

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Land Ho!
The Changing Ocean
Safety and Speed
Much for Science

On Board Steamship Normandie.—Four nights from New York and the ship is at Southampton. The Isle of Wight is on your right. Passengers are landing for England. On your left is France, across the water. You land there later. On old crossings passengers watched eagerly for the first land. Now crossing and landing are as exciting as a trip by rail from Chicago to Lake Forest, or from Wall street to Forty-Second street by subway. You are in Europe before you realize that you have started. The poetry of travel has departed with fast ships on the ocean and automobiles instead of camels on the desert.



Arthur Brisbane

No matter how often you cross this Atlantic ocean, or the North American continent, the crossing is always different and interesting. The ocean, like the wide plains, is forever changing.

Two days ago the waves looked like playthings for children. Last night the ocean changed its mind and rolled the waves up high with a shrieking wind. The steward said, "We shall have to fasten the arm chairs tomorrow," but the heavy ship paid no attention to the waves. The ocean changed its mind again and calmed down.

A speedometer telling how fast the ship moves is operated by a mechanism below the keel that records the speed of the rushing water. Burning oil produces steam; steam power is converted into electric power, and that drives the ship. The captain always knows how deep the ocean is beneath him; an electric contrivance sends a sound wave down through the water to the bottom, which sends back an echo.

Knowing the speed at which sound travels through water, it is easy to calculate the depth. The machine does it for you. It is a feeble sound—one hundred and sixty thousand vibrations to the second. No human ear could pick it up, but the machine records it. Twenty-five thousand vibrations per second is the limit of your ear, and that is not bad for a primitive contrivance like a human being.

Newton D. Baker, secretary of war in the "big" war, tells graduating students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology it is their duty to "carry science into politics." Scientists, Mr. Baker thought, must seek for "the solution of world problems when the great international crisis comes, as it surely will come."

A sufficient "great crisis" seems to be here now, with many countries wanting to fight each other, different classes already fighting each other, and in this richest country in the world—ten million human beings living practically on charity. If that is not a real crisis, few would care to see one.

George Bernard Shaw, not yet eighty, says, "I must give up public speaking, I am too old." That surprises you from a Celt and an Irishman. At eighty many men have been vigorous in thought and body; for instance, Pope Leo, Von Moltke, Gladstone, Michelangelo.

Not one of those, however, suffered from handicaps that have aged George Bernard Shaw prematurely; he is a vegetarian and a teetotaler.

In spite of England's pitifully weak and belated backdown on sanctions, due to London's fear of Mussolini's air fleet; a backdown denounced as cowardice by Lloyd George, Britain, for face-saving purposes, will maintain a great fleet in the Mediterranean. Mussolini will welcome such convenient air and submarine targets near home as a sort of British hostages to fortune.

M. Auriol announces that France will not devalue the franc any further. It has already been reduced by 80 per cent, as though our dollar had been knocked down to twenty cents instead of fifty-nine cents. Prime Minister Blum knows that it does not pay to scare capital out of its wits, something that our best Washington minds have still to learn. The French workmen will have their forty-hour week and the strikes are about over.

Returning to the real American interest, the defeat of Joe Louis, young gentlemen and old will observe that it is most important in all undertakings not to be afraid, worn out or cowardly. Fighters that Louis had encountered saw before them "an invincible conqueror of men."

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Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, now a refugee in London. 2—President Roosevelt shown with Andrew Jackson Houston, son of Gen. Sam Houston, on visit to battlefield of San Jacinto, Texas. 3—Count Galeazzo Ciano, newly appointed Italian minister of foreign affairs.

Admiral Cook Assumes Post as Air Bureau Head

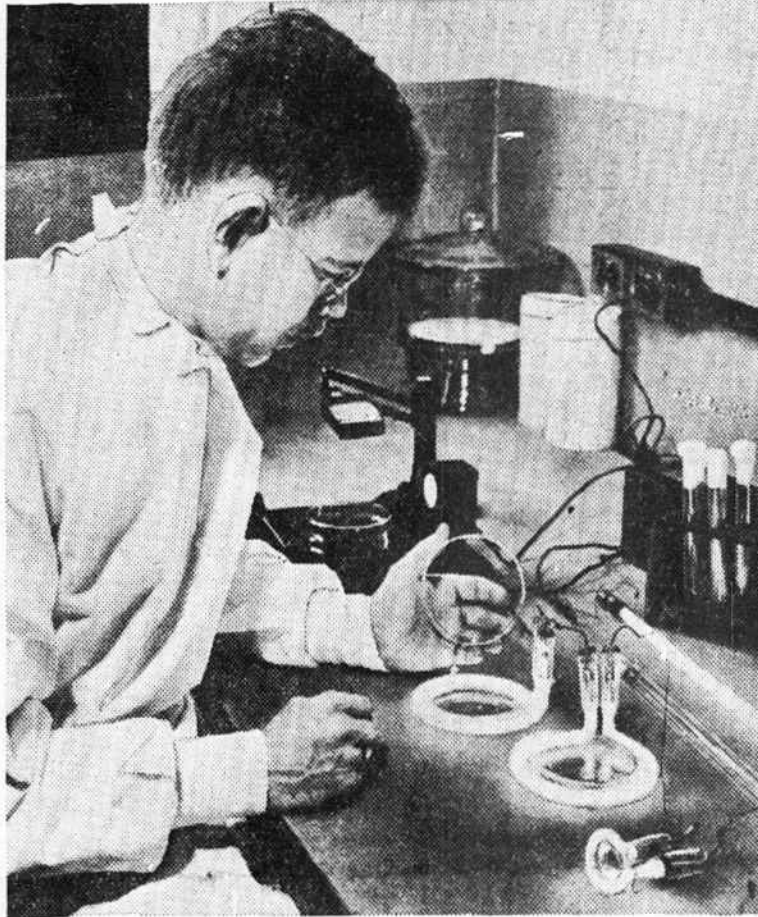
Rear Admiral Arthur B. Cook, who commanded the Airplane Carrier U. S. S. Lexington until last April 6, became chief of the



navy's bureau of aeronautics. Rear Admiral Ernest J. King relinquished the aeronautic bureau post to Admiral Cook, and he will soon assume command of aircraft, base force, U. S. S. Wright, at San Diego, Calif.

Sunday School Founder. Robert Raikes, founder of the Sunday school movement, was born in 1735.

New Germicidal Lamp Is Invented



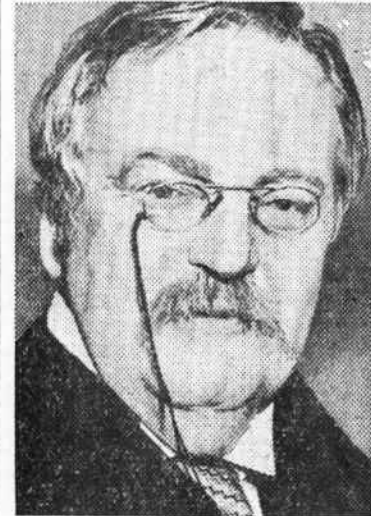
Dr. Robert F. James, research physician of the Westinghouse Lamp company, who developed the new germicidal lamp, examining some of the shapes into which it may be made. Its radiations retard mold growth.

Coeds Indulge in Rough Sport



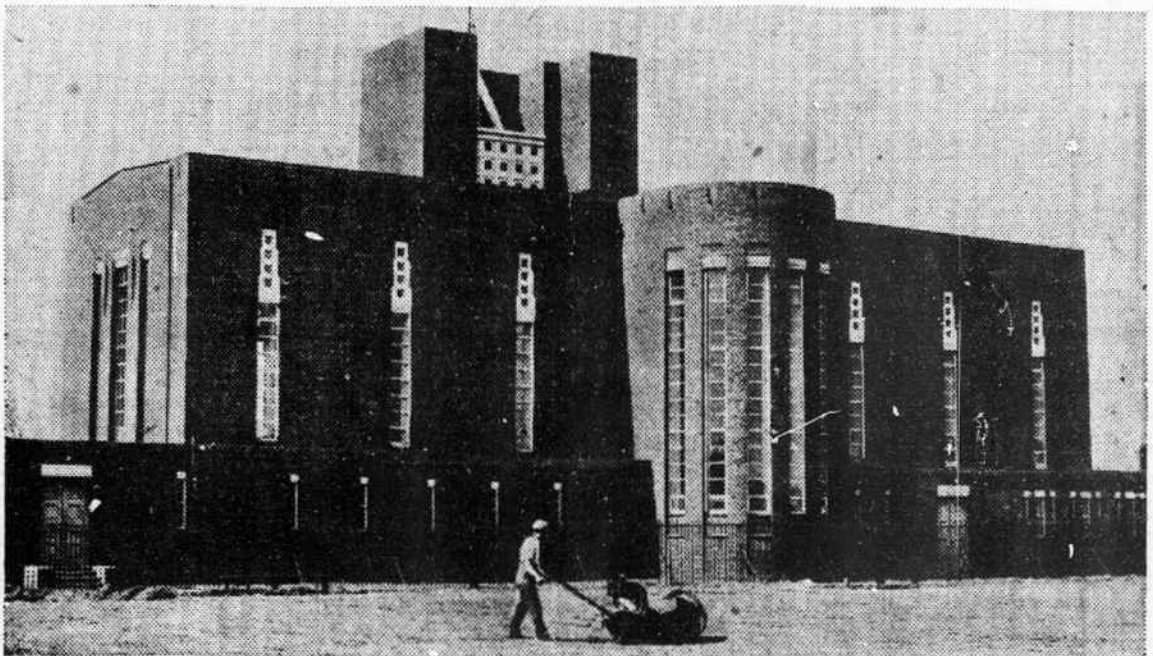
A tense moment in a game of field hockey on Bovard field at the University of Southern California finds this group of shin-guarded coeds in a furious fight for possession of the ball. Tennis, golf and other outdoor sports are included in the women's athletic program at the Trojan institution.

CHESTERTON IS DEAD



This is a recent portrait of Gilbert K. Chesterton, one of England's most noted men of letters and famed for his use of the paradox in his writings, who died in England, at the age of sixty-two. He suffered a heart attack at his home at Beaconsfield.

Manchester Has England's Most Modern Church



Without buttresses, gargoyles, Gothic filigree or stained glass windows, the Church of St. Christopher at Withington, Manchester, lays claim to being the most modern in England. It forms a striking contrast to the more familiar type of church. Notice the long, rectangular windows which add to the modern effect. The plans were made by B. A. Miller, Liverpool architect, and the church was built at a cost of \$55,000.



Hugh Bradley Says:

No Alibis Needed for Uhlán Gained Fame Hard Way

IT SEEMS that several of the boys were mistaken. All along they had insisted that if he wanted to—the winner of the Louis-Schmeling fight festival could turn the trick with one hand tied behind his back. Yet, as most of the 60,000 who witnessed the twelve round entertainment at Yankee Stadium will agree, nothing of the sort occurred.

Indeed, even though the man who ultimately triumphed by a knockout might have left his southpaw at home for all the offensive use he made of it, that would have been impossible.

Max Schmelling is not one of the great fighters of all time. I mention this for the benefit of those who already have forgotten about second raters and who now will attempt to blow him up into a gaudy bubble. He merely, as was stated in this space, a well-conditioned experienced man who scorned to be scared by such childish things as newspaper headlines.

Such qualities, along with a right that kept exploding long after the Brown Bomber had been reduced to tossing duds, won for him. In spite of the quoted long odds and the feverish babblings of gents scrambling to get on the before-the-battle band wagon, it really is not surprising that they did.

Max Louis, a gifted Schmeling young giant who had been brought to the top faster than any heavyweight of modern times, fought a good fight.

It merely happened that in his first real test against a man who could take it and hit back he did not have quite enough. Since such a possibility had been faintly hinted at by sports reporters, unwilling to further offend the better judgment of their editorial department comrades, his downfall need not therefore be considered a world catastrophe.

Joe, undoubtedly, was in the best of shape when he shuffled out for the first round. As usual, when not facing a Levinsky or a Retzlaff, he was somewhat slow in opening up his opponent. But, even though he is strictly a counter puncher and was thus handicapped when Schmeling made him lead far more than usual, he scored repeatedly with left jabs. So he won the first three rounds, even though they were close and far from thrilling.

Max Failed to Press 4th Round Advantage

He also was ahead in the fourth, having handed out some tidy two-handed punishment during the fighting, when disaster overtook him. Schmeling, who says that he became confident of victory during the third round, missed with a right. Louis came close. Schmeling slashed with a right.

The Bomber went down. While the audience was gasping, scarcely daring to believe, he was up. But from then on, even though the methodical Max was too shrewd or cautious to follow up as would a Dempsey, Louis was a beaten man.

Even though he fought back determinedly, even desperately at times, it is more than probable that Louis has little coherent memory of what happened while he was losing the rest of the rounds.

Coming out of his corner for the tenth his mouthpiece was awry. He fumbled at it, did not seem to know what to do.

As it was, what by now seemed inevitable did not occur until two minutes had elapsed in the twelfth. They had been in a clinch. Schmeling straightened up the Bomber with a left to the chin. Then the German, whose left eye had been closing tighter and tighter since it collided with a jab in the third round, shifted for a better view.

Having trained his sights, he landed with a right and then a succession of lefts and rights. Louis backed up, was forced against the ropes. The bombardment of rights continued. Louis staggered. Another right. He reeled into the ropes, got tangled in them much as Paulino Uzcudun did at the Garden last December.

Schmeling stood there, his right hand poised for another shot. It was not needed.

WHEN Larry French went into the Giants' dugout recently carrying a bat he was not looking for trouble. Instead, the Chicago pitcher produced a fountain pen and the request that Mel Ott and Joe Moore autograph the club . . . Citizens who lament misfortunes which befell them in the betting ring shortly before Brevity and King Saxon were retired are preparing a plea for the State Racing commission. They will supplicate the racing rulers, who now use taxpayers' sugar for all sorts of interesting things, to appoint a few paddock inspectors capable of declaring lame horses out of stake engagements.

In St. Louis they broadcast the whisper that a big Brooklyn pitcher, who should be old enough and grateful enough to know better, really caused the Mungo rebellion. Kept giving the Dutch master phony holdout advice in the cool of the evening.

Red Lucas Effective Against Old Mates

Red Lucas of Pittsburgh has won 20 games since leaving the Reds.

Eight of them have been from his former teammates . . . He has proved effective on numerous occasions for the Pirates . . . Carl Duane, the Bronx Steamer, who slapped down some of the best featherweights a few seasons back, now runs a billiard academy . . . Although a fingerprint expert might recognize many old friends on the slips at Aqueduct, the bookies say that their trouble does not come from the professional sinners. Instead, they aver that eminent business men are the worst risks and the most persistent welchers.

Two of the most accomplished umpire baiters in the National league draw top salaries as members of the Cincinnati front office force. During a considerable portion of the afternoon they sit in the stands howling at the arbiters. Then if a Klem or some equally able umpire happens to be doing his duty they rush into the dressing room after the game to emit additional beefs. Strangely enough (in a world where even clam diggers rush to the rescue of their mates) the two gentlemen, McPhail and Lane, were football officials long before they got on the Reds' pay roll . . . One of the entrants in the final Olympic gymnastic tryouts on June 20 is Porter Johnson. He comes from Dallas, is a tumbler and is fifteen years old . . . Edward Hennig, the Cleveland club swinger who hopes to repeat his Olympic triumph of 1904, is fifty-five years old . . . The woman golfer least liked by caddies is Enid Wilson, the British star. The reason is that even though Diana Fishwick does very nicely with nine clubs they have to tote 28 around the course for Miss Wilson.

During the racing season in New York not one owner or trainer was suspended for "hopping" a horse—Alice Marble, third ranking woman tennis player in 1934, plans to make a come-back in the East this year. She is the sister of Dan Marble, a former handball champion. The trick cap which Joe Jacobs wears was presented to him in 1929 by Andre Routis . . . Although the Brooklyn playing field is probably the worst in the league, athletes do more complaining about the Phillies' park.

All score cards in the American league still misspell Rip Radcliff's name with a final "e." . . . He has been in the league only a year, so maybe there is some excuse, but the same score cards misspell Umpire George Moriarty with an "i" before the "y," and George has been in the league most of the century . . . George Keogan, basketball coach at Notre Dame, found out that those aches and pains he attributed to senility were merely the machinations of some bad teeth, which have been yanked. . . . The amateur boxing season in China will be climaxed by an inter-city match between Shanghai and Tientsin, patterned after the Chicago-New York series.

Harold Sueme, rookie catcner the Cubs farmed out to Birmingham, has been placed at first base by Manager Riggs Stephenson of the Barons . . . Ernie Lombardi is the oldest member in point of service on the Cincinnati club . . . He has been with the Reds since 1932 . . . Edward Hennig of Cleveland, who will represent the United States in the Olympic club swinging, is fifty-five years old and won the event in the 1904 Olympic games.

In answer to inquiries—Alabama Pitts is not out of baseball. The York club of the N. Y.-Pa. league merely has placed him on the suspended list for 15 days because an injured wrist will keep him out of lineup for that time . . . I do not know where Paulino Uzcudun is now. Why not inquire at the Hearst A. C. or at some of the Old Men's Homes? . . . Harry Weldon, long ago sports editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is credited as being the first man to assemble all sports news on one page.

Uncle Phil Says:

There Should Be a Law

The law can compel a man to pay taxes. Why can't it compel him to take an interest in the affairs of his government?

A backward boy who can store away much knowledge can sometimes perform wonder with his hands. Every son of Adam should have some talent, only cover it.

Sometimes a man has no confidence in other men because he has none in himself.

The best angle from which to approach any problem is the angle.

All you need in order to reap in Nature is a tent, a cot, a pair of bacon and eggs, and immediate urable love of the woods.

A Friend Cheers

When your friend remains with you to cheer you at a time you are unhappy that's the acid test. Alas, one fears there is getting to be more horse-power than horse-sense in a machine age.

Calling a man "man" and calling him "guy" marks the difference between the intelligent and other people.

Generally speaking, give your candid opinion, but mind what you present.

Many people talk about the value of saving—that's jawbore. Some folks wish they had saved—that's wishbone. A few resolve to save, and do it—that's backbone.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ab urbe condita. (L.) From the building of the city (Roman).
Aere perennius. (L.) More enduring than bronze.
Bon jour. (F.) Good day; good morning.
Coup de grace. (F.) Finishing stroke.
De jure. (L.) By right of law.
En avant. (F.) Forward; onward.
Femme de chambre. (F.) Chambermaid; a lady's-maid.
Gnothi seauton. (Gr.) Know thyself.
Iterum. (L.) Again.
Petitio principii. (L.) A begging of the question.
Laissez-faire. (F.) Let alone.
Quoad hoc. (L.) To this extent; so far.

NO: THERE CERTAINLY IS! PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS ARE MADE OF LIVE, RED RUBBER THAT SEALS THE FLAVOR IN TIGHT . . . AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE THEM EASY TO APPLY, EASY TO REMOVE.



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JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS . . . OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

WNU-7

ADVERTISING
It is essential to business . . . is rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.