

## BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Pope's Health  
One Pillar Missing  
Big London Fire  
A Pretty Good Country



Arthur Brisbane

News, far more important than any English royal marriage controversy concerns the health of Pope Pius. The whole world, admiring the Pope's character and his loyal efforts for peace, hopes earnestly for his speedy recovery, while millions that follow the Pope's spiritual guidance pray for that recovery, with the cardinals kneeling at the Pope's bedside.

In spite of his advanced age, there is reason for hope, in his always temperate life and his early Alpine climbing expeditions.

Mr. Hull, secretary of state, offers "eight pillars of peace" upon which American peace and prosperity might rest.

With all respect for the secretary's earnestness, it must be said that the most important "pillar" for the United States is not found among the eight.

The interesting pillar is a protective force of airplanes and submarines so great as to make any attack upon this country unthinkable. When John L. Sullivan lived no one hit him.

London's Crystal palace, covering 17 acres, went up in flames, visible for 50 miles. London has not seen so great a fire since "the" great fire of 1666. That fire started at one o'clock in the morning in a house in Pudding lane; you may read some interesting details in Pepys' diary. Burning four days, the fire caused great destruction, but did good in the end. It wiped out, for one thing, the great plague of London, that made the citizens mark their doors with a red cross and "Lord, have mercy upon us," and caused the grass to grow in London's streets. London was rebuilt of brick; after the fire no more wooden houses, and streets were made wider. Our misfortunes often improve us.

Former President Hoover, just now in New York, smiles at the suggestion that he plans to leave this country and take up his residence in England. The former President, in spite of the "Maine-Vermont" incident, thinks this is a pretty good country and he is right; it made him President.

This is "the day of woman," as a well-known religious leader said. Hongkong tells of a lady, chief of pirates, looting a ship, taking \$10,000, displaying unusual ability and ferocity.

The airplane, in a better way, helps to establish woman's more-than-equality; Capt. Mollison starts through the air from England to Africa, trying to beat the record of his own wife, not that of some other man. Flying records depend upon the machine and the nerve of the pilot. Women have more nerve and physical courage than men have ever had, although men don't know it.

Washington reports that the President, using the discretion given him by congress, will order the construction of two battleships, to cost \$50,000,000 each. Many will hope that the statement is mistaken, especially as the President is said to be doing this to "match Britain's move."

If we should build those battleships, squandering \$100,000,000 of the public money on them, and then be foolish enough to send them out, in case of war, a couple of \$50,000 airships would sink them, or low-priced submarines would blow them up.

If you have imagined at any time that the United States has lost its interest in kings, titles and nobility, turning away from such things in its complete, simple-hearted democracy, look at your newspaper and see how many columns and pictures it prints about Britain's king and his proposed marriage at this time; and observe, if you dine out, the general subject of conversation.

It was truly a marvelous reception that Buenos Aires and the entire Argentine Republic, its President, cabinet and people, gave to the President of the United States. An enthusiastic crowd of a million and a half crowded every street in the great Argentine city, now in the spring season, and most pleasing were two words used by the Argentine president, Justo, "Mi amigo" ("my friend"), as he greeted the American President.

Those two words, mi amigo, extended in all sincerity from one end of the two American continents to the other, would solve the American peace problem, and this country need not worry about the two words popular in Europe and Asia—MY ENEMY.

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# Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club



Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"Red Death and Black Panic"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

MILTON AUERBACH of Atlantic City, N. J., brings us today's thrill, and it happened to him on his first day back at work after being mustered out of service after the war. The war didn't give Milt much of anything to write home about, but the minute he got home things began to happen to him. That's the way it always is. Adventures happen most often right in your own back yard.

This one started with a cry and a roar. On January 7, 1919, shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon, a woman thrust her head out of a window on the fourth floor of the Sauer building on Penn avenue, Pittsburgh and screamed one word, "Fire." There was a moment of quiet. A fireman standing on the sidewalk turned and started to run toward his engine house. He had taken two steps when Hell burst its boundaries and began roaring in the streets of Pittsburgh.

### Celluloid Films Exploded.

There was a loud, shattering BOOM! A gush of smoke from a first floor window and a bright red flash streaked out from somewhere between the first and second stories. A man's body shot out of a window as though it had come from a cannon—head first. A man standing in front of the building was thrown halfway across the street.

Flame ran through the whole edifice—blazed fifty feet from the top of the roof. Highly inflammable celluloid films stored in the building had exploded and turned the whole place into a funeral pyre in which nine people eventually lost their lives.

Milt Auerbach was in an office on the sixth floor. There were eight of them there altogether—salesmen and stenographers busy at their respective desks making out reports and finishing up for the day. They heard the terrific report and made a dash for the door. "When we opened the door," says Milt, "were enveloped in A SHEET OF FLAME. We turned, then ran to the windows facing the street. By the time we reached them the flames were at our heels."

### They Were Jumping to Death.

Milt saw one of the girl stenographers escape through the window. Another one followed her. It was Milt's first day in the office. He thought there must be a fire escape down which the girls were fleeing. The porter



Holding the Girl, He Stood on a Narrow Ledge.

was climbing out of the window now, and Milt told him to hurry so he could follow. Then the porter was gone and Milt started out the window after him. He pushed out his head and recoiled in horror.

There was NO FIRE ESCAPE there! Down below on the sidewalk he saw the bodies of the two girls and the porter. Another girl tried to push by him. Milt caught her and she fainted. Still holding the unconscious girl in his arms he climbed out of the window and stood on a narrow ledge. With his free hand he clung to the window sill.

Inside the office the remaining salesmen were huddled in a corner the flames had not yet reached, shaking hands and saying good-bye to one another. Fire engines began to arrive in the street below. They spread a net, but from the sixth floor it appeared to be about the size of a dime. No one dared jump, Milt says, because it would have been impossible to gauge the distance to that net correctly. Other trucks were unreeling hose lines. Still others were raising ladders. But the hose lines didn't hold out much hope. Water would be of little help to the people trapped in the building. The ladders were their only hope.

### He Couldn't Get to the Ladder.

They were hoisting a ladder right under the ledge to which Milt was clinging, but to Milt's dismay they had it on the wrong side of the trolley wires and could not lean it against the building. The unconscious girl was getting heavy in his arms. His other hand, still clinging to the sill, was tired and just about ready to lose its hold.

Milt looked inside and noticed that the flames didn't seem to be coming any farther into the office. There was a little space in there that they did not cover. He bundled the unconscious girl back in through the window and followed, himself.

In other parts of the building, dense fumes were driving people to the upper floors. Fire began to spread to the building next door. Everywhere in the burning structure people were clinging to the windows as Milt Auerbach had, and the streets were filled with people shouting over and over again the monotonous warning refrain, "DON'T JUMP!"

On the sidewalk, dozens of limp, motionless bodies testified to the soundness of that advice. Few of those who jumped had landed in the nets. Now firemen were fighting their way inside the building. Two men, their clothes ablaze, but still alive, were carried out. A little farther in they found the body of a woman, her hair gone and her clothing in ashes, just a few feet from a stairway that would have led her to safety.

### Milt Was Almost Electrocuted.

Meanwhile, up on the sixth floor, Milt Auerbach waited impatiently for the firemen to raise their ladder again. "At last," he says, "a ladder did reach our floor. A fireman came up and relieved me of the girl in my arms. He carried her down to safety, and then the men followed."

That trip down the ladder was almost as bad as the suspense of waiting for it. It swayed alarmingly as Milt started down it. The rungs were far apart. Every step Milt took made him feel as if he were missing his foothold. Down he went. The bottom of the ladder was set in the top of the fire truck, and in order to get down from it Milt had to rest his hand on the back of one of the horses that drew it. That's where Milt got one final thrill. For as he put his hand on the horse's back an overhead electric wire broke. It fell, hit the horse, and sparks flew. Just as Milt landed on the ground, the horse fell beside him—STONE DEAD—ELECTROCUTED!

Nine people died in that fire, and many more were injured. The girl Milt had held on the window ledge was in a coma for months as a result of her ordeal. But Milt was lucky. He came out without a scratch.

### First Engineers

The engineer on the first steam locomotive in the United States was Horatio Allen, who agreed to make the trial trip of the "Stourbridge Lion," August 8, 1829. The second was Peter Cooper, builder of the "Tom Thumb," on its trial trip on the Baltimore & Ohio, August 28, 1830. The third engineer was Nicholas W. Darrell, who ran the "Best Friend of Charleston" on its trial trip, November 2, 1830.

### Beginning of Labor Day

The first proclamation authorizing the setting aside of a new holiday to be known as Labor Day was issued by Gov. Lyman D. Humphreys of Kansas, a native Ohioan, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. In his proclamation he recommended that Monday, Sept. 1, 1890, be observed in the Prairie state by a suspension of business so that all who so desired could take part in a public celebration.

## STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

TO COSTUME Designer Royer went all of the research information on wardrobes for the 20th Century-Fox production "Lloyds of London," which embraced four distinct fashion periods between the years 1771 and 1806.

The overflow work for the wardrobe department caused an annex to be appropriated to house the day and night shifts of seamstresses, numbering eighty to each shift, and other wardrobe workers required to create the costumes.

The newest and one of the loveliest celebrities of the air is Deanna Durbin, the thirteen year old girl whom Eddie Cantor recently added to his Sunday night broadcasts over CBS.

Little Miss Durbin is really young—quite unlike some of the girls fresh from Hollywood who have conveniently forgotten half a dozen years. If you have heard her on the air you know that she sings beautifully.



Eddie Cantor

Leslie Howard has refused, once and for all, to allow his daughter, Leslie Ruth, to make "National Velvet" for Paramount. If you heard her on the air with her father you'll recall what an excellent actress she was on the air. The story calls for a young girl—and Leslie Ruth Howard is just thirteen, which seems to be the lucky age for motion picture and radio debutantes this year. But papa says no.

They're still searching for the right girl to play the heroine of "Gone with the Wind," whereby hangs a story. In New York there is a young actress who has proved her ability on the stage, but has never made a picture. The question is—would the public go in greater numbers to see the picture if a well known actress played the lead, or is the story big enough so that, if the unknown girl gave a grand performance, the crowds would go anyway?

Monte Blue, a favorite with film fans for many years, plays the lead in a picture that rekindles the pioneer agricultural west of a century ago. He has the role of John Deere, in "The Blacksmith's Gift," a story which recounts the life and times of the man who gave to the world the steel plow. The action takes place in 1837 in the Illinois of Abraham Lincoln's day.

Mary Rogers, daughter of the beloved Will, has gone to work at the Twentieth Century - Fox studios where her father made pictures, and has the bungalow dressingroom which he used, and which no one else has had since his death.

The beautiful Mary deserves a lot of credit. Her father's influence would have helped with a movie career, but she went out and got theatrical experience instead.

When you see "White Hunter," sympathize with Warner Baxter and June Lang in the scenes where they battle against a tropical hurricane. The hurricane was made right in the studio, of course, but was none the less violent because of that. Baxter and Miss Lang spent a whole day with that storm, what with rehearsals and retakes and one thing and another, and were black and blue when it was over, where they had been bruised by objects blown against them by the wind.



June Lang

ODDS AND ENDS . . . It cost Claire Trevor \$20,000 to visit her parents recently; she'd have received that sum for making a picture for an outside studio, when she finished "Career Woman" . . . The color in "The Garden of Allah" is beautiful, and Charles Boyer's performance is excellent, but Marlene Dietrich makes you wish she hadn't been able to get the role away from Merle Oberon . . . When Eleanor Powell arrived in New York some time ago she gave an exhibition of tap dancing in the railway station, to the delight of the crowds.

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### Where Speech Comes From

Actual speech, so far as is known, is an exclusive accomplishment of human beings. It requires not only the ability to make finely differentiated sounds, but also the ability to associate them in the memory with objects, ideas and emotions, according to a scientist. A part of the cortex known as Broca's area is believed by most neurologists to be the brain center of this associative process. It is found in both right and left frontal lobes of the brain, in regions marked off from the rest of the cortex by depressions known to anatomists as the "inferior frontal sulci."

## It's Princess Lines Again



A GAIN princess lines are riding the crest of the fashion wave. Good news for members of The Sewing Circle, for princess lines have always been favored by those who sew at home. And for morning wear, the timeless shirt-maker, a perennial choice for busy housewives. Check your wardrobe. It's time to start sewing again, and here are three top-notch selections.

The smart shirtwaister (Pattern 1976) is a utility frock distinguished for its trim lines and as easy to make as it is to wear. This extremely wearable number is available in a wide range of sizes. The notched collar is pert and youthful, there is fullness at the yoke, and the set-in sleeves fit well and wear forever. Send for Pattern 1976 in size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 35 inch gingham or percale or shantung.

The slick little princess model (Pattern 1828) needs little comment for the picture tells the story. An utterly simple little affair which buttons all the way down the front, it will make an instant hit with your growing daughter and you can slide it through your machine with the greatest of ease. Just seven pieces to the pattern, including the

collar and sleeve band, it is available in sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards of 35 inch fabric plus 1/4 yard contrast.

The lovely daytime princess frock (Pattern 1983) is a model which can be made and worn successfully by 36's as well as 50's. There is a choice of long or short sleeves and there is just enough contrast in the graceful collar to give the frock a smart touch of distinction. Likewise simple—just eight pieces including the collar and cuff—this pattern is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50. Make it in satin, silk, crepe, sheer wool, broadcloth, challis, or linen. Size 38 requires 5 3/4 yards of 39 inch or 3 3/4 yards of 54 inch fabric. Less with short sleeves.

Don't miss these grand numbers. A detailed sewing chart accompanies each pattern to guide you every step of the way.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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## WHEN WARM SPELL COMES LOOK OUT FOR SKIPPERS IN POORLY SMOKED MEAT



"Skippers" the larva of a fly, which hatch in meat not properly smoked. Greatly enlarged.

During cold weather, keeping meat on the farm is a simple matter. But when hot summer comes, or a warm spell in winter, look out! You suddenly find your meat, into which so many hours of hard labor and feed have been put, crawling with "skippers"! This little worm (shown in photo above) is the larva of a fly, which has laid its eggs in the meat. At the first warm spell, they hatch.

But there are other troubles besides skippers. Green mold often develops, or rancidity near the bone. The meat dries out, gets too hard to eat.

ONLY ONE PREVENTIVE Thorough smoking is the only known way to prevent all these troubles. But how? Everyone knows how uncertain the old smokehouse method is. Other so-called smoking methods, or substitutes for smoking, are likewise risky. How can you tell whether or not the meat is thoroughly smoked? But if you want to be absolutely SURE your meat will come through the hot summer months sweet and wholesome and eatable, don't take chances. Brush every square inch with FIGARO Condensed Smoke. It is a liquid; and

It penetrates every crevice and pore of the meat surface. It positively PREVENTS skippers, green mold, rancidity, or hardening. And flavor? FIGARO-smoked meat is the finest you'll ever eat.

AND COSTS NOTHING! Actually FIGARO-smoking costs you nothing. The average farm loses 50 pounds of meat every year through improper smoking. At 30 cents per pound, that's \$15.00! To protect your meat, to guarantee every pound of it keeping perfectly, will cost you less than one-third cent per pound, the FIGARO way! And using plain salt in the cure, then brushing FIGARO on the meat afterward, actually will cost you only HALF the cost of using "smoke salt."

### HAS SMOKED OVER TWO BILLION POUNDS OF MEAT

More than 30 years ago, S. Eugene Colgin, Texas farmer boy, discovered what it was in the old smokehouse that preserved the meat. This secret led to condensing of smoke in quantities, and, with certain additions to improve the flavor of the meat, this is FIGARO Condensed Smoke. It has smoked more than two billion pounds of meat since that time. Your dealer has FIGARO, or can get it. The 32-oz. size smokes 500 pounds, and costs only \$1.50; the 16-oz. size smokes 250 pounds, and costs only \$1.00.—Adv.



S. E. COLGIN, who discovered FIGARO

## THE FIGARO CO., DALLAS, TEX.

Manufacturers of Smoke Products  
FIGARO Condensed Smoke—Barbecue Smoke Sauce—Sausage Seasoning