What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Twilight of Knee Pants.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. — Since our diplomatic group must shed the half-portion breeches they've been wearing at official functions abroad, that means others present will quit mistaking them for footmen and start in again mistaking them for waiters, as formerly.

But the under-rigging doesn't make so much difference anyhow. In the best plenipotentiarying circles, it's the top dressing that counts — the gold - plated cocked hat; the dress coat loaded with bullion; the bosom crossed with broad ribbons; the lapels and the throat latch so decorated with medals that, alongside one thus costumed, Solomon in all his glory would look absolutely nude.

Irvin S. Cobb

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End of the Holdout Season.

THE baseball season couldn't start off properly unless a certain catastrophe impended beforehand. Every self-respecting player who made a hit last year insists on more salary for this year, else he'll never spit in the palm of another glove. This makes him a holdout. The manager declares the player will take what's offered him and not a cent more. This makes him a manager.

But fear not, little one. They'll all be in there when the governor or the mayor or somebody winds up to launch the first game and tosses the ball nearly eighteen feet in the general direction of the continent of North America.

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Changing Style Capitals.

HOLLYWOOD and not Paris is now the world center for fashions, if you can believe Hollywood—and not Paris.

At any rate, both for men and women, we do originate many style creations which, in the best movie circles, frequently make the women look mannish and the men look effeminate, maybe that's the desired effect; an oldtimer wouldn't know about that.

However, there's a new hat out here for masculine wear which fascinates me. It is a very woolly hat —a nap on it like an old family album — and the crown peaks up in a most winsome way, and there's a rakish bunch of tail-feathers at the back which makes it look as though it might settle down any minute and start laying. I think they got the idea for it from the duck-billed platypus.

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Civilizing Ethiopia.

CONQUERED Ethiopians attempt to assassinate their new overlord, Viceroy Graziani. Nobody is killed, but several individuals get bunged up.

So the conquerors arrest all natives of Addis Ababa in whose huts weapons are found. They round up 2,000 "suspects" out of a total population of 90,000.

So promptly 1,800 of these black prisoners are put to death in batches. In former days the firing squads would have worn themselves to a frazzle in a rush job of this sort, but no — well, who would deny that the machine gun is the crowning achievement of white culture? Poison gas is also much favored for pacifying rebellious savages, and plane-bombing likewise has its advocates.

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The Public's Short Memory.

A FINANCIER, whose exposed devices are as a bad smell in people's nostrils, summarily is ousted from his high place and the shadows swallow up his diminished shape. A little time passes, and, lo, in a new setting, he bobs up, an envied if not an exalted personage. So-called exclusive groups welcome him in; newspapers quote him on this and that; he basks again, like some sleek and overfed lizard, in the sunshine of folks' tolerance—yes, the admiration of some.

No evidence that he has repented of his former practices; no sign of intent to repay any broken victim of those fiduciary operations. The private fortune which he took with him when he quit is still all his. And maybe there's the secret of this magical restoration to the favor of the multitude.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Budapest Catacombs

The Budapest catacombs date back to the days when the Fort of Buda was held by the Turks, marking the farthest fortified advance of the forces of Islam into Christendom. They were probably intended as avenues of escape for a beleaguered garrison, but they also have fresh water wells in them, and some of the chambers were used as repositories for great numbers of human skulls and bones, as in the case of the catacombs at Rome.

Hugh Bradley Says:

© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Huggins' Squelch of Blustering Babe a Classic Retort

TALES told around a town that has no curfew law for sports folks:

There was the time, fifteen years or so ago, when Babe Ruth had not yet become the model of propriety that he is today. Then the papers were full of his off the field antics and the dugout gossip was that little Miller Huggins could never learn to handle him.

That kept up for months. Some observers were laying long odds that Babe could never last because of the playboy pace he was setting. Others were equally sure there was only one solution of the problem. Modest, frail little Hug, not a particularly celebrated player in his own day, was not fit to be compared to this newly arrived star of all stars. The thing to do was have him succeed Huggins as manager. Then all would be well.

Hug, listened, sat in his little office or on the edge of the bench, puffing at his little tobacco - incrusted pipe, saying nothing, Then, suddenly, he acted. Headlines flamed with the news that the burly young star of all stars had been fined $5,000 and would get more of the same if he did not become a good boy.

Miller Huggins

Babe also flamed. He reached Huggins' office roaring. Hug sat there, sucking at a now dead pipe, saying nothing. Finally Babe reached his climax.

"You, you," he shook a fist at the silent 120-pounder, then raised himself to his full, massive stature. "If you were only man's size I'd beat the hell out of you."

Hug took the pipe from his lips, continued to look full at Ruth. "Yes," he said quietly. "And if I was your size you'd have jumped out of that window ten minutes ago."

There is the tale Reuben Gray, inventor of the Australian starting barrier now used at Hialeah, tells about Phar Lap. Many turfmen think that Phar Lap was an even greater thoroughbred than Man o' War, but no matter about that. He was good and the big books were loaded with money on him shortly before the running of the Melbourne Cup one year.

Something had to be done. Somebody tried to do it. Australians are not quite as subtle as their American brethren. Sponges, slow pills and such modern aids to betting coups do not appeal to them.

Phar Lap was cantering around his training track one day when an automobile approached. This was nothing new, people were always wanting to get a glimspe of the wonder horse. That day, though, Phar Lap sniffed, wheeled around so suddenly that he almost upset his jockey. A shot echoed. The automobile sped away.

When investigation was made it was discovered that if Phar Lap had not wheeled around so suddenly the bullet must surely have bumped him off. Perhaps that explains the misfortunes inflicted upon humans who lack horse sense.

An enterprising campus reporter might make a good story—at least the human interest is there—out of it. Anyhow, I offer the tip as it came to me from a regretful alumnus the other night.

The boy's name is Sullivan. They say he is the best football player to enter Princeton in years, that he is a good student and that he is steeped in the Tiger tradition. But he is ineligible because he played freshman football at a college out West—a full two minutes, they say.

There are other bits of stories. One about the ring that Harry Hillman, Dartmouth track coach, always wears. It came to him in 1904 after he had won 100, 220, 440 high hurdles and three-legged race in the annual Military meet. Lawson Robertson of Penn was Hillman's partner in the three-legged event and they still hold the 0.11 record for the 100.

Eleven seconds, incidentally, is the same time Helen Stephens took while winning the women's 100 in the Berlin Olympics.

Another short bit is the one concerning the touchdown Kansas scored to beat Iowa State in 1920. Dayhawkers still call it the "Dream Touchdown." That is because Dr. Phog Allen, then coaching football at Kansas, went to bed wondering how to beat Iowa State. Then dreamed about the formation which produced the touchdown.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

OSSIE SOLEM, now at Syracuse after long football coaching years at Iowa and Drake, already has discovered that Mid-Western gridiron candidates are bigger and more plentiful than in the East. He finds though that Eastern players usually are older, due to their high school plus prep school training, and this may be a big help. . . . Hank Greenberg is a dog-racing fan . . . Walter Kozak, the pro golfer who became one of the turf's most celebrated bettors, splits his Florida golf tournament earnings with his caddy and kid brother . . . Lieutenant Abe Goldman, now one of Brooklyn's most eminent detectives, once spent most of his time acting as sparring partner for Middleweight Champion Al McCoy.

That section of a palpitating public which spends its days wondering what pro hockey players do in the off season can be enlightened as follows: Allen Shields, Bruins' defense man, owns a new hotel in Ottawa. Happy Day of the Maple Leafs has given six of his best years to a Toronto drug store . . . Art Coulter is undecided between a trip into the North Woods with Forest Ranger Ted Graham or another stay in his Michigan wilderness camp. Fast-stepping Bob Gracie of the Maroons goes back to his gas station at Wasauga Beach, Ontario. Hal Cotton is a Toronto sports broadcaster as is King Clancy. Chuck Conacher runs the Silver Slipper Dance hall at Wasauga Beach . . . Frank McCurry, N. H. L. referee, is a practicing dentist. Another referee, Ag Smith, manages a chain of orange drink stands in Boston. Pete Palangio, one of the newest members of the Chicago Black Hawks, operates a bus from his home town, North Bay, Ontario, to the Dionne quintuplets hospital in Callendar.

Governor Fred P. Cone soon will recommend to the Florida legislature that changes be made in the present betting setup. Pari-mutuel booths, established around town after the Paris fashion and relaying wagers to the course, will be one of the suggested improvements. He is reported as feeling that this is the only way to eliminate the handbooks, strong pressure previously having failed to budge them . . . Joe Di Maggio once liked tennis better than baseball . . . Frankie Clause, who recently defeated bowling ace Andy Varipapa by 102 pins in a 20-game money series, teaches history in Old Forge High school near Scranton, Pa.

Canzoneri Believes Comeback Possible

Tony Canzoneri still is undecided about a comeback but insistently claims that he can lick Lightweight Champion Lou Ambers . . . A few odd names of New York fighters as observed in recent P. A. notices—John L. Sullivan, Percival Allen, Battling Dynamite Reno, "Tin Can" Romanelli, James J. Johnson.

Tony Canzoneri

Herb Brodie, used to fight in New York under the direction of the late Paddy Mullins. That was eight years or so ago and in those days Herb was a lightweight and wore a mustache. . . . "Just Plain Bill" Johnston may promote boxing at a ball park this summer . . . Gene Pope, the publisher, has signed Enrico Venturi, Aldo Spoldi, Saverio Turriello, Italo Colonelli and Vinc Dell'Orto to appear in a benefit show for Italian newspaper men at the St. Nicks next month.

New York merchants who believe a heavyweight championship fight is worth a cool $6,000,000 in extra spending in the town where it is held, are somewhat peeved at Uncle Mike Jacobs. They say that after paying pretty prices for Uncle Mike's amusement ducats and after laying a bit of advertising on the line for Uncle Mike's allies, they deserve a better break than having Jim Braddock lose his title in Chicago . . . Fight pilots should give a look at Ord Fink, Syracuse junior. Last year, his first letter-winning season, he won the Eastern intercollegiates, the national collegiates and was the only college man to make the Olympic boxing team. While doing this he won 16 out of 20 bouts by knockouts. His only defeat was the decision Jimmy Clark, former A. A. U. champion since turned pro, won over him in the Chicago Olympic tryout finals.

One of the best of bets is that college baseball will be more interesting this season than it has been since attacked by the blight 20 years ago. The reason is that so many stalwart youngsters finally have realized that baseball is a real profession paying tidy and immediate profits. Also there is the fact that managers and owners prefer college players.

400 oldtime fighters gathered recently in Philadelphia for a banquet . . . Among them such as Jack McAuliffe, Harry Lewis, Jack Britton, Tommy Loughran, Lew Tendler, Peter Maher, Joe Grim, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Jack Daly, Kid McCoy, Jake Kilrain, Johnny Kilbane, Benny Leonard, Jack O'Brien and Bat Levinsky . . .The Giants are going to struggle along without a captain this season now that Travis Jackson has taken over managerial worries at Jersey City.

'Twas This Way

By LYLE SPENCER

© Western Newspaper Union.

The Cure for Malaria

MALARIA was once the most-feared disease of the tropics. In Elizabethan times, the malarial jngles of Africa and other parts of the Near East were so terrifying and dangerous to white men that few Europeans even dared to go there.

Quinine, the most effective remedy for malaria, was accidentally discovered by an Incan native who was himself half dead from the disease. On a trek through the mountain wilderness of Ecuador, he was overtaken by the dreaded jungle fever. Burning with fever, he dragged himself to the edge of a stagnant pool to quench his thirst, only to find that a quina-quina tree had fallen across it.

Although the medicine men of his tribe had always supposed the bitter-tasting bark of the tree to be poisonous, the Indian was so far gone he preferred the swift death by poison to the lingering one from fever. So he drank deep from the pool. In a few hours he miraculously felt better, and soon he was cured.

Returning to his tribe, he carried his story of the marvelous curative powers of the quina-quina bark. Others tried it, and found it had both curative and preventive powers. By 1640, news of the new drug had been transmitted to Europe, where its name was shortened to quinine.

For a time the bark sold at fabulous prices, as royalty and wealthy merchants bid frantically for the meager supply to cure their aching limbs. Within a century the tree had been domesticated and was being grown commercially in many parts of the world.

"Rawthah, Old Chappie"

A CONVENTIONAL picture of the typical Englishman to most Americans is a pompous, be-spatted individual sporting a tightly furled umbrella and a monocle on a long black ribbon. As a matter of fact, none of these bits of haberdashery originated in England, and the monocle especially has been accepted there only in relatively recent times.

Monocle is a hybrid word of French origin, which suggests that the single eyeglass may have been a French invention. The word originally came from the Greek monos, sole, and Latin oculus, eye, and literally means one eye. The term was not even mentioned in the English Oxford dictionary before 1858, and that was considerably before it became very popular.

The first recorded case of a person wearing a monocle to ordinary social functions was a diplomat named Phillip von Stosch who wore a single eye-glass while on a mission to Rome. At first he was looked upon as being a little queer, but before long he had the diplomatic corps there practicing before their mirrors with pieces of silver, and soon it became quite the rage in Italy. But new fads and fashions did not spread as rapidly then as they do now, and it took over a century for the new sophistication to reach England. And after many years of sneering at "bogus counts" and "stuck-up frills" here at home, a number of Americans in the larger cities may now be seen occasionally trying out monocles themselves.

Legend of Billy the Kid

IN HIS six years as a Western desperado, Billy the Kid shot and killed twenty-one men, not counting Indians. Billy, whose real name was William H. Bonney, was called "The Kid" because of his extreme youth. He shot his first man at the age of twelve, and he had just passed his twenty-second birthday when he was ambushed and killed by a sheriff's posse in Lincoln county, New Mexico.

Like many another Western outlaw, Billy was born in the East. Although brought up in Kansas, his home town was New York City. Shortly after his father died, young Billy drilled a man because he had allegedly insulted his mother.

By the time he was sixteen, Billy had helped another man kill three Indian trappers to get their furs. Two years later he had blazed his spectacular trail all over the Southwest, and had twelve notches in his gun.

He became so feared by local police authorities that, like Black Bart, the famous stage-coach robber, the governor of New Mexico territory promised him a pardon in case of conviction if he would give himself up. But Billy the Kid had made too many enemies by then, and said he would be killed immediately if he disarmed, even though protected by the government.

Instead, he embarked on a new series of cattle-rustling and killing expeditions. Shortly before he was brought down by Sheriff Pat Garett, he expressed a wish to kill two more men, all the notches his gun would hold.

Beard Sign of Grief

In old Roman times, a long beard was a sign of grief, worn by men in mourning.

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Spending Youth

Youth is not like a new garment, which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we must wear daily, and it will fast wear away.—J. Foster.

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