BRISBANE
THIS WEEK

Choses Vues
Furs, Conscience-Proof
Caterpillars and Weeds
Wise Generosity

An able Frenchman, long since dead, wrote about choses vues—"things seen."

Arthur Brisbane

There are still many things to see and to hear, although there is nobody to write about them as that old Frenchman wrote.

At the head of the London Times' "personal column," some one pays to print this impressive extract from the Psalms:

"Seek the Lord, and His strength; seek His face evermore. Remember his marvelous works that He hath done; His wonders, and the judgments of His mouth."

You spend a moment wondering what kind of English man or woman, strong in faith, decided to put that text before statesmen that today seek the "face" of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, but forget the greater power of the Creator of those gentlemen.

After that, you read in the same Times this advertisement:

"Furs humanely obtained that can be worn with a clean conscience—full particulars from Maj. C. Van Der Byl, Wappenham, Towcester."

This being an ingenious and doubtless quite sincere appeal to the tender-hearted Englishwoman who does not like to think that the fur around her neck once belonged to an animal that suffered for days and perhaps weeks tortured in a trap.

Possibly the best way to "obtain furs humanely obtained that can be worn with a clear conscience" is to buy and wear some of the innumerable furs, from rugged bears to silky chinchilla, made from the skins of rabbits that are nourished in little hutches in the suburbs of Los Angeles, and fed with "rabbit hay," tender young alfalfa, grown on the Mojave desert, a good deal of it on a ranch owned and operated by this writer.

When you buy furs, no matter what kind, with a rabbit skin foundation, you may be sure that the animal suffered very little, if at all, and when you buy that fur you also buy honest American alfalfa, which is a vegetarian product.

F. C. Cobb wrote from the Boy Scout reservation at Allaire, N. J.: "The last four week-ends have been spent by our scouts collecting tent caterpillar egg clusters from wild cherry and apple trees along the highways of Monmouth and Ocean counties. Many thousands of egg clusters, each containing on the average 250 eggs, have been destroyed."

No better work could be done by scouts and other boys. It is far better exercise than perfunctory "hikes," often exhausting for smaller boys.

The fathers of the boys, also in need of exercise, can be useful mowing weeds along highways, excellent work for the lungs and for reducing the waist.

Edward S. Harkness, generous young New York financier, gave to Lawrenceville School for Boys a sum that will make possible important new building, plus rebuilding and a more extensive system of small-group instruction, with more teachers.

Mr. Harkness, who does not like publicity, refused to make public the amount of his gift to Lawrenceville, but he gave $7,000,000 to Exeter academy, $13,000,000 each to Yale and Harvard, to finance their housing systems. That gives some idea of the size of his gifts.

Some Americans will agree that it is a good thing to have men of unusual ability accumulate wealth and use it thus generously and wisely.

Old-fashioned Americans would rather encourage such gifts and praise the givers than inculcate the notion that anybody with brains enough to accumulate wealth in this country of opportunity is probably a thief and ought to be in jail.

Mussolini knows how a dictator can keep his hold on the people. He establishes 2,000 government camps where half a million poor children enjoy free vacations at sea and mountain resorts. For nine years Mussolini has carried on this work.

In Europe, English, French, German, Italian or Czechoslovakian will believe anything you say about American crime, and that is hardly surprising.

The heading "Chicago Politician Dies Under Hail of Racketeers' Bullets" surprises nobody. There might be mild surprise if the heading read, "Chicago Politician Does NOT Die Under Hail of Racketeers' Bullets."

Bob Davis Reveals

"Shores and Ships and Sealing Wax——" and Rickshas

PEIPING.

LEWIS CARROLL, author of "Alice in Wonderland," made for himself an enviable reputation by balling up the language and injecting into his manuscript references that had nothing whatever to do with the story.

The caption on this column is designed along the Carroll lines, but the word "ricksha" really stands for something.

Roughly speaking, the last census report on rickshas accounted for 44,000 of the rubber-tired, two-wheeled, one-passenger vehicles, drawn by fleet-footed coolies capable of hauling human cargo on most any kind of a thoroughfare—asphaltum preferred—at about the same rate of speed and with less noise than goes with the old-fashioned horse-driven cab.

In point of grace and luxury nothing has ever been invented that can compete with it or make a better showing along the boulevards where traffic streams.

Lot Is Not a Happy One.

While a spectacle of this sort fills the eye it seldom drifts into one's mind that the lot of the ricksha man is not a happy one. The easy loping stride of the man between the brass-mounted shafts, the three-foot bicycle wheels running silently on ball bearings, make Mercury and his machine a floating unit, gliding onward apparently without effort, but it never occurs to the casual observer that perhaps there is a limit to the physical endurance of the human animal swinging along with a human burden lolling under a pith helmet, pulling on a good se-gar and living the life of Riley.

Nothing so completely fits a white man for the indolent life as spending four or five hours a day in a ricksha. The very construction of the device invites a half-reclining posture; added to which the gentle oscillations, more soothing than any motion experienced from the cradle to the grave, produce a relaxation matched only by insensibility. A New England woman brought up to sit erect in a straight back hickory chair and hold herself like a Bunker Hill ramrod thinks nothing, after a week of rickshaing, of imitating Cleopatra on her chaise longue eyeing Mark Antony. A ricksha "sure do break down" one's resistance and makes a formal posture, coincident with good manners, quite a bore.

"Strut Sitting Down."

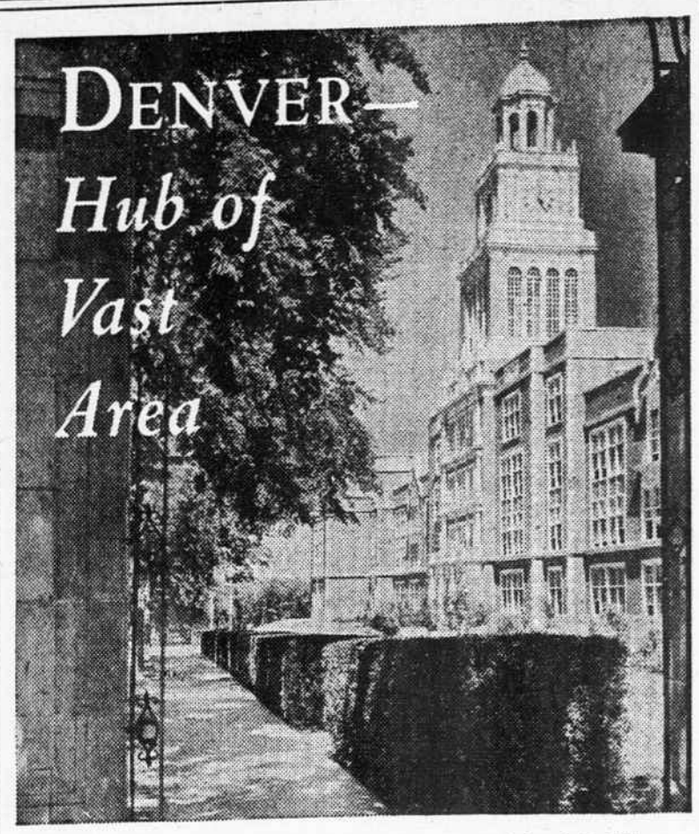
Old boys who can't even get the nomination for county clerk back home look like senatorial timber after doing a stretch in an upholstered ricksha. And a tin horn sport who can't even get a kind glance from a head waitress, after a few spins between ricksha wheels has difficulty dispelling the rumor that he is Clark Gable. This, however, is not the case with residents of Peiping, who, having passed the inflation stage, are without bombast. Only the foreigners seem able to "strut sitting down," as some one once said of an unpopular statesman.

And the cost is nothing, compared with the sense of superiority with which the consumer is infected. For the small sum of $1, Mex., which here in Peiping means 35 cents in American spondulics, a thoroughbred high-stepping, first-class coolie ricksha boy can be hired for the day, which is understood to be 12 full hours, with such time for lunch as the patron, in the fullness of his enlarged heart, feels that he can surrender to his faithful foot servant. This rate holds good at $7 per week. Beyond that, the tariff falls to $20 a month, Mex., of course, which places the rick at your disposal practically when wanted, the boy actually haunting your headquarters awaiting orders.

Ricksha Boys Faithful.

A pet dog couldn't be more at your beck and call. The system solves the whole question of transportation throughout the city. For long distance trips, motor fares are comparatively low.

The average daily mileage of a ricksha boy is about twelve, ranging in special cases up to fifteen a day for all seasons except during snow fall, brief in this latitude, and hard on the ricksha boys, many of whom are unable to buy blankets with which to keep out the chill after a long lope. It is estimated that fifteen years is about the average life of a two-wheel hauler, but there is no scarcity of men who are easily in the sixties. The majority of them are under twenty-five, from that down to eighteen. It is easy to distinguish the country from the city ricksha pullers. The former put on less style, take a longer stride and think nothing of doing thirty miles a day between town and country; round trip, tip and all, $2 Mex., the owner of the vehicle to feed himself.



Eastern High, an Example of Denver's Fine School Buildings.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

WHEN you enter Denver, Colorado, you come to the urban hub of nearly one-fifth of the United States. A state capital, a great western city, a gateway to the mountains—all these Denver is and more. Spokes of influence extend from it into the entire Rocky Mountain area, and into large regions of the adjoining plains states as well, making it the financial, commercial, and industrial center of a vast area. No other city in the United States with a quarter-million population is so far removed—500 miles or more —from all other big cities.

Naturally, the people of this great region turn to Denver, whether they are out for business or pleasure, for a commercial fight or a recreational frolic. It's a habit of long standing. The miners started it when they came every so often to the rough little town that was Denver in the sixties to spend some of their gold for supplies and the rest in more or less riotous living.

Later, when great riches were made in gold and silver and cattle, the fortunate ones moved to Denver and built the mansions and hotels and business blocks that started the solid structure of the city. Globe-trotters, adventurers, and capitalists flocked to Denver in the seventies and eighties. Many "younger sons" of the British nobility and several Britons with well-known titles made the city their headquarters for extensive cattle operations, and gave glittering parties at the old Windsor hotel and the American house that have not faded from Denver's memory.

Before its irrigation empire was even dreamed of and while its mineral kingdom was still undeveloped, Denver's location was of little value; but young Denver, despite surveys, clung stubbornly to the belief that in some way the transcontinental railway, when it came, could be pushed through the mountains west of the city. When, instead, the lines of steel were extended through Cheyenne, a hundred miles to the north, Denverites put aside their disappointment and quickly raised the capital to build a connecting line to the new highway.

With this rail contact with the eastern settlements established and with the steady growth of mining in the mountains, Denver drew to herself in a few years direct lines of railroad from the east. Now these highways of steel radiate north and south and east from Denver like the ribs of a fan.

A result of this railway convergence of Denver has been to make the city one of the country's leading livestock markets.

Never Lost Dream

While the transcontinental railways went their busy ways north and south of Denver, the city never lost its dream of a line straight west through the mountains.

Greatest and most tireless of the dreamers was David H. Moffat, who visioned a six-mile tunnel through the Continental Divide under James Peak. He not only dreamed, but worked, and spent his fortune on the project. He did not live to see his plan realized, but on July 7, 1927, the Moffat tunnel was holed through. Now a standard-gauge railway operates double tracks through it into Middle Park, opening up a new mountain realm to Denver.

You sense Denver's most astonishing physical achievement only when you let your imagination wander back seventy years. It is hard to believe that barely three-score and ten years ago this great city, with its hundreds of miles of streets, lined now with fine, towering shade trees, was raw prairie. Not a tree was in sight; only a level plain covered with sparse grass, dry and brown through most of the year.

As the outlander drives about Denver he is struck by the beautiful lawns. There are no exceptions. Whether he views the grass plot of a humble cottage or the park of a near-palace, the lawns are perfect.

The price of the beautiful lawns is much moisture. At certain hours each day in the summer a virtual barrage of water is laid down over the 1,600 acres of lawns in the city's parks. So frequent are these drenchings that in summer the watering hose is not removed night or day from the hydrants. Driving through the parks in late afternoon, you see orderly piles of hose, as regularly spaced as the trees of an orchard, each like a coiled serpent on sentry duty, guarding its allotted plot. The public hose is of a distinctive color combination that prevents its being stolen.

Use Water Lavishly

Knowing that this is a dry country and that water is precious, you ask one of the officials of the water board about the heavy use of water in the city and run into a surprising paradox.

"It is very important that we use water lavishly today," he tells you, "in order that our grandchildren shall have enough for their vital needs. Visiting water-works experts think we are crazy when we make that statement, but it is literally true.

"This is an irrigation country. Municipalities, as well as individuals, must follow the laws worked out under irrigation conditions in getting their water supplies. Once you get hold of a flow of water, if you don't use it you forfeit it to some one who will. We are looking forward to a city of half a million or more by 1950. That's why we want to keep every drop of Denver's annual water supply busy and to increase the supply in all possible ways."

One way in which Denver plans to increase its water supply constitutes and engineering romance. When the Moffat tunnel was dug, an eight-foot-square pilot tunnel was carried through the Continental Divide beside the large railway bore. Denver leased this small tunnel, and plans to bring through the towering mountain range hundreds of millions of gallons of water that now flow into the Pacific ocean.

In education Denver's fame is great. Educators from the two hemispheres have beaten a path to this far-away city at the base of the Rockies to study its scheme of teachers' salaries, its indefatigable efforts to keep the subject-matter which it teaches abreast of all worthwhile developments, and even its school architecture.

The "Denver Plan" for teachers' salaries has been adopted by many municipalities.

A Practical School

Another famous part of the Denver educational system that draws educators from afar is its Opportunity school. From 8:30 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night this practical school is open alike to young people and old. In it elderly men and women, denied the education they wished in youth, receive high school instruction; men displaced in one occupation may learn another; and young men and women may be trained in practical arts, from barbering to bricklaying, and from cooking to etching.

Most of Colorado's institutions of higher education are naturally concentrated in and near Denver. In the city is the University of Denver, founded, when the community was little more than a village, by Colorado's territorial governor, John Evans, the same John Evans who previously had founded Northwestern university, Illinois.

Thirty miles to the northwest, at Boulder, is the University of Colorado. So attractive are the mountains that cast their shadows on the campus and beckon for week-end rambles that the University of Colorado is as busy in summer as in winter.

Fifteen miles west of Denver, at Golden, is the Colorado school of mines. Growing up in the edge of an important mining region, the institution is one of the outstanding mining schools of the country. In it in 1926 was established the first course in geophysics in American colleges. Graduates of this latest course in mining lore fare forth with dynamite and radio sets, electro-magnets, torsion balances, and other devices of modern magic to map rock strata lying hundreds and thousands of feet beneath the surface of the ground.

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Debunking War's Romance

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —Mrs. "Bud" Lighton, one of the smartest women on this or any other coast, has started a symposium of suggestions for the promotion of national sanity the next time diplomats or politicians, profiteers or professional sword rattlers, or all of these types combined, try to rush a country into futile and uncalled for war—which classification covers most wars.

Her peace formula includes these ideas:

No brass bands whatsoever. No speech-making by stay-at-home orators. No recruiting except by men who have themselves enlisted for active service. No brass buttons. No shiny buckles, no regalia. Respect for the flag and, if necessary, all proper defense for it, but no cheap waving of it beforehand. No blatant emotional displays being turned off or on like a hydrant. Reason to be invoked rather than mob-steria.

Irvin S. Cobb

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Red Baiters' Field Day

A GENTLEMAN in Iowa, who presumably inquired into the matter, asserts that in this country are upwards of 4,000,000 aliens who entered illegally and that the vast majority of these—over 90 per cent, are on relief. While we're fighting corn borers and tobacco worms and boll weevils with government funds, wouldn't it be a grand idea to turn a lot of G-men loose to round up these smuggled-in human parasites and ship them back where they came from?

Locally speaking, I'm told that the average foreign-born agitator, ostensibly seeking to organize the casual workers of this state, is really a red agent spreading communistic doctrines under cover of his seeming activities in the industrial field. In other words, his real aim is not to unionize labor but to disunionize America.

Watson, the fly-swatter and the insect poison—quick!

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The League's Big Moment

AT LAST here's a chance for the League of Nations to function. For the poor thing it has been an uphill pull to slide down hill so steadily, with each descending step toward the bottom marked by disappointment and failure. It had almost as tough sledding as a smooth-faced, bearded lady would have trying to get a job in a museum.

But now, the league can punish at least one small nation for persistently breaking the otherwise solid front presented by nearly all the important European powers. Surely, ere long, it will hang some sort of penalty on little, simple-minded Finland for regularly paying installments on her debt to us.

This disruptive thing cannot possibly be permitted to go on forever when the sacred principles of dishonor, ingratitude and repudiation are all at stake!

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Paging the Black Legion

IT IS passing strange that the Black Legion is so slow about offering Herr Hitler honorary membership in the mother-lodge up in Michigan. Both parties seem to feel alike on the subject of persons of color.

Meanwhile just so long as they didn't try to stop him from shaking those nimble feet our brown-skinned flying squirrel, Jesse Owens, should worry because a dictator refuses to shake his hand.

With Metcalfe and other dark colleagues helping him pile up so commanding a lead for the American team in the Olympic games, it's almost time for the band to play "All Gawd's Chillun Got Wings."

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Synthetic Spanish Hidalgoes

AND the famous Santa Barbara fiesta fiesting on every side and yours truly looking as much like a Spanish hidalgo as anybody born in McCracken county, Ky., could be expected to look.

Plenty of other disturbing occurrences, too. Heat wave still hanging on in spots. Fresh European complications on account of the Spanish mess.

Down at his home on the range where seldom is heard a discouraging word—except from Washington, D. C.—we behold Uncle Jack Garner, with his head over the corral bars, beginning to moo plaintively.

And now, on top of all that, it seems we must start worrying about Tommy Manville's next wife or wives, as the case may be—and probably will.

I do wish Tommy could see his way clear to hold off till fall. If memory serves me aright, the fall always was his favorite marrying season, anyhow.

IRVIN S. COBB.

Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—President Roosevelt again has changed courses on relief. This time he has launched an experiment that becomes most significant and interesting because he is trying out in a small way the very heart of the relief proposal contained in the Republican platform.

Tries G. O. P. Relief Plan

Without any ballyhoo or any detailed statement, the President has allocated $22,700,000 of Public Works Administration funds for use in direct grants to states and has laid down a formula for use of this money that takes it into the same category as the Republican plan. The President took this action personally. He has not only prescribed the conditions under which the grants will be made but has laid down rules for PWA which will, in effect, bring to his attention any completed arrangements involving these funds.

The program provides that the federal government will bear 45 per cent of the cost, a municipality or county contributing the other 55 per cent out of its own funds and before the allocation is made definitely, the municipality or county receiving the funds must agree to employ 100 per cent relief labor.

In this manner, the "need for relief" becomes the measuring stick. If the local community is unable to supply only unskilled labor from the relief rolls and the project of construction planned for the community requires the use of skilled labor, it does not get the money. The projects considered to fall within the category of this new experiment include a great many worthwhile construction jobs such as school houses, sewage systems and water systems. The things proposed, therefore, may be said to be of permanent value and to that extent represent a veering by the President to the theory which Secretary Ickes of the Department of Interior always has held, namely, that if federal funds are expended they should be used in the construction and maintenance of permanent improvements.

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Handled Locally

Although the general idea of this new experiment in relief, new to the New Deal, was practically forced upon the President by the necessity of the present relief mess, it represents a return to a method long regarded by many students of the problem as the only way in which relief funds can be properly handled. It places back in the hands of local communities the task of looking after their own destitute and charity cases. The federal government contributes a share of the funds, of course, but it does not boss the job as has been the practice under Harry Hopkins and his Works Progress Administration further than the requirements that relief labor be employed.

As stated above, the plan now on trial constitutes the very heart of the Republican proposal for handling federal relief. The Republican platform calls for "federal grants in aid to the states and territories while the need exists upon compliance with these conditions: a fair proportion of the total relief burden to be provided from the revenues of states and local governments; all engaged in relief administration to be selected on the basis of merit and fitness; adequate provisions to be made for the encouragement of those persons who are trying to become self-supporting."

I hear much discussion around Washington that the President's experiment meets the Republican program in every way except as to the second provision which relates to the selection of the administrative personnel "upon the basis of merit and fitness." There are many who believe Mr. Roosevelt has reached the conclusion that there is considerable merit in the contention that unless steps are taken to get relief of the unemployed back into the local communities, it will become an unworkable monster, a Frankenstein.

On the other hand, some of the bitter critics of the Roosevelt administration are contending that Mr. Roosevelt seeks to try out the Republican proposal in this manner in order to demonstrate that it is unworkable. They point also to the omission of the second provision just mentioned, and declare that the President will use political patronage rather than merit as the means of creating supervision. In other words, they are charging that Mr. Roosevelt is adding to his political machine in advance of election.

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Way to Dodge

While the new method has not been made fully operative so that anyone can see it in full detail, the restriction which Mr. Roosevelt has laid down that only relief labor shall be used is looked upon as providing a means of dodging complete operation of the plan. It is to be noted that the Republican platform does not limit the workers wholly to relief. In making such a restriction as the President has done, it is held in some quarters that there will not be too many communities able to take advantage of the fresh federal funds. The reason for this is that particularly in the smaller communities there is not a great amount of skilled labor. This comparatively small proportion of skilled labor, comparatively small when measured against the amount of common labor, or unskilled labor, available, makes it impossible in a good many instances for the smaller communities to obtain money.

The situation is simply this: in the construction of sewage and water systems and most other construction jobs, there is more skilled labor required than will be available in the communities where these public works are to be undertaken. Further, with the pick up in industry, however small it may yet be, the skilled artisan has more chances to get jobs than has the common laborer. In addition, I think it can be fairly said that a skilled worker is of the type to be among the last to go on relief rolls. In any event, he will not go on the relief rolls until there is no other alternative. He is able to earn a much higher rate of pay than is available to him as a relief dole and naturally is not content to remain on the relief rolls longer than is absolutely necessary.

In this direction then, trouble may lie. Possibly some communities will be guilty of seeking to induce skilled workers to go on relief rolls for a sufficient length of time to enable them to carry out an agreement to employ only relief labor. This is a regrettable possibility but it is a very real one.

In all fairness to the President, I think it must be said that he is proceeding on a method to reach communities and unemployed that hitherto have been rather like stepchildren. The big relief projects under the former PWA system, and the Harry Hopkin's method of handling relief in some way or other have managed to be concentrated in the great cities. While some persons may be unkind enough to say that the President is expanding his vote-getting machine to the small communities, it nevertheless remains as a fact that the system now undertaken will let some relief dribble down to those who have not had it before. In any event since it is being tried out by the New Deal, it is an experiment very well worth watching.

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Quirks of Diplomacy

The nations of the world find themselves in one of those peculiar and almost humorous situations that can develop only from the queer quirks of diplomacy. It has not progressed far enough yet for anyone to say what the outcome of this new diplomatic situation will be but it is not devoid, nevertheless, of possibilities both from the serious as well as the humorous side.

It may have escaped general notice that, under Mussolini's orders, King Victor Emanuel is now not only king of Italy but he is also emperor of Ethiopia. He was given this new title immediately after the conquering hordes of Italians had held their triumphant march in Rome and, as far as Mussolini was concerned, Ethiopia had gone out of existence, a dead nation.

Despite the fact that Mussolini would like to have Emperor Haile Selassie known only as a plain Mr. Tafari, most of the nations of the world still are compelled, through treaty agreement, foreign policy or plain desire, to consider that Mr. Tafari still has the title of emperor of Ethiopia which he and his ancestors so long bore.

There is, however, this circumstance: since no nation has extended formal recognition to Italy as embracing Ethiopia, no diplomat can be formally received in that capacity. For example, the new Italian ambassador to the United States will come to Washington as the plenipotentiary of the king of Italy and emperor of Ethiopia but our ambassador to Italy, Mr. Welles, will go to Rome when he returns to his post this fall as the ambassador to the court of King Victor Emanuel — nothing being said about Ethiopia.

All of this results from American foreign policy and the foreign policies of other nations who oppose the taking of territory of another nation or race by force. It is a policy firmly footed, as witness the course of all of the nations excepting only Salvador in their attitude toward Manchuria which is now under Japanese control. Salvador recognized Japanese sovereignty over Manchuria largely because it was thereby enabled to consummate a great coffee sale.