

# Arthur Brisbane, Editor, Dies at 72

Work Known to Millions; Column Popular in This Newspaper.

New York, N. Y.—With the death of Arthur Brisbane Christmas morning, the world lost its most widely known and most widely read newspaper writer and editor. The veteran commentator, whose column "This Week" appeared regularly in this newspaper, died of heart disease while he slept. He was seventy-two.

True to the Brisbane tradition, he kept up the terrific pace of his work to the last. When he was stricken late in the afternoon of Christmas eve he had almost finished his column, "Today," which appeared in many large daily newspapers, principally those of William Randolph Hearst's string. He was forced to call upon his son, Seward, 22, to complete it. It was the first time in his life Arthur Brisbane had not finished what he had set out to write.

Millions of Readers. It was only a few hours afterward Mr. Brisbane fell asleep in his Fifth avenue apartment. At his bedside were his physicians, Dr. Leopold Stieglitz and Dr. Frederick Zeman, and a nurse. In the apartment his entire family had gathered—his wife, Mrs. Phoebe Brisbane, whom he had married in 1912; his son, Seward, and his four daughters, Mrs.



ARTHUR BRISBANE

J. R. K. McCrary, 23; Emily, 18; Alice, 14, and Elinor, 12. The great editor never awakened.

Probably no one knows how many millions of persons read Mr. Brisbane's verse, analytical comments upon the news of the day. It is estimated that 25 millions read his daily column. Additional millions followed with satisfaction the weekly column syndicated by Western Newspaper Union to this and many other leading weekly newspapers.

Mr. Brisbane was wealthy. It is reported that his yearly salary at the time of his death was \$260,000. In addition, there was the return on his extensive real estate holdings.

Arthur Brisbane was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1864. He attended the public schools and then, forsaking a college education, he became a reporter on the old New York Sun at 19. Yet his rise to the position he held in the world of journalism at the last was not the Horatio Alger type of success story, with glory crowning the hero after countless tear-jerking tribulations. He was good and he was successful from the start.

It was not long before he was the Sun's London correspondent. After five years, there was a shake-up on the paper and the management cabled him to return. He said he would if they made him managing editor. Managing editor! He was just 23. They made him managing editor. And so well did he execute his job, Joseph Pulitzer took him over to the New York World, which, under the Brisbane directorship, soon became the most influential organ of public opinion in America.

"Greatest Journalist of Day." When William Randolph Hearst came from California and bought the New York Journal he hired Mr. Brisbane—at a reduction in salary of almost 50 per cent. But there was an agreement that as the circulation increased, so would his compensation. His earnings on the World were multiplied in almost no time. The association with Hearst became a life-long friendship, and Mr. Brisbane soon became regarded as next to Mr. Hearst in importance in the chain of newspapers. When he died, Mr. Hearst said: "I know that Arthur Brisbane was the greatest journalist of his day."

It was Arthur Brisbane who was credited with bringing the trend of newspaper style "down to earth." He believed that newspapers should be written for the ordinary man, not the intelligentsia. He wrote that way—and his columns appealed to college professors as well as to merchants and farmers.

He dictated his 1,000 to 1,200 crisp, unvarnished words daily in half an hour to an hour. There was a dictaphone beside him wherever he went. He would even wake up in Pullman berths and begin dictation at two or three in the morning.

# STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

TAKE the word of a New York hairdresser for the fact that Mrs. Clark Gable "doesn't look ten years older than anybody, much less Clark!" Mrs. Gable dropped in the first time, wearing red, and a beautiful fur coat, and captivated the entire establishment with her good looks and charm.

Incidentally, on her husband's recent trip to New York, it was said that he left the studio somewhat in doubt about just where he was going when he departed for New York — the general impression seems to have been that he was just going on a hunting trip. Another version was that he hoped to settle once and for all the matter of a divorce. However, nothing apparently happened. Clark spent a few days in New York and then went back to Hollywood.

You can't accuse Fredric March of high-hatting his old friends. Long ago, when he was a young actor just trying to get some where on the stage, he lived with two other chaps who also were just trying to get along in their professions. One of them was better off than the others so he paid the rent and bought meals.

The meal-buyer is up against hard times now. Fredric March isn't. If he were like some of our stars, he'd conveniently forget the past. But when he's in New York he looks up that old friend and nobody'd know by his actions that he'd climbed to the top of the ladder. In other words, he deserves the highest tribute that electricians and carpenters and other workmen around the movie studios can pay a man, "He's regular."

After his magnificent performance in "Winterset" Burgess Meredith deserves the best that's going. And "Winterset," by the way, is a magnificent picture, though there's one scene that may keep you awake, shuddering, for nights and nights.

Jessica Dragonette, who's been singing on the air practically ever since there's been any broadcasting, is branching out for herself with a new weekly series of half-hour musical programs each Wednesday night from nine-thirty till ten, on CBS. First time she's been on a coast-to-coast series, after ten years of radio work.

Do you listen to the Kate Smith programs, on which various unsung heroes and heroines appear, tell their story, and then receive votes from listeners-in? If you heard seven-year-old Mary Louise McCroskey and liked her you'll be glad to hear that she was voted for by 215,000 people, and received the weekly award of \$500.

Loretta Young fell in love with the beautiful costumes that she wore in "Ramona," and couldn't bear to have them returned to the wardrobe room, to be cut up and made over. So she bought them, had them remodeled slightly—and now has four new evening dresses.

At last Jack Oakie, that gay comedian of the screen, has his heart's desire—a master of ceremonies job on the air. It's odd that he hasn't been signed up before, for he is one of the few comedians who are as good on the air as they are on the screen—you've probably heard some of his guest performances; he was on with Bob Burns while Bing Crosby was in Honolulu. He got the idea for this new program from his work in "College Rhythm." He's going to be a college president, but hasn't announced yet just what that will lead to. He's admitted that he'll have "guest professors"—Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Burns and Allen and others.

Odds and Ends . . . Talent scouts for two major picture companies appeared at New York's Casino Monclair, (favored haunt of movie celebrities) recently to watch Ann Courtney—not knowing that she'd signed that morning with Warner Brothers . . . Gloria Swanson's going to do a stage play in New York; Irving Thalberg had planned to bring her back to the screen, just before his death, it's said . . . You'll see Barbara Stanwyck dancing in 20th Century Fox's "Banjo on My Knee"; she used to do it for a living, starting in the "Follies" . . . This year those Saturday afternoon broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera Company's performances will be sponsored by the Radio Corporation of America.

Others . . . Western Newspaper Union



Fredric March

# 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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#### Most Remarkable Ruin

The most remarkable ruin in the West Indies is that of the Citadel La Ferriere at Cape Haitien. Built by King Henry Christophe to repel a threatened French invasion, it stands on the top of a mountain at 3,000 feet elevation. It has been estimated that nearly half a million tons of building material were used in its construction, every pound of which had to be carried up the precipitous side of the mountain. Ten thousand men were continuously employed in its construction and 20,000 more, it is said, died of exhaustion and hardship.

#### Naming Old Point Comfort

The name Old Point Comfort dates back to 1607, when three shiploads of English colonists under command of Christopher Newport first sighted the point after a stormy passage from England. With the storm raging a channel was found just off shore, putting the colonists "in good comfort." The place was immediately named Point Comfort, and has remained so through its years as a resort.

#### The Colosseum in Rome

The Colosseum in Rome was begun by Vespasian, on the site of part of Nero's Gold house, and inaugurated by Titus in A. D. 80. Originally it consisted of three arched stories of stone and an upper gallery of wood. Some time in the third century this gallery was rebuilt of stone. The Colosseum probably seated between 40,000 and 50,000 persons. It is elliptical in plan, with its long axis 615 feet and its short axis 510 feet. Its arena is 281 feet long and 177 feet wide. The top of the stone screen wall is about 160 feet above ground.

#### Butterflies Cover Continent

Up from the South, where they pass the winter clinging in great masses to the trees, there fly each spring time enormous numbers of monarch or Milkweed butterflies, laying their eggs as they go and populating the whole of North America as far as Hudson bay with their kind. In the autumn all still surviving collect in great bands and migrate South to begin the cycle anew.—Gas Logic.

## Simple, Elegant, Practical



TIME and Sew-Your-Own fashions march on. Today's trio have the simplicity, elegance and practicality so vital to the up-to-the-minute well-groomed woman—and so within reach of the modern, progressive members of The Sewing Circle.

Pattern 1812—Little Miss Two-To - Five can manage her own dressing with the aid of this frock that buttons down the front. She will be the picture of daintiness too, with such clever aids as princess lines, puff sleeves and an intriguing little collar. The one piece step-in is the essence of practicality—a great boon to the youngster's comfort. This ensemble is available in sizes 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 or 39 inch fabric and 3/4 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1998—This new dress "belongs" in almost any company. Its great simplicity will endear it to homemakers, and business women alike. It is a combination of charm, good lines and youthfulness. You'll want two versions of this style—one with short sleeves, the other with long. Pique, silk crepe or velveteen will serve nicely as the material. It is available in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material, with long sleeves 4 1/2 yards.

Pattern 1938—Daytime distinction takes on a new meaning in this super - styled frock. The squared shoulders, swing skirt and peplum fullness are the important details which give it such perfectly balanced finesse. Yet not one part of it is difficult to cut or to sew. This is a dress which is adequate for every occasion—save the strictly formal.

Available for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The collar, jabot and belt in contrast take 1/2 yard.

Don't miss these grand num-

bers. 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., 367 W. Adams street, Chicago, Ill. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

#### Continuity of Life

The purpose of culture is to set you free from the present moment, and give you a sense of the continuity of life; the essence of vulgarity is to be wrapped up in the concerns of your own time, accepting its standards as permanent.—Upton Sinclair.

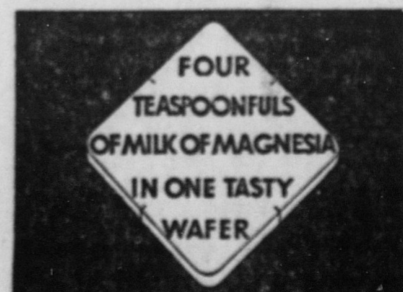
## PAIN IN BACK

NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY Got Quick RELIEF By Rubbing



Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

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#### DOLLARS & HEALTH

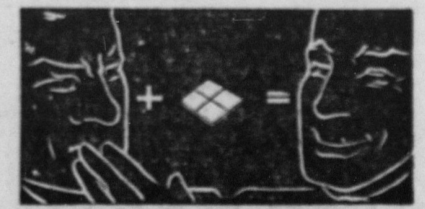
The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity.

#### TAKE MILNESIAS

Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores.

#### HEARTBURN?

It's surprising how many have heart burn. Hurried eating, overeating, heavy smoking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike.



#### SLEEP SOUNDLY

Lack of exercise and injudicious eating make stomachs acid. You must neutralize stomach acids if you would sleep soundly all night and wake up feeling refreshed and really fit.



#### MILNESIA FOR HEALTH

Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acids, gives quick, pleasant elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Tasty, too. 20c, 35c & 60c everywhere.



The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafer