

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Seeking Contentment.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—S Out in the desert country I met kindly, hospitable folk bravely making the best of things on remote, small homesteads.

On little far-away ranches, on reservation trading posts, they are educating their children by resolute self-sacrifice; keeping in touch with the world through radio, through books and magazines and newspapers; and almost invariably content with their lives and proud of their struggles and living comfortably—yes, and happily—within their means, however meager.



Irvin S. Cobb

Then I come back to crowded cities where wealth seems only to make the inmates dissatisfied because somebody with greater ostentation and extravagance. And I see the man who feverishly is striving after riches so that when he breaks down he may afford the most expensive nerve specialist. And the spoiled woman who was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but judging by her expression the spoon must have been full of castor oil—and the flavor lasts. And the poor little rich children who have everything now and so will have nothing—except maybe dollars—when they grow up.

Curious, isn't it, that so little buys such a lot for some people and such a lot buys so little for the others?

The Return of Prosperity.

I CAN'T help gloating over what appeared in this space when I predicted that the temperamental and fickle bird of passage known as prosperity was winging its way back. Because the Better Business Bureau reports that sellers of no-good stocks are showing increased activity.

Moreover, I hear that for the first time in years practically all the veteran bunco-steers are off relief. The lean times when the locusts of depression gnawed away our substance must indeed be over if the customers begin to nibble more freely at the same dependable old baits.

So, as he thumbs his copy of the sucker list against the morrow's campaign, I seem to hear Mr. Henry J. Slickguy (late of Leavenworth but now opening offices in the Wall street district) murmuring to himself:

"Happy days are here again! Drouth may kill the corn, Rust rots the wheat. Boll weevils destroy the cotton. But, thanks be, there's one crop in America which never fails!" Have you a little gold brick in your home, dear reader? Well, don't worry, nobody's going to be slighted. Ere long you'll get your chance to invest in one.

Making Mental Slips.

THE most incredible thing has come to pass. Here I go along, year after year, building up a reputation for invariably being right, the same as George Bernard Shaw and Mme. Secretary Perkins. Then—bang!—I make one little slip and the trusting reader is shocked from pit to dome.

The other day I suggested taxing salaries of governmental employees. Now from all sides I'm told federal employees are subject to income taxes; only the vast majority of them, and probably the hardest-worked ones, draw such small wages that they owe Uncle Sam nothing when March 15 rolls around.

So far as I recall, this is the second time in my life I've been wrong. I can't cite what the other instance was—some very trifling matter, no doubt—but it must have occurred because I remember the nation-wide excitement which ensued, with people going around in a daze muttering: "Can it be possible?"

I now admit that early error and the recent one, too, and humbly beg pardon of my devoted public—all eight of them. It'll never happen again.

Conquered Champions.

IT HAS been brought to the attention of Mr. James J. Braddock that something happened to him a while back. Probably, by now, he has quit wondering whether many others were caught in the earthquake, but is reported to be still saying "Ouch!" at intervals.

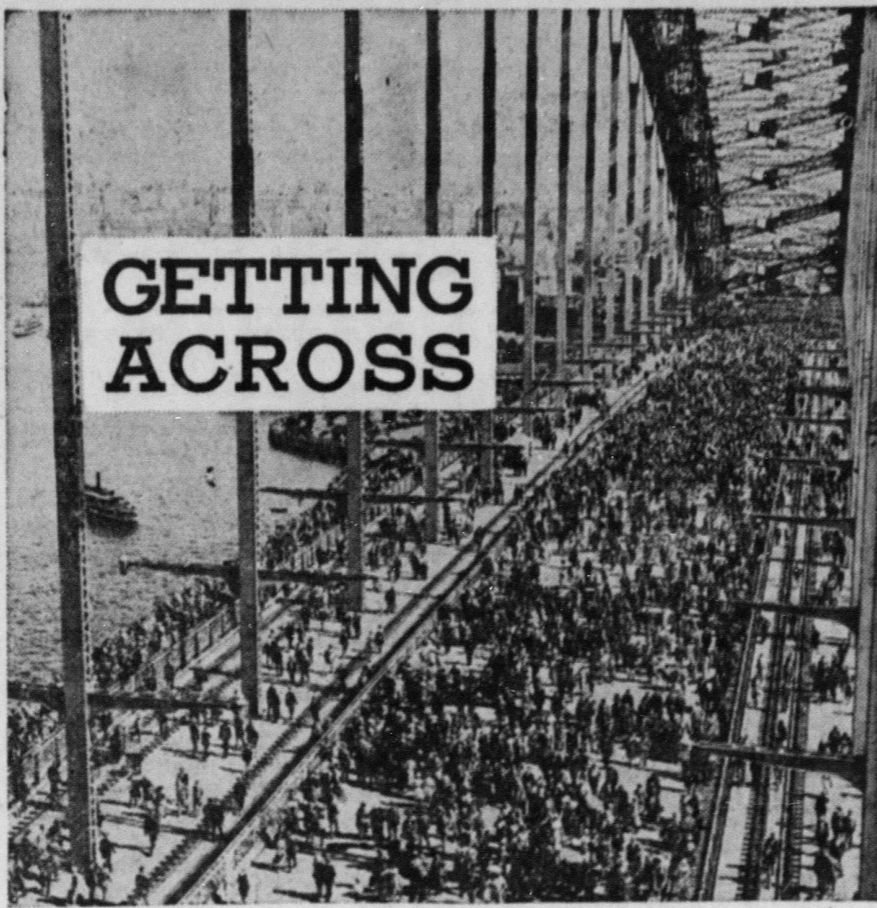
And now, as is customary, his backers will insist he demand a return engagement—or disaster—with the Brown Bomber. But if I were Mr. Braddock—game though he be—I think I'd pattern my reply on the example of the gentleman who was knocked galley-west by a hit-and-run motorist.

As the dazed pedestrian was trying feebly to ascertain whether he was all in one piece, a kind-hearted citizen hurried up.

"Have an accident?" he inquired, brightly.

"No, thank you," said the victim; "just had one."

IRVIN S. COBB.
—WNU Service



GETTING ACROSS

Celebrating the Opening of a New Bridge in Sydney, Australia.

Bridges, or Lack of Them, Have Determined the Course of History

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

THE completion of the new steel bridge across the Golden Gate recalls some of the old metal spans, many of which have been in use for two or more centuries.

To England, in 1776, fell the honor of erecting the first iron bridge. There Abraham Darby cast a bridge at the Coalbrookdale Iron works and erected it across the Severn.

Thomas Telford, a Scotsman who lived between 1757 and 1834, is known to students of engineering the world over for his achievements in canal, harbor, road, and bridge construction. He was engineer for the parliamentary commissioners for road making and bridge building in the highlands of Scotland, under which organization 1,200 bridges were erected. In England he helped build five bridges over the Severn, and was employed on canals and highways by the Swedish and Polish governments.

The Menai suspension bridge in Wales, connecting Carnarvonshire with the island of Anglesey, is the best-known monument to his pioneering genius. It was opened in 1826, after seven years of work, and was, at that time, the world's largest suspension bridge, being 1,710 feet long, with a main span of 579 feet.

Ancestors of Brooklyn Bridge.

Telford was a shepherd's son. Apprenticed to a stonemason at fifteen, he studied engineering in his spare time and published verse. A man of amazing industry and versatility, Telford invented the pavement which bears his name.

Cables spun in place to swing a suspension bridge were tried in 1831 by Vicat, a French engineer, for a bridge across the Rhone. Later Roebling developed this method at Niagara Falls, Cincinnati, and finally at the Brooklyn bridge.

In Europe, as in America, the Nineteenth century saw vast advance in iron bridge building, especially stimulated by new railways. The Newcastle and Berwick railway alone required 110. Progress in design sometimes was costly. A new iron bridge across the Firth of Tay, near Dundee, Scotland, collapsed in a gale. Rushing at night into the open gap a mail train was wrecked, killing some four-score passengers.

Today's bridge excels not only in design, foundations, and methods of erection, but especially in materials. Now iron yields to steel. The Bessemer, and later Siemens-Martin processes, gave bridge builders something new and stronger—a steel cheaply produced.

At any army field day you may see the speedy work of engineers, showing how emergency bridges are built, wrecked, and repaired in wartime.

Washington Bridge Beats George.

Homer tells about pontoon bridges used in war. Darius, Cyrus, Xerxes, Alexander the Great, all employed them. Caesar built his 1,400-foot wooden bridge across the Rhine in ten days.

In 1781, it took General Washington four days to ferry only 4,000 men across the Hudson when he moved his army south from New York to Virginia. Now, over the George Washington bridge at New York, a whole army corps—or 97,000 men, 23,105 animals, and more than 11,000 gun carriages, trucks, and other vehicles—could be put across in eight hours!

Chinese classics relate that a certain king once crossed a river by walking over a bridge formed by the backs of a long line of big, accommodating turtles!

Turkish and Chinese Bridges.

In west China and Tibet, to this day, men "coast" across rivers on tightropes, sitting in a seat slung under the rope and sliding along it. To make the underslung seat slide faster the rope is often greased with butter. Dr. Joseph Rock, exploring for the National Geographic Society, reports his own use of yak butter on such bridges. "I always tried to find a bridge made of new rope," says Dr. Rock, "for the rope soon wears out."

In his "Voyage to South America," written many decades ago, Don Antonio de Ulloa describes various Inca bridges he found there. One of them, the tarabita, is much like the greasy buttered bridge of Tibet. "The tarabita is only a single rope made of bejuco," says Ulloa, "or thongs of ox hide . . . This rope is fastened on each bank to strong posts. On one side is a kind of wheel, or winch, to straighten or slacken the tarabita to the degree required. From the tarabita hangs a leathern hammock capable of holding a man."

Using another rope, the passenger pulls himself back and forth. Ulloa saw mules moved the same way.

At Baghdad years ago, when the Turks were still waging their long war against desert tribes, their artillery used to lumber noisily across the Tigris on a bridge of boats, on its way to bombard some Arab mud town that had not paid its taxes. From a safe distance, when Turkish guns opened fire on the mud-walled villages, observers could see dust and timbers fly high into the air. Sometimes the Turks came back across the bridge of boats driving long lines of camels confiscated from delinquent nomads. One quiet, very hot Sunday morning, the Bedouins, shooting and shouting, rushed suddenly over the bridge, and stole their camels back again.

At Mosul on the Tigris, hard by old Nineveh and in the shadow of Jonah's tomb, is another such bridge of boats. Millions of Shiaah pilgrims have crossed these swaying structures, carrying their dried and salted dead relatives and friends to sacred burial grounds around the desert holy cities of An Najaf and Karbala.

Bridge Into the Sea.

In Arabic Al Kantarah means "The Bridge." That old Roman bridge, the Alcantara, over the Tagus in Spain, stands today as proud and stout as when its huge arches were built, some 1,800 years ago.

Look at the mass, the heavy weight of these ancient bridges! They were built in, and for, one particular place. Today man cuts his steel bridges to order, ships them 5,000 miles, 10,000 miles, and erects them, by standardized practice, wherever they may be needed. The pieces are all shaped, numbered, and packed in a ship's hold like the pieces of a child's construction toy in a Christmas box; blueprints are the "directions" for setting up!

Rocketing from rain clouds on an air trip around Brazil, passengers come suddenly upon an enormous suspension bridge that seems to run out into the Atlantic ocean. It does. It connects the mainland state of Santa Catharina with its capital, Florianopolis, which stands on an off-shore island. The American Bridge company erected this structure, shipping all the parts ready-made.

No other field in American overseas trade demands more ingenuity than does the bridge man's calling. Orders come in for new bridges which may be wanted in any land from Alaska to Ecuador. No facts may be at hand about floods, river traffic, health and food conditions, or the nature of the river bed and banks, whether rock, clay, sand, or mud, at the spot where the new bridge is to be built.

Since no tools, equipment, or building supplies of any kind may be available there, the American builder must take everything with him.

A Twist of Tongues.

Problems of language, food, and climate must be met. One American engineer arrived in Peru on his first visit to Latin America to build a bridge. Anxious to gain a Spanish vocabulary of bridge words, he chose a personal helper from among the workers and practiced diligently. Imagine his chagrin when he finally discovered that his bridge vocabulary could be used only in India, for he had picked a Hindu as a teacher! On another job food shipments were so delayed that one American foreman was found subsisting on popcorn fried with bananas.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

AT LAST Shirley Temple's parents have given in and will permit her to speak over the radio. She will stay up until eight-thirty the night that "Wee Willie Winkie" opens in Hollywood, address a country-wide audience and then go home to bed without seeing the picture.

This is more of a victory for Shirley than it is for radio executives. All their money did not interest Mr. and Mrs. Temple, who try to hold Shirley's working hours down to a minimum. But Shirley heard talk on the studio lot about this player and that one going on the radio and she began to wonder why she couldn't do it. She begged and begged. Finally Mrs. Temple just had to let her do it.

When Carole Lombard insisted that her new contract with Paramount include a clause giving her permission to make one picture a year for any other company she chose, all the little companies scurried around looking for stories that might interest her. One picture with a star like Lombard, they figured, would put them in the big theaters, and in the big money. And now Carole has gone and broken their hearts. She has signed a contract with Selznick to make one picture a year for him for five years.



Carole Lombard

R-K-O has a grand surprise all ready for Irene Dunne. They have found a dizzy, hilarious character for her to play in a perfectly-mad comedy—the kind she loves. It is the role of a rich, giddy girl who wants to be a detective and who goes around detecting whether anyone wants her or not. "The Mad Miss Minton" is the name, and here's hoping it is half as good as everyone expects it to be.

There are a lot of people on the M-G-M lot who think that Greta Garbo is just about the grandest person alive and one of them is Charles Boyer. When their current picture, "Countess Walewska" was about half finished, he went to the director a little worried. He had discovered that his part was much longer than hers. Breezily the director told him not to give it another thought. Miss Garbo knew all about that before the picture was started and insisted that no changes be made. "The picture must be good," she said. "Not all Garbo."

Weary of waiting around the Warner Brothers studio watching song and dance stars overworked while there was rarely a part for her, Josephine Hutchinson asked for a release from her contract and got it. Immediately Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her for one of the most thrilling roles of the year. She will play the lead in "He Who Gets Slapped," with Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor in the cast.

Meanwhile, the same studio that is making Miss Hutchinson so happy, is making Joan Crawford unhappy. She suspects that the story-finding department forgets her for months at a stretch and just pick out any old story that is left over as a vehicle for her. Rumor has it that she would like to break away and go to work for Sam Goldwyn. Maybe she will. And you know what grand pictures he makes.

After all, the Bennett sisters, Joan and Constance, won't play the picture star and the double in the popular novel, "Stand In." Joan Blondell has been borrowed from Warner Brothers and will play both parts. Constance was not keen about playing the vicious, calculating star and Joan is intent on going to the Summer Stock theater at Dennis on Cape Cod to do some stage acting. Incidentally, Joan is said to be the best rumba dancer in all Hollywood. Wouldn't you love it if she would dance in a film? If enough fans wrote and asked her to, she probably would. Stars love to get letters that offer suggestions.



Joan Blondell

ODDS AND ENDS—After all, Fred Allen won't make a picture this summer. He did not like the story the studio cooked up for him. It would have been good to top his last few radio programs of the season. Everyone is wondering if Walter O'Keefe can keep the pace Allen set. . . . Dance directors and scene designers who think up those colossal numbers for musical pictures are a little annoyed because Jeannette MacDonald outdid them in staging her own wedding. . . . Eddie Cantor demands that Virgil Miller be hired as cameraman on his pictures. Miller has five handsome sons and Eddie still has a lot of unmarried daughters around the house.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Fashions at Vacationland



HURRAY for dear old Johnnie Two-Weeks! He's recently given the nod to these three sweet young laborers and now they're off reaping the rewards. Yes, they're vacationing—and how! But, of course, Sew-Your-Own had them dressed right up to the hilt.

Miss M, picturesque blonde, above, left, knows what glamour is and how to have it. That's why she chose this softly feminine frock with its swirling skirt and delicately slim waist. You should see her at an evening in the outdoor terrace. She's a picture in black gossamer chiffon trimmed with white satin. And to think, she made it all herself!

Miss B, above, center, and center of attraction at the Surf Club, has everything under perfect control as she strolls along the boardwalk. With not a care in her pretty head, and lots of streamlining in her natty little sports dress, she walks with confidence and pride.

Miss Y, the sports enthusiast at the right, says that her three piece ensemble is so very, very

and practical she wears it almost to the exclusion of her other frocks. Her idea is to soak up as much sunshine as possible, and that's pretty easy to do when she wears the halter and shorts sans dress.

Pattern 1241 is for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 1 1/2 yards of ribbon, and 3 yards of trimming.

Pattern 1316 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1335 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material for the dress and shorts, and 1 yard for the topper. The dress alone requires 3 3/4 yards.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third street, New York, N. Y. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Hot Weather is Here— Beware of Biliousness!

Have you ever noticed that in very hot weather your organs of digestion and elimination seem to become torpid or lazy? Your food sours, forms gas, causes belching, heartburn, and a feeling of restlessness and irritability. Perhaps you may have sick headache, nausea and dizziness or blind spells on suddenly rising. Your tongue may be coated, your complexion bilious and your bowel actions sluggish or insufficient.

These are some of the more common symptoms or warnings of biliousness or so-called "torpid liver," so prevalent in hot climates. Don't neglect them. Take Calo-tabs, the improved calomel compound tablets that give you the effects of calomel and salts, combined. You will be delighted with the prompt relief they afford. Trial package ten cents, family pkg. twenty-five cents. At drug stores. (Adv.)

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG



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