

# what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

The Social Register.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. — Those who warm their aristocratic hands at the social register, take comfort from the latest issue of that priceless volume. It seems that, if a well-born lady weds a night club playboy with a head suitable for a handle on a dollar umbrella, she stays put.

But if she is married to a genuine gentleman, such as Gene Tunney is, or a gifted orchestra leader, such as Eddie Duchin, out she goes.

The charming granddaughter of a poor Irish immigrant qualifies as an entry, which is as it should be, in any language. But when she takes for a husband the son of a poor Jewish immigrant, whose blemish is that he's a professional song writer—and one of the greatest song writers alive—her name is scratched off the sacred scroll.

Yet what's an old family but a family that advertises that it's old? And what is society except a lot of people who keep proclaiming that they are society until the rest of us believe them?

### Protecting Human Game.

FOR the preservation of the lessening wild fowl, the government stands pat by its ruling that ducks may no longer be lured to hunting grounds which have been baited for them and then bagged. But one shudders what would happen to Wall street if practically the same system now in vogue for garnering in the human game was ever abolished on the stock exchange.

Still, why not leave well enough alone? If there was no margin gambling available for cleaning the poor things, they'd bet their money on horse racing or the old Spanish prisoner game or something.

### Liberty League Marriages.

THE rotogravure sections reveal that they've just opened a fresh crate of du Ponts, too late to qualify for membership in the Liberty League, because the Liberty League, alas, is dead of overnourishment, but in ample time to fill up the background at the approaching marriage of the President's fine son, Franklin Delano, Jr., and a charming daughter of the royal family of Delaware.

That's one wedding where the ushers will do well to see that the families are seated in separate pews during the ceremony, because somebody might tactlessly be reminded of little things that came up during the heat of the late campaign.

Otherwise, in the customary regalia of shad-bellied coats and striped trousers, it will be difficult to distinguish a champion of the rights of the great common people from an entrenched wretch of the ruggedly individualistic group.

### Playing the Ponies.

RACING starts soon out in Hollywood, and the stars and starines may have to make their pictures between events at Santa Anita because they'll have absolutely no time for fiddling around studios.

To risk my modest wagers on, I'm looking for a horse named Virginia Creeper or else Trailing Arbutus. Then when I lose, as I always do, I can't say my choice wasn't appropriately named.

If I had a bet on Paul Revere's nag, Paul never would have made that famous ride of his. Somewhere between Concord and Lexington, a constable would have pinched him for blocking the highway.

### Future Inventions.

CELEBRATING the hundredth anniversary of the American patent system, the assembled research sharps declare that among the boons to mankind promised us in the near future by our native inventive geniuses are the following:

Clothes made out of glass (with curtains, I hope, for those of us who are more than six years old).

Whisky aged instantly by powerful sound waves. (But who has thought of suitable relief for those who also will be aged instantly by drinking said whisky?)

Pats grown as big as cows by powerful sound waves. (I can hardly wait for the happy day when we may afford a family rat the size of a Jersey cow.)

IRVIN S. COBB.

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# Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

## Hello Everybody!



"Asleep at the Wheel"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

HERE'S Fred Bock, whose address is Brooklyn, but whose home is Route 34, or Route 63, or maybe some other route altogether. Fred, you see, drives one of those big transportation trucks that move between one city and another. Those lads might get back to their houses once in a while, but a good part of the time they do their sleeping on the big front seat of a truck parked at the side of the road. That's the sort of lad you have to catch on the fly. But I've nabbed Fred, and here's his story.

On a Thursday morning in November, Fred and his partner Charlie were delivering furniture at various houses in Brooklyn. They went out with a load, delivered it, and finished up about one o'clock in the afternoon. They had some lunch and pulled into the office at two, hoping they were through for the day. But no such luck for Fred. He still had a man-sized job to do that day—and besides that there was a little adventuring to be taken care of. At that stage of the game, though, he didn't know anything about adventuring.

### Taking a Load to Washington.

After Fred had settled up his accounts, the manager called him into his office and told him the bad news. There was an immediate delivery to be made in Washington, D. C., and Fred had been elected to do the job.

They loaded the truck and were on their way. Route 1 was to be their home this time. They picked it up in Jersey City and rolled into Philadelphia along about nine o'clock in the evening. Fred and Charlie knew a good lunch wagon in Philly, and they went there for dinner. Back in the truck again, Fred suggested a nap. They had been up since early morning, and both of them were pretty tired.

They lay down on the seat and started to snooze, but not for long. After a brief interval they were awakened by a cop who told them that the main drag of the Quaker City was no lodging house and suggested that they take their big truck out of there. So they started to move.

### Fred Was Getting Sleepy.

They threaded their way through the city, and once more they were bowling along the open road through a cold, bleak November night. The wind swept across the fields in fitful gusts and the road ahead seemed to darken. Fred drove on through the night. The hours rolled by and he was getting more and more sleepy. Along about midnight a filmy haze began to cloud his vision.

Says Fred: "The feeling was nothing new to me. It came from staring ahead over long periods, and had happened to me many times before. I knew that the best thing for me to do was pull over to the side of the road for a short rest. I began looking for a convenient parking space, but the minutes fled by without a sign of a place to stop. The road was getting narrower and more gloomy. My eyes seemed to be getting heavy as lead.

"We began to roll down hill. Flickering, fantastic shadows danced across the path of the headlights and the road ahead suddenly inclined in a long, steep, tortuous grade. I looked at Charlie and saw him curled up in the corner of the seat fast asleep. His peaceful repose seemed to tempt me. And then—"

### Running Wild Toward a Wall.

And then, suddenly, Fred's eyes were shut and the truck was running wild!

Fred doesn't know how long his eyes were shut or how the truck managed to keep on the road. But something in the back of his brain—some drivers' instinct—brought him wide awake as suddenly as he had fallen asleep. As his eyes came open he saw in the beam of the headlights a sharp, narrow turn in the road and, just at the beginning of the bend, a white concrete wall.

The headlights brought that scene to his eyes with startling clearness. "It didn't take me long to realize what that meant," says Fred. "A narrow bridge spanning—spanning what—was the question. I didn't know, and for a minute it looked as if I never would know."

In the few seconds Fred had been asleep the speedometer had climbed to forty-five. A glance told him that—and then he jammed on the brakes. "But even as I did so," he says, "I knew it would be useless. The bend in the road was too narrow to permit a quick turn with a large truck. I couldn't save myself from crashing into the wall."

### Steep Cliff Just Ahead of Them.

Fred took a lightning glance to right and left, searching for a way out. There was a clear space at the beginning of the wall. How long it was—what obstructions he might find in it—he didn't know, but he determined to take a chance and trust to luck that he didn't run into a tree and pile up. He turned his wheels and headed for the clear space. Then, just as his wheels left the road, the headlights showed him what was ahead. There were no trees in his way. There was nothing. The car was plunging toward a steep cliff, at the bottom of which ran the river!

Fred's hand tightened on the wheel. The top of the bank was a scant ten feet ahead, and he knew he would never be able to stop that car. With his whole body tense, he waited for the sickening plunge over the bank—and the end.

And then Fred got the surprise of his life. Suddenly, the truck slowed down as the wheels struck something soft and mushy. It moved another two or three feet and came to an abrupt stop. Fred climbed out of the cab and jumped to the ground, and heaved a sigh of relief and gratitude. The wheels had run into a pile of sand left by the highway patrol. And Fred says: "As I stood there listening to the swish of water far below it certainly seemed to me as if Providence were riding with us that night. For if that pile of sand had been six feet to right or left we would have shot over that clearing and dropped into the river below."

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### Takes Gasoline From Water

Gasoline can be removed from water by pouring the mixture into a 200-mesh sieve. Owing to the difference in surface tension, the gasoline passes through while the water is retained.

### Importance of Discipline

The employee that evidences a disposition to disregard discipline will never be fitted to lead others—never until he changes his course. He will always remain a private.

### Definitions of "Dollars"

Joe Tunkins says one reason finance is so hard to understand is that the word "dollars" may have millions of definitions, ranging from ham and eggs to the equipment of an army.

### First New England Rich Man

The first man to amass a large fortune in New England was John Hill, mint-master of Massachusetts colony. He received 15 pence fee out of each 20 shillings he coined.



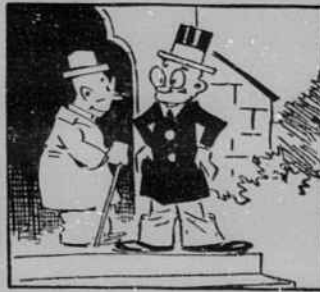
### SECOND BEST

A Philadelphia firm advertising for a salesman received a reply from a man who said that he was the greatest salesman in the world. They engaged him and gave him three lines of goods to sell anywhere in the West. They expected him to do great things.

After he had been away a week and they had received no orders, they were surprised to get a telegram saying:

"I am not the world's greatest salesman. I am the second best. The greatest salesman was the man who loaded you up with these goods."

### TAX ADDED



"How much do you usually get for marrying people?"

"Five dollars."

"Anything off for cash?"

### Wasted Energy

A gentleman feeling a bit fed up with life decided to commit suicide by hanging himself. A friend came into the room and discovered him standing with a rope round his waist, and he inquired what he was trying to do. The gentleman told him he was taking his own life.

"But," said his friend, "why have you the rope round your waist?"

"Well," said the man, "when I tied it round my neck it was choking me."

### Knew Her Habits

Customer—I want a pair of gloves for my wife.

Saleswoman—Yes, sir. What color?

Customer—Doesn't matter.

Saleswoman—What size?

Customer—Doesn't matter. She'll be certain to change them in any case!

### Assurance

Officer—But how can you prove that you are the person to whom this letter is directed?

Man (pulling photograph of himself out of his pocket)—Now, is this me or is it not?

Official—Quite so, sir. Here is your letter.

### Whiskers

Ernie — My uncle can play the piano by ear.

Gurney — That's nothing. My uncle fiddles with his whiskers.—Columbia Jester.

### Obliging

Lawyer—Get my broker, Miss Jones.

"Yes, sir; stock or pawn?" —Everybody's Weekly.

### KNEW HIS STUFF



"I shuddered when Jim proposed."

"Was he so awkward?"

"Oh, no; he did it so well."

### He Missed It

Mother—There were two apple in the cupboard this morning; now there is only one. How can you account for that?

Son—It was dark in the cupboard and I did not notice the other.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Obliging Child

Grandma—Would you like to go to the fair and ride in the round about, dear?

Modern Child—I don't really mind if it will amuse you.

### Foreign Words and Phrases

Arriere pensee. (F.) A mental reservation.

Crescite et multiplicamini. (L.) Increase and multiply. (The motto of Maryland.)

Faites vos jeux. (F.) Place your stakes (at roulette, etc.).

Ipso jure. (L.) By unquestioned right.

Lusus naturae. (L.) A freak of nature.

Nemine contradicente (nem. con.) (L.) No one speaking in opposition.

Tabula rasa. (L.) A blank tablet.

Vestigia nulla retrorsum. (L.) No backward steps.

### Home Heating Hints

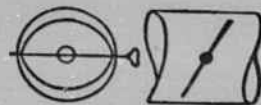
By John Barclay Heating Expert

### How to Check "Chimney Loss," Greatest Waste in Home Heating

WHAT is "chimney loss"? Well, that's a term we heating experts have for heat that goes up the chimney and is wasted.

Yet it's really a simple matter to save money by reducing this loss—convert "chimney loss" to "useful heat," as we call it. Here's the remedy:

Next time you refuel the fire, move the handle of the turn damper (that disc or plate-like damper inside the smoke pipe) 1-16th of an inch toward the closed upright position. Then, if the fire keeps



Sectional View Side View Turn Damper in Smoke Pipe

on burning too freely, turn the damper another sixteenth of an inch. Repeat this operation until you find the correct adjustment—one that will deliver the greatest amount of useful heat with the least "chimney loss."

Once you have found this ideal adjustment of the damper, mark the position on the smoke pipe with a piece of chalk or something that can be plainly seen, and leave the damper set at that mark.

Bear this in mind: The nearer the turn damper is set to the closed position the smaller the "chimney loss" and the greater the volume of "useful heat" that goes to properly heating your home. And, of course, the lower your fuel bills.

### A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

### Beginning of Education

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken in the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character. Let parents always bear this in mind.—H. Ballou.

### Up in the Morning Feeling Fine!

The refreshing relief so many folks say they get by taking Black-Draught for constipation makes them enthusiastic about this famous purely vegetable laxative.

Black-Draught puts the digestive tract in better condition to act regularly, every day, without your continually having to take medicine to move the bowels.

Next time, be sure to try



A GOOD LAXATIVE

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A recognized Remedy for Rheumatic and Neuritis sufferers. A perfect Blood Purifier. Makes thin Blood Rich and Healthy. Builds Strength and Vigor. Always Effective. . . Why suffer?

AT ALL GOOD DRUG STORES