What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Streamlined Grandmothers.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—All along I've been wondering what has vanished from the city landscape.

I'd grown reconciled to service stations where blacksmith shops used to be and a beauty parlor where once the livery stable spread its fascinating perfumes. So it couldn't be that.

Irvin S. Cobb

All of a sudden it dawned on me. Since coming here I've seen mighty few 1912 - model grandmothers barring in the movies, and then, with the exception of dear May Robson, they had to wear makeup.

We don't so much mind the young girl who has gone prematurely old—we're accustomed to her—but the old woman who has gone prematurely young, so young that she seems to be advertising the approach of second childhood by dressing to match it—well, that's different.

So now I know what I miss. It's the old-fashioned lady who was neither streamlined nor a four-color process.

* * *

Penalties of Old Age.

IF, MENTALLY or physically, or both, a man of seventy has so slowed down he no longer can function usefully, what are we going to do about Secretary of State Hull and Secretary Roper, and Senator Glass and Senator Norris, and both California's senators, and a sizable proportion of the outstanding membership of either branch of congress?

And, to avoid cluttering up the words, so to speak, what disposition should have been made, at seventy, of Thomas A. Edison and John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and Henry Ford and Queen Victoria and Cardinal Gibbons and Von Hindenburg and Clemenceau and Professor Eliot and Carrie Chapman Catt and Mark Twain and Elihu Root and Melville W. Fuller, just to mention a few names that come to mind?

Going still further back, one gets to thinking, among others of Henry Clay and Ben Franklin and Gladstone and Bismarck and Victor Hugo and Alexander Humboldt.

* * *

Open Season on Bears.

NEW Brunswick is granting free licenses for sportsmen to kill bears this spring. I regard this as an error. It reduces bears, which are picturesque features of forest life, and increases amateur gunners barging through the wilderness plugging away at every living object they see, including guides. A greenhorn might miss a sitting union depot—probably would—but he garners him a guide nearly every time.

On all counts, the black bear should have game protection. For every shoat he steals, he eats thrice his weight in grubs and ants and bugs; and he's a fine scavenger, for he likes his dead meat high. If he were a veteran member of a Maryland Duck club, he couldn't like it any higher.

Even so, he has been preyed on until, in parts of our north woods, he's practically extinct. Yet, next to a Vermont Democrat, he's probably the most inoffensive mammal found in New England.

* * *

Tyranny of the Soviets.

SEEPING through the Soviet embargo on free speech and free press and even free thought, stories came out that the five-year plan shows signs of utter collapse and also that, in their striving for absolute despotism, Stalin and his—for the moment—intimate lieutenants are preparing to "liquidate" by execution or remove by a wholesale campaign of exile all such of their recent ruthless associates as might, through private ambitions, stand in the way of this latest desperate tyranny.

Of course, we hear all sorts of tales about the real inside of the Russian situation, some inspired by hostile prejudice and some by sympathetic partisans.

* * *

Women's New Freedom.

EVEN in olden days, before they broke loose, women envied us every masculine perquisite we had, except the moustache cup and possibly chewing tobacco. Since emancipation, seems like they've taken over practically everything we ever had.

The bars are crowded with women, and the smoking rooms and the barber shops and the gambling clubs and the prize-fights and the wrestling matches and the political caucuses. If it weren't for them, the race-tracks and the night spots would languish and the cocktail mixers might get an occasional rest. Maybe, as a distinguished scientist now arises to proclaim, they could have excelled us in our then exclusive fields, only before this they didn't get a chance to prove it.

IRVIN S. COBB

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Hugh Bradley Says:

© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Baseball Writer Recalls Stories of Past Springs

SPRINGTIME memories of a reformed baseball writer:

The year when the Orioles, newly started on their long string of consecutive International league pennants, had their training headquarters at a new Winston-Salem hotel. Jack Dunn, the owner and manager, stayed in Baltimore while his team was going through the first week of conditioning, and it was almost the only mistake he ever made in baseball.

Merwin Jacobsen, Jack Bentley, Joe Boley, Dick Porter and those other members of a famous team took one look at the palatial dining room. Ordinarily, an arrangement is made with the hotel whereby players are restricted to some food allowance—say four or five dollars per man per day. If they eat more than that amount they are likely to be reminded of the purposes of a training camp and made to pay for the extra food. They asked quick questions.

"No," Coach Ben Eagan and Captain Fritz Maisel told them. "Dunnie gave us strict instructions about workouts, lockers in the clubhouse, what time you have to go to bed, what time you have to get up, and things like that. But he never said a blamed word about food." They pointed toward the palatial dining room and waved liberal hands.

Day When Max Bishop Ate Six Desserts

Those Orioles were sturdy young men, possessed of the appetites that come from healthy exercise. Three times a day waiters staggered under the weight of trays. At one lunch Max Bishop ordered pie with ice cream, decided after two bites that this was proletarian food, switched to nesselrode pudding, and then really made up his mind that the opportunity was too good to waste. Before that lunch was over, Max, who had started out with steak and fixings, had dabbled in bored fashion with six desserts and was contemplating taking a cut at Oeufs Frits a la Francaise if the tired waiter could ever bring the anguished chef around to it.

Naturally, there was very little training done, but everybody was fat, satisfied and sassy. That is, they were until the first bill reached Baltimore. Dunnie arrived in Winston-Salem almost on the heels of his initial scream.

Immediately there was hell to pay along with the board bill, but for a young reporter it was the beginning of many pleasant and enduring friendships. Being a toiler for a great and generous newspaper, he did not have to worry.

And, of course, there is no gratitude greater than that of sturdy young men possessed of appetites that come from healthy exercise, being slipped a ham omelet now and then to vary their diet of bread and water.

Tale of Ump Campbell and Musical Scribes

One year the Yankees came home from Florida by way of Texas, Oklahoma and Arkansas. Baseball writing is not precisely a laborious occupation and the bored young camp followers decided that they must do something to vary the monotony of their existence. They purchased a portable victrola and a flock of records so that music might reign in the sleeping car until 4 a. m. when they retired, worn out by their exertions.

It was good fun for several days. Of course, Umpire Brick Campbell also was in the sleeping car, and his duties on the field did demand that he get some portion of rest, but nobody minded that. After all, if you're going to spend your life worrying about the comfort of umpires, how are you going to get any recreation? So probably nobody listened to Brick, even if he did have any comment to make.

Then—precisely at 4:22 one morning when eleven berths were well occupied by young men dreaming of new scoops, raises and such pleasant visions as come to the righteously exhausted—there was a raucous scratching and squawking.

It kept up for hours. Indeed, was resumed again for several mornings. Then, by unspoken comment of all parties, a compromise was reached. Between the hours of midnight and noon any tired young men seeking music or other diversions to cure their insomnia could seek it in the baggage car ahead.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

OLD Blues are going crazy trying to keep Larry Kelley from turning pro. But teammates insist he will accept a huge hunk of Yankee cash in June . . . Ethelda Bleibtrey, comely ex-queen of mermaids, has a protegee who, she insists, will be an even better swimmer than Toni Redfern. This is eleven-year-old Ferne Bramhall, who has done the 100 in .69 flat . . . Bill Carr, Olympic star in 1932, is making a tidy living for himself selling insurance in Philadelphia. The 440-yard record holder, who once was tops in style and running grace, has almost completely recovered from the auto accident that broke his ankles and ended his track days. You notice a trace of a limp only when he is very tired.

Babe Phelps' Maryland neighbors insist the hard-hitting catcher is holding out on the Dodgers with the full force of his 225 pounds . . . Bob Gracie, Montreal Maroon forward, is one of the best boxers in the National Hockey league. Among other things he holds a decision over Chuck Conacher of the Maple Leafs . . . Bill Coughlin, Tiger third baseman 35 years ago, had only three fingers on his throwing hand.

The what's in a name department should consider the case of a thoroughbred named Good for Nothing, who ran for seven years—and never won a race . . . Princeton's baseball team plans a trip to Japan this summer . . . Incidentally a Tiger sophomore named Lefty Farber may give the Ivy league something to talk about soon. They say he is by far the best pitcher to take up Nassau's burdens since those dimming days when Charlie Caldwell, now doing a very neat job of coaching at Williams, was cutting the plate . . . Dick Meehan, E. I. A. referee, was responsible for what probably was the most unique forfeit in basketball history. In the St. John's University-Alumni game of 1927 he ordered an alumni player to leave the floor. Teammates rebelled and departed from the court along with the penalized athlete. After waiting several minutes Meehan awarded the game to the varsity, 2 to 0.

News From Texas No Joy to Chick Meehan

While we're on the subject of Meehans, private dispatches from Texas provide no joy for Chick Meehan and his Manhattan constituents. The word is that the Texas A. & M. eleven, which proved too tough for the Jaspers last December, will be far better this fall. Indeed, Lone Star Staters are boasting that Dick Todd may lead the team right into the Rose Bowl . . . Philadelphia friends insist Glenna Collett Vare will play a full tournament schedule next summer. The golf champion just can't resist the lure of the links, they say . . . Marty Glickman, former Brooklyn schoolboy wonder and now a star sophomore sprinter at Syracuse, lists a Phi Beta Kappa key as his chief ambition. Incidentally, he's off to a good start, being rated as an exceptional student . . . Johnny Simonaitis is another Syracuse athlete who must disgruntle the viewers with alarm. He is a soccer goalie, plays baseball and is captain of the very good basketball team. In addition he recently received six A's, one B and one C for his scholastic work during the first semester . . . Five brothers are regulars and a sixth is a substitute on a 145-pound team in the South Baltimore basketball league.

Chick Meehan

Davey Kerr, Ranger goalie, prefers to play up on the forward line in lacrosse and rates as one of the game's best centers . . . A good hockey team could be made up of the players the Toronto Maple Leafs have lost this year. They are: goal, Hainsworth (retired); defense, Clancy (retired); Hollett (sold to Bruins); forwards, Center Luzz Boll (broken arm); right wing, Chuck Conacher (broken hand); left wing, Regis Kelly (traded to Hawks) . . . Coach Red McKenzie and Player Red Levia are the only members of the original Atlantic City club who have continued in action in that city since the team was organized six years ago. In point of service they are deans of the Eastern Amateur Hockey league.

Track experts, who assured the world that Don Lash would set a wild horse pace in the Wanamaker mile, still are trying to explain the calm and peaceful manner in which the race was run. Of course it could be that the Indiana flyer lost some of his old confidence in Berlin last summer, but the correct answer seems contained in the prediction Lash made. When interviewed by Arch Murray after the Brooklyn K. of C. games, Lash said he probably would not be as good on the banked boards of the Garden . . . A pat on the back, by the way, should be given to Stanley Frank who wrote far in advance that Tommy Deckard would run away from the field during the Millrose Games two-mile event.

Dr. F. C. Phog Allen, recently deposed Kansas U. athletic director, has distributed mimeographed copies of a pamphlet dealing with his coaching achievements. Among other things his basketball teams have won 13 championships.

'Twas This Way

By LYLE SPENCER

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Learning to Shave

MOST women probably think that the person who invented shaving made a great contribution to civilization. At least he made it unnecessary for them to look at and be scratched by sweeping mustaches and billowing beards. But this forgotten inventor, whoever he was, also condemned the male world to centuries of painful scraping before poorly-lighted mirrors.

The invention of shaving goes back before the dawn of recorded history. Before the use of metal razors, men either pulled out the hairs one at a time or slashed them off with bits of sharp-edged stones. Some of the earliest drawings found in Egypt and Assyria show men clean shaven.

The American Indians, who have scanty beards like Oriental peoples, religiously cut all the hair from their faces with sharp flints. Many Polynesian savages still shave with two pieces of flint, and others use pieces of shells or sharks' teeth ground down to a razor edge.

The metal razor itself is very old, and was probably used by the Assyrians and Egyptians as far back as 3500 B. C. Shaving is even mentioned in the first chapter of the Bible, where the book of Genesis says that Joseph "shaved himself, and changed his raiment," when ordered to appear before Pharaoh.

Alexander the Great ordered his soldiers to shave before they went into battle so that the enemy would not be able to grab hold of them so easily. But nowhere do the early books suggest that men shaved for romantic reasons. Not until modern advertising made the world razor conscious have men shaved to please their wives and sweethearts.

Origin of Lead Pencils

THE peculiar thing about the so-called lead pencil is that it is not a lead pencil at all. It is made of graphite and contains not the slightest trace of lead.

The first pencils made of graphite (which comes from the Greek word "grapho," meaning "I write") were invented back in the time of Queen Elizabeth. They created quite a stir, because they were much easier to write with than the old goosequill pens and could be carried around anywhere. Stocks of the graphite mines in England underwent almost as big a boom as wildcat gold mine stocks did during the gold rush days.

But after the first excitement was over, the early pencils proved to be too expensive for ordinary use. The graphite had to be cut with crude saws, and since it broke very easily, there was a tremendous waste. It was not until 1795 when a Frenchman named Conte conceived the idea of using pulverized graphite with binding clay that pencils became cheap enough for popular consumption.

An even bigger impetus was given to the pencil industry when an Englishman happened to think of tipping them with rubber erasers. He was smart enough to patent his idea, and during the years that his patent lasted, his royalties amounted to over $100,000 annually. It just goes to show how much money can be made from one good idea.

How Blotting Paper Was Invented

LIKE so many other inventions, blotting paper was discovered by a mere accident. One day early in the Nineteenth century, a careless workman in a paper mill in Berkshire, England, forgot to put the sizing in a run of paper he was making. The whole lot was apparently ruined.

Shortly afterwards the outraged owner, having fired his negligent employee, sat down to write a letter. He thought that some of the condemned paper would serve his purpose, and was intensely annoyed when he was unable to write on it because the ink spread out all over its surface.

Suddenly the thought flashed through his mind that if the unsized paper could not be used for writing, it could be used for drying ink in place of the sand then universally used. Under the name of blotting paper, he was able to sell all his damaged stock at a good price. Before long, he had turned his entire factory over to making blotting paper, and had made himself wealthy in the bargain.

Although he did not know it, the reason why this sort of paper dries up ink is because the paper fibres are really a mass of hair-like tubes that suck up liquids by capillary attraction. Put a fine glass tube into water and you'll find that water rises in the tube due to this same principle of capillary attraction.

Tallest Chimney Razed

More than 50 pounds of dynamite were required at Ince, England, to bring down Britain's tallest chimney, which weighed 5,000 tons and contained 1,000,000 bricks, and which was destroyed because the ironworks it once served had been abandoned.

Dwelling on Grievances—

Power of Trouble Is Increased And Distributed by Talking of It

THERE is a curious and very much mistaken idea that by talking of our grievances and our troubles, we decrease their power over us to make us miserable. Instead, by dwelling on them we reinforce their power. We not only do this, but we scatter the seeds of their discontent, as we unburden our hearts, and a whole new crop of disturbing thoughts enters into the minds of those who bear with us during our outpouring of words.

Making Misery.

If the person to whom we speak is near and dear to us, our troubles weigh on them almost as their own. We are unwittingly the cause to them of an added weight of discordant thoughts, and perhaps they may be trying to get the better of their own bothers.

Sympathy Versus Help.

We have only to consider the effect on ourselves of listening to others talk of their worries, misfortunes, and hard luck, to realize the depressing power of such conversation. It is seldom we can do anything to help them. In fact persons who talk of their troubles seldom do it to get helpful suggestions. They are bespeaking sympathy and often are disturbed, hurt or annoyed, when they get advice, even though it be excellent. What is wanted is to hear expressions of understanding of their position as difficult, and to hear their actions considered wise. Is this not really what we, ourselves, hope to hear when we air our troubles?

Trouble Mongers

When we are awakened to the fact that talking of our woes adds to those of the listener without lessening ours, that we are implanting troubles in the minds of others, we surely will try to be more careful about giving vent to the misfortunes by talking about them. Moreover, if we do continue to be trouble mongers, no one will be eager to talk with us.

Winning Out.

If, instead of dwelling on our grievances, we discuss pleasant topics, we are not only giving pleasure to others, but we are actually doing ourselves a kindness as well. We diminish our own depression by rising above our troublous thoughts, thus becoming conquerors in and through our conversation.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Uncle Phil Says:

Doubt, the Pernicious Weed

A suspicious person raises a large crop of doubt.

Add one new word to your conversational vocabulary every day; first you will surprise your friends, then floor them, then lose them.

Life is made up of getting and giving and forgetting and forgiving.

As long as there is one crack-brained nation in the world, the others have to build battleships.

Raise the Standard

Equality of all men doesn't mean that the "quality" of all is to be reduced to that of the lowest level.

It takes men who know men to govern men; any kind of recluse, scholarly or otherwise, has a slim chance.

Most agreeable discovery a man makes at middle-age is that he has a good reputation.

When You Want to Alkalize Stomach Fast

Try This Amazing Fast Way —The "Phillips" Way Millions Are Adopting

On every side today people are being urged to *alkalize* their stomach. And thus ease symptoms of "acid indigestion," nausea and stomach upsets.

To gain *quick* alkalization, just do this: Take two teaspoons of PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA 30 minutes after eating. OR — take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia *Tablets*.

Relief comes almost at once — usually in a few minutes. Nausea, "gas" — fullness after eating and "acid indigestion" pains leave. You feel like a new person.

Try this way. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, *new* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Each one equals a teaspoon of the liquid. Only 25¢ a box at all drug stores.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM: Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Best for Eyes that smart or feel scalded. Once used always preferred

ROMAN EYE BALSAM

50c a jar at druggists or Wrights Pill Co., 100 Gold St., N.Y. City.

HOT

TRADE MARK

When your throat feels scratchy and hot, a Smith Brothers *Menthol* Cough Drop cools and soothes, checks the irritation. 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Difficult Word

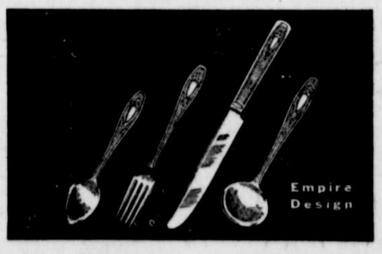
One word is the secret of most financial independence: No.

Some Justification

We love a boaster when he's got what it takes.

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS *Magnificent* 4-PIECE SILVER SET

for only 25c complete with your purchase of one can of B. T. Babbitt's Nationally Known Brand of Lye



This lovely pure silver-plated Set—knife, fork, soup spoon and teaspoon in aristocratic Empire design is offered solely to get you to try the pure brands of lye with 100 uses, shown at right. Use lye for cleaning clogged and frozen drain pipes, for making finer soap, for sweetening swill, etc. You'll use no other Lye once you've tried one of these brands.

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To get your 4-piece Silver Set, merely send the band from any can of Lye shown at right, with 25c (to cover handling, mailing, etc.) with your name and address to B. T. Babbitt, Inc., Dept. WN, 386 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y. Your Set will reach you promptly, postage paid. You'll thank us for the Set and for introducing these brands of Lye to you.

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Babbitt Red Seal Banner Red Devil Star

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