had saved them. The fellow was right, too. The lightning had curled up the iron-work of the bridge like so much straw. One of the curls had ripped work of the bridge and completely ruined one side of the car. Another off both right tires and completely ruined one side of the car. Another curl had caught under the car itself—and that was the only thing that had kept them from going over.

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"The Man Who-O-C"



Tales and Traditions from American Political History

BY FRANK E. HAGEN AND ELMO SCOTT WATSON

AN EARLY "BLACK LEGION"  
ON TREES were posted mysterious squares of paper, black, or white or red, summoning men to midnight meetings. At these meetings there were oaths and grips and pass-words.

That was more than three-quarters of a century ago, but members of the "Black Legion," who created such a furore early in 1936, would have felt pretty much at home in those meetings back in the forties and fifties. There they would have fraternized with members of "The Supreme Order of the Star-Spangled Banner," a secret society which grew into a political party, the Native Americans, with a platform of opposition to foreigners, the papacy, infidelity and socialism.

Later they became known as the Know Nothings because, when a member was questioned about the order, he invariably answered "I don't know." In New York and Pennsylvania they elected several men to congress and in 1847 they held a national convention at Philadelphia. There they nominated Gen. Henry Dearborn for vice-president and recommended, but did not formally nominate, Gen. Zachary Taylor, the Whig candidate for President.

In 1854-55 the Know Nothings carried Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Kentucky and California and looked forward to the election of 1856 with high hopes. Soon the party threw off its secret character and it became apparent that they were mostly Whigs. In February they held another convention in Philadelphia at which they formally renamed their party the American party. They nominated for President Millard Fillmore, the Whig vice-president who had served all but one month of the term to which Zachary Taylor had been elected, and gave him for a running mate Andrew Donelson of Tennessee, the ward of "Old Hickory" Jackson. Fillmore carried only one state in the election which sent James Buchanan, the Democratic candidate, to the White House and the Know Nothings passed out of the political picture soon afterwards.

"TO THE VICTORS—"

"TO THE victors belong the spoils!"

Although Andrew Jackson was the first exponent of that political creed, he was not the first man to express it in so many words. The man who did was William L. Marcy of New York, leader of one of the factions in the Democratic party when Polk was President.

The division in the Democratic ranks was over the distribution of federal patronage and it centered, as it has so often since, in New York state. The faction, led by Marcy, was called the "Hunkers" who were supported by Tammany and who were given that name because they were always inclined to hunger, or "hunker," for office.

The other faction, led by Silas Wright, was composed of disappointed Van Burenites—disappointed because Van Buren, whom Jackson had made his successor, had been refused a second term by the party which took Polk, a "dark horse," instead. This faction was called the "Barnburners," because, like the Dutch farmer in New York state who burned his barn to get rid of the rats in it, they declared they were ready to "burn their barns to get rid of the rats," the upstart "Hunkers."

As a matter of fact they did just that in the campaign of 1848. Opposed to slavery, they joined forces with the Liberty party, took the name of the Free Soil party and nominated Martin Van Buren and Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts. This split in the Democratic party resulted in a victory for Gen. Zachary Taylor, the Whig candidate, over Van Buren and over Lewis Cass, the regular Democratic nominee.

Along with "Hunker" and "Barnburner" is another interesting name once applied to the Democrats, growing out of the rivalry of these two factions. In the campaign of 1840 the Whigs called their opponents the "Locofocos" because at a meeting of the New York Democrats the two factions were trying to get control of the meeting. One gang turned off the gas lights and in the darkness, the other gang, which had come prepared for just such a stunt, took from their pockets the new friction matches, called "locofocos," struck them and by thus lighting the room were able to continue the session and dominate it.

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Faults and Virtues

WE MAY, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak points; everyone has his faults; we may make the worst of these. But we may also make the best of one another. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain; and earth will become like Heaven; and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.—Dean Stanley.

Proverbs are potted wisdom.

Foreign Words and Phrases

A priori. (L.) From what is before: from cause to effect.  
Bon mot. (F.) A witticism; a pun.  
Corrente calamo. (L.) With running or fluent pen; offhand.  
Dum vivimus, vivamus. (L.) While we live let us enjoy life.  
Et tu, Brute! (L.) And thou also, Brutus! (Caesar's exclamation on seeing his friend Brutus among his assassins.)  
Feu de joie. (F.) A bonfire or firing of guns to express public joy.  
Malum prohibitum. (L.) A thing prohibited by law, although not necessarily wrong morally.

Scottie Tea Towels



Pattern 1228

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