

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

International Fourflushing.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—When the German troops marched into the Rhineland, France was going to fight about it, but didn't.

When the Italians moved against Ethiopia, Britain was going to invoke force, but didn't.

When Russia poked her snoot into the Spanish mess, there was going to be armed action by other powers, but wasn't.

When Japan began to nibble again at China, there was going to be intervention, but all that happened was that the League of Nations chirped despairingly and then put its head back under its wing.

Somehow, I'm thinking of the two fellows who started fighting and, when bystanders rushed in to separate them, the one who was getting the worst of it yelled:

"Five or six of you hang on to that big brute. Anybody can hold me!"

Curing Temperament. A JUDGE back east rules that this so-called artistic temperament is not sufficient excuse for a so-called genius to beat up his bride.

I tried the stuff once—just once—but the presiding judge in my case was a lady. For years I'd been trudging as steadily as a milkman's horse, whereas being a practitioner of a creative profession, I said to myself I really ought to stage some temperament just to make the family appreciate me. So I rehearsed my act and went downstairs one morning and put it on. So my wife looked at me across the breakfast table, and said: "I know what the trouble with you is. You're bilious. You'll take some calomel."

Well, what are you going to do when a beautifully staged emotional outburst is diagnosed, not as the promptings of a tortured soul, but as liver complaint?

You guessed it. I took the calomel, and, I pledge you my word, haven't had an attack since.

The Law's Delays. ONCE a Massachusetts Supreme court reversed a felony conviction because the prosecution, in filing the record, stated that the crime was committed "on the fifteenth day of June, 1855" but failed to state whether the year was 1855 A. D. or 1855 B. C.

And ever since then on quibbles almost equally foolish—such as a misplaced comma or an upside down period—other high courts have been defeating the ends of justice and setting at naught the decisions of honest juries.

Science has gone ahead, medicine has taken enormous steps forward, but law still rides in a stage coach and hunts with a flintlock musket. Has it ever occurred to anyone that one reason for the law's delays is a lack of the thing called common sense?

Dinosaur Footprints. BACK in 1858, a college professor discovered on a sandstone ledge in Massachusetts a whole batch of imbedded tracks of the dinosaur—famously known to geologists as dinah, just as among its scientific friends the great winged lizard is frequently referred to as big liz.

At the time, the discovery created no excitement—merely a slight shock of surprise to the old families upon learning there was something historic in Massachusetts antedating the Mayflower. For the naturalists figured those tracks had been left more than 150,000,000 years ago. And they were suffered to remain nearly eighty years more.

But here recently it develops that parties unknown have been chiseling Dinah's footprints out and totting them off. This would seem to indicate either that America is getting dinosaur-conscious or that dinosaurleggers are operating, or both.

So if a slinky gentleman should come to the side door, offering a prime specimen for the parlor whatnot, don't trade with him, reader—call the police. Next time he may come back with a dornick off of Plymouth Rock or the cornerstone of Harvard college or the name plate from Cotton Mather's coffin.

IRVIN S. COBB
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On More Mature Reflection
"Don't you wish you were a child again and could play in the snow?"
"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "I thoroughly appreciate the advantages of a taxicab over a sled."

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE*****

THERE was a rather funny reaction to an interview that Edward G. Robinson gave a reporter for an Italian newspaper some time ago. He praised the work of Frank Capra, the director, who is Italian by birth, saying that Capra refused to direct gangster films.

He remarked that he thought it was because Capra did not want to make pictures which showed his own people in a bad light. When the storm burst it hit, not Capra, but Robinson. Seems the Italians thought gangsters were something like senators—an American institution of which Americans were proud!

The long discussion over which actress would play the mother role in "Stella Dallas" has been settled at last. It goes to Barbara Stanwyck, who seems a bit young for it, but of course there's always make-up. And anyway, the part is to be rewritten to fit her.

At the moment the "Gone With the Wind" pursuit of a heroine is still raging, but no doubt that will be settled in the same way—some attractive, dependable actress whose screen work is known to the public everywhere will get it.

Phil Baker, who has long been one of radio's favorite comedians, has learned a lot from what has happened to other men like him when they consented to make a picture. And he is profiting by what he has learned. He knows that, when the picture is released, the comedian's part may have been cut and cut until there is practically nothing left of it.

Both Samuel Goldwyn and Paramount want him to do his specialty in pictures, but he has held off, even to the extent of refusing \$12,000 to do his stuff.

The very funny Ritz Brothers, who can be relied upon to send movie audiences into gales of laughter, encountered something that was not so very funny, to them, when they had to learn to skate for "One in a Million," the Sonja Henie picture that's all about skating, with Miss Henie doing five big numbers.

The brothers simply could not learn to skate. They couldn't even stand up on skates. Finally the difficulty was solved by having special skates made for them.

Speaking of romantic stories, even the movies can't beat the one of Wallace Ford's long search for his mother and his finding her just before Christmas. It's about 38 years since she had to put him in an English orphanage, and Ford found her living in an automobile trailer, and the wife of a blind match seller. Now he is going to do all the things for her that he has planned during the long years when he was trying to find her.

Probably nobody will ever be able to explain why certain radio programs succeed, any more than motion picture producers can tell why some pictures smash box-office records and others that seem just as good flop terribly.

There is a delightful radio program that has been going well for considerably more than a year. It's called "Dot and Will." And so far no sponsor has bought it. Yet the company has actual proof that thousands of people listen to it.

Apparently a lot of old stories are to be re-made during 1937. "Ben Hur" is up for discussion—maybe with both Clark Gable and Robert Taylor in it. There was a time when, if three featured players were in a picture, it was advertised as having an all-star cast. Now the producing companies put several of their biggest stars into one picture and just take it as a matter of course, as do the audiences.

Odds and Ends . . . Hollywood is still regretting the death of Irene Fenwick, Lionel Barrymore's wife; theirs was an exceptionally happy marriage, and Miss Fenwick was very popular. . . . Note that Bette Davis is back at work they are working her so hard that she barely has a chance to breathe, to make up for the time lost when she was battling with the company. . . . "After the Thin Man" is just as funny as "The Thin Man" was, so don't miss it. . . . And you'll surely want to see "Beloved Enemy," with Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne. . . . And "That Girl From Paris" . . . Tilly Loach, who did a bit as a dancer in "Garden of Allah," may appear in re-makes of some of Greta Garbo's old pictures.

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A Few Little Smiles

HELPFUL

Charles was one of those people who always try to look on the bright side of things. Well, one day he saw a little fellow weeping his eyes out, so he crossed over the road to see if he could help.

"And what's the matter?" he asked.

"Boo-oo," wept the youngster, pointing to a broken egg on the ground. "I threw that egg up in the air, but I didn't catch it, boo-oo."

"Never mind," said Charles cheerfully, "you'll catch it when you get home."

She Found It
Wife back from shopping—I've just found the costume I wanted, dear.

Hm-m
Jane—My Scotch boy friend sent me this picture yesterday.

Hum
Joan—How does he look?

Hum
Jane—I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed.—Two Bells.

SOMETHING MISSING

Mrs. A.—Jimmie's been in the third grade for two years. I wonder how he'll ever get ahead.

Mr. A.—Don't know. If he wasn't born with one he never will.

Proof
He was applying for a navy's post on an excavation job.

"Do you think you are fit for really hard labor?" asked the foreman.

"Well," replied the applicant, "some of the best judges in the country have thought so!"

What's in a Name?
Visitor (to a Southern mammy)—Aunt Mandy, what are your children's names?

Aunt Mandy—I done name 'em all with powers; but de youngest one got the prettiest name—I name her Artificial!

Located
"Did you ever hear of the straw which broke the camel's back?" asked the guest at a country inn.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady. "Well, you'll find it in the bed I tried to sleep on last night."

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson

© Western Newspaper Union

Sam Hawken, Riflemaker

WHAT a Stradivarius is to violinists, a Hawken rifle is to those who love fine firearms. For a genuine example of the workmanship of "Old Sam" Hawken of St. Louis is one of the rarest weapons in existence. So far as is known, there are only five.

But it is not alone the rarity of these rifles which makes them interesting. It's a case of "the man behind the gun" as well. He was Samuel Hawken, born of Pennsylvania Dutch stock in Maryland in 1792. He was a soldier in the War of 1812 and after his return from it he began practicing the trade of gunsmith.

In 1822 he moved to St. Louis where his brother, Jacob Hawken, was already engaged in making guns. That was the golden era of the fur trade and the fame of the rifles which Samuel and Jacob Hawken were making soon spread all along the frontier because they were the most accurate and finest pieces of workmanship available, not even excepting the famous Kentucky "long rifles."

The demand for Hawken's product was limited only by the supply, which was small. For Hawken made every rifle by hand, welding the barrels out of strips of iron which he got from an iron furnace on the Meramec river in Missouri. These strips were hammered into five-inch lengths and welded around a steel mandrel, thus making the tube which was bored out with a rifling tool afterwards. It was a tedious and thoroughgoing job of work, unusual even in those days of careful and honest craftsmanship.

But what was even more unusual was the fact that Hawken had one price for his rifles. That was \$25—no more, no less. He could have had twice or three times that price, so great was the demand, but he refused to charge more because he believed that one price brought him trade.

Jacob Hawken died during the cholera epidemic of 1849 in St. Louis and Samuel Hawken continued in the business until 1859 when he sold out to an apprentice, John P. Gemmer who was running the Hawken shop when Samuel Hawken returned to St. Louis in 1861 to spend his declining years. "Old Sam" became a regular habitue of the shop so long as he lived and could scarcely keep his hands off the tools, so greatly did he love the work. Once Gemmer allowed him to do an apron and make a rifle complete as he had done in years gone by and this rifle, probably the last which "Old Sam," honest workman, ever made, is one of the two Hawken rifles now owned by the Missouri Historical society.

\$50,000 Signature

THERE'S no doubt that John D. Rockefeller's signature, or that of J. P. Morgan, would be worth \$50,000—if it were on a check! But the only American whose written name (not on a check) has ever been worth that amount was Button Gwinnett.

Gwinnett was born in England in 1732. Despite that fact, he can be listed as an American because he came to America in 1770, was chosen as a delegate from Georgia to the Continental congress and was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1776.

The next year he was an unsuccessful candidate for governor and he was also defeated as candidate for brigadier-general of the Georgia militia by Gen. Lachlin McIntosh. As a result of a quarrel, Gwinnett challenged McIntosh to a duel which was fought with pistols at 12 feet. He was mortally wounded and died on May 27, 1777.

Most of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence lived for many years after that historic event, wrote many letters or signed many documents. But with Gwinnett's career cut off in less than a year after he joined that company of immortals, he left few examples of his handwriting. So his autograph is the rarest of all the signers and it is that rarity which gives it such great value.

In 1926 Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the noted collector, paid \$22,500 for a will which was signed by Gwinnett as a witness. That was an unheard-of price for an autograph. But it was only the beginning of a "boom in Button Gwinnetts."

Later in the year this same collector bought another—this time a signature on a promissory note and it cost him \$28,500.

In 1927 an all-time record for autograph prices was reached when Dr. Rosenbach paid \$51,000 for a letter signed by Button Gwinnett and four other signers of the Declaration who were serving on the marine committee of the Continental congress. Aside from the Declaration it is the only known document dealing with national affairs which this Georgian signed

The Wedding

By RUTH U. TUTHILL

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DICK had driven her into town. It was the first time they had been out together since Dick had told her. That was six months ago. Six months of suspense and tension trying to decide what to do. Putting on a brave face before people—pretending nothing was the matter. "Funny that we should be going to a wedding together, Dick!"

"Ghastly!" said Dick. And then: "Joan, do you mind if I don't go with you? I don't believe I can stick it."

"You've got to. Kate mustn't know anything's happened between us."

"Why?"

"Because Kate believes that no matter how unsatisfactory her own marriage was, ours was perfect."

"Well, wasn't it?"

"It was until you spoiled it."

"My God!" flamed Dick. "Can't you understand?"

"Perfectly. But that doesn't change anything. Oh, what's the use of going over and over what's happened? We're here for Kate's daughter's wedding. Kate's best hope for Adeline is that her marriage will turn out like ours. I believe she'd almost forbid the bans if she guessed what a mess we've made of it."

The church was sweet with the smell of lilies. Joan took the arm of an usher and went up the aisle to the white-ribboned enclosure. Dick followed. They sat together in the high-backed pew.

Gossip all around them. "Do you know, I've always thought Kate is still in love with Charles Marshall in spite of divorcing him. I think a woman's a fool to divorce a man she still loves no matter what he's done."

It was after this last remark that Joan's eyes encountered Dick's. She turned away from their pleading. "There's Adeline's mother." Kate was walking down the aisle. Little, determined Kate with lips that were close and hard with repression and denial of what she wanted most in life.

Charles Marshall had taken his place among the guests. Immaculately dressed with a gardenia in his lapel. "Glad he had the decency not to bring that woman with him!" someone exclaimed.

"Do you mean his wife?"

"Oh, well of course he married her!" came the grudging response. Suppose she divorced Dick. Would he marry "that woman"? Joan wondered. That woman, he'd assured her over and over again even with tears, he'd never cared a darn for, in spite of what had happened. "I haven't seen her since. It was just one of those things!"

Busy Sunbonnet Girls



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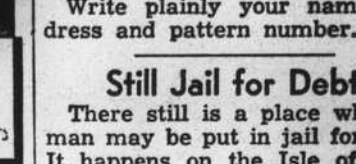
Pen of Decency
There is no sense of decency. Some don't have it. They are the ones who have to be taken to task.

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TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALPH

Uncle Phil Says:



Let us seek so to live that our bygone year may, to use Cowper's beautiful expression, leave "no stain upon the wing of time."

Of all the wingless angels on earth that you value, the man who you know when he tells you he will do a certain thing on a certain day, will do it, is the most precious.

We all know how much we like a man when we hear he has just died. Let's tell him a little of that before he does.

Rejoice in Friend's Success
Allow no shadow of envy to mar the sunshine of a friend's success.

If one knows a mean story on himself, let him remember it when he is tempted to tell a mean story on someone else—and refrain.

The swan knows how to use its neck; that is why it is beautiful. The giraffe doesn't and is grotesque.

Features of Gentility
Two main features of gentility are propriety and consideration for others.

Dignity is beautiful to contemplate, but it needs to be employed with skill.

Best thing for people who can't afford to eat breakfast in bed is that they don't want to.

THE ONLY COUGH DROPS



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