BRISBANE
THIS WEEK

"My Empire" Wants Peace
"ME, Too," Says Selassie
Popguns for Uncle Sam
$900,000,000 More

England's lord high chancellor, Viscount Hailsham, read the king's speech, written by the king's cabinet. The king's references to steps "urgently necessary to safeguard my empire" are recommended to this government. We haven't any "empire" exactly, but we have a republic worth defending. Some of our loose billions might be well spent in that direction.


Arthur Brisbane

Ignoring some Italian friction, the king went on to say, "My relations with foreign powers continue friendly."

Mentioning the Italian misunderstanding, he said: "My government will continue to exert their influence in favor of peace." If it does, peace will come.

Haile Selassie, emperor of Ethiopia, sensibly asked the Patriarch Johannes, supreme authority of the Ethiopian Coptic church, to arrange peace, if he can, with Mussolini, and Abuna Cyril, high bishop of his church, is asked by Selassie to do his best.

And now comes from Universal Service the important authoritative report that Haile Selassie has agreed to give part of his territory in return for peace.

Washington says this country plans a series of Pacific ocean "Gibraltars," armed with 16-inch guns with a fighting range of 25 to 30 miles. Quite amusing, considering that the original Gibraltar has become a useless rock, thanks to airplanes and submarines. Invading airplanes might not be kind enough to come within 25 or 30 miles of these interesting fixed Gibraltars.

What this country needs for coast protection is airplanes, for fighting, and dirigibles for observation, located close enough together and high enough up in the air to make them really useful in the next war.

Uncle Sam borrows $900,000,000 more, bringing the national debt above $30,500,000,000, but $40,000,000,000 below the amount that certain "great bankers" told President Roosevelt this country could easily carry. Congressman Hamilton Fish Jr. wants President Roosevelt to tell who the great bankers were, but it is understood that they talked in confidence.

Prince Sumi of Japan, brother of the Mikado, fourth son of the late Emperor Yoshihito, takes the title "Prince Mikasa," meaning, literally, "Prince of the Three Umbrellas." The name "Three Umbrellas" is taken from a Japanese mountain and is also the much revered name of the flagship on which Admiral Togo fought the battle of the Japan sea.

"Three Umbrellas" seems appropriate—one for Japan, one for China, one for the Philippines; all Japanese.

The village of Verde Cocha, near Guayaquil, in Ecuador, exists no longer. A landslide wiped out everything, instantly killing fifty inhabitants. A slice of green mountainside, two miles wide, came roaring down, and there was no trace of the village and no man lived to tell about it.

But other men will rebuild Verde Cocha, for men are as persistent as ants, that rebuild their villages when the gardener's hose sweeps them away.

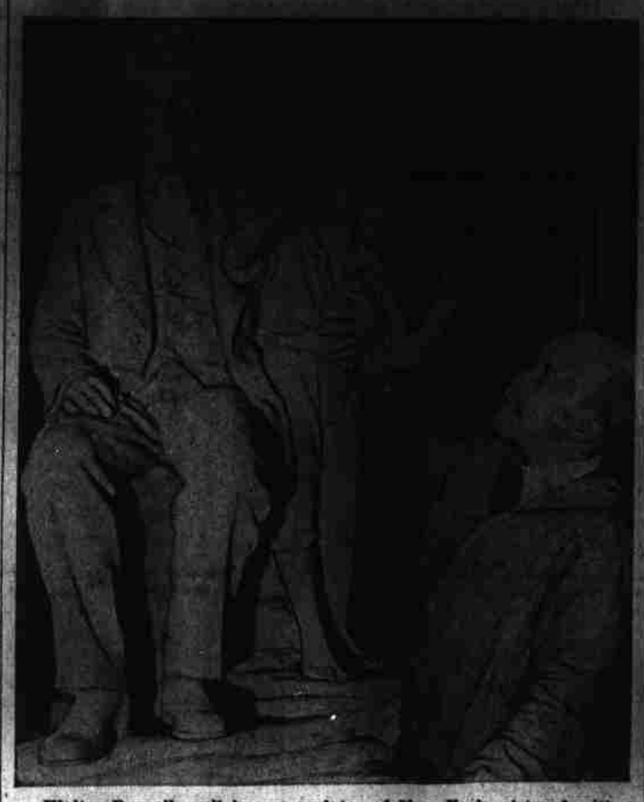
Senator Borah of Idaho and Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, had a long talk, and reporters "guess" that Senator Borah and Mr. Fish have agreed to run side by side, Senator Borah for President, Mr. Fish for Vice President. It is not safe to "guess" about Senator Borah, but it would be wise for the Republicans to decide soon.

When experimenting starts, it keeps going. Hitler, manufacturing cannon, knows they will need "fodder," and insists on more babies. A German farmer gets a divorce because his wife wants no children.

"It is the duty of German wives to perpetuate the German blood," the court says.

Miss Edna Maria Granitsas, twenty-two-year-old member of a Massachusetts school committee, says teachers talk too much, do not let the children talk enough. She says children should be encouraged to express themselves. The Massachusetts lady goes far when she says "If a child wants to yell out in class, let the child yell until he decides not to yell." Discipline is also a part of education.

Model of a Memorial to Mark Twain


Walter Russell, well known sculptor of New York, pictured with a model of the center portion of his Mark Twain memorial which is to be erected in Hannibal, Mo., the boyhood home of the creator of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn." The actual memorial itself will be 60 feet long and will contain 28 figures, all more than life size.

Hoot Mon! Real Bagpipe Playin' Honors Carnegie

Skibo Castle's Official Piper Toots for Yanks

To take part in the American celebration of the centenary of the birth of Andrew Carnegie, Hugh Grant, official piper at Skibo castle

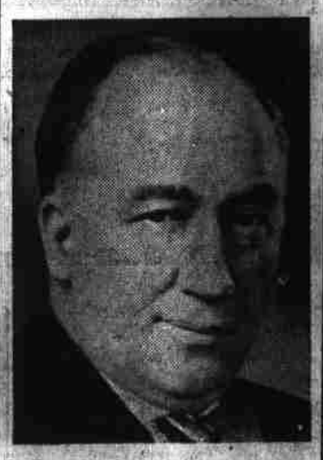

Scotch home of the Carnegie family, came over and showed us how the pipes should be played. With him is Roswell Miller, Carnegie's son-in-law.

Trapping Salmon to Strip Them of Their Spawn


Members of the fish and game department at work in the salmon hatchery at Raymond, Me., putting a seine around a large number of salmon that come up to the pool to spawn. The salmon are dipped out of the seine and stripped of their spawn which is hatched in the hatchery. In this manner over 88 per cent of the eggs are hatched, whereas, if the salmon were allowed to spawn in their natural way only 2 per cent of the eggs would be hatched.

Represents America at World Labor Conference

W. L. Hutcheson was appointed by President William Green of the American Federation of Labor as that organization's delegate to the



forthcoming international labor conference in Chili. The selection was said to be "shocking" to the secretary of labor. Hutcheson opposed the New Deal.

Belle Alliance Farm Is a Monument


The farm of the Belle Alliance on the battlefield of Waterloo, which was Napoleon's headquarters during the battle, has been preserved as a "monument historique" by the Belgian government. This is a view of the farm buildings as they are today.

Safe Because Uncle Sam Protects Them


Deer on a United States government preserve, near picturesque Lake McDonald, Glacier National park, Montana.

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL
By Carter Field
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

Washington.—Representative James P. Buchanan, chairman of the house appropriations committee, is far from the rebel, bedeviling President Roosevelt, that he has been made to appear in the recent dispatches from Warm Springs and Washington.

Actually he is a member of the team, and at the moment is doing yeoman service for the "quarterback," as Mr. Roosevelt sometimes likes to style himself. His present play of forcing the President's hand on economy and budget balancing, his hopes that the President will eventually be in agreement with him, despite his own admission that he—Buchanan—is a "fanatic" on budget balancing, is all part of a very shrewdly calculated drama, not entirely unconnected with the election campaign next year.

For Roosevelt himself is thoroughly convinced not only of the necessity for making a very strong play toward economy in his budget message next month, and of painting a picture indicating that the budget will be balanced in due time, but also of the necessity of some extraordinary method of making the country believe he means it.

He has been told very frankly that the very interests he most wants to placate—to win over to the conviction that, from an economic and fiscal standpoint, he is perfectly safe—distrust his words. He has been told that it will take a great deal of skill to convince them he really intends to do what he may promise in that budget message.

Hard-boiled cynics are very difficult to convince by mere words, especially when some of those cynics believe firmly that the speaker of the words has fooled them before. So the problem was to stage a little drama in advance of the budget message, which would lead up to it, and pave the way for its being believed.

Would Cut Budget Deficit

It wasn't just a trial balloon which the Texas congressman sent up when he talked about cutting the budget deficit down to half a billion dollars for the year beginning July 1, next, and to scratch for the following year, after which expenditures were to be kept within income.

The idea is to have the country read the President's budget promises next month with the knowledge that the head of the house appropriations committee wants to go even further toward budget balancing than the President himself!

If the New Dealers had figured for a month they could not have devised a more convincing plan for persuading the country—not just of the President's intentions, but that they would be carried out.

For Mr. Buchanan is far from being just a congressman. He is chairman of the one committee in the house that handles all appropriations. Subcommittees appointed by him and working under him scrutinize the proposed expenditures for every governmental department and agency. House members as a whole are very prone to follow the recommendations of the house appropriations committee. For one thing, it provides them a very simple and effective alibi for their votes. It saves lots of embarrassing explanations to critical constituents.

Moreover, business is perfectly aware that at the other end of the Capitol, the appropriations committee is presided over by Carter Glass of Virginia, who was so worried about national credit and the administration's spending policies that he wanted to cut the famous four-billion-dollar bill last year to two billion dollars. Senators do not pay as much attention to committee recommendations as do house members, but Mr. Glass and Mr. Buchanan will both be on the conference committee that will iron out differences between the two houses.

Lewis Vs. Green

That John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, has all the cards in the inter-union labor battle, as far as issues are concerned, most labor leaders here privately agree, and would win the fight promptly if his name were William Green.

Or to put it more succinctly, if he had Green's personality, and Green's background, and Green's friendships.

The American Federation of Labor is marching toward vertical, or industry unions, and away from the old form of craft unions. But the oligarchy of the federation leans heavily toward Green, their president. Not only do the majority of the leaders distrust Lewis, but they include many who actively dislike him.

Lewis, many of them say privately, has been a successful fighter for the United Mine Workers. He has been aggressive, battling every moment. But he never knew when to lay his fighting manners aside. As a result, in conferences of labor leaders he has tried to ride over his colleagues just as though they were nothing but capitalists, and with all the contempt in his expression, both facial and by words, as if they were trying to starve his followers into submission.

Entirely aside from all this personal feeling, many of them point out that battling for the Mine Workers, successful as it has been so far as winning each battle that came up was concerned, has proved rather disastrous for the workers in the long run.

If Lewis had been head, for instance, of the automobile workers, and they had followed him with the same percentage of loyalty that the coal miners have demonstrated, the story would be very different.

For in the case of the automobile industry, it has been expanding year by year. Every season it needed more workers than the season before. Not only was the demand for its product growing, but there was no other industry competing with it—taking away its markets.

Success a Backfire

In the coal industry, however, there has been active competition from oil, both for ships and for factories, and even for homes. There has been the rapid development of gas and electrical competition. For example, the electrification of the Pennsylvania railroad from New York to Washington. And there has been a very heavy slump in international trade, which accentuated the slumping curve of railroad coal consumption, also shipping, especially the big trunk lines leading to ports.

So that in boosting the price of coal by increasing wages, Lewis' success has had a decided backfire. This is not the sort of point that usually gives labor leaders much pause. But they cite it as showing that Lewis lacks judgment.

However, several very large employers, who have been operating virtually open shops for some time, have told labor leaders privately they do not object to letting their present company unions—forced by NRA—into vertical or industry unions. What they are worried about is having to deal with twenty to thirty different craft unions, which frequently, they have observed in other concerns, get into quarrels among themselves and produce strikes which are not to be blamed, even by the workers, on their employers.

They want to be able to settle all their labor troubles with one set of officials—with one union. And they have served notice that they will fight to the death against the organization of their workers into the present craft unions.

Farley Shocks Them

The brain trust wing of the administration, as distinguished from the practical political wing, was shocked beyond words at the remarks of Postmaster Jim Farley at Denver before the Colorado Democratic central committee.

Mr. Farley's words, which so aroused the brain trusters who have been made sick at heart again and again at having their legislative ideas "mangled" on Capitol Hill, were:

"The second error is that the delegation in the national legislature are expected to be mere rubber stamps to carry out the will of the President. On the contrary, let me assure you that the member of independent habit and judgment is the one most appreciated by the administration. It is the President's function to recommend legislation. To advise congress what he deems requisite for the welfare of the nation. Those who have faith in his judgment go along with him, but there is neither pressure brought on the congressmen to follow the President's lead, nor hostility or reprisal for those who differ with him. It is rare that any important measure goes through without amendment. So much for that!"

The exclamation point at the conclusion of this paragraph appears in the official text, and most people at Washington, of whatever political persuasion, and in whatever office, agree that the punctuation is correct.

Turning on the Heat

Now if ever in the history of Presidential dealing with Capitol Hill more heat was turned on by the White House to win senators away from the Glass-Adams side of this controversy, and get them to vote for the nearly five billions which the administration wanted, old-timers around Washington do not remember it. And remember that Mr. Adams, just praised by Farley, was one of the ringleaders of the move to cut the appropriation in half!

But that was then, while now is something else again. Farley is not worried about legislation next session. He is worried about the election. That is his job.

What Price Glory
By Irvin S. Cobb

Taxes and Speed

SANTA MONICA, Calif.—To reduce taxes and speed—these be our biggest problems at the moment.

While we go on, in response to the popular demand, providing cars capable of traveling 90 miles an hour over highways where traffic laws call for a legal limit of 45 or less, and selling them cheap to anybody who has a residence address and a first down payment, there doesn't appear to be anything to do except pay and carry a card in the hat telling where remains are to be sent, also giving name and number of favorite hymn. As for taxes, they're like cockleburrs—very easy to pick up and almost impossible to get rid of, once you're stuck with them. And as for what the average citizen thinks of the legislators who gaily hang these ruinous burdens on us so that politicians may have more of somebody else's money to spend—well, you couldn't print that!


Irvin S. Cobb

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Leisure of the Literati

SOCIAL note: Went to party. Among those present, the Frederic Marches, the Bud Leightons, Johnnie Robinsons, Gloria Swanson, Hugh Walpole, Herbert Marshall, Constance Collier, Frank Lloyd. To be an evening devoted to intellectual discussion of literature, drama, the higher arts.

So all night we played a foolish game called "Who Am I?" When the game was called on account of sunrise, I was "it." I still am. In other words, while I have rough ideas what I may be—you ought to see some of the letters I get—it remains a deep mystery as to who I am, if at all.

I'd rather somebody else gave these big buffet suppers. Being host, you can't go home when you're bored, and, besides, along toward the end of the second week after the shindig, you do get so tired of aspic jelly for breakfast.

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An Unsung Genius

HAVE you ever read the novel "Anthony Adverse," or even held the book on your lap until your knees went to sleep?

Some quit and went back to business after the fifth month. Others gave up everything else for the year and fought the good fight right through to the end. After that, they were ready to tackle something light and chaffy, such as the last six volumes of the encyclopedia.

Anyhow, if you were not included among those who bought this work or borrowed it—and that would put you in the minority, for it has sold close to a million copies—the above should give you a rough idea, so that you may share with me in this tribute to an authentic genius.

I've just met him. He's the director who has the job of putting "Anthony Adverse" into eight reels of moving picture film. Alongside of him, I contend, the fellow who engraved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin was just a piker.

* * *

I DON'T know when I've been so stirred up—just panting like a lizard on a hot rock. Every day, seems like, I read that a jury of experts has solemnly selected the ten best-groomed men. (Only horses had grooms when daddy was a boy). Or the ten best-dressed women. Or the ten hottest hostesses, or the ten most ideally married couples; Hollywood entries barred for gouging in the clinches.

Now I hear they're picking the ten most prominent debutantes that our leading movie idol is likely to be snuck up on by. I can hardly wait. When the really vital competitions are closed, would it be asking too much of the judges to name, say, the ten human beings who contributed most to the world's betterment this past year? Or how about a better committee in each town to choose the ten worthiest cases for Christmas relief?

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WITH Ethiopia convulsed by war, with Brazil having internal spasms and China crumbling under armed pressure from within and without, that faint squeaking sound coming out of Geneva, Switzerland, would seem to betoken continued plaintive protests on the part of the only great world movement which quit functioning before it ever began.

Mr. Interlocutor, why is the League of Nations like the elevator in the average small European hotel?

Well, Brother Bones, I really can't imagine why the League of Nations should resemble an elevator in a European hotel. Suppose you tell us.

Because, before they've even got it finished, the proprietor has had framed cards ready to be stuck up on every floor announcing that the elevator is out of order.

IRVIN S. COBB.