

# What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Growing Cannon Fodder.  
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—  
To produce this crop takes time and planning.

First your veterans must grow past fighting age because those who survive the horrors of one war never willingly enlist for another. Meanwhile be sure the women have been bearing children, since children are the seed corn of your future sowing.



Irvin S. Cobb

As the newer generation grows up dose it on the old reliable P. P. P. formula — parades, pomp, propaganda. Bands and guns and flag-wavings, murderous preachments and manufactured patriotism; they all help to fertilize against the ultimate harvesting.

Befuddle the first-born on dreams of drunken glory. Teach him the neighbor over the way is an enemy who must some day be crushed without mercy. Make him believe his country's destiny demands revenge for old hurts, reprisals for old losses, widened boundaries writ in blood.

And then, in about 20 years, you have a nation ripened for ruin, a race of mothers ready to offer their sons to the slaughter. It's a slow crop, but a sure one, and highly gratifying to professional sword-rattlers and power-mad dictators, to profiteers and financial hijackers.

Let's see, come 1938, it'll be just about 20 years since the last time the world cut its own throat.

**Two-Faced Politicians.**  
SOMEbody says the type of politician who swaps worthless promises before election for the public's confidence—and its votes—reminds him of Janus. Janus was a god with two faces, and the ancient finally got so they couldn't trust either one of them. But it took them a long time to catch on.

Might I be pardoned for thinking of a homelier simile? I'm thinking of the pack-rat of this western country. The thrifty pack-rat slips with stealthy tread into your camp whilst you slumber and carries off something of value. But he doesn't steal it—nothing like that. He merely exchanges with you, you being asleep at the time. He leaves a dry twig behind and totes off a side of meat. He confiscates one of your boots, but, in return, confers on you a couple of dead caudex stalks. His intentions may be honest, but there is no record showing where a pack-rat ever got the worst of a trade. I figure he's part Scotch.

And the profits resulting from his professional dealings certainly may be likened to the career of many a chronic officeholder now flourishing in our midst.

**This Man Dewey.**  
WHEN the Republicans get out the hound-dogs to run down their 1940 nominee, they might search in the tall timbers of Manhattan island.

There's a young fellow there, the name being Dewey, and he being kin to the great admiral whose deeds crackled at Manila one May day morning like the lightnings on Mount Sinai. He comes of old Yankee stock. He hails from a debatable state, Michigan; lives in a pivotal state, New York. Still in his mid-thirties, he smashed the foulest, securst nests of labor racketeers and vice racketeers in America.

He married a sweet Texas girl, as southern as they make 'em. Her grand-uncle was Jeff Davis. My daddy was Jeff Davis' relative, too. And this young Dewey trained for grand opera. Speaking of this charm thing, think of a President who'd wind up his fireside radio chats singing "Home on the Range."

Yes, sir, the G. O. P. might go farther and fare worse.

**Nordic Supremacy.**  
RECENT events bring to mind a little story of some years back when night-riding patriots in an Arkansas county felt called on, as a sacred duty imposed upon all true Caucasians, to put the Black brother in his place; said place, in at least one instance, being a colored cemetery.

Also, there had been a flood of notices to vacate sent through the mail to members of the African race, followed by unpleasant surprise parties did the recipients fail to heed the gentle warning.

So the community was getting more Nordic by the hour and the sound of the Anglo-saxophone was heard oft in the stilly night. That's the scene and the plot. Now for the sketch:  
Pelagria Perkins meets Hookworm Hostetter on Main street: "Hooky," says Pelagria, "effen you wuz to git a letter from dese here w'ite shirts, whut would you do?"  
"Me!" says Hookworm. "Boy, I'd finish readin' it on the train."  
IRVIN S. COBB  
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# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted  
By WILLIAM BRUCKART  
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—Supporters of the New Deal, as well as its opponents, are watching a new experiment by President Roosevelt with more than passing interest. They are watching this experiment because of various circumstances, including obviously its political phases, for they realize that the President has stepped out into a hitherto untrod field, unplowed ground, in this new experiment.

Chiefly because it is something entirely new and not because any one yet can tell what is going to happen. I want to report this week on the President's plan to have his eldest son, James, his No. 1 secretary, serve as a clearing house between the Chief Executive and some eighteen or more government agencies. Roosevelt, the younger, has been designated by the President to sit down once each week with heads of each of the enumerated agencies and talk over their problems, iron out those which he can help solve, co-ordinate the work between them as far as he is able to do so, and, most important to the men with whom he deals, decide which questions confronting these units of government may be matters for the President's personal consideration.

It is a big order. But Jimmy, as he is known around here, is a big man, at least physically, because he stands something like six feet, one inch. He is twenty-nine years old.

The audiences at the White House with Jimmy have already started and the agency heads who have sat through the conferences seem well pleased. At least, there has been no criticism yet, no signs of jealousy or indications of dissent among those who are called upon to take up their problems with the young secretary to the President. In fact, I have heard in only a few places a revival of the punning that went out a couple of years ago when the "Roosevelt for King" game was in its heyday, and Jimmy was laughingly labeled as the crown prince. Thus, the plan surely seems to have started off most auspiciously. But as I said, what success, what trials and tribulations, await it, no one can say.

Undoubtedly, President Roosevelt has started a plan of action that has much to be said in its favor. It has, of course, many possibilities of trouble, and there surely is argument against having the White House secretariat determine policy when the President has been elected to that job. Yet, at this time, credit must be argued along with signs and portents of trouble.

First, let us recognize that the office of President of the United States is a man-killing job. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. There are not too many men who can stand up under the load of work and worry that is continually on the shoulders of the head of the nation. There is no way possible for him to escape it. Vacations? Sleep? Absence from Washington? Not a chance. The work and worry is with him always, every minute out of his twenty-four hour day.

Thus, if there is any way that can be devised to lift some of the burden, it ought to be done. No way has been found heretofore, however, and the millstone continues around the President's neck.

On the other hand, this is a democracy. In the opinion of many persons, there already is too much power lodged in the hands of individuals who were not elected, but were appointed, to office. The President has vast power and he has to unload it somewhere into the hands of those he appoints. Nevertheless, throughout the federal government scores of men and women exercise very great authority over your life and mine who were personally selected by the President—for whom none of us voted when we voted for a presidential nominee. Result: red tape, rules and regulations, do's and don'ts galore, until we hardly know whether we can eat our food without transgressing or failing to comply with some federal regulation.

All of that is by way of saying that by implementing the relationship between the President and men and women whom he has appointed to office through the insertion of an added wheel of authority, there lie potential changes in all of these governmental policies. And there lies the possibility of changes being made, for better or for worse, without the President having knowledge of them.

What of the personal side—the feelings of the officials who have to deal with a young man who can speak, to some extent at least, for his father, the President? As I said earlier, thus far none of the con-

ferences have given any indication of disturbed feelings. They may never have any thoughts along this line. Yet, I venture this observation: if they don't resent having the President's son tell them what to do, or not to do, at some time or other, the officials concerned will be unlike most other human beings.

The Department of Agriculture is quite pessimistic about the business outlook for next year. In a series of reports, analyzing general conditions, which the department issued the other day, it made no effort to conceal its belief that there is something wrong in the business situation far beyond the recent violent decline in the quotations of the stock markets.

These reports and conclusions take on considerably more weight when it is recalled that several other agencies of the government, notably Secretary Roper of the Department of Commerce, have sought vainly to make it appear that business is "good." At the same time, I think attention ought to be drawn to the fact that Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture is striving to have congress pass legislation to aid the farmer. It is just possible that he thinks his objectives can be achieved more easily if the congressmen are made to believe that general business and agriculture are taking a real tail-spin. That is the politics of the situation, but business reports spread on the pages of newspapers seem to show that a bad slump lies ahead.

Recently, I wrote in these columns how business was as spotted as a leopard; that some firms were making more money than ever before, and how some others were getting by only because the volume was large and faced difficulties if the volume declined. The Agriculture department statements, based now on facts and figures, show even a worse picture than I described several months ago. They indicate strongly that 1938 is to be considerably lower in the level of business than 1937, and that spells trouble.

For example, the agriculture statement predicts that there will be "a less favorable demand for farm products" in 1938 than in 1937. Home domestic demands are down and appear likely to stay down, and the export market holds no hope for an increase. Emphasizing the dependence of consumption demand upon general business conditions, the department statement explained there was no certainty as to the length of time the present slump will continue. It added that "prospects are against a sufficiently early and vigorous rise in 1938 to bring the average of industrial activity and of consumer incomes up to that of 1937."

But from the standpoint of the farmer, the picture is made worse by the department statement. It points out how there has been a rise in production costs of crops and livestock and how, staring the farmer in the face, are more of these increases, adding:

"Along with the higher wage rates, farmers apparently will have to pay somewhat higher prices for farm machinery, automobiles, building materials, equipment and supplies. On the other hand, the prices of feed and seed will be substantially lower next spring than a year earlier."

The department did not go into detail in explaining these increases in production costs and increases in prices for things the farmer buys. It should have given facts and figures on these for they are basic and the picture is incomplete without them. Everyone knows, of course, that farm labor wants more money for its work and has been getting more in the last two or three years. Department of Labor statistics show this, and they show as well how much additional labor is receiving in its pay checks from industry. The automobile industry which has been organized by John L. Lewis and his C. I. O. labor group has been forced to pay much higher wages and naturally those wages have been added into the cost of the automobile which any one buys.

The truth of the matter is that federal taxes which have been conceived by the President's brain trust professors and applied without stint or limit to industry are upsetting the whole agricultural as well as the whole business structure of the country. The load of taxes, together with a lot of queer-looking and cock-eyed regulations, have continually increased the cost of production of everything from black-eyed peas to locomotives.

# STAR DUST

Movie • Radio  
By VIRGINIA VALE

OFF-SCREEN romance is having a big influence these days in casting pictures. Paramount has given a three-year contract to John Barrymore and his wife, Elaine Barrie, and will feature them together in a picture as soon as a suitable story can be located. Making pictures with Mr. Barrymore used to be a nightmare to directors.

Some days he was three hours late showing up for work, and sometimes he disappeared for days. When he did arrive on time, likely as not he would make such caustic remarks to his fellow players that their nerves were practically shattered. Marriage to the young and ambitious Miss Barrie has changed all that. She has made him settle down to work in earnest.

At last the quarrel between Freddie Bartholomew and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been settled and Freddie will soon return to work. Under the new agreement he will get two thousand dollars a week for forty weeks, and three thousand weekly for six weeks of personal appearances. Also he gets a dollar a week additional for pocket money. He'll need it with a twenty-five thousand dollar bill owed for lawyer's fees.



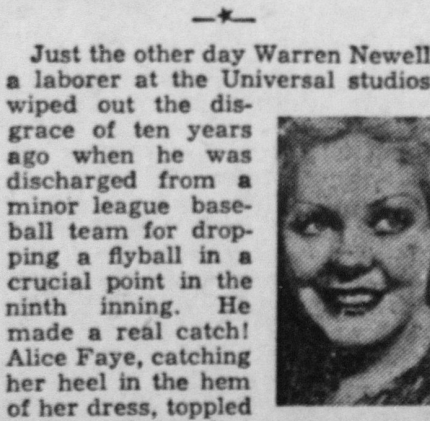
Freddie Bartholomew

One of your tried and true friends of radio, whom you may not know by name, has just made a great success on the New York stage—but he is still on the air. It is Clayton Collier. You have known him as master of ceremonies for both the Leo Reisman and Eddy Duchin bands, hero of the "Pretty Kitty Kelly" sketch, and chief doctor in the story of "Girl Interne." With all his rushing about from radio rehearsals to stage performances, he never seems to be in a hurry, is always quite unruffled and casual in manner.

A mysterious Mr. Gallagher flew into New York and began escorting Janet Gaynor to theaters and night clubs, but the Twentieth Century-Fox publicity department wasn't fooled for a minute. They knew it was Tyrone Power all the time, and made him come out from under his assumed name and attend a huge cocktail party in his honor. There are big plans ahead for young Mr. Power. He will play Disraeli.

Ann Miller, who played Ginger Rogers' dancing partner, is playing the lead in "Radio City Revels" opposite Milton Berle, the air comic. Her discovery is one of those strange tales of Hollywood. She and her mother went to California and almost starved while she was trying to break into pictures. Finally, defeated, she took a cabaret engagement in San Francisco and the very first night she played there, an R. K. O. scout saw her and signed her up. She had been trying to get into his office in Hollywood for three years!

Just the other day Warren Newell, a laborer at the Universal studios, wiped out the disgrace of ten years ago when he was discharged from a minor league baseball team for dropping a flyball in a crucial point in the ninth inning. He made a real catch! Alice Faye, catching her heel in the hem of her dress, toppled over a sixteen-foot ledge and would have landed on theater seats below if Mr. Newell hadn't rushed to the rescue and caught her just in time.



Alice Faye

ODDS AND ENDS: Bing Crosby was so delighted with the smart dialogue in Carole Lombard's picture, "True Confession," that he insisted on having the author, Claude Binyon, write his next. It will be staged at Bing's own race track, and Mary Carlisle will play the lead, as usual, because she is the only actress Bing can make love to without making his son Gary burst into tears. . . . Robert Taylor will be back in time for Christmas and if he ever goes away again he will insist on Barbara Stanwyck having a telephone installed at her ranch retreat. . . . Lanny Ross, having worked over his new radio program until it suits him and everyone else, may make the next "Broadway Melody" for M-G-M. . . . Warner Brothers' "Greta Garwick" is the most delightful picture in many weeks, largely because of "the witty way that Brian Aherne and Olivia de Havilland poke fun at the business of acting. . . . Jean Hersholt will vary the monotony of playing Doctor Dajoo on the coast-to-coast radio program over the Columbia system.

# The Newest in Miniature



SEW-YOUR-OWN presents a house frock with the heart to be up and doing, no matter how busy you are, how old you are, or how many calories you've forgotten to keep count of. Sew-Your-Own also presents the first doll with a heart (the picture proves it). And lastly it presents a frock with a love interest for a Modern Miss, something usually confined to the movies.

**Ideal for Home.**  
Sew-Your-Own always has had a soft spot in its heart for the Lady of the Fireside, she who cooks and bakes and sews and keeps everything right. Today's house frock for her (above left) is as neat and sweet as anyone could wish. The collar is in contrast, the saw tooth edging piped to match. Of course, it's easy to run-up and practically no trouble at all to launder. Better make two!

**A Doll—a Dress.**  
The little lady in the center, above, knows her heart's in the right place because Mommy put it there. Dolly Dimples is her swell little playmate and her heart's in the right place, too. Ask your Mommy to send for Pattern 1203 and you'll have a great big surprise in store. Yes siree!

**Her Heart Unattached.**  
You will find Miss Svetl Seven-teen (above right) is good to her figure! Her frock, an original Sew-Your-Own design, gives her real distinction — that different-in-the-right-way look. It is the ultimate in chic in rayon crepe with a satin waist front.

Pattern 1405 is designed for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting. Pattern 1203 is designed for sizes 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for the child's dress. The doll's body, medium size, requires 1/2 yard of 35-inch material. The doll's dress, medium size, requires 1/2 yard of 35- or 39-inch material. One hank of wool is required for doll's hair.

Pattern 1377 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 18 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The topper in contrast requires 3/4 yard of 39-inch material.

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.

Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

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**Give some thought to the Laxative you take**  
Constipation is not to be trifled with. When you need a laxative, you need a good one.

Black-Draught is purely vegetable, reliable. It does not upset the stomach but acts on the lower bowel, relieving constipation.

When you need a laxative take purely vegetable  
**BLACK-DRAUGHT**  
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