

## 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."



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 humbly obtained that can be worn with a clean conscience—full particulars from Maj. C. Van Der Byl, Wapenam, 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 humbly 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 hutsches 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 of 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 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.

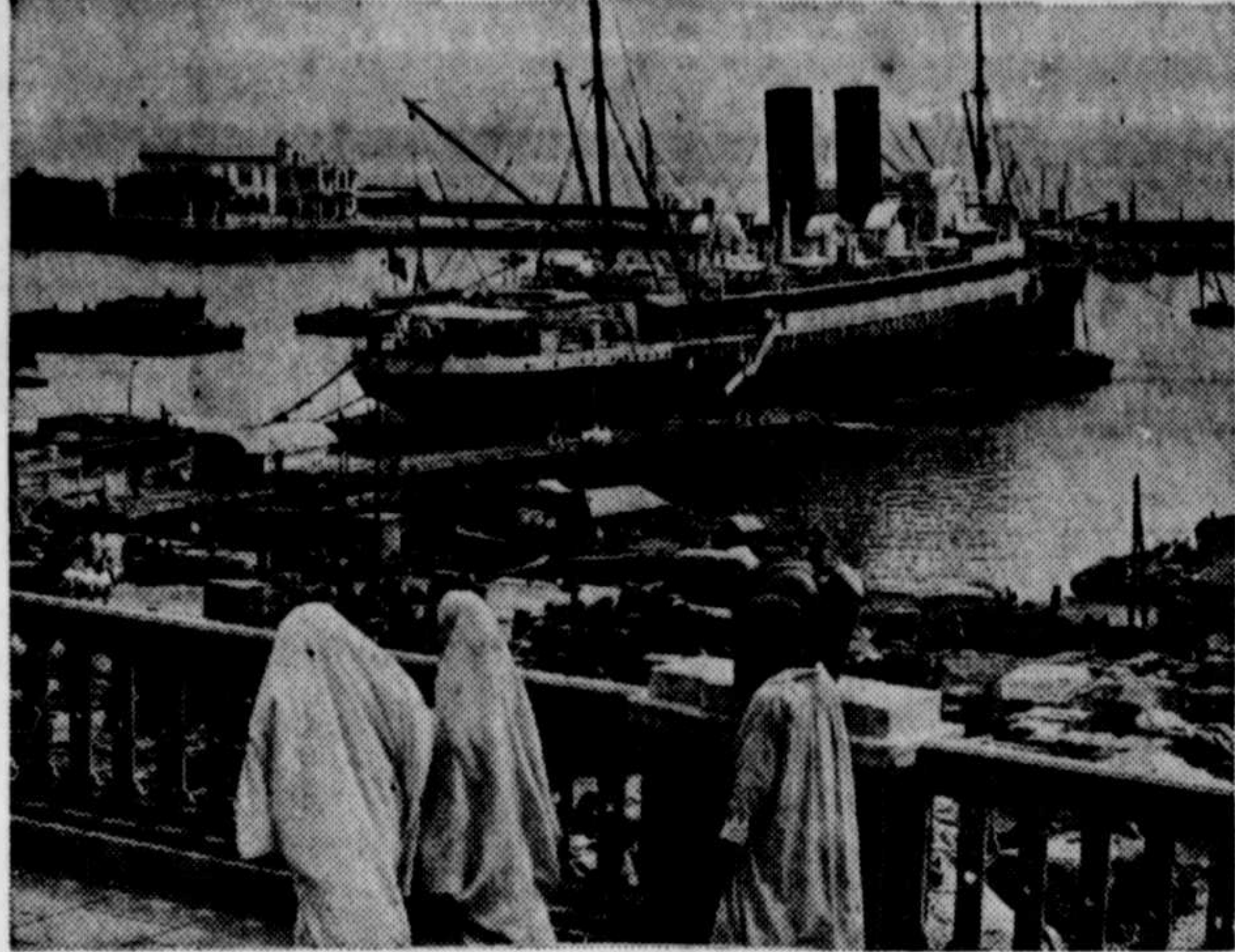
Mussolini knows how a dictator can keep his hold on the people. He establishes 2,000 government camps where half a million poor children enjoy free vacations at sea and mountain resorts. For nine years Mussolini has carried on this work.

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

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## Lovely and Lively Port



A Portion of Algiers (Algiers) Spacious Harbor.

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

Many visitors to North Africa begin their exploration of the Dark Continent at Algiers (Algiers), and remember it as one of the loveliest ports in the world. Its dazzling white buildings climb a terraced hillside above an incredibly blue, crescent-shaped bay. Behind the hills blossoms the narrow fertile plain of the Mitidja, above which tower the mighty snow-clad Atlas mountains.

Algiers, the White City! Only a little over a century ago it was the lair of cruel sea wolves, the blood-thirsty Algerian pirates who captured and enslaved Europeans and even Americans. Today it is a beautiful modern French city with many Europeans among its thousands of inhabitants.

Algiers is kept in constant touch with France by submarine cables, by regular postal and passenger air service, and by daily steamers to French ports. Railroads connect it with points in Morocco and Tunisia.

Not only is Algiers an important French naval station, but it is the largest city in Algeria. From it is shipped much of the country's produce. Its waterfront is lined with merchants' warehouses, wharves piled high with merchandise, and docks beside which lie large steamers.

Algiers' European sector has well-built streets along which electric trams and automobiles rush past theatres, hotels and attractive shops. Strolling along broad sidewalks sheltered by arcades, and in cafes fronting palm-shaded squares, one sees well-dressed European men and modish French girls as well as veiled women and stately Arabs in flowing burnouses.

These streets are in direct contrast to the narrow, cobbled alleys of the native quarter which climb up the steep hillside. Along them gayly-colored houses are crowded together.

The native quarter affords many picturesque sights. At the corner of a market place is an Arab coffee house. Outside, squatting on the pavement or seated on benches against the wall, are Arabs, Kabyles, Negroes, men of all classes and ages—merchants, small shopkeepers, clerks, laborers—conversing volubly, playing cards, dominoes, draughts, or merely sitting—sitting idly, vacantly, unconscious of those around them. No man on earth—Neopolitan lazzarone, Hindu ascetic, or Buddhist priest seeking Nirvana—is capable of such utter detachment from the world as the ordinary Arab.

### They Love Coffee

A few of those gathered in front of the cafe hold tiny cups of coffee in their hands, taste it, drink it slowly, savoring every precious drop of the pennyworth of fragrant dark fluid. Inside, at the tiled, waist-high fireplace, the cook dips a small, long-handled measure into the steaming copper pot resting on a handful of red embers and fills the cups for the bare-armed attendant to take to customers seated on benches or huddled on mats in the interior of the establishment.

The walls are scrawled with crude drawings of mosque, palm trees, tigers and elephants—these last by an artist who had evidently never seen either animal—or chromos of French presidents and European royalties.

A gray-haired, wild-looking man in rags, hung round with the skins of small animals, strums a one-stringed guitar made from the shell of a tortoise. He enters the cafe and, half shambling, half dancing, holding out a hand for money, wanders among the customers. As he moves he sings in a high-pitched, nasal voice, and the contrast between the eastern love song and its singer is striking.

In better establishments, situated nearer the French quarter and patronized by well-to-do Arabs, one often finds a superior orchestra. Three or four black-coated, white-collared gentlemen in red fezzes play strange instruments—a big guitar, a large drum called a taboul, a long one, the derbrouka, similar to an Indian tom-tom—a ghaita, a sort of flageolet shaped like a doctor's stethoscope, and perhaps a tambourine—the while they sing in nasal tones. To the poor native the cafe is a

club, a hotel, a home. He brings his crust of bread, his handful of onions, to eat there; he sleeps on its benches or on the pavement against its wall; and once or twice a day he spends two cent. in it for a cup of coffee.

From the market place lead narrow streets and, as in such eastern cities as Cairo, Tunis, Delhi, and Canton, each is lined with shops devoted to one trade. Down this one are the tailors. In the square holes devoid of counters, tables, or chairs, white-burnosed, bearded men resembling Biblical patriarchs squat on the floor and sew furiously.

### Workers in Brass

In the next street brass workers hammer at bright pots and tall water vessels, denting patterns into them with sharp-pointed instruments struck with mallets. Tinsmiths display piles of saucers and coffee-pots. In the tiny shops of the next crooked lane cobblers stitch rapidly at the native's easy red-leather slippers, or work beautiful designs with gold and silver threads and spangles on dainty shoes for women.

Here is break in the trades-union character of the shops. Outside this one a small crowd eagerly watches the movements of a youth seated before a tiled stove running up into a pointed chimney. A small table stands beside him. In a dish he mixes a white batter, rolling it, pulling and twisting it with nimble fingers, then dipping it into oil and placing it in the stove. His hand dives in once or twice to turn the morsel.

Then with tongs he draws out a crisp, golden puff, places it on a small square of newspaper, thrusts it into an eager, outstretched palm and receives a coin. The buyer turns away, contentedly munching the succulent titbit.

The next street blazes with color. Here black-bearded Mozabites in flowing Arab garb—heretical Moslems from the Mazab district in the Sahara—or hooked-nosed Jews in semi-European attire display a wealth of rainbow-hued, long-fringed silk shawls; gay-colored bodices and jackets; skirts and other garments in pink, blue, yellow, red; leather belts gold-buckled and heavy with bullion and gold embroidery; white wool or silk and wool gandouras (long gowns), and crimson burnouses worked with gold or silver.

Then comes the Street of the Jewelers! Many of the shops have glass windows displaying massive silver bracelets three or four inches wide, gold and silver earrings several inches in diameter, huge necklaces of broad, beautifully designed flat silver and gold ornaments, filigree rings, heavy anklets—truly a street of delight for woman-kind.

### Dazzling White Mosques

Dazzling white in the brilliant sunshine, the walls of a mosque almost blind one by their glare. But enter. You pass into dark, cool shadows, into a silent interior, bare and restful. Through the past centuries bearded Moslems with the blood of the unbelievers red on their hands have gathered here to bow down toward Mecca and beg Allah's aid in fresh crimes. Yet they thought them meritorious deeds, by the truth of the Most High! And every Friday the faithful come here still, and who shall say that none of them mutter curses in their beads upon the Christian dogs that rule them?

The crowding houses of the city end. Across the road is a scarped hillside, with grass, gardens, and trees. In a small open space native barbers shave the scalps of clients or squat beside their chairs waiting for trade, while their tools—razors, scissors, clippers, mirrors—are laid out ready on the ground.

This open-air toilet saloon, is a strange sight for the tourist, but does not gain a look from the passengers in the electric trams passing within a few yards of it.

Suddenly one comes upon tombs and the ground falls sharply away. The eye ranges over the deep valley of Bab-el-Oued, with its gardens and houses, to the bright-red scars of quarries and cliffs in the green hillside opposite, crowned with the domes of the famous church of Notre Dame d'Afrique. It faces across the Mediterranean to its sister, Notre Dame de la Garde, on the height above the harbor of Marseille.

## what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

### Presidential Straw Votes.

BOHEMIAN GROVE, CALIF. —Every baby, as I've always heard, is born with a soft spot in its head, and once in a while there's one who never gets over it, but grows up and, in presidential years, goes around taking straw votes on railroad trains in order definitely to find out which ticket will be elected.

He is a kindred spirit to the other fellow, who, to settle the whole issue right now and avoid crowding at the polls in November, offers to bet you a cool thousand that his man beats your man, and then, before leaving, tries to borrow five dollars from somebody so he can get his laundry out of hock.



Irvin S. Cobb

Having met both types within the ten days before coming here and being fearful that both species is going to multiply rapidly during the ensuing three months, I'm thinking seriously of taking the veil until after the campaign ends. Politics certainly does breed its ticks.

### The Little Red School House.

YES, in my early days we also had the little red schoolhouse. Maybe the reason we liked it then was that it got its red tone from the paint on the outside and not from the teaching staff on the inside.

Likewise, in those unprogressive times, we thought the youth of the land should be taught to cherish the American flag for something besides private hissing purposes. Hopelessly old fashioned, eh, what?

### The Dictator Business.

IT LOOKS as though, when the battle dust lifts from that distracted country, Spain will have a dictator, dictators being fashionable.

It seems to be comparatively easy to make a success of it, too. Just follow a formula:

Make it a blasphemous violation of the first commandment for anyone to assign you second place.

Be sure all sentences personally uttered begin with the capital letter "I" and end with the pronoun "me."

Convince yourself that, in order ever to behold any human being who is your equal in moral and mental stature, you must carry about with you a full-length mirror.

Never permit yourself to be photographed in your nightshirt, but always in full uniform.

On arising, lock the jaws and clench the fists and leave 'em that way all day.

And—this is very important—have a dependable police force and somebody to pick on, prefer somebody without any friends.

### Political Claim-Alls.

SHRINKING JEEMS FARLEY announces the Democrats will carry every division of the Union, although privately he is said to be a little bit doubtful of two very backward counties in Vermont. While generously conceding the central part of Mississippi and the western end of Kentucky to the enemy, diffident John Hamilton is sure the Republicans will sweep everything else.

Congressman Lemke, most modest of the claimers, is certain he'll win in 40 states. Really, he doesn't need that many, but 40's a nice even number. If the shy Dr. Townsend also should run, he counts on 20,000,000 votes in this country, besides clean-cut majorities in Sweden, New South Wales and the Island of Yap.

### Oxen Versus Onions.

WITH no aim to set up as a specialist in human behavior, I think I've stumbled on a significant, timely discovery. I found in a scientific work this statement: "Each living growth has to begin in a single microscopic cell. Moreover, every future thing of either animal or vegetable kingdom contains in that first cell a fixed number of even more infinitesimal bodies called chromosomes. In the ox, the guinea pig, the man and the onion, the number is the same invariably."

I contend this natural kinship in classification may explain why, in campaign years, some of us are bellowing oxen, some are docile guinea pigs and most of the rest of us are just plain onions.

IRVIN S. COBB.  
©—WNU Service.

### Mormons Made Own Sugar

Cut off from the states and harassed by Indians, the Mormons undertook the production of their own sugar. Beet sugar machinery was purchased in Liverpool, shipped to New Orleans, then up the river. Fifty-two ox teams in 1852 finally tugged the equipment from Leavenworth to Utah and 500 bushels of beet seed arrived. This was the inception of the beet sugar industry of Utah.

## Chic Frock Slenderizes



Pattern 1889-B

There is nothing smarter for cool summer wear than silk linen, novelty crepe, dotted swiss, or printed silks, especially when fashioned into a slim and trim model like this stunning design.

Who isn't excited about the new wider shoulder width that tends to slenderize the waistline and a pattern that goes together as quickly as a slide fastener. Note the unusual bodice lines, the panel extending to the hem, and the kick pleats that contribute dash and ease. The natty turn-down collar affords versatility and this is where your discriminating taste becomes apparent. It's an opportunity to show the "earmarks" of your creative ingenuity and personality. The cost is

small, yardage scant, the effect superb, and sewing simple. Send for this gorgeous frock now.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1889-B is available for sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4 1-8 yards of 39-inch material. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Summer Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y.  
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## The Mind Meter

By LOWELL HENDERSON  
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### The Four-Word Test

In this test there are four words given in each problem. Three of the four in each case bear a definite relationship to one another; Cross out the one word that does not belong in each problem.

1. Holy, sacred, profane, divine.
2. Tall, squat, lofty, high.
3. Lob, double-play, net ball, ace.
4. New Hampshire, Vermont, Boston, Connecticut.
5. Vain, humble, modest, submissive.
6. Shot put, javelin throw, 100-yard dash, discus throw.
7. Hot, stolid, fiery, ardent.
8. Harvard, Princeton, Vassar, Yale.
9. Tallahassee, Sacramento, Chicago, Baton Rouge.
10. Running, swimming, walking, trotting.

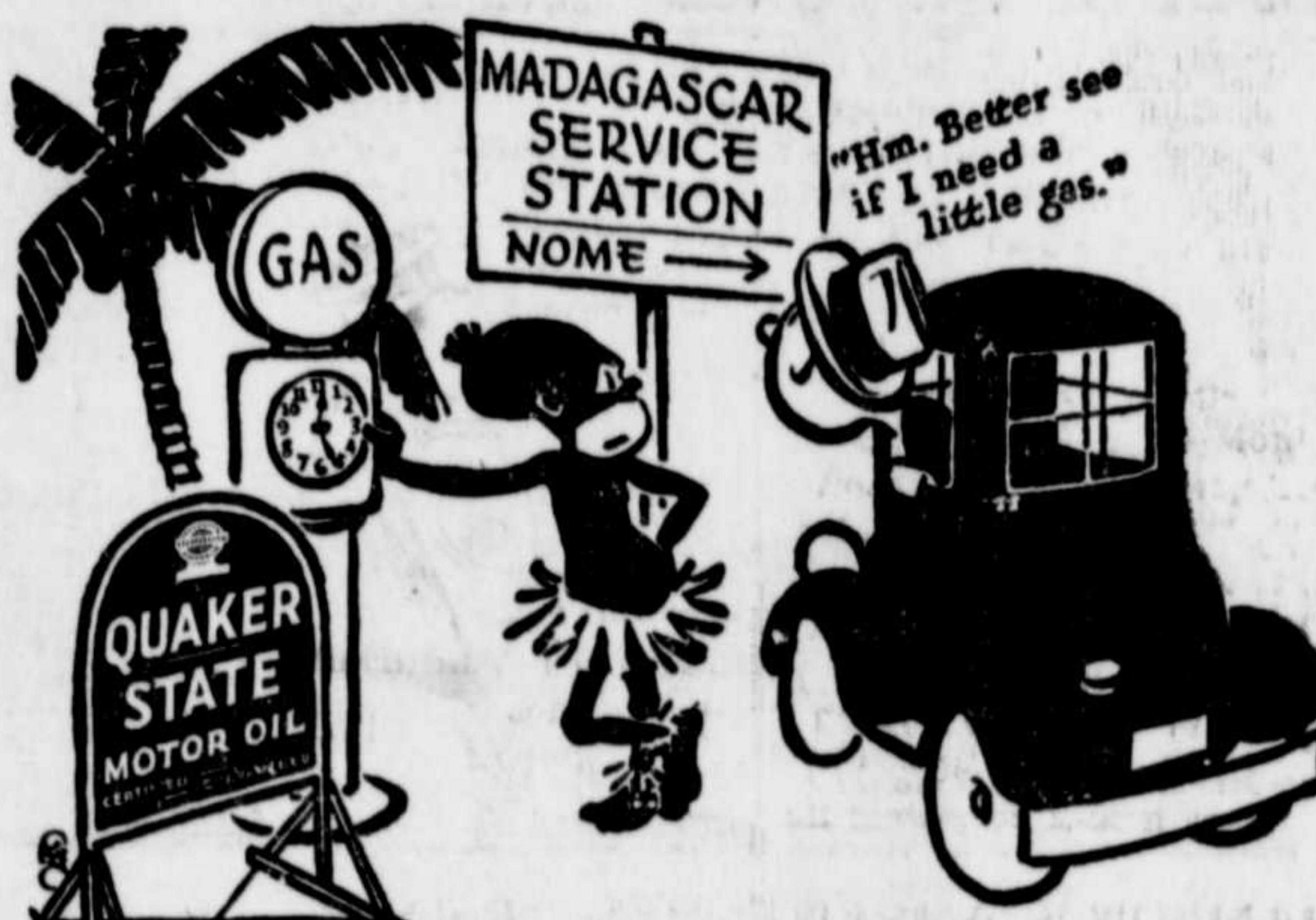
### Answers

1. Profane.
2. Squat.
3. Double-play.
4. Boston.
5. Vain.
6. 100-yard dash.
7. Stolid.
8. Vassar.
9. Chicago.
10. Swimming.

### Follow Up

So live as to make your children respect you, and you won't have to train them much.

## CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder



GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Try the "First Quart" test. Drain and refill with Quaker State. See how far you go before you have to add the first quart. And remember... the oil that stands up longest is giving your motor the safest lubrication. The retail price is 35¢ per quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.



## FRANTIC with ITCH

Get quick, almost miraculous relief with Cuticura Ointment—for over 60 years a successful, amazingly effective Ointment. Soothes itching torture, checks irritation, promotes rapid healing of skin and scalp. Use daily along with mildly medicated, super-emollient Cuticura Soap. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. Buy at any druggist's. For FREE sample, write "Cuticura" Dept. 23, Malden, Mass.

SUMMER RASH  
ATHLETE'S FOOT  
POISON IVY  
INSECT BITES  
ECZEMA  
AND OTHER SKIN IRRITATIONS

Real Relief with CUTICURA