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While Cops Chased Him, Frank James Was Star of Turf

THE class in history.

Frank James, brother and partner of the more celebrated Jesse, had a long and successful career on the turf. One year, while the gendarmes were conducting a nation-wide search for him, he raced a string of horses on the Tennessee tracks, and even rode a few winners in races open only to gentlemen jockeys.

Later, after he had adjusted certain banking, railroad and homicide matters with the state of Missouri, he became an eminent betting commissioner. For several seasons he operated at Old Gutenberg course near Weehawken and handled wagers for some of the most distinguished improvers of the breed.

Tod Sloan, probably the greatest of all American jockeys, weighed less than 60 pounds when he rode his first race on an important track. That was at Latonia in 1888.

One of the first of the American heavyweight champions (this was in the bare knuckle days) was an escaped convict from Australia. One of his noted contemporaries ended in jail.



after killing a policeman. A third spent years in jail for robbery and assault but was released so that he might fight a Brooklyn politician for the title.

Bob Fitzsimmons fought for the first time in 1880 when he knocked out four opponents to win an elimination tournament and become "Amateur Champion of New Zealand." His last fight was in 1914. In the meanwhile he had been heavyweight champion of the world for two years and middleweight champion for six.

Greatest Single Sculler Was Also the Tiniest

Edward Hanlan, probably the greatest single sculler who ever lived, also was one of the smallest. He was five feet eight inches tall and rowed between weighing 152 pounds. Hanlan came from Toronto, was one of the best liked oarsmen of all time, and was called "Canada's Boy in Blue." That last was because he always wore a blue shirt and cap while racing.

The first recorded international boat race participated in by American oarsmen took place in 1824 near Hoboken. Then four New York Harbor men easily beat a picked crew from the Thames. More than 50,000 people witnessed the race and later the winners presented their boat to General Lafayette.

Walter Oakes, chairman of the intercollegiate rules committee which looks down upon such carryings on nowadays, was one of the earliest professional football players. In the late '90s, when the pay for play business was not as well organized as now, he played with the Latrobe (Pa.) club.

Frank Ives, one of the most celebrated of billiard champions, also starred as a baseball catcher, bike rider, roller skater and horseman. Perhaps his keen eyesight was the most remarkable of all, though. Old-timers recall that, when at the race track watching horses line up half a mile away, he could spot his colors instantly, while his companions peered vainly through high-powered glasses.

The British open golf championship was played at Hoylake in 1913 in a hard rain coupled with a driving wind. This doubling up of the weather is perhaps the severest test known to a golfer. J. H. Taylor played more than 300 shots during the 72 holes and was in the rough only once. Naturally he won his fifth championship even though two of his competitors were those other all-time greats, Harry Vardon and Jim Braid.

Whippets, most famous of racing dogs, came into existence 100 years ago when English fanciers crossed a terrier with a greyhound. One of them, Capperbank, once dashed 200 yards in eleven and a half seconds.

Although he always hit, threw and did almost everything else left-handed, Babe Ruth continues to sign his name with his right paw.

THIS is a story without a moral, but—

Once a great magazine commissioned me to do an article about a self-made man who was at the head of a business enterprise capitalized at many millions of dollars. It seemed like an easy assignment and yet more than a month elapsed before the story was assembled.

There was a reason. Although he is lucky when he breaks 100 at golf, this man once had made a hole in one. So he spent the evenings talking about that ace.

"Why shouldn't I talk about it?" he asked each time I tried to change the subject. "Suppose I am the head of a million-dollar corporation. So are lots of other people, but—" and here his voice always took on a new note—"how many people ever made a hole in one?"

There was no use in pointing out that holling out in one stroke from the cup was a matter of luck and that the odds are perhaps a million to one that it can happen to him again. It was a triumph that set him apart from others, he could talk about it and be happy. No theorist could take that away from him.

Somewhat—even though this often is tabbed as a world given over much to vain regrets—I suspect that there are numerous others who feel the same way.

His Job and Memories Are Enough for Ex-Pug

Not so long ago I passed the office of a great newspaper. At the side entrance where trucks were gathered to carry away the first editions, a tall man was standing, cap tugged down over cauliflower ears. As the match flared to light his cigarette, it revealed his twisted nose.

I had not seen him for years, had wondered what had happened to him. We stood there in the shadows and talked about a career that once had been revealed in the brightest light of the headlines.

"Kid," I said. "Are you unhappy? Do you wish you had it to do all over again, so that you might be a champion?"

The tall man grunted, then peered at me through reddened eyelids that had come into contact with thudding fists all too often in those later days when the shadows were creeping persistently about him.

"Hugh, you sports writers think of the darnedest things," he answered. "I got a job, ain't I? And I was pretty good when I was up there, wasn't I? Sure I was. Anybody'll tell you that."

He paused. Perhaps he was thinking about a past not so far distant. Then he pursed thick lips and hit a target ten feet away.

"Well then," he said. "Why should I be unhappy? Even if I wasn't champion and even if it is quite likely that I could lick most of these mugs who're around today, what of it? I smacked over some of the best, and that's enough for any man. You can't have everything."

Since most people have forgotten about him anyhow there is no real reason why his name should be hidden under the title of "Kid." But a promise is a promise, and so—

Medals Couldn't Take Away Thorpe's Victories

Let us try again. There is the story of the Indian who won a trunkful of medals and cups at the Olympic games in 1912. Later it was discovered that he had played while competing against these amateurs of all nations. He was ordered to return his prizes.

Newspapers of the day carried tearful columns about this decision of the overlords of amateur sport. Friends attempted to sympathize with him over the loss of awards greater than those that ever had come to any athlete. Jim Thorpe peered through beady eyes, noted all this hullabaloo and was genuinely surprised.

"What are you making so much of a fuss about?" he asked the mourners. "Yeah, I know those cups and things looked pretty and they would have been nice to have around the house, but what of it?"

"Yes, Jim," his well meaning friends persisted. "But think of what those things meant. They were tokens of victory and you never can have the chance to win them again. They..." And so on and on.

Thorpe listened, frowned and was silent. It is said that Indians never reveal their thoughts by the expressions on their faces. So his friends may have been wondering what was going on behind those high, copper-colored cheek bones during the long moments of silence. But they did not have to wait long. Thorpe stretched out one long arm, pointed at them and spoke.

"I finished first in those events didn't I?" he asked. "I proved that I was the best of them all, didn't I? Well, then, what do I need with a lot of trimmings? You don't think that I'm going to forget all that, do you?"

This is a story without a moral, but—the world being what it is—I hope it has some uses.

The thirty-seven-year-old Cecil Walker is the oldest of the bike stars now racing. A native of Australia, he has held the American sprint title three times.

Tip to Discovery—Be careful of the jinx that hounds gee-gees that go over the mountains. Remember, as the Santa Anita Handicap draws near, that even the mighty Sun Bean and Equi poise met defeat when they did too much traveling from East to West...

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Crown Remains Veterans Reach the Top The Useful Red Cross Oxygen Is Life

Behind the gray walls of Windsor castle, on the hill above the Eton school, where young England learns discipline and cricket, King George's coffin was lowered into the vault to lie beside his father, King Edward VII, and his grandmother, Queen Victoria.



Arthur Brisbane

The magnificent crown of England was taken from the coffin before it disappeared and placed before the altar. Kings go; the crown remains.

The services were broadcast, new feature of a royal funeral. The simple Church of England burial service, read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was heard far over the earth, wherever Britain's 400,000,000 subjects live.

Veterans having successfully climbed the long, long road, the government began the biggest "pay-off" job in history, the printing of two billion four hundred million dollars' worth of bonds, to be distributed among 3,518,191 World War veterans. The mere distributing cost alone will be \$7,000,000.

Now government wonders what new taxes can be invented to pay the two and one-half billions.

Interesting news from Ethiopia sent by an American correspondent says the residence of Haile Selassie's son has on the roof a large red cross, although it has nothing to do with the Red Cross. Associated Press sends news of a Swedish "field hospital," captured by Italians in the South, carrying ammunition on five trucks adorned with Red Cross flags and insignia. The "field hospital" automobiles contained, in addition, 27 cases of munitions. In modern war, the safe plan seems to be bomb everything. The war drums of the Ethiopian hero, Ras Desta Dantu, were captured. He will miss them.

"The Blood Is the Life," according to an old Hebrew saying, and oxygen is the life of the blood. No oxygen means death, in three minutes or less; too little oxygen means premature death, inferior health meanwhile.

The Dionne quintuplets are marvelous in their health. The marvelous babies sleep outdoors every morning and afternoon; on one occasion the temperature was 30 degrees below zero.

All five walk, all have gained weight during the past month, and have new teeth. Annette has three new ones, twelve in all. All have beautiful big eyes, high foreheads, pretty faces and look as French as the Marseillaise; get plenty of oxygen, but wrap up well.

Lloyd George says the new king, Edward VIII, has the magnetism of his grandfather, Edward VII; that he comes to the throne with such great troubles ahead as few kings have ever encountered, but "his courage and his sure instinct will not fail him."

O. K. Allen, Huey Long's governor of Louisiana, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He remained in succession to Senator Long, leader of the Long party, a short time only. Perhaps they are together now, both aware that nothing happening on this little earth is important; Huey Long wondering why he made such a fuss about it.

The unnecessary air disaster in Hawaii, two United States bombing planes destroyed in collision while flying "in formation" and six men killed, causes aviators to say that they object to night formation flying. They may well object; nothing more densely stupid could be imagined than sending up planes to fly at high speed, almost wing to wing, inviting disaster and death. Even in these busy times there ought to be somebody sufficiently intelligent to stop that nonsense, at night, and in daytime also.

Mr. John Horan of Milwaukee, called by his fellow workers "Soda Ash Johnny," first used soda ash to clean locomotive boilers, a discovery that should have made him rich, but did not.

"Soda Ash Johnny," a proud man, refused to let his son accept a pension, told the authorities: "I am still able to work, and no boy of mine is going on the county."

It will surprise you to hear that the son, aged sixty-six, had applied for an old age pension.

The statement that imagination is worse than reality applies to everything—death included, let us hope.

When a colony of nudists move on San Diego, Calif., the strongest protest comes from San Diego's Braille club, an organization of blind people. They could not actually know whether the colonists were dressed or not, but they do not like the idea.

Consider how men have persecuted, tortured and burned each other for religious differences, in matters that they could neither see nor know.

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Washington Digest

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

Washington.—If ever there were a time other than when the nation was at war when money dominated the situation at Washington, it assuredly is now.

Money Dominates One can go where he chooses about the government departments, to the White House or to Capitol Hill and the subject under discussion is or soon will be money.

A year or so ago, we heard a great deal about money. We heard of it in connection with an appropriation of \$4,880,000,000—the greatest single peace-time voting of money in our history. And, likewise, we heard money discussed when the President used his power to devalue the dollar in its relation to gold.

Now, however, the subject of money is discussed in a slightly different vein. The question that is paramount is how can the government get the money it needs. In other words, we are now getting around to the question of taxation, and it is a question that neither the President nor his lieutenants in congress like to face. It is an election year and a tax increase in election year is not what the politicians would call smoothing the highway of a campaign.

Passage of the legislation providing immediate payment of the veterans' bonus brought conditions to a head. The President vetoed the bonus bill and congress promptly overrode that veto. So the President promptly told congress that something had to be done about it; that the only funds the treasury could muster would be by borrowing and that since congress had yielded to the vocal minority represented by the greatest lobby ever to populate the Capitol, it thereby captured for itself a problem of raising the money.

Of course, the President must assume some responsibility even though he vetoed the bonus for the reason that some of the funds which must be raised will go to pay the crop control benefits or bonus resulting from invalidation of the processing taxes and the Agricultural Adjustment act. The President, as well as the political leaders in congress, want to continue that payment and they also want to pay farmers on commitments previously made because they regard them as moral obligation under the AAA contracts. Yet the country is likely to think in terms of the bonus for the war veterans and pay little attention to the smaller amount scheduled to go to the farmers and, indeed, the veterans' bonus is almost six times that which the administration desires to pay to the farmers.

There was in this situation a development to which I believe attention should be called. Through many years congress has been an easy spender.

Through the same years it has avoided at every turn laying taxes to offset the money it voted out of the treasury. Under the Roosevelt administration the peak of easy spending has been reached and congress has gone along with a vociferous "aye" on every spending proposal sent to the Capitol from the White House. The congressional attitude to which I have referred came up in bulk at the time of the bonus vote. Every time a bonus opponent inquired where the government would get the money to pay the two and one-half billion to the veterans, the answer from the bonus supporters was, in effect, "It's up to Henry."

I can recall a familiar slogan, current when I was a boy, that was used always when some one desired to shift responsibility—to pass the buck. It was "let George do it." In the bonus controversy, Senator Bankhead, Democrat of Alabama, was the first member of congress whom I heard say "it's up to Henry." He meant that the job of raising the money belonged to Henry Morgenthau, secretary of the treasury, but Senator Bankhead spoke more than his own feelings when he made the statement. He put into words a thought which permeated the minds of a vast majority of unthinking representatives and senators.

Perhaps I should not say unthinking because those men were, in truth, thinking very deeply. Their thoughts, instead of turning to song in the spring, were turning to votes in November. That was the reason for passage of the bonus. Senators and representatives seeking re-election were afraid to go into the battle for nomination and re-election this summer and have war veterans drag out the skeleton of a vote in opposition to immediate payment of the bonus.

It will be a long time before those who voted for the bonus can live it down. A keen political maneuver has something in it that calls for admiration but an obvious political maneuver such as was the passage of the bonus did not give any reason for commendation except, perhaps, the justification that if the Roosevelt administration was committed to passing out hundreds of millions of dollars on bono-doggling and other more or less useless projects, then the war veterans were entitled to be paid now the sums which congress promised them would be paid in 1947. That really is a powerful argument but if Roosevelt supporters make that argument they are at the

same time damning the New Deal spending policies, so I fancy that such an argument will be rarely advanced.

It is entirely probable that there will be no tax bill this year unless the President's letter to Speaker Byrns pointing out the necessity for raising revenue causes an unheard of number of senators and representatives to do a flip-flop. No imagination is required to see that a representative or senator is in a tough spot when he goes back home asking the suffrage of his constituents and must tell them at the same time that he added to the tax burden which they must pay.

Well, if that be true, how is "Henry" going to get the money? It will have to be borrowed and it will have to be borrowed on government bonds which add up into an increasing government deficit. It means that instead of a deficit of around three billions in the next fiscal year, the treasury will be confronted with a deficit of more than five billions and the public debt, in the meantime, will have been correspondingly increased. It means, in addition, that the banks of the country will have to pile more government bonds on top of the government bonds they have thus far absorbed in financing a policy of spending our way out of the depression.

The tragedy of the situation in congress that brought about Senator Bankhead's remark of "it's up to Henry" is that it indicates that congress has been looking upon the treasury as a source of revenue. It is not and it never has been. Government is non-productive. It can get funds only by taxation, by taking them away from the people—or by borrowing and if it borrows it has to pay back. In either event, new taxation must come and if congress doesn't have the nerve to pass tax legislation in this session, it must lay taxes in the next session.

The newspapers throughout the country have been full of reports concerning the early start of the political campaign. The Al Smith speech, coming from the man who made it, brought about a sudden expansion in the political fire. It really opened up the fight and henceforth we are due to be surfeited with this claim or that, this charge and that denial or counter-charge, as the various leaders marshal their forces.

Thus far, in addition to President Roosevelt's Jackson day-speech to the \$50-a-plate diners and Mr. Smith's Liberty league dinner outburst, we have had active campaigning by former President Hoover, by Governor Tamm of Georgia, by Senator Borah, the Idaho Republican; by Governor Landon, the Kansas Republican, and by Senator Robinson of Arkansas, the Democratic leader in the senate, who spoke in reply to Mr. Smith. Others are in the offing for the Republican and Democratic national committees are engaging radio times in a big way.

As speeches and statements increase in number, and as fanfare grows louder, I find myself getting a bit callous to them all. I have been wondering whether the American people have lost their sense of humor completely, because the situation really has a humorous side. Unless the people's sense of humor has been dreadfully seared, it seems to me they ought to be highly amused over ridiculous statements now being made on one side of the fence or on the other. Take, for instance, Mr. Roosevelt's handwritten bonus veto message. It presented something a bit unusual because in my time in Washington it had happened only once before that a President vetoed a bill with a handwritten message to congress. Of course, it was intended to be dramatic—and it was. But the point is this: A year ago when congress passed the bonus the President made a personal appearance in the halls of congress and read his own veto message. He made his vigorous fight and he rallied his supporters in line to sustain his veto. There has been so much talk around Washington since the handwritten message went to congress that the President really was not vigorously opposing passage of the bill over his veto that I am coming to believe that was true. In other words, he thought that immediate payment of the bonus was wrong but he had a weather eye out for the forthcoming campaign and the votes the bonus might bring.

Then consider the activity of Senator Borah. I believe the Idaho senator is too smart to feel that he can be the Republican nominee against Mr. Roosevelt, but he is going through all manner of gyrations just the same. He has purposes and objectives in mind, obviously, but they are not the Republican Presidential nomination as he leads his various audiences to infer. It is to be recalled that Senator Borah has not at any time actually said he was a candidate. We have also the circumstance of Senator Robinson replying to Al Smith over the same radio and through substantially the same number of broadcasting stations.

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A GREAT AUTHOR

A man who has any relish for fine writing either discovers new beauties or receives stronger impressions from the masterly strokes of a great author every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

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