

# What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

## The Fair Sex

**BOHEMIAN GROVE, CALIF.**—Up here in the Bohemian club's grove where, during the summer encampment, no women are allowed either at large or on the leash, I've been thinking about their little peculiarities.

If two women were cast away on a desert island with just each other for company, and after, let's say, ten or fifteen years, the rescue steamer arrived, they'd both be half way up the gangplank before either remembered the really important things she'd been intending all along to say to her companion; and no matter if the tide were falling and the wind rising, they'd stop right there in their tracks and thrash it all out.

If you doubt this, see what happens when a pair of them are swapping good-bys, after an all-day conversation, on finishing a long chatty motor trip together. If they can find a narrow doorway where they'll block traffic, that's where they'll halt, always.

It's a curious sex, any way you take it. But we men keep on taking it and liking it. I don't know whether we're dumb—or numb. Must be one or the other.

**Chip Off the Old Block.**  
**C**ELEBRATING his fifth birthday the other day, my small grandson and namesake met another gentleman of like age who bragged that his nurse brought him to the party in a car.

"Can your mama drive a car?" inquired the guest.  
"No," answered my descendant, "but I'm going to teach her. All you do is start off and keep going till you have to stop, and then you say, 'Damn those red lights!'"

It would appear that Cobb has been listening to his grandfather.

**Praising King Edward.**  
**I**F HE was a Communist, of a breed who are usually half-baked mentalities, it was only to be expected that his effort to murder King Edward should be—thank heavens—a fizzle.

If he was a lunatic, then he's the kind of lunatic who should spend the rest of his days behind high walls. If he was a deliberate assassin—well, at least he gave a gallant monarch a chance to show how gallantly monarchs can behave in the face of danger.

Any man, given the royal background and an open path to the throne, can be a king, but not every king is a man. This king is—he proved it and this part of the world rejoices at the outcome.

**The Troubles of Europe.**  
**W**E MAY have our own troubles, including so many mounting taxes over the land and so much mountain music over the radio, but what with Spain rent by internal war, and France having strikes which almost approximate war, and Poland threatening revolt against Nazi control of what, laughably, is called the "Free" City of Danzig, and the rest of them pretty generally stewing in their respective political caseroles, we're lucky.

In fact I can think of but one thing the European nations have which we could use, but, alas, will never get, needless to say. I refer to the money they owe us.

**How the League Performs**  
**U**NDER the rattle of the machine guns and the shrieks of the victims as civil war flames across Spain, that faint creeping sound which you hear, sounding something like a mouse in the wainscoting, is the League of Nations taking its customary prompt steps to enforce peace upon this and all other distracted countries whatsoever.

By the way, does anyone remember when, once upon a bygone time, there was a war to end the persistent disease called war, a final war which forevermore would restore true democratic principles and motherly love to rival nations and embittered peoples? To date the result makes one almost despair of ever finding a cure for my dandruff.

**IRVIN S. COBB.**  
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**Pandas Live in Trees**  
The panda, not to be confused with the giant panda, is a scientific puzzle. In some ways he looks and acts as if he might be a relative of the raccoon. In other ways he seems to be kinfolk to bears. Scientists never have been able to decide this question, so they gave him a family name of his own, *Aelurus fulgens*. In their native Nepal, pandas live in holes in trees and sometimes hide among the rocks. They are nocturnal creatures, and it is customary for them to have twins. Their cry is a sudden squawl.

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**His Problem**  
Into the night court they marched a man who had all the earmarks of a professional tough guy. This chap was as desperate looking as any gorilla you've ever seen.  
The magistrate looked down at the surly prisoner.  
"Well," asked His Honor, "guilty or not guilty?"  
The prisoner scowled.  
"Figure it out yourself," he snarled. "That's what yer gettin' paid for!"—Mark Hellinger in New York American.

**Not Needed**  
"In this scene, Miss Trimm, the young man rushes into the room, grabs you, binds you with rope from head to foot, and then smoothers you with kisses," explained the film director.  
"Is the young man tall, fair, and handsome?" the actress asked.  
"Yes. Why?" he asked.  
"Then he won't need any rope," she replied.—Stray Stories Magazine.

## DIVERSION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS