

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Drouth-stricken cattle being driven to a rail head from Pierre, S. D., for shipment to the eastern part of South Dakota. 2—Under Secretary of State William Phillips who is mentioned as successor to Breckinridge Long, as ambassador to Italy. 3—Vice President John N. Garner (right) and Gen. Eduardo Hay, Mexico's secretary of foreign affairs, at dedication of Pan-American highways at Laredo, Texas.

San Diego Girl Is Selected as War Vets' Queen

Shapeliness and charm were the two principal attributes which won the title of "Miss American Legion" for Betty Fulkerson of San Diego (shown above), when war veterans recently gathered at the California-Pacific International exposition. She will be an honored guest of the Legionnaires during the state convention in Hollywood in August. She is shown holding the trophy she won.



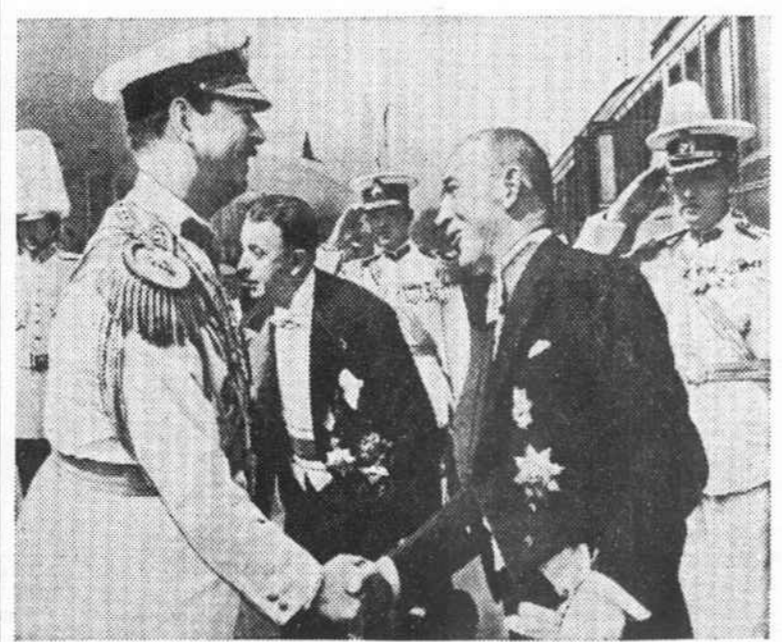
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Quick Lunch for the Stenographer



A brand new grill with cooking surface of an amazing new aluminum alloy so sensitive to heat that a single folded newspaper provides sufficient fuel for cooking an egg enables hard-working stenographers to eat in the office during rush hours. Photo shows Laurette O'Neill testing the device at the International Homefurnishing show in the Merchandise Mart in Chicago.

King Carol Greets Czechoslovak President



President Eduard Benes of Czechoslovakia was warmly greeted by King Carol of Rumania when he arrived in Bucharest for a conference of the Little Entente powers.

REPRESENTS LEAGUE



Removal of Sean Lester, League of Nations High Commissioner in the free city of Danzig has been demanded by Dr. Arthur Karl Greiser, president of the Nazi-controlled Danzig senate.

Golden Gate Bridge Approaching Completion



Automobiles will be passing over the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge by next November, engineers predict. The view shows the center lane with the floor steel entirely erected on the West Bay Crossing. The bridge, largest structure of its kind in the world, will cost \$77,200,000 on completion.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Descend Among Bicycles Many Strikes and Worries Two Flags That Clash Two National Hymns

This column, like others to follow, written in Europe, traveling about by automobile, will represent an effort to see things clearly, and describe them simply, according to the old formula. You descend from the ship at Havre into a world on wheels, bicycle wheels, a change from the world on automobile wheels left on the other side of the Atlantic.

Here working men and women, thousands of them, ride to and from work, ten to thirty abreast, depending on the width of the street. They have the right of way, properly, in a democracy. So it used to be in America, when automobiles were new, small boys shouted "Get a horse," and New York state law compelled the automobile driver to stop his car and engine, while a farm wagon passed, if the farmer raised his hand, or even lead the farm team past his machine if the farmer requested it. Here the car stops, while bicycles circulate around it on both sides. Similarly, you stop, later, meeting flocks of sheep, on roads across the salt marshes of the Vendee.

France is a land of bicycles, of many political parties, and, at the moment, a land of strikes. Like all other European countries, it is a land of permanent war scares. America looks upon war as a distant, improbable possibility, and when it comes spends billions on airships that do not fly, ships that never go to sea, and similar evidences of patriotic dollar-a-year efficiency. Europe's nations live in a state of fear, as an American family might live if it knew that, at any moment, well-equipped gangsters from next door might enter, "shoot up" the household and set fire to the house.

American travelers leaving the boat by railroad, descending in Paris at the Saint Lazare station, were surprised to find crowds fighting each other, not waiting for Germany, crowds made up entirely of Frenchmen of different political opinions. Some wore ribbons with the red, white and blue colors of the French flag; others, more numerous, wore the plain color red. One side sang the "Marseillaise," national hymn of France since the revolution. Others wearing small red flags sang the "Internationale," official song of the Communists the world over, from Moscow to Harlem. Crowds grew bigger, the Frenchmen sang the two hymns at each other, more and more violently, with excellent voices, not one out of tune, all knowing the words of their respective hymns. The "Marseillaise" says, "Let us go, children of the fatherland, the day of glory has arrived"; the other says, "Arise ye prisoners of starvation; arise, ye wretched of the earth."

It was a scene never to be described, now that Dooley is dead, and Artemus Ward. Nobody bothered the descending foreigners from across the water. A few Frenchmen hit other Frenchmen, not hard, then agents of the Surete, whom we should call policemen, gradually dispersed the crowds, that met and sang at each other again the next day. They live in the suburbs and work in Paris, or vice versa, and, meeting in the railroad station, it enrages them to encounter those that sing the wrong hymn and wear the wrong colors.

Those singers have chests like drums, complexions that reveal countless billions of red corpuscles and voices that could be heard, almost, from Los Angeles to Santa Monica. One of them broke off at the sad word "starvation" and said to your narrator, who had politely congratulated him on his vigor: "Tenez, tenez mon bras, et j'ai soixante sept ans"—meaning, "Here, feel my muscle, and I am sixty-seven years old."

The muscle rose in a biceps like a small melon. The duty of a visiting foreigner is to observe, describe and not comment; but this writer, had he accepted the invitation to speak at the American club in Paris recently, would have suggested that the French, whose only earthly possession is France, should be careful not to tear that property apart, especially with Germany ready to gather up the pieces.

This crosses the water by mail, is not new, and not news, when you see it. Only heaven knows what might happen in a week.

What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

An Immortal Oration  
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. —The future has a rotten trick of musing up the judgments of the present. What a pity it is that we can't wear our hind-sights in front.

When I read where some ponderous performing pachyderm of the literary elephant quadrille says, "This story will live forever," I get to thinking about a time-ellowed copy of a metropolitan newspaper that was printed on November 20, 1863.

It devoted great gobs of praise and nine solid columns very solid—to the eloquence of the Hon. Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who, on the day before, after months of preparation had, on a battlefield down in Pennsylvania, spoken two hours and turned loose enough oratory to fill about nine gas balloons. But of the subsequent and incidental remarks of another man, an awkward, shy man from Illinois, who had spoken just two minutes, it said, "The President was also heard briefly. The applause was formal and scattering."

Prejudices of Critics  
OFTEN, 'twould seem, the professional reviewer makes up his mind beforehand that he doesn't like you and behaves accordingly. A friend sent me a clipping from a small city—it dealt with the opening of the picture, "Everybody's Old Man." The writer was quite severe in his analysis. He didn't like the film. Passionately, he didn't care for me.

The joke was that the theater where the picture was to have been shown burned down just about the time the paper went to press, and the picture wasn't ever shown in that town. The next best illustration of the point I'm making dates back years ago. I was discussing various novelists with that gentle wit, the late Oliver Herford.

Self-Anointed Dukes

OUT here we're waiting for that Spanish baron and that French count back in New York to form the mother branch of their Noblemen's club for the protection of holders of genuine titles in America and, presumably, as a guarantee to our own home-grown heirs that, when they marry foreign princelings or what not, the goods will be as described. There's been a lot of title-legging, you know.

As soon as the organization gets started we're going to open the Hollywood division. Since only the authentic nobility may qualify, it's figured that the active roster will be confined to a very limited group.

The State of the Nation

FAR be it from me to turn alarmist right on the heels of the hot wave, but I feel it my duty to warn my fellow-Americans that this fragile and crumbling republic is doomed. That is, it's doomed if you can believe what comes out of our sainted political leaders in the way of predictions. Hark to the quavering chorus which already has started up: A crisis exists. Every professional crisis-breeder in the land openly admits it. I can't remember when a crisis wasn't existing. But they come larger in campaign years. We are facing a dread emergency which has had no parallel since the last occasion when we faced a dread emergency. This very hour the nation totters on the brink of an abyss. It has been tottering ever since George Washington was President—tottering worse at times, but always on the tot.

Miracles and Misdemeanors.  
ONCE upon an early time there was a man so holy that even the wild creatures would not harm him. He drew a thorn from the paw of a tame lion and the grateful beast followed after him. So he became a saint. Only the other day in a court in Tanganyika, which is in Africa, a black man—a savage by our definitions—was on trial. It seemed the lions were raiding the stock, so the native authorities set traps for them. The accused found a lion in one of these traps and made a ladder and went down and helped the great brute to escape. Being arrested, he explained simply that the lion was his friend. So they fined him \$12.50. In the olden times it was a miracle. Nowadays it's a misdemeanor.

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