

# 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 automobiles 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 you 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.

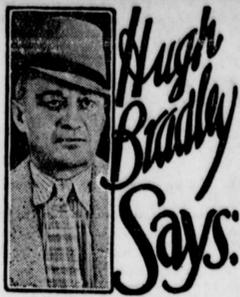
Those singers have chests like drums, complexions that reveal countless billions of red corpuscles and voices that could be heard, almost, from Los Angeles to Santa Monica.

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.



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## Ruth Removal Aids Yanks, but He, Too, Could've Done Job

UNTIL that moment the reporter undoubtedly was the life of the party. Having nothing else to look forward to except a light afternoon date with some millionaire babies, his hosts were spreading themselves with appreciation.

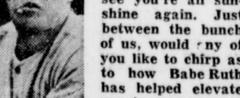
All this made the reporter very, very happy. "Poor little lonesome boys," he thought. "All the way out there by themselves with nobody even close. Probably it goes them a lot of good to have a human being catch up with them now and then. Why, I oughta give them a break!"

Then he popped the question and got what many another guy has gotten for taking similar liberties.

Charley Ruffing sought the water cooler at the other end of the dugout. Lou Gehrig remembered that he had immediate business to attend to in the clubhouse. Lefty Gomez hid behind his ears. Probably no one ever will know now what happened right after Joe McCarthy booted that grounder in Steelton twenty years ago.

So, humming sadly about just being one of those smarties who breaks up all the parties, the reporter dragged himself into exile. Since then he has been wondering about that question, though. All he asked was:

"Gents a coupla seasons ago there was more'n a coupla rumors to the effect that a fat man was overshadowing your lives and bank books. Now I see you're all sunshine again. Just between the bunch of us, would any of you like to chirp as to how Babe Ruth has helped elevate you to your present blithe position?"



Babe Ruth

But, to avert wonderful doings, the reporter must undertake to supply the answer himself.

Undoubtedly Joe Di Maggio, best rookie of several years, has filled a dire outfield need. Tony Lazzeri supplies a shrewd steady influence. Frankie Crosetti, living up to predictions that once seemed unlikely to be realized, may really be the spark plug of the team. Lou Gehrig's hitting is—. But enough of such things. It is senseless to call the roll while singling out each player responsible for the club's success.

The point is that the dead-panned Yanks of a year or two ago also abounded with single individuals of far more than average worth. Yet they were far out in the lead of the American League parade. The reason for their success—you can twist it about and also obtain the disastrous Red Sox—is that Joe McCarthy is not mulling along with a collection of stars. He is heading a team.

Being an old Babe Ruth boy, I rather hate to admit this, but it is the truth. During his two final seasons with the club, and even last year when the memory of his mighty deeds still lingered, there was tension, a divided loyalty in clubhouse and dugout.

It was a state of affairs, this conflict between a manager and a dominant personality, which neither the Babe nor McCarthy could handle. No doubt both of them sincerely deplored it and struggled for some proper mingling of team spirit. But the conflict and the inevitable destruction of bright chances existed just as surely as a similar tug of purposes still exists among the Red Sox at Ebbets Field.

Now the young men come alive in the dugout. They round first base, seeking to give extra value to their hits as they did in the palmiest days of Murderer's Row. Heads which formerly were occupied only with figuring individual averages now are bobbed determinedly in front of second basemen seeking to complete double plays. Even the pitchers—. But perhaps it would be best to stop here in the midst of undoubted gladness.

More than likely the Yankees would have a similar tidy lead if Ruth was sitting on his Buffalo jack porch. As one of the most persistent torchlight bearers in the Bambin procession, I think that they would.

NOTRE DAME will lose two, probably three, football games next fall. Nothing particularly wrong with the Irish, it's the schedule. . . . More National League clubs are complaining bitterly about umpiring this season than at any time within the memory of man. . . . Mike Jacobs has an answer for those "three-cent critics" who claimed that \$40 was too much for a Schmeling-Louis duet. His tax statement reveals that he peddled 4,700 of the gold-embroidered duets and only 3,800 of the \$3 variety. . . . Dave Rabb, sensational young center forward of the New York (soccer) Hakoahs, is the son of a Brooklyn rabbi.

Even Van Mungo and the Dodgers get along better than Lefty Grove and his Boston teammates. . . . There is a whisper that Al Weill will succeed Tom McCardle as matchmaker for the club occasionally known as the Twentieth Century. . . . Mike McTigue will be one of the guests of honor when the Claremen's association has its moonlight sail on June 9. . . . Although they have been attracting banner crowds to the Burnt Mills Sunday polo games, Princeton's mallet swingers have to perform under assumed names. That is because the university trustees have blue law notions.

Bill Mehlhorn is an Ardent Baseball Fan

Bill Mehlhorn, the golfer, also is a baseball fan. When he isn't whaling them off the tee or sinking a birdie, nothing pleases him more than to watch the national pastime. . . . Both the Cards and the Cubs say that Jimmy Ripple would be of far more assistance to the Giants if he played deeper. . . . Lieutenant Colonel Abe Hollow, Colonel Widener's aide, took the fashion plate title away from the glamorous Kansas Friar at Aqueduct last week. Did it with a bright orange suit. . . . Olympic statisticians note that it will take 80 tons of meat and poultry, 17 tons of fish, 120 tons of vegetables, 55 tons of flour, 17 tons of butter, 34,000 gallons of milk, 280,000 eggs, 32,000 oranges, 52,600 grapefruits and 105,200 lemons to feed the athletes during two weeks of competition. The lemons, no doubt, will be obtained free of charge. . . . The only woman jockey in Japan had her license revoked when the Department of Agriculture ruled that "the mixing of sexes on the turf may lead to undesirable results."

Some of Colonel Ruppert's very good friends insist that the Yankees tried to trade Lefty Gomez several weeks ago. . . . Bookie Tim (I don't read the damn paper) Mara sounds like a broken record of George Givot when he lays down the law to his Turf and Gridiron Club followers. He dese, dese and dems the poor little bookies to death. . . . Before he took baseball seriously the Cubs' Tex Carleton used to be a rodeo official down in Fort Worth. Was a scorekeeper, setting down the times and records for calf roping and similar events. . . . Just for the sake of argument—if the rule concerning the maximum amount of hand bandages had not been enforced, wouldn't Schmeling have been able to hit harder, too?

Crew coaches continue the most hard boiled of all sporting gents before a race and the shrewdest squawkers afterwards. . . . As usual, Yale supplies the Leader. . . . Even though he was quite a foot racer years ago, oblivion seems to be catching up with Bill Bingham, Harvard Olympic delegate. . . . Note to the boys of the Huron Baseball club—Sorry, but your card did not arrive in time. Hope Hans Wagner made a swell speech.

Buddy Hassett crooned so handsomely at the birthday party tossed by Mrs. Jimmy (once Lady Eaves) Jordan for Mrs. Frenchy Bordagary that the Broadway night clubs again are waving contracts at the Brooklyn first baseman. . . . Jazz Rogers, once a Baltimore baseball official, now runs a seafood house on Forty-third Street, New York. . . . Bobby (Manhattan F. C.) and Tommy (Flushing Juniors) Roberts can hardly help being soccer stars. Their dad was one of the world's best when he played outside right for Barrow-in-Furness forty years or so ago.

What wife of what celebrated ballplayer said—"Huh, if her husband could pitch as well as she dresses we certainly would have won a lot more ball games this year?" . . . A celebrated sports organization, now having unexpected trouble with several other ventures, will bid for the Dodgers if the price can be knocked down low enough. . . . At least one Hearst A. C. luminary feels that the public has been milked long enough and that the next big show might very well be run without the charity angle.

Marshall Duffield, former Southern California quarterback, is a member of the crew of Adore, one of the entrants in the current yacht race from California to Hawaii. . . . Adore is owned by Lee Tracy of the movies. . . . Dolpi Camilli, Phillies' first baseman, uses three gloves a season.

## For Bedspread and Scarf



Pattern 5560

"Company's coming!"—so out with the best bedspread, the dresser's matching scarf, both crocheted this easy way. You'll have reason indeed, to be proud of this lacy pair, to say nothing of a tea or dinner cloth, buffet or vanity set, all of which grow little by little as you crochet a simple medallion in humble string. Repeated and joined they make stunning "heirlooms." In pattern 5560 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it and of all the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send fifteen cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Our Currency

Within living memory the currency of the United States has included, in addition to the small change of today, a 1-2-cent coin, a 2-cent coin, a 3-cent nickel piece, a 3-cent silver piece and a 5-cent silver piece; and 3-cent, 5-cent, 10-cent, 15-cent, 25-cent and 50-cent denominations of paper money called "shinplasters."—Collier's Weekly.

Beautiful Memories

Each one of us possesses a store of beautiful memories which he alone can read, a volume closed to all but himself. These are treasured throughout the years, and may include some special kindness shown, some hospitality extended, some word of encouragement spoken at the psychological moment. A recommended book, an appreciative note may have given to us lasting pleasure and inspiration. It is decidedly ungrateful to accept so much without giving all we can! So let us take time to consider how many beautiful memories we are creating for others. Are we prompt in writing the letter which will bring happiness and comfort to some one waiting to hear? Are we dropping cards or roses or gifts to our friends on ordinary as well as special days? Beautiful memories are easy to live with; so let us cherish those we have and deliberately go out of our way to provide many for others.—R. E. C.

That's the Good Nature

Good nature is frequently imposed on—and seems to like it.



Soothers and Refreshes TIRED EYES



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Sail the Great Lakes

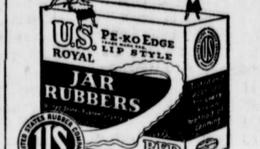
via S.S. OCTOBERA S.S. JUNIATA

NATURE'S ROUTE TO AND FROM THE WEST

COMMON SENSE

Nothing more exposes us to madness than affecting to make ourselves different from others, and nothing assists more to maintain our common sense than a life spent in the common way amidst general society.—Goethe.

NO: THERE CERTAINLY IS! PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS ARE MADE OF LIVE, RED RUBBER THAT SEALS THE FLAVOR IN TIGHT . . . AND THEIR TWO BIG LIPS MAKE THEM EASY TO APPLY, EASY TO REMOVE.



PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

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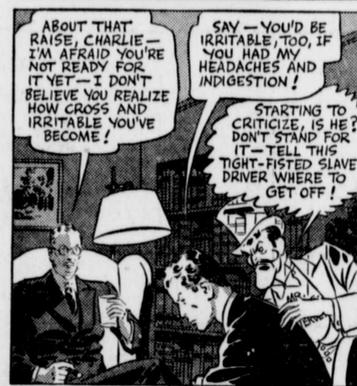
CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

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REMEDIES

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## CHARLIE MAKES HIS BID!



OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. It is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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