

Unemployment Problem Solved, Babe Finds Job

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

DON'T be alarmed. That "whoosh" you just heard and felt was not the beginning of a whistling. It was just the collective sigh of relief of about 100,000,000 people. For the nation's most appalling unemployment problem has been solved: Babe Ruth has found a job. What was to become of Babe has caused as much consternation as what will happen to the NRA.

The mighty Sultan of Swat, who left his native land to become Uncle Sam's unofficial ambassador to Japan and created more good will in a few weeks than statesmen have in years, returned home to find himself on the outside looking in. He had declared he would not become again an active player for the New York Yankees, who bought him when he was a young pitcher with the Boston Red Sox and then had to build the world's largest baseball stadium to hold the enormous numbers of those most fanatic of idol worshippers, the baseball fans, who wanted to see him.

Bambino, who answered to the name of George Herman, when they called the roll for soup in St. Mary's orphanage three decades ago, wanted a manager's job. When he left on the barnstorming tour which found him still able to paste the old pellet higher than Mt. Fujiyama and farther than Japan's imperialistic ambitions, he little doubted that there would be a sufficiency of such posts awaiting his return. Baseball owed it to him.

But there were none. Baseball, which the Babe's wagon-tongue bat had lifted from just a swell game to a giant industry, had no place for him. Even his own Yankees didn't want him. They would have hired him, yes, because there would have been bloody revolution in Manhattan if they neglected him entirely. But they didn't want him. That was apparent.

It hurt the Bambino, of course. But it was his own fault. The Babe is like a big, shaggy, playful dog that is always doing something cute. He senses that he has done something that pleased you very much gets pretty cocky about it, proceeds to jump up on you, gets his dirty paws on your nice, clean shirt and has to be spanked. In short he jacks diplomacy.

At the close of the 1934 playing season, with his batting average having shrunk to .289, his home run total to 32, and his salary to a mere \$35,000 per annum, and his forty-one-year-old legs about as steady as those of the card table you borrowed next door for Tuesday's bridge game, the Babe announced to all and sundry that he was through as an active player. His Diplomatic Way.

With all the diplomatic aplomb of the puppy dog we have mentioned, he went straightway to Col. Jake Ruppert, who manages to find time between his beer foundry and his yacht to run the affairs of the New York American league ball club. The colonel's eyebrows lifted in mute surprise, no doubt, because the time was hardly ripe for the

and in consequence there has always been a coldness between him and McCarthy.

With Ruth publicly declared to be after McCarthy's job, the Yanks and Colonel Ruppert were on the spot. They felt obliged to retain the Babe should he resign as a player, but could they countenance an open hostility between their manager and one of his men? Babe was getting old; could he still draw at the gate? To draw the fans, New York has to have a winner; could the Babe stand the gaff? McCarthy was almost sure to keep the Babe on the bench; would the fans put up with it?

Now to change the scene for a moment, things were happening in the town where the Bambino began his big league career. The Boston Braves, struggling along as a second-rate club for years, were losing money. Something had to be done. Sitting in a box at a Braves game

Kochnie would be moved up to the executive post of general manager, with more dignity and more salary.

Babe Ruth is popular for the same reason that Jack Dempsey was. Science and skill are great stuff for the coaches and the trainers, but what the fan who waits in line hours for a bleacher seat practically in the next county wants is the knockout punch. Nevertheless it is this real, natural, boyishness of Ruth's that make him the idol he is.

Babe likes the kids and joshes with them continually at the ball park, consequently he is regarded almost in the light of a dandy. Lads who couldn't tell you the name of the governor of their state can recite Ruth's lifetime records in their sleep.

An orphan himself, Ruth is never so much at home as when he is entertaining the children at an orphanage or other institution. Once when the Yanks were in Minneapolis for an exhibition game, Queen Marie also happened to be in town. Newspaper men saw the story possibilities of a meeting between the Sultan of Swat and the Queen of Rumania, and a time for the queen to receive Ruth was arranged. Ear-



Babe Talking to a Patient in a Children's Hospital.

lier in the evening the Babe visited an orphanage. The youngsters fell immediately in love with the genial benevolence and begged him to linger. Meanwhile frantic calls were coming from the hotel; he was already late for the reception. For a moment he listened to the pleas of the tiny fans, then he returned to the telephone. "Tell the queen I'm sorry," he said. "I got a date."

Fame hasn't really spoiled him. He still gets a great kick out of the attention paid him. The writer accompanied Babe and his wife on a tour of the Chicago World's fair in 1933. There were a quarter of a million people on the grounds that scorching-hot afternoon and walking over the three and one-half miles of grounds was anything but pleasant. The exposition had furnished a luxurious car and a chauffeur for the Babe's party and Babe chortled. We were rolling along with the greatest of ease when Babe yelled for the driver to stop.

"Back up to that woman, will you?" said the Babe, pointing out a woman trudging wearily along, hating the walk and the heat. It was the wife of Lefty O'Doul, then an outfielder with the New York Giants and now manager of the San Francisco club of the Pacific Coast league. Every one thought Babe was going to offer her a ride. "Too hoo!" he called. Imagine the shock when she turned around and he made a frightful face, emitted a long, rasping noise known in ball parks as "the bird," settled back in his seat and said, "O. K., drive on!"

Will Help Braves.

What a personality like this will do for the Braves and the National league is a foregone conclusion. He will still hang a few over the fence, especially with the short barriers in the senior circuit. Nine of the Braves' exhibition games in the South are with the Yankees, and they are drawing record crowds.

Babe leaves the American league without his career having slumped to an anti-climax. Joining the National league, he will stimulate ticket sales all over the loop, especially in Boston, where no less than 46,000 fans turned out to fete him in his last American league game last year and in the Polo grounds, where the Giants hold forth and where he gained his greatest fame. He is expected to pack the parks in Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, which have never had a glimpse of him.

Chicago, too, will be interested when he steps to the plate against the Cubs. For the Windy City fans will never forget that world's series of 1932 when he created what was probably the most dramatic scene ever enacted in baseball. All through the series he had ragged the Cub players unmercifully. Already considered almost a dottering old man, he strode up to bat at a crucial moment. Deliberately, he took two strikes, joshing the Cub bench all the time, then pointed to the farthest distant point of the bleachers in center. Came the pitch, and whack! went the ball right to the spot, one of the longest drives ever seen at Wrigley field. The Cubs were licked from that moment.

Already in a ticklish position, despite the fact that Ruth had been in the fold only a couple of days, the Boston management announced magnanimously that when Ruth was made playing manager, Mc-

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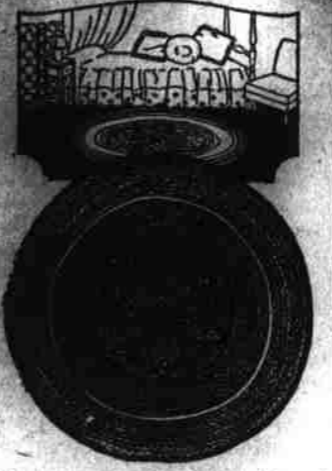
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BRAIDED "STAR" RUG PRACTICAL

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



A star rug with points on the outer edge is not practical, because the points are easily turned up when the rug is in use. This has been overcome in the braided rug shown here, and a round rug can be used in many places.

This model is made in six shades of blue but many other color schemes can be used to set off the pattern. Size is 33 inches and requires about three pounds of material. Three strips are used in braiding. The six diamonds to form star are 4 inches wide, 7 inches long. Fill in space between points of star to make round. Sew about 20 rows around in colors desired.

This is one of the 26 braided and crocheted rugs shown in rug book No. 25. Directions are given with each rug; also, how to braid and prepare the material for working.

If you want to make a good-looking rug, send 15c to the Home Craft Co., Dept. C, 1900 St. Louis avenue St. Louis, Mo., and receive this rug book by mail postpaid.

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Use Sufficient Paint

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Inkberry Weed Clings to Accustomed Haunts

Along the shady path beside Spring lake in Yonkers, close by the site of an ancient Indian village, grows the yellowweed, pigeon berry, garget or inkberry, *Phytolacca decandra*, a coarse smooth weed with acid poisonous root and stem, branching sometimes six feet or more tall. With racemes of flowers, white with green centers on angular peduncles, two to four inches long, they become clusters of scarlet-juice berries in the autumn. The Indians used the red juice to stain their deerskin and paint their faces in wartime. White people settling on farms among the Westchester hills and writing home to relatives in England about the hardness of their lives and the savagery of the country, wrote with quill pens dipped in inkberry juice. The Indians are gone from the hill, but the weed the squaws used to dye feathers with still grows lovingly above the arrowheads and stone handchoppers sleeping in the black loam of Rocky Lonesome. Once the lovely color of the berries decorated the blankets of hundreds of warriors about campfires, where now Boy Scouts sleep out "overnight" and imagine they are Indians. Old-fashioned herb doctors thought the root an emetic, and a tincture of the ripe berries was once used as a popular remedy for chronic rheumatism. Wild birds use the fruit for food, and robins with their bills stained scarlet in August or October are no uncommon sights. Its chief benefit to humanity is its beauty in fruit.—J. Otis Swift, in the New York World-Telegram.

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Victory

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