

# what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

**BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.**—The more I ponder on Italy's sacrifices in Ethiopia, as balanced against what she gains, the more I'm reminded of the old story of the Confederate who was released from a northern prison camp after the surrender. Skeleton-thin from jail fever and debility, he started on tottery legs for the Ohio river, determined to die on southern soil. One night this poor rack-o-bones crept into a haymow. Next morning, early, the hired man heard suspicious sounds in the loft and ran for reinforcements. Presently, the ex-captive's refuge was surrounded by stalwart, armed men. The farmer's six-foot son leveled a cocked musket. "Come out of that, whoever you be," he bellowed. "Consarn your hide, we got you."



Irvin S. Cobb

The southerner raised a white face. "Yas," he said, "and one h— of a git you got."

### His Next Movie.

WERE starting a new picture, and I am teamed up with Slim Sumnerville, 6 feet 6 of pure comedy, and little Jane Withers—for her age, the greatest scene-stealer in the business. It's as though Little Boy Blue were sandwiched in between Jesse James and Calamity Jane. Well, as I go down for the third time I'll still be gurgling feebly, so give me credit, please, as an earnest gurgler.

They call our picture "Public Nuisance Number 1," but a movie is like an Indian—starts out with a name and winds up with anyone of a half-dozen. I once knew a Blackfoot who was first one thing, then another, and the best he could do for himself in his old age was to be known as Chief Many Tail Feathers Going Over the Hill.

### Pranks of Zioncheck.

THE papers seemed so barren—not a single front page story about Representative Zioncheck, Washington's No. 1 Boy Scout. Life, indeed, is empty on a day whose low descending sun sees no gray deed done, no headline won by the nation's official problem child.

He may have started off at the foot of the ladder, alphabetically speaking, but his startled constituents can't complain that the gallant lad stayed there. Either he's getting pinched or getting felled or getting married or getting his pen in hand to tell the President how to run the country, or getting ready to polish off some fellow-statesman of the house, or just getting about.

And hasn't he put the throbbing pulse into the Congressional Record? It reads now sometimes as the old Police Gazette used to.

### Rules for Olympics.

AS I understand it—and somebody correct me, please, if I'm wrong—the rules for the forthcoming Olympic Games in Berlin have been so revised that it will be quite all right for any of our Jewish athletes to take part—just so they don't win.

I'm wondering, though, about what may happen when the American team turns up over there with a whole batch of negro foot-racers in the outfit. It's going to be awfully hard to convince a Prussian crowd that they're merely medium-to-well-done Nordic-Caucasian stock browned in the pan, so to speak.

It so happens that our fastest runners are all colored boys. Perhaps 'tis just as well. They may have to keep right on running.

### Improvement in Influenza.

IN RESPONSE to large numbers who wrote or wired, I would state that either I'm getting over my influenza, or maybe I'm just getting used to it. Its latest whimsical notion was to settle in both ears, and now should it thunder, a rare occurrence out here, in order for me to get the benefit of the phenomenon, it'll have to thunder again—and louder. However, being temporarily deaf has its advantages: I don't hear the dull things other people say, but can still enjoy the bright things I say myself.

As will be noted, I'm back from Palm Springs, where I cooked in the desert sunshine until all I needed to do before being served was to drape a sprig of watercress across my brow and thicken the gravy with a little brown flour. Driving in, I kept tying up the traffic; so many motorists mistook my face for a stop signal.

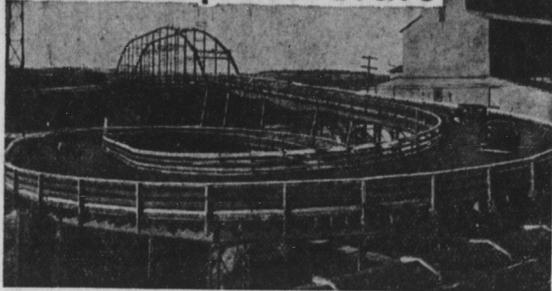
Should I relapse I'm going to try to throw myself into the epizootic. That's a horse disease, but I've been as sick as a horse and had to be as strong as a horse to live through it—and, anyhow, I know a good horse doctor.

IRVIN S. COBB.  
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### Ouch

"You say yours is the perfect husband?" exclaimed the first woman. "Yes," retorted the other, "but my definition of a husband is a man who takes his wife for granted, thinks having meals on time one of the most important things in the world, wonders why she complains about picking up after him and can't be made to understand it actually takes money for a woman to keep looking presentable."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## The Gopher State



A Minnesota Idea of a Bridge Approach.

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

MINNESOTA is unique among the states in its drainage system. It sends waters to three widely separated seas: through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, through the Red river and its tributaries to Hudson bay; and through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic. And no other state has as many lakes within its borders. There are more than 10,000 of them.

The map of the state reveals that Minnesota is cut into two vast triangles by a diagonal line running from the northeast corner (where the Red river flows out northward) down to the southeast corner (where the Mississippi flows out southward). Imagine the upper triangle painted green, and the lower one painted yellow, and presently you have the state roughly divided into its natural forest and prairie parts.

The green triangle, before the lumbermen came, was in general a huge pine forest, and begins to be so again. The yellow triangle, before the farmer came, was a grassland "like the billows of a great sea, majestic and limitless"; now it is fields, with windbreaks of planted trees to shelter the red barns and white farmhouses.

The diagonal line that divides these triangles has its significance, too. It marks the chief trade route through the state and also a wandering barrier of deciduous woods, now carved up to make way for farms and cities, which everywhere separates the pine-lands from the prairies.

Broader toward the South where it attaches to the deciduous woods of Wisconsin, it dwindles to a thin scattering of stunted trees toward the north—the final outpost of the hardwood forest of eastern America.

As the ends of this diagonal mark the low exits of the state's two principal rivers, the outer corners of the two triangles mark the state's highest ground. At the outer corner of the yellow triangle the plateau known as Coteau des Prairies just crosses, dividing the Missouri from the Mississippi basins with its immense gradual swell. In the outer corner of the green triangle, the "Arrowhead Country" above Lake Superior, are the Sawteeth mountains and the Miquah hills, rocky, choked in forest.

### Climate is "Continental."

The climate of this pair of triangles is a grief to those who resent surprises. It is "continental" in the most emphatic sense. Temperatures range in a mild year through 120 degrees; in a year with a real wallop to it, as high as 105. In consequence, the native of outdoor habits must maintain a wardrobe that includes everything from the shortest of swimming shorts to the longest of long woollens.

Lake Superior, it is true, tends to temper the winds of the region around it, but not to the shorn lamb; no, no. Thanks to the proximity of that deep reservoir of pure leewater, a grouchy visitor has been heard to complain that the coldest winter he ever spent was one summer in Duluth!

Nor are the blessings of ample rainfall to be taken for granted. Of late years the yellow triangle, commonly less rainy and much less snowy than the green, has involuntarily tried the experiment of getting along with next to no moisture at all. In fact, Minnesota has weather to please all tastes, in strong doses which, as a rule, stimulate rather than kill.

The Nineteenth century marked an immense change in Minnesota. The white man arrived in numbers to establish himself in a country where it was easier to make a living than in the one he had come from. This was not a very noble purpose in any way, and it led to many injustices to the existing inhabitants, both men and animals. Yet the annals of the pioneer invasion reveal, too, a deep longing in those people for the good life, for they were certainly ready to undergo discomforts that were sordid and hardships that were killing in their high hopes for the future in a new land.

There was much to be done, for the white man always insists on altering nature to suit his own views. But energy was the characteristic of the age. With rifle, ax, and plow, and later with money, miracles were wrought.

### Its Animal Population.

For one thing, the status of the native animals was drastically changed. In the yellow triangle, marvelously fertile for wheat, the buffalo, antelope, and coyote were agricultural impossibilities. The first two were exterminated; the remnants of the coyote tribe retreated to the green triangle, altered their habits to suit a woods environment, and became "brush wolves."

The deer, whose natural home was the diagonal woods barrier, also retreated into the green triangle. The lumberjack, by hewing down the greater part of the pine tree, did the deer a favor, for the birch and aspen that

supplanted it made a home to their liking; in fact, in it they thrive and multiply.

Though one would not slight the luscious meadows, vast potato fields, and other agriculture of the green triangle, it has in general been rebellious in the farmer's hands and so remains essentially a forest and game refuge to this day.

True, the trapper and sportsman have drastically diminished the numbers of its natural citizens, such as the timber wolf, otter, fisher, and lynx. But the beaver still builds his dams there; the black bear may be spied, fishing with his paws when the fish run in the streams; the porcupine in large numbers yet gnaws the jack pine bark, and travels a path which, winding through the snowy groves, looks as neat and regular as if some one had rolled a heavy truck tire there. And the snowshoe rabbit, whose favorite diet is the pine seedlings set out by government foresters, travels the winter drifts on his padded legs.

The American elk, or wapiti, is extinct in Minnesota. The caribou is almost so; a herd is sometimes seen in the remote fastnesses of the great swamp of Beltrami county, north of Red Lake. But the moose, in the Arrowhead country, survives in fair numbers.

Canoe travelers often see the noble monster at lunch in some lake, his body submerged for protection against the flea, his lips curling around the water lily shoots that make a dainty hot-weather salad for this giant among American mammals. But he is wisely a shy animal.

### Lots of Good Fishing.

Fish and fowl likewise had to adjust themselves to their new neighbor, the white man.

A game-fish paradise has a way of retreating when the sportsman finds it. Thus the greedy now must go to the border lakes to catch a boatload of pike in an afternoon. But this does not mean that there is not famous fishing elsewhere.

The muskellunge of such lakes as Mantrap, or the fighting small-mouth bass of White Earth, and the many other fish of a thousand waters, make tall fish stories annually, which, in spite of the low repute of fish stories, are essentially true. Certainly they reflect justly the fun that ancient sport provides.

And the Minnesota citizen almost anywhere may go out after supper and hook a black bass or a mess of crappies, or, in not more than a day's drive, reach lakes in whose 200-foot depths the noble lake trout can be caught on lines of spun Monel wire.

Of the original game-bird inhabitants of the state only the grouse can now be called abundant, and its abundance waxes and waxes in cycles. This ruffed grouse is the characteristic bird of the green triangle. Tame, richly speckled and ruffed, it provides a voice for the wilderness in the accelerating thud of its wings drumming on some hollow log, a mysterious music that the forest muffles as if to hold secret.

Thanks to ill-considered drainage and the advance of the farmer, the wild duck's breeding grounds in Minnesota are largely lost to it; the black V's of its spring flight go for the most part beyond the border into Canada. Nor has the prairie chicken been very clever in adapting itself to life on the farm and as a target.

But the introduction of a partly parasitic bird, the ring-necked pheasant, which does not scruple to help itself to the farmer's corn to pay for serving as his autumn target, has proved a huge success. That fantastically colored bird, looking fitter to stand among the exotic blossoms painted on some Chinese screen than among the prairie sunflowers, nevertheless has made itself completely at home in the yellow triangle. Its voice has become that area's voice, the harsh double cry "like the clashing of two sabres."

Another bird, too tough and clever often to be shot, gives a voice to Minnesota's lakes. This is the loon, whose melancholy cry on some black lake shaggy with overhanging pines, when the moon sets and the winds are down, speaks in the accents of truly great poetry. The man who has heard it never forgets that wilderness music to his dying day.

As for small birds, such as the woodsman's friend, the chickadee, or that wine-red winter visitor whispering its clear song, the pine grosbeak from the North, or the horned lark that brings the earliest music of spring to frozen February fields—they are far too numerous even to be mentioned here.

### Self-Made Men

No man is wholly "self-made." Whatever he may have achieved there have been many who have helped him in the process.

## STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

BRET HARTE'S famous story, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," has been a favorite bit of reading matter with the multitudes for years and years; it is one of those tales that grow no less popular with the passing of the years. Now it's to be turned into a picture with Norman Foster playing the lead.

Incidentally, they're pushing Foster right along at RKO, and first thing he knows he's likely to be a very popular leading man.

Incidentally, they've recently finished a picture at RKO studio that has everyone who has seen it raving about it. It is "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," with William Powell, and Jean Arthur, one of our most talented blondes.

It's said to be as good as "The Thin Man," which is tops in the way of praise. Powell is a consistent performer, year in and year out. He has won new laurels for his portrayal of Flo Ziegfeld in "The Great Ziegfeld."

All of Bill Hart's friends are cheering because he won that case of his against United Artists. He asked for \$500,000, claiming that they didn't do right by his last picture, "Tumbleweeds," on which he had spent \$300,000, all of his savings. That was way back in 1925. The court gave him the verdict, but cut the amount to \$85,000.

Jack Benny didn't mind writing his own script for one broadcast, when the chap who had been doing it fell ill, but he drew the line at writing it every week—for writing a script and then broadcasting a program as well takes practically all your time, as Fred Allen will tell you. So Goodman Ace, one of radio's best writers, is helping out; Benny has wanted him for a long time, so now he's happy.

"Show Boat" is finished at last, with Helen Morgan and Paul Robeson doing some marvelous singing in it; in fact, you ought to see the picture if only to hear him sing "Old Man River." It will probably be one of the year's best pictures, certainly the best of the musicals; even if you saw the silent version made years ago, and the play as well, you must see this one.

Carl Laemmle started everybody at that final dinner give for him before his retirement, when he announced that, a few years ago, he needed money badly and didn't know where to turn. His company, Universal, could have been sold for something like \$80,000,000 a few years before that, but he didn't want to give up picture making.

He borrowed the money from Irving Thalberg, who was his secretary before he became the boy wonder of the movie world and moved to Metro. And now "Uncle Carl" has sold Universal for less money than he once refused for it, and Junior Laemmle may work for Thalberg.

Sally Eilers had fun when she first reached New York for a vacation, with her husband, Harry Joe Brown, in tow. She was born in New York but left for California when she was six. So she spent her first Sunday seeing sights; riding on Fifth avenue busses, seeing the Empire State building, Radio City, and the Aquarium.

Percy Westmore, one of Hollywood's make-up experts, is going on a lecture tour that certainly ought to appeal to women. He'll take along life masks of 25 stars, and use them as illustrations of the proper way to arrange hair and apply make-up.

Louise Fazenda is loud in her praise of the scenario writers who worked on Kay Francis' newest picture, "The White Angel," which is based on the life of Florence Nightingale, famous nurse of the Crimean war. Says she couldn't see, at first, how they could possibly get a picture out of it. They did; they got a good one, too. But it does seem an awful waste to put Kay, one of our best dressed women, into a nurse's uniform! But here's betting she looks just as lovely in a uniform as she does in one of the latest Paris ensembles.

ODDS AND ENDS... Fred Stone has never made a picture for the company that had him under contract; he started a lot of motion picture men by saying so the other day... As soon as one company engaged him, he'd be borrowed by another one... Rochelle Hudson was so pleased with one of the period costumes that she wears in W. C. Fields' picture, "Pappy," that she bought it and is wearing it around town... Ann Harding's going to England to make pictures and may not return to Hollywood.

## Divided Skirt and Shorts Combination That Equips the Young Lady for Sports



PATTERN NO. 1875-B

You know yourself that half the enjoyment of any sport is spoiled if you aren't correctly dressed, and really there's no excuse for not being equipped for any active sport when a model such as illustrated is so easy and inexpensive to make.

The divided skirt is suitable for golf, tennis, bicycling, riding and hiking.

**Uncle Phil Says:**

**That's Advancement**  
As men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who would force his way through it, so mankind makes way for one who rushes toward an object beyond them.

**Beware of Idleness**  
Many of the wrong things men do are done in idle moments because they can't think of anything else to do.

**Early Habits Tell**  
What can old men in a village do? Well, they ought to have cultivated a taste for reading with gusto when they were twenty. If they "jesset," that's what they'll do when they're old.

**Not long ago I was like some friends I have... low in spirits... run-down... out of sorts... tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly... as my experience has since proven... that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.**

**SSS TONIC** Makes you feel like yourself again

**RELIEVE SKIN FAULTS FAST with CUTICURA OINTMENT AND SOAP**

ing. It assures plenty of room and comfort, buttons on the side and supports the most youthful blouse. Note the sports pocket, Peter Pan collar, raglan sleeve and dainty feminine bow.

Instead of the divided skirt, you may have shorts if you prefer, for the pattern is perforated at just the proper length. Notice the small sketch.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1875-B is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 (34) requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch fabric. For shorts only, 3 1/2 yards is required. Send 15 cents for the pattern.

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

Holland Tunnel Engineers Didn't Consider Esmeralda

Perhaps it was due to an oversight by the engineers who designed the Holland tunnel, under the Hudson river in New York city, but at any rate Esmeralda, a circus giraffe, just couldn't be squeezed through recently. Esmeralda was on a truck and the driver realized the grave danger of decapitation just in time. Someone suggested slipping Esmeralda in sideways, but the truck wasn't large enough to hold her length. The problem was heatedly debated for some time. Finally the George Washington bridge was suggested and tried, and Esmeralda arrived safely at the circus grounds.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

**Purpose of Freckles**  
Freckles keep a boy from getting foolish about his beauty.

**CORNS QUICKLY SAFELY Removed**

To instantly relieve pain, stop nagging shoe pressure and quickly, safely loosen and remove corns or callouses—use New Do Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These soothing, healing, cushioning pads prevent sore toes and blisters. Flesh color; waterproof. At all drug, shoe and department stores.

**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

**Real Perspective**  
You may laugh at trouble, but not until some time afterward.

**ANTS DIE FAST** Sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors, any place where ants come and go. Peterman's kills them—red ants, black ants, others. Quick. Safe. Guaranteed effective 24 hours a day. Get a can now. 25c, 50c and 60c at your nearest druggist's.

**PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD**

**AILING ALL THE TIME**

Mrs. J. M. Waldron of B Street, Route 23, Parkersburg, W. Va., said: "Any little effort completely tired me out. I hardly slept a wink at night, had splitting headaches and I would become excited easily. I was so thin and pale I didn't look like myself at all. After using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a few weeks I gradually gained weight and strength and I know my food was doing me more good." Buy now of your druggist.

**This story will interest many Men and Women**

**Yes, I have come back to where I feel like myself again.**

**CUTICURA SOAP**