

What Irwin S. Cobb Thinks about

Sports Broadcasters.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Somebody said that there were always two big sporting events—the one Graham McNamee saw and the one that actually took place.

But, alongside the present sports broadcasters, Graham's wildest flight would sound like the dulcet twitters of a timid love bird as compared with the last ravings of John McCullough.



Irwin S. Cobb

Coaches brag of the lowered percentage of serious football accidents this fall. But oh, think of the radio descriptionists who'll wind up the season suffering from nervous exhaustion, wrecked vocal chords, violent rush of loud words to the mouth, complete collapse, even madness.

You'll be passing the rest cure sanitarium, and, as the windows burst outward, you'll hear pouring forth something like this:

"Oh boy, boy! with one tremendous burst, Irish Goldberg is jamming his way from the red back line right through the black interference! Nothing can stop him!"

But don't get worked up. What you hear is merely a convalescent microphone orator mentioning a checker game between two fellow-inmates and reverting to form.

Virtues in Snakes.

SOMETHING I said recently about the folly of killing every snake on sight, without investigating the snake's character, brought a flock of letters from readers who don't like snakes.

Even a so-called venomous snake may have his better side. In Kansas, in the old local option days, you could get a drink only on a doctor's prescription, excepting in case of dire emergency, such as a snake bite. So every properly run drug store kept a rattlesnake on the premises to serve the citizenry. And the only time a drug store rattler ever refused to bite a thirsty stranger was when he was all worn out from accommodating the regular local trade.

And what though it was a snake that led Eve astray in the garden of Eden? He may have brought sin into the world, but wouldn't we have missed a lot of spicy reading matter in newspapers if he hadn't?

Yep, I plead guilty to thinking an occasional charitable thought for any decimated and vanishing group. I feel that way about old line Republicans and mustache cups and red woolen pulse-warmers.

Political Predictions.

WE TAKE the opportunity to announce that the Literary Digest, or rather its journalistic successor, will not conduct a poll on next year's congressional and state elections. The burnt child dreads the poll.

Let others go around taking straw votes, but, the way the Digest folks feel now and, in fact, have felt ever since last November, they wouldn't start a canvass to prove that two and two make four. Because, look here—what if it should turn out that two and two merely make some more Marx brothers or a double set of Siamese twins?

Anyhow, the business of basing cocksure predictions on half-cocked estimates doesn't seem to be flourishing these days. Figures don't lie, but the citizens who furnish the figures may do so, either unintentionally or just for the sake of a laugh. The rise of candid camerazionalizing—say, we just thought up that word—proves that a photograph of things as they are is mightier than a lot of loose statistics predicated on what the voters may or may not do—and probably won't, when the time comes.

Forgotten Stars.

ONCE interviewers clamored for a hearing and her face was on half the magazine covers and her name in letters of flaming light above all the marquee. Once impressive tycoons catered to her temperamental whims; press agents waited upon her, courtiers attending a queen. Autograph seekers besieged her then, while now only bill collectors desire her signature—and they'd like to have it on a check. Speak of her to the newer generation, and somebody will say, "Who? Spell it, please."

She is all through, all washed up. But, like the deaf husband whose wife has slipped, will be the last person in town to hear the news. Having traveled a road which issues mighty few round-trip tickets, she still dreams of a come-back.

She is the most tragic and the most pitiable figure—and one of the commonest—to be found in this place called Hollywood. She is any one of the host, men and women, who, ten years ago, or even five, were glittering stars in movieland.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Scenes and Persons in the Current News



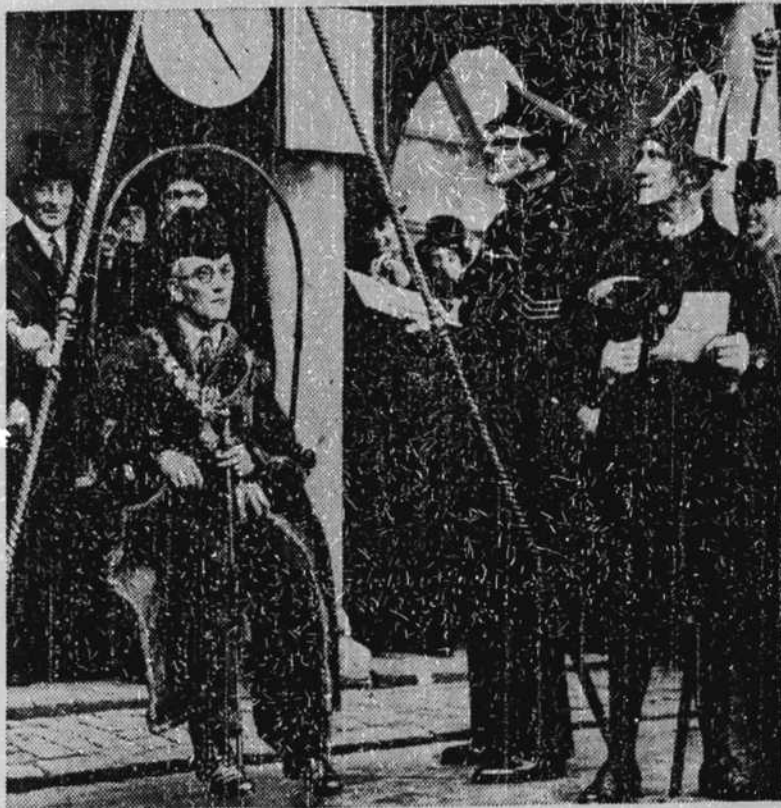
1—Nathan Straus, administrator of the United States housing authority, shown conferring with Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia about plans to spur home building. 2—Mahatma Gandhi, sixty-eight-year-old Indian nationalist leader, is greeted by followers as he arrives in Calcutta. 3—Capt. George Eyston of London shown after he set a new world's speed record of 331.42 miles per hour in an automobile on the Bonneville Salt Flats near Salt Lake City, Utah.

WINS RECOGNITION



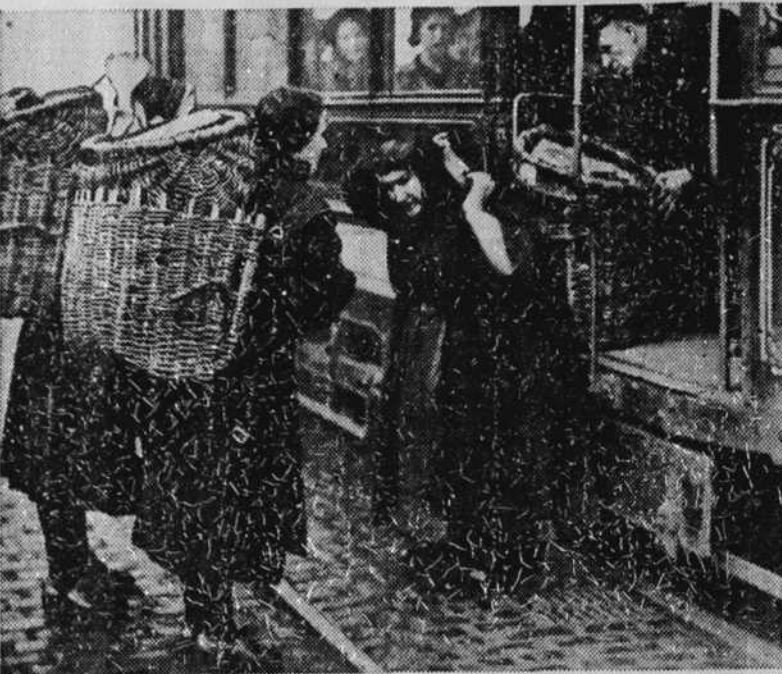
John Holmes, who started with Swift & Company as a messenger boy 31 years ago and became president of the company recently. He succeeded G. F. Swift, a son of the founder of the business, as executive head of an organization of 60,000 employees engaged in the dressing of live stock and nationwide distribution of meat, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese and by-products. Mr. Swift will continue active participation in the business as vice chairman of the board of directors.

His Honor Weighed in the Balance



While a town crier stands by to announce the result, a police sergeant is shown weighing the new mayor of High Wycombe, England, A. J. Gibbs, in accordance with an ancient custom of the town.

Trams Carry Fish Cargo



An early morning scene at the Newhaven fish market in Edinburgh, Scotland, showing fish wives with their baskets of fresh fish, boarding a tram car to take them to the city. Meanwhile the passengers on the car sit unconcerned while the motorman aids his fares in loading the car.

2-Week-Old Baby Boasts 2 Teeth

Mercedes Angeli of San Francisco had two teeth when she was born and now that she's two weeks old



they've grown to quite some husky molars, as this picture shows. And she takes the dentist's suggestions, too, about using a toothbrush.

Police Give John Barleycorn a Bad Day



New York police had a Roman holiday when they engaged in the wholesale destruction of bottles, jars, kegs and cans of liquor at the police department warehouse recently. The liquor was seized in raids over a long period. Here you see the fiesta at its height.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for December 5

CHRISTIAN REST

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 11:28-30; Hebrews 4:1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matthew 11:28.

PRIMAERY TOPIC—When We Are Tired. JUNIOR TOPIC—God's Great Invitation. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How Christ Gives Us Rest. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Christian Rest.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away," so sang Isaac Watts in 1719. One wonders what he might say today! The mad rush of modern life—its relentless drawing of us all into its terrific tempo—leaves us distraught, nervous, overanxious. Nervous disorders are on a rapid increase, even among children. The condition prevails in the country as well as in the city, although it is aggravated in metropolitan centers.

Let us lay down the burdens of the universe for a bit and counsel quietly about that almost forgotten Christian virtue, rest. Nowhere can the troubled spirit find calm of soul as surely and as quickly as in God's Word—and in the One revealed there, for true rest is

I. Found in Christ (Matt. 11:28-30).

Rest for our souls is found not in the cessation of activity, but rather in joining with Christ as our yoke-fellow and in going on with him in meekness and lowliness of heart. Most of life's restlessness is the result of pride, of driving ambition to be somebody or to attain something. True humility removes all such disturbing factors.

But we do have a yoke and a burden to bear. Yes, it is true that not all is easy in the Christian life. But as someone has suggested, the burdens are like the burden of feathers on a bird. They may seem to be too heavy for his little body, but as a matter of fact they are the thing he flies with! Such are the "burdens" of Christ.

II. Received by Faith (Heb. 4:3).

Those who believe enter into rest. Faith in God through Jesus Christ brings a man into an abiding place that the storms of life may beat upon but can never move. Fair weather followers of Jesus who fall into a frenzy of fear and worry when sorrow or loss comes upon them need to learn to walk by faith. "Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you," is more than the pious expression of a hymn writer, it is a statement of fact.

III. Rejected by Unbelief (Heb. 4:1, 6-11).

"The worst thing in the world" is unbelief—because it effectually closes the door to God's blessing. Jesus could not do "many mighty works" in his home town of Nazareth "because of their unbelief" (Matt. 13:58). Unbelief will keep us from the rest that God has prepared for his people, for it not only hinders men from coming to the Saviour, but keeps them from resting in him after they are saved.

IV. Necessary to Useful Living (v. 11).

Only when the follower of Christ appropriates that rest of soul which results from turning from his own efforts and trusting himself fully to Christ will there be that absolute surrender of every detail and problem of life to him which will bring out in daily living the glorious beauty and power of a life at rest with God.

A poem by Fay Inchfawn which has blessed the writer's soul is here passed on, with the prayer that it may help you who read these notes:

"Well, I am done. My nerves were on the rack. I've laid them down today; It was the last straw broke the camel's back. I've laid that down today. No, I'll not fume, nor fuss, nor fight; I'll walk by faith a bit and not by sight, I think the universe will work all right, I've laid it down today.

"So, here and now, the overweight, the worry, I'll lay it down today; The all-too-anxious heart; the tearing hurry; I'll lay these down today. O eager hands, O feet so prone to run, I think that He who made the stars and sun Can mind the things you've had to leave undone. Do lay them down today."

How true it is that we are prone to bear all the burdens of the universe when God's Word has told us to cast all our care upon Him, for He careth for us (1 Pet. 5:7). It is a powerful testimony for Christ when distraught and worry-ridden non-Christians see God's children walking steady and true in the midst of disappointments, trials, and sorrows. And the opposite is also true, that failure to trust God is a practical denial of our professed faith.

A Good Patriot

To be a good patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them.—Bishop Berkeley.

Duty

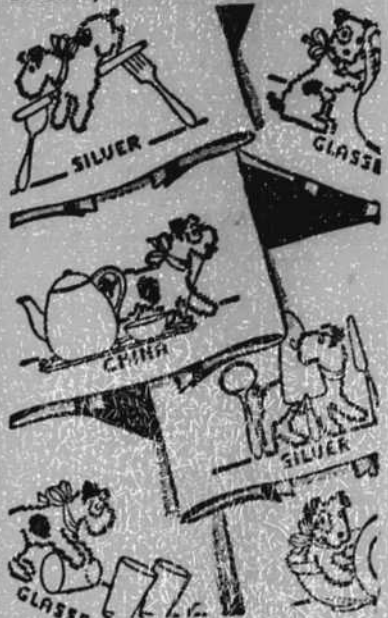
Duty—the command of Heaven, the eldest voice of God.—Charles Kingsley.

Service

All service ranks the same with God.—Robert Browning.

Foxy Little Terrier For Tea Towels

Terry, the Terrier, will dry your dishes with the same "punch" he displays when rolling glasses and hurdling silver. It will make your dish-drying a joy just to see his jolly self on the towels you use. These motifs require so few stitches, so little floss, they're eco-



nomical and ideal pick-up work. Single, outline and cross stitch make this splendid embroidery for a gift. In pattern 5746 you will find a transfer pattern of six motifs averaging 5 by 8 1/2 inches; material requirements; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to the Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps, when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature to ease up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three decades of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and go "Smiling Through."

Mastery Over Self
Man who man would be must rule the empire of himself.—Shelley.

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Thousands who suffered miserable backaches, pains in shoulder or hips, now put on Alcock's Porous Plaster and find warm, soothing relief. Muscle pains caused by rheumatism, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago and strains, all respond instantly to the glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Alcock's Plaster brings blood to the painful spot... treats backache where it is. Alcock's lasts long, comes off easily. It is the original porous plaster... guaranteed to bring instant relief, or money back. Over 6 million Alcock's ALL COCK'S Plasters used. 25¢.

In Despair
He soonest loseth that despairs to win.—Unknown.

TO PREVENT COLDS

WATCH YOUR ALKALINE BALANCE

LU DEN'S
Menthol Cough Drops 5¢
contain an added ALKALINE FACTOR

A Companion
Choose an author as you choose a friend.—Dillon.

IT'S "Filter-Fine" MOROLINE
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 5¢
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