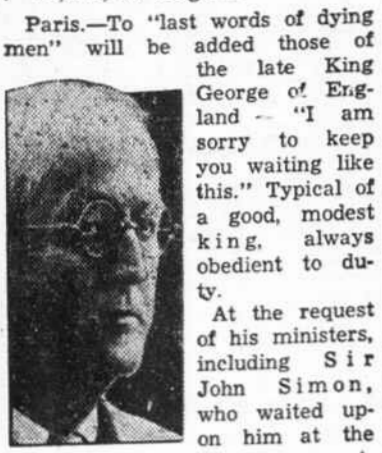


BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

A King's Farewell Good Soldier Obeys An If or Two 40,000,000 Degrees



Arthur Brisbane

Paris.—To "last words of dying men" will be added those of the late King George of England—"I am sorry you waiting like this." Typical of a good, modest king, always obedient to duty.

At the request of his ministers, including Sir John Simon, who waited upon him at the last moment, the king struggled pathetically to sign his name to a state paper, succeeded, then, turning to his advisers, spoke those last words, followed by a smile and nod with which he was accustomed to end an audience.

This was published in the Star of Johannesburg, South Africa, in a Reuter dispatch. Mr. Gunia sends the clipping from Gibsonsia, Pa. Much obliged.

The Italian soldier Badoglio, in the striking uniform of an Italian marshal, returned to Rome and embraced Mussolini, who wore the uniform of a corporal of fascist militia. Napoleon also liked to be called the "little corporal."

Anything could happen in Europe, and one of the things considered quite possible, extremely disturbing to respectable old England and others, is an agreement between Mussolini and Hitler to make "a deal on Austria" profitable for both; not for Austria.

There is always, however, the memory of 1914, when Austria, Italy and the Kaiser had the triple alliance that did not "stand up." Such alliances usually go along racial lines, if they are to last. France and Italy are natural allies, both Latin; England and the United States would probably be found not far apart if a really big World War should ever come, with one or two other IFS.

Science proudly demonstrates for the Westinghouse company a new lamp that "rivals the beams of the sun." The demonstrator explained that the temperature at the sun's surface is about 11,732 degrees Fahrenheit, while the new lamp reaches 25,232 degrees Fahrenheit. That, however, as scientists know, is a long way from the sun's best temperature.

According to Sir James Jeans, there prevails in the depths of the sun temperature of "forty million degrees centigrade," which is considerably higher than any man-made temperature.

If you came within 1,000 miles of a 5 cent piece with a temperature of 40,000,000 degrees centigrade, you would be burned to a cinder; hard to believe, but true.

England protested against raising the elevation of guns on American warships because that would make our guns shoot too far. In case of war we might hit a British ship lined up against us.

Are animals capable of any thought?

A dog on Prince Edward island, whining and howling with its muzzle against a pile of clothing on the edge of a pool, attracted men who took from the water the bodies of two brothers, fifteen and seventeen years old. Could the dog have "thought out" a connection between the clothing and the disappearance of its young owners?

At Ur, ancient city of the Chaldeans, they show a gigantic brick temple, recently uncovered, where it has lain in the ground covered through the ages. It was constructed originally, like the tower of Babel, to enable the builders to get up into heaven and reach the gods. First they invented those pagan gods, and then they actually believed in them.

The United States navy has ordered 191 "bomber" airplanes; cheerful small news.

It is to be hoped that the government is trying to build bomber planes able to fly any ocean.

If war came, our bombing operations could be carried on in countries across the Atlantic or the Pacific. We should not want to do any bombing in America. After the first experiment, no country would send any ships within easy bombing or submarine range of these shores.

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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Haile's Private Treasury

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Had it not been a foreign dispatch, a fellow might have thought it referred to one of our own investment councillors, specializing in looking after widows' and orphans' funds, and having a neat line of European securities to dispose of, and prominent in welfare work and uplift movements in his home community—in short, a typical specimen of sub-variety that seemed to sort of peter out in the years immediately following 1929, some quitting by request, some by indictment and some just vanishing into space, taking with them the clients' remaining cash assets, if any.



Irvin S. Cobb

But this happened to be a cablegram from Geneva stating that, when Emperor Haile and Farewell Selassie hurriedly departed from his capital, he so thoroughly cleaned out the bank of Ethiopia that all the invading Italians found in the vaults was a large throbbing vacuum.

How Mencken Can Write

THIS campaign will live right up if Henry Mencken, the official human gumboll of the writing craft, takes pen in hand to discuss the men and the issues. You don't have to agree with Hen. You may quarrel with his premises and dispute his conclusions.

But can he make the language pop like a bull-whip? When he gets excited he throbs like a mashed thumb, and cuts loose like an avenging angel. Expressing himself, he always picks words of the right shape and the right color.

Literary Garbage

LET'S admit that southerners of the Col. Carter of Cartersville type were mainly the far-fetched creations of overly-sentimental fictionists. Let's admit the business of painting a largely imaginary afaah-de-wah South was for many years crowded.

But why, in the revolt to debunk this sugary romance, should the land so generously spawn a crop of alleged realists who'd have the rest of the world believe the only party of the South worthy of being written about is almost exclusively peopled by loathsome degenerates of the "Tobacco Road" variety?

If one of these literary garbage collectors will but look about him, he'll find southerners who might make interesting copy and yet, excusing that they leave the sugar out of the corn bread and the lower case "r" out of the language, are pretty much like the run of their fellow Americans elsewhere.

Gas Station Service

AN OPEN LETTER to the gasoline companies:
Dear gasses—Why must the customer have the windshield wiped—if he doesn't want the windshield wiped?

Maybe he's in a hurry. Maybe he fears the youth with the squirt gun will only mess up the windshield worse than ever. Maybe he's nervous and prefers a blurry outlook so he can't see how many close calls he's going to have from being knocked cold by lady motorists.

Even so, unless he fights like a tiger, he must endure the windshield wiping. I commend the politeness of your attendants, though deploring their frequent habit of apparently going somewhere about a quarter of a mile back of the station to make change. I admire your enterprise and your pumps are indeed works of art. Your high-way signs so fill the grateful eye that we don't have to look at comparatively dull things, such as scenery. But my dear gasses, there comes a time when too much service becomes a nuisance.

Heroic First Aid Measures

WHEN those three gallant men were imprisoned in that Moose river mine cave-in up in Canada, facing death in the darkness—one of them, you'll remember, did die—and the rescuers finally bored a slender shaft through their living tomb, almost the first thing sent down from above was some hot coffee with a slug of brandy in it.

Now the Rev. A. A. McLeod has formally protested to the government of Nova Scotia about putting in the brandy.

So I've been sitting here all day trying to make up my mind, if I'd been buried in that freezing, slimy pit, which I'd prefer—to have 'em send along some spiked coffee right away or keep the mixture up on the surface and lower the Rev. A. A. McLeod with a pitcher of ice water.

It's one of those things a fellow really can't decide offhand.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Scenes and Persons in the Current News



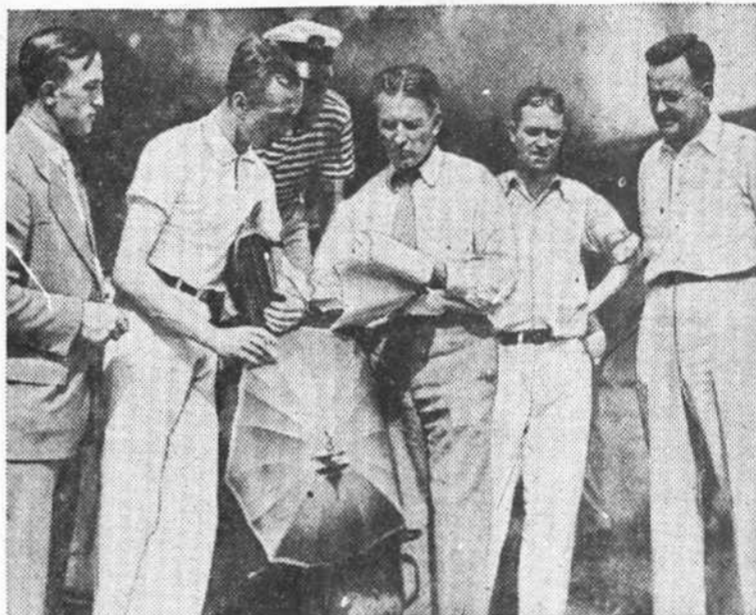
1—Scene at the Democratic National convention in Philadelphia which renominated President Roosevelt. 2—Further outbreaks of violence in Jerusalem result in fatal wounding of an Arab school teacher. 3—James A. Farley, chairman of the Democratic National committee, opening the convention.

CHERRY QUEEN



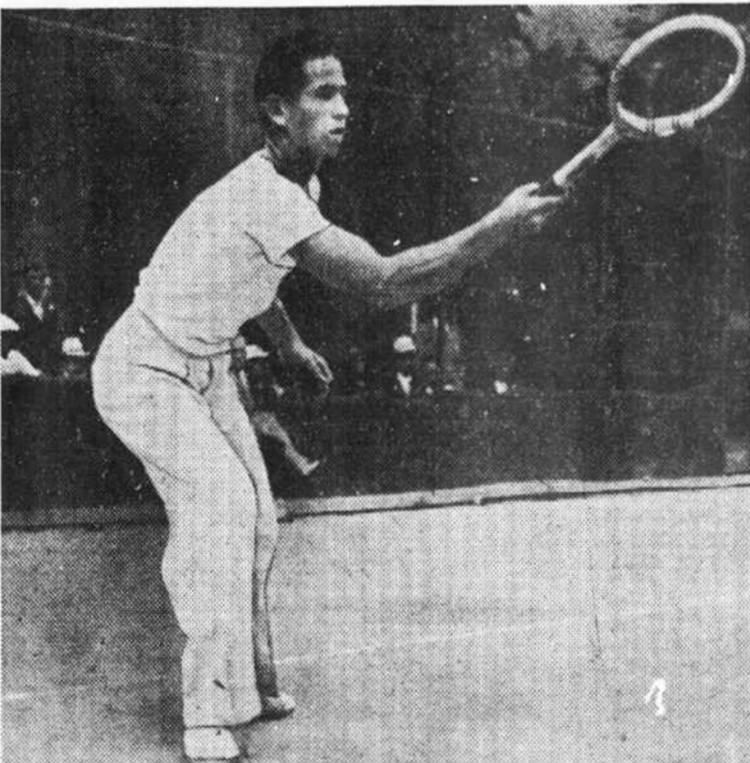
Miss Ardis Manney, seventeen-year-old University of Chicago brunette from Northport, Mich., has been selected queen of the National Cherry festival at Traverse City, Mich. She is studying to be a librarian but will assume a lighter role at the Michigan fete.

Thousands at National Glider Meet



Thousands of spectators gathered for National Glider week at Elmira, N. Y., sponsored by the Soaring Society of America. In this group are, left to right, Youston Sekella, president of the Elmira Gliding club; Dr. Earl Lange of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, contest manager; Larry Lawrence (in rear), secretary; Jack Summers, United States Chamber of Commerce inspector; Charles Gale, official timer; and Franklin J. Iszard, director of the Soaring Society of America.

Riggs Is Clay Court Tennis Champ



Robert Riggs of Los Angeles, snapped in action during the match, reveals the forehead drive with which he upset Frankie Parker to win the national clay court tennis championship in straight sets in Chicago. He then came back to share in the doubles title.

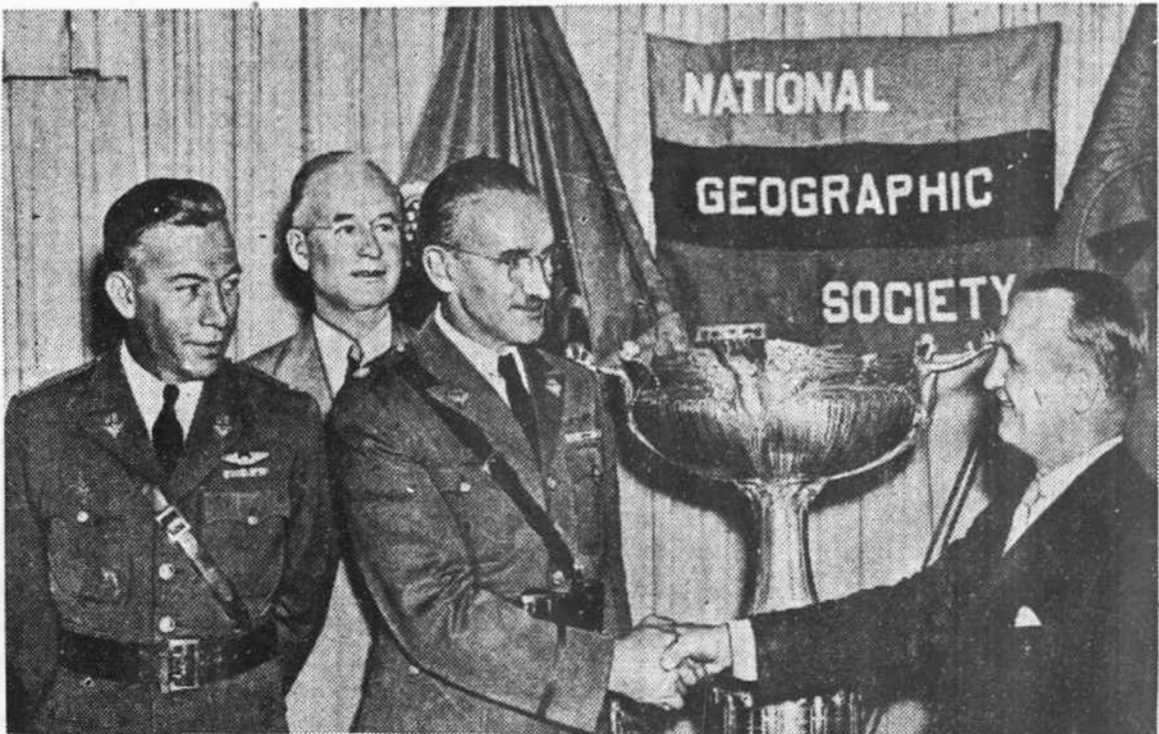
Rep. William Lemke of North Dakota Seeks Presidency

Representative William Lemke of North Dakota, who is a candidate for the Presidency, is being supported by the newly organized Union party. Father



Charles E. Coughlin, radio priest of Detroit, is the leading sponsor of Lemke's candidacy.

Stratosphere Flyers Get Mackey Trophy



For their achievement in flying into the stratosphere to the highest altitude ever attained by man (72,395 feet), Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Orval A. Anderson were presented with the coveted Clarence H. Mackey trophy. Left to right: Captain Anderson, Charles F. Horner, president of the National Aeronautical association, Captain Stevens and Major General Oscar Westover, who made the presentation



Walker and Bartell Have Own Opinions of Squawks, Hexes

IT IS long past midnight at the sign of the Toy Bulldog. The boys who have been cutting up old touches get around to the twin subjects of squawks and alibis. Since this is a prize fight crowd the debate is loud and long. Mickey Walker, who has been listening quietly, now grins and saunters over to the table.

"Maybe there's a time and place for everything," suggests the squat little man who used to ask nothing of giants save that they keep on swinging. "For instance, did I ever tell you about the time I fought Dundee?" He grins again at the memory of the night.

"Well, anyhow, Joe smacks me so hard over one eye that I lose the duke and have to go to the hospital."

"Naturally I'm weighing in with some man-sized beefing because it hurts plenty. All the while, too, I hear a guy on the next table sort of growling, but I don't figure he's got any cause to be sore at me and so I don't pay much attention to him. Instead I just lay there and every time the Doc purrs one on the next row I let out another yelp."

"All of a sudden the guy on the next table bounces up so's they've got to stop operations on him. Then he starts shaking his fist in my face."

"Say you," he says to me. "You know what I'm in here for. Well somebody bounced a bottle off my conk and I've been stretched out here for almost an hour while they've been digging glassware outta my dandruff. That's what they've been doing. Here I was out for a bit of fun and wasn't harming nobody an'—" The guy leans over as if he's gonna take a belt outta me.

"—an' you," he says. "Getting hit is your racket, ain't it. An' you got paid 10 G's for tonight, didn't you? Well, then, what right've you got to squawk?"

It is almost time for a double-header to start. Adolfo Luque stands in front of the Giants' dugout shaking an excited finger at Dick Bartell.

"You oughta done it," he says. "You—"

"Yeah," says the shortstop. "But I didn't have time. I was—"

"It makes no difference," the veteran coach abandons such feeble medium as a long finger and spreads both arms in eloquent gesture. "How we gonna win? How we—"

"Well, I got warmed up anyhow, didn't I?" Bartell's life is built on the theory that a good attack is the best defense.

"You warm up! Hunh!" Luque sputters feebly with the English idiom for a moment, relieves himself with rippling Spanish phrases and then returns to the language by which he may be understood. "Three weeks you warm up with me, hey. Three weeks you get hits. You warm up with me today. No. Well, then how you expect to—"

He shrugs his shoulders that speak volumes. Then sinks down on the bench overcome by the fullness of it all. He becomes as silent as he had been loquacious.

Bartell is not a superstitious lad. He knows that a bat is of considerable more assistance than a rabbit's foot when you are up there cutting for base hits. So he grins at this notion.

The first game starts. Magicians pop up from nowhere to snare hard-hit line drives. The Giants lose that one. The second game starts. A sturdy little fellow continues to slap line drives that should be good for extra bases. They continue to be caught. The Giants lose that one.

When old man Luque comes down the clubhouse steps the next afternoon a blond little fellow is waiting there, ball and glove in hand.

"Hey, Adolf, catch," he calls. That afternoon Dick Bartell gets his baselit and the Giants win.

ROWING people, who hate long er and longer even than fight managers, have topped the Hatfields and McCoy's again. This time the feud is between the Cornell and Navy coaches. . . . incidentally, the National League again heads the baseball squawking list with the Frankie Frisch-Umpire Babe Pinelli vendetta. . . . "Alph Mondt, brother of the famous Toots, succeeds Rudy Dusek as matchmaker for Jack Curley's wrestlers. . . . Unless Andy Kern does something about his guards, Colgate may have football trouble next fall. . . . Mad John Leonard goes in for statistics when promoting fights or playing the Aqueduct end book, reports that Schmeling's right hand landed on Louis 57 times.

Lou Little still limps as the result of the illness that has troubled him for several seasons, but his physicians report he will be in top shape before Columbia takes to the gridiron in September. . . . Sam Rosoff, the eminent contractor, makes more noise than any six fans at a prize fight. . . . Gabby Hartnett, who usually hits better than any of them, is the only Cub who does not use a Billy Herman model bat. . . . Mrs. Ken Smith, wife of the very good baseball writer, now is emoting for the Players' Guild of Manhattan. . . . Rated numerous stars in the role of a murderer recently. . . . Jimmy Walker will do the foreword to the book about Jim Braddock now being penned by Lud, the Hudson Dispatch sports ace.

Van Mungo is willing, but very few Dodgers pass the time of day with the moody fireballer. The boys just cannot forget his rude remarks during the recent one-man strike. . . . Howard Braddock, having his tonsils removed because he wants to grow up and be a heavyweight champion, too. . . . St. Louis' fairest flowers say that Joe Medwick is a swell singer and that you should hear him croon about "Minnie the Moocher". . . . Pete Reilly, who for the first time in numerous years is not managing the world's featherweight champion, still has some claim to fame. He held Joe Jacob's cigar during the fight. . . . Does any one know why the State Amen Commission permits Pedro Montano to go chasing welterweights when there are so many capable boys of his own size begging for a crack at his big gates?

Jim Braddock Is Pep Martin's Hero

Jim Braddock is Pepper Martin's sports hero. An autographed picture of the heavyweight champion adorns the Iron Man's St. Louis locker. . . . Matty Geis, Princeton track coach, tells Lou Burns as the future star. . . . Says the Manhattan sophomore will move up next year to succeed Bronck, Cunningham, Venzke and Mas-

gan, all of whom will hang up their shoes after the Berlin finale. . . . Billy McCarney, the celebrated fight manager, changes to a different colored bow tie three times a day. . . . Casey Stengel slugged the first home run ever achieved at Ebbets Field. That was during an exhibition game with the Yankees, who had Hal Chase at second base and Frank Chance at first, in the spring of 1913.

If you wish to believe the rumormongers, the Dodgers have been sold to Cap Huston for delivery in the fall. . . . Also a local group of celebrated citizens are determined to form a stock company and purchase the Giants. . . . Those fight weighing-in pictures you see so often in the papers are never the McCoy. That is because the boys must dof their pants for the real scales test.

Cornell will beat several good football teams this fall, but the Big Red eleven will not be quite as nifty as the experts have been suggesting. The athletes are very young and will need a season or two to become accustomed to the big-time grind. . . . The Giants have the smallest representation of any major league club in the Association of Professional Ballplayers, the organization which provides for unfortunate old-timers. Yet the dues are only \$10 a year.

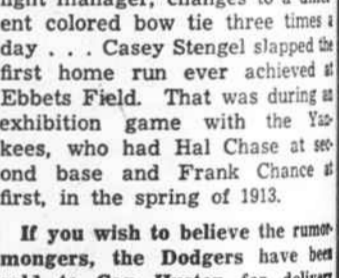
Ed Kelleher, who did a very good basketball coaching job at Fordham, now is being touted to succeed Buck Freeman at St. John's, where he was head man 15 years ago. . . . Joe Reddy, who won the quarter at the first repudiation of the Olympic Games at Paris in 1892, returned to Princeton this spring for the forty-fifth reunion of his class. He was one of the men who had an audience with the King of Greece, which resulted in the first official renewal of the Games at Athens in 1896.

Frankie Frisch holds the shortest clubhouse meetings of any manager. They usually last just one-half minute flat—or just long enough for Frankie to yell, "Get out and beat those bums!" . . . The Junie Freys have ordered a small Frey. . . . Mike Jacobs did the best of his many good jobs in handling the crowd at the Stadium the other night.

Braddock



Bartell



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