



My Favorite Recipe By Irene Dunne Movie Star

Marble Cake

- 1/2 cupful butter. 1 cupful sugar. 1 1/2 cupfuls cake flour. 1/2 teaspoonful salt. 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. 1/2 cupful milk. 1 tablespoonful maple sirup. 1 tablespoonful melted chocolate. 1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon. 1/4 teaspoonful nutmeg. 1/4 teaspoonful allspice.

Place butter in warm place where it will soften slightly, but must not melt. Cream sugar in butter gradually. Add the yolks of the eggs, which have been beaten. Sift flour and salt together several times and add alternately with the milk. Sift baking powder in a little of the flour, which is added last. Fold in egg whites, which have been beaten stiff.

Place one-third of the mixture in a separate bowl and add spices, sirup and melted chocolate to it. Drop a spoonful of each mixture alternately into cake pan. Bake in moderate oven.

This cake in excellent to serve if the meal seems a little rich. It is not heavy and is delicious without icing.

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Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!



"Terror of Brooklyn Bridge"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

YOU'VE heard stories of panics in halls and theaters—of panics on sinking ships and in crowded circus tents, but it's a good idea to remember that not all panics happen in enclosed spaces. Here's one that happened out in the open. An eye-witness account of the historic panic of Brooklyn bridge, told by a newspaper man of the day—Timothy T. O'Connell, of Elmhurst, L. I.

Maybe some of you remember that panic. Maybe some of you were caught in it. It was on Decoration Day, 1883, that Brooklyn bridge was thrown open to the public. Tim O'Connell was just a cub reporter then, and he felt pretty proud when his paper sent him to cover the ceremony.

"But I might not have been so proud," he says, or so keen on going, if I'd known what was going to happen."

It Was a Happy, Chattering Throng.

Things went smoothly enough for a time, Tim says. The crowd was the usual mob of sightseers, drawn from all walks of life. There were doctors and laborers, butchers and bakers, parents with their children, clerks with their sweethearts, and old folks who gazed in awe at the huge trellises and networks of great twisted-wire cables. They thronged the big new bridge, chattering and laughing. "It was an orderly, leisurely crowd," Tim says, "until suddenly some idiot yelled: 'THE BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN.'"

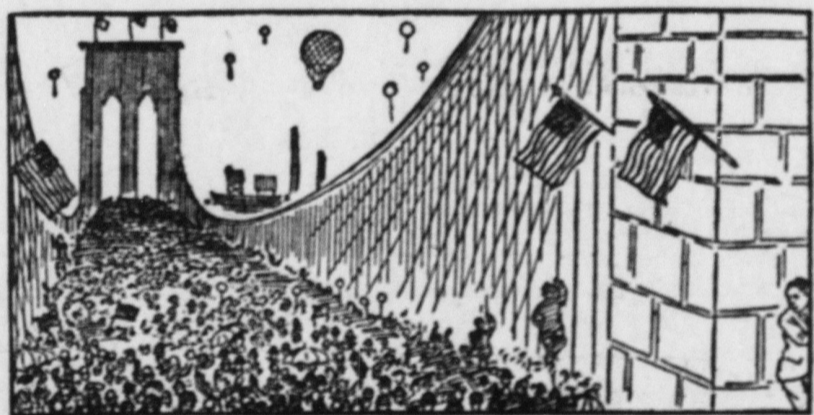
Such words, in a place like that, are nothing short of verbal murder. The cry was taken up by others. There were shouts of fire and an ominous buzzing of rumors through the crowd. Faces turned white. There was a moment when a stupor seemed to settle over the walks jammed with pedestrians. THEN, SUDDENLY, CAME PANDEMONIUM—CHAOS!

"Men in panic" says Tim, "are disposed to believe anything they hear. The alarms struck terror into thousands of hearts. There followed a scene scarcely to be conceived—or believed—by anyone who did not witness it. Wild tumult! Howling and shouting! The shrieks of women, some of them with small children in their arms, who were being jostled, knocked down and trampled by others in their wild haste to reach the end of the bridge.

Turned Into a Brutal, Selfish Mob.

"In the mad rush to save themselves, people stripped themselves of all their burdens. Handbags, canes, umbrellas, were thrown aside. They got under foot making it all the more difficult for those in the rear to advance. The crowd surged, and fought, and trampled. A father seized his baby and lifted it from its carriage just in the nick of time. Ten seconds later the carriage was demolished."

No pen could describe all the horror and brutality of that scene, and Tim O'Connell doesn't claim that his old typewriter can either. But like a good reporter he caught the spirit of terror as it stalked across that bridge and sent it to me in whole pages of fine, moving description. The panic had started near the Manhattan end of the bridge. There, a deadlock of tightly packed humanity was jamming the exit. Before two minutes had passed, the dread, maniacal fear had spread to the center of the span and more thousands of people rushed toward the Manhattan side, doubling the congestion and adding to the havoc.



Panic Stricken Throng on the Bridge

The crowd now as one pulsing, terror-stricken sea of heads milling, fighting, screaming. Stalwart men trampled over prostrate bodies. ONE GIANT OF A MAN, GONE COMPLETELY BERSERK, PLUNGED THROUGH THE STRUGGLING MASS, KNOCKING OVER WOMEN AND CHILDREN. As far as Tim could see there was nothing but bedlam, and shrieking and scuffling of feet. To save himself from being ground under them, Tim started to climb a trellis of wire cable. Others followed his lead and Tim was forced to climb higher to enable them to get a foothold. Clinging there with bruised hands he looked down on the scene, and then, like a good reporter HE STARTED TO TAKE NOTES.

Tough Job for an Ambitious Reporter.

His notebook had fallen from his pocket, so he tore off his cuff—a stiff, three-inch one of the kind worn at that period. He couldn't balance it against the swaying cable—couldn't hold it and write with his one free hand. The cuff slipped away and fell into the river. He tore out the stiff bosom of his shirt and tried that. That too slipped from his bruised fingers.

A cloud of black smoke from a river craft rose from below and enveloped him in its suffocating folds. He was getting dizzy, and fixed his eye on the horizon to steady himself. His head was spinning, but he hung on until the bridge cleared a bit and a rescue squad forced its way through the crowd assuring people that there was nothing the matter—that they were victims of a false alarm.

Tim and his companions on the trellis were assisted down to the roadway, their hands torn and bleeding. On the way down Tim rescued a kitten that was mewing pitifully—carried it with him into the improvised ambulance. The ambulance took them to a nearby saloon where they were given an alcoholic restorative and the kitten got a dish of milk.

"Some months later," Tim says, "I saw that same kitten curled up in a chair outside that same saloon. But there was no recognition in her closed, drowsy eyes. That's gratitude for you. But for me it would have been floating in a watery grave."

District of Columbia Courts

The supreme court of District of Columbia is a court of original jurisdiction with general jurisdiction the same as a federal district court, and local jurisdiction the same as state courts. The United States court of appeals for the District of Columbia is the highest local court. The parallelism between the supreme court of the District and the court of appeals of the District, on the one hand, and the district courts of the United States and the circuit court of appeals, on the other, in the consideration and disposition of cases involving what among the states would be regarded as within federal jurisdiction, is complete.

Cowbird Hitchhiker.

The cowbird ranks as a prime grafter of the feathered kingdom, lazy and tricky and possibly one of the first of the hitch-hikers. The bird is usually observed following along in the wake of cows, picking up insects which are disturbed by the cow while grazing. With its food thus easily acquired, the cowbird apparently turns its attention to other forms of labor-saving. When it desires to go places with no effort it hops to the back of a cow and rides free, although not with control over the direction of the traveling. Even the female is lazy. She builds no nest, but lays her eggs in the nest of another bird, one usually of a smaller type.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

HAVE you heard Hildegarde on the radio? You must, not merely because she is delightful in a way all her own, but because it is always interesting to watch the progress of someone who is on the way to stardom.

Not so many years ago she was playing the piano in a motion picture theater. She went abroad. First thing she knew, the Milwaukee girl was singing for royalty—King Edward VIII when he was Prince of Wales, the King of Sweden, ex-King Alfonso of Spain, the Duke and Duchess of Kent—they all helped make her one of the toasts of Europe.

Now she has come back home, and broadcasts on Tuesday evenings from ten to ten-thirty, and on Saturdays from eight to eight-thirty over N. B. C.

Marlene Dietrich couldn't wait to get off to Europe—and now she can't wait to get home! She is making a picture in England, you know, and there have been delays (it's reported that Robert Donat walked out on it, for reasons not announced at the time) and she doesn't know when she'll return. She is so sold on Hollywood that she telephoned her studio dress designer to ask his advice on the gowns she will wear in the English picture—perhaps she was afraid that the designers over there wouldn't let her wear enough feathers!



Marlene Dietrich

Well, another grand picture has come along, one of the best in years. It is "My Man Godfrey," with—Carole Lombard, William Powell, Alice Brady, Gail Patrick, Jean Dixon, Eugene Palette and Alan Mowbray. It is almost too funny—you find yourself laughing so hard at one bit of funny dialogue that you miss the next one.

Take it from Simone Simon, who has become so tremendously popular in so short a time, her name should be pronounced "Semone Semon"—but it takes a French student to get that last syllable exactly right. She is having a grand time in Hollywood; goes out practically every night, looking even younger and cuter than she does on the screen, and gets just about everything she wants at the studio by day.

It is good news for Nelson Eddy's many admirers that his new fall series of broadcasts is under way. He began them September 27 from Hollywood, on a nation-wide Columbia network of eighty-two stations, and will continue to broadcast from there until his concert engagements take him East in January.

You can't help liking Errol Flynn. He refuses to let making pictures dominate his life, perhaps because he did so many things before he became an actor. He learned to play tennis comparatively recently, entered the Pacific Southwest Tournament—and had to play Frank Shields, but he gave a good account of himself, though he was up against a champion. When he lived in New Guinea he collected rare snakes for Dr. Raymond Ditmars. Now he collects rare insects for British museums, and his wife, Lily Damita, goes along, though she loathes bugs and doesn't particularly care for the Mojave desert, where he does his collecting.

No doubt you've heard Edwin C. Hill who comments so ably on news events. Well, he's starting something original with his new series. He will begin with a summary of the week's news, and after that, with the aid of a cast of actors, will dramatize a presentation of the story of some unknown American hero or heroine.

ODDS AND ENDS... Buster Crabbe, after teaching Harold Lloyd's children to swim, had begun giving lessons to Shirley Temple... The March of Time is off the air for only a short while, just to give the people who do it a chance to rest after sixty successive weeks of broadcasting... Eleanor Powell ordered fifteen pairs of slacks at once; the Hollywood habit of wearing them got her, and now all she needs is a mink coat to wear with them... Helen Hayes, who is broadcasting again, wears a slave bracelet instead of a wedding ring... When Bing Crosby gets back into the harness and begins making pictures and broadcasting again, he'll have a new title—president of the Del Mar Turf club; it's near San Diego... Production of "Camille" has been held up indefinitely by Irving Thalberg's death, which prostrated Greta Garbo.



Errol Flynn

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Trim, Neat Shirtwaister



in any office or social gathering. Outstanding because of its neat and trim appearance, and as easy to make as to say your A, B, C's.

The skirt is simply constructed with a front and back panel fitted snugly at the hips and held by a self fabric belt at the waist. Five buttons, one after another, trim the front bodice and make way for a Puritan collar of contrasting color, or a twin set as shown in the small sketch. Wide harmonizing cuffs uplift the full elbow length bishop sleeve and create a "ready to work" appearance. Try cotton, shantung, silk, broadcloth, or crepe for exciting effects.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1945-B is available for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measures 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 14 (32) requires 4 yards of 39-inch material plus contrasting two-thirds yard. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

Send for the Fall Pattern Book containing Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y. © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Education's Cost

Based upon reports received from 312 city school systems in the United States, the Office of Education estimates that \$96.18 is the average cost of one public school pupil's education per year.

DISCOVERED Way to Relieve Coughs QUICKLY

IT'S BY relieving both the irritated tissues of the throat and bronchial tubes. One set of ingredients in FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR quickly relieves tickling, hacking, coughing... soothes and soothes irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set actually enters the blood, reaches the affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough and speeds recovery. Check a cough due to a cold before it gets worse. Before others catch it. Check it with FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. It gives quick relief and speeded-up recovery.

Necessity of Modesty No age, sex, or condition is above or below the absolute necessity of modesty; but without it one is vastly beneath the rank of man.—Barton.

SORE MUSCLES MADE HER ACHE ALL OVER

Feels like a new woman now

Why suffer with muscular pains of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, or chest cold? Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil brings quick relief to aching legs, arms, chest, back. Just rub it on—rub it in. Makes the skin glow with warmth—muscles feel soothed—relief comes quick. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all drug stores.



Take Heed of Time Let him that regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come.—O'Connell.

TIME IS SHORT, BUT FOOD IS TASTY... YOU EAT A LOT AND FEEL HASTY... IN CASE A CASE OF HEARTBURN COMES, WE HOPE YOU'VE GOT YOUR ROLL OF TUMS!



Carry TUMS FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, GAS

SO many causes for acid indigestion! Hasty eating... smoking... beverages... rich foods... no wonder we have sudden, unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas! But millions have learned the smart thing to do is carry Tums! These tasty mints give scientific, thorough relief so quickly! Contain no harsh alkali... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Release just enough antacid compound to correct stomach acidity... reminder passes un-released from your system. And they're so pleasant... just like candy. So handy to carry in pocket or purse. 10c a roll at any drugstore—or 3 rolls for 25c in the ECONOMY PACK.



HERE'S RELIEF for Sore, Irritated Skin

Wherever it is—however broken the surface—freely apply soothing Resinol

Advertisement for Quaker Oats featuring the headline 'DIONNE QUINS THRIVE ON QUAKER OATS' and 'Mothers Urged to Follow Doctors' Example'. It includes an image of a Quaker Oats tin and a list of benefits.

\$5,000 PRIZE CONTEST FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

'blue coal' DEALERS SPONSOR CONTEST 1st PRIZE—4-YEAR COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP

Scores of Other Valuable Prizes Including Cash Awards—Mail Coupon for full Information

THINK OF IT—here's a chance to enjoy four glorious years at college—to win a full college education—absolutely free. This and many other valuable prizes—such as radios, cameras, bicycles, bracelets and wrist watches—will be given away in the big \$5000.00 Contest for school children, sponsored by 'blue coal'—America's finest home fuel. There's nothing to buy—no box tops to send in.

For full information about this exciting contest, simply fill in and mail the coupon below. Be sure to give the name of the teacher you select as your faculty adviser. Don't wait—don't miss out on this big chance. Send in the coupon today to 'blue coal', 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Form with fields for Name, Address, School, and Faculty Adviser, and a section for 'blue coal' contact information.

LOOK, PIMPLE SUFFERERS!

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment featuring a cartoon dialogue about skin issues and the product's benefits.