

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.— If I were a Republican orator, I'd say the Democrats wouldn't need a keynoter at their convention when a hog-caller would be more suitable. If, on the other hand, I were a Democratic silver-tongue, I'd say the Republicans needed no campaign committee, whereas a set of pallbearers would be highly appropriate.

As a Republican spellbinder, I'd proclaim we were giving Puerto Rico four years in which gradually to cut loose from us, because, should the Democratic outfit win in November, by the end of those four years the Puerto Ricans will be used to having some independence and we'll be used to having none at all. As a Democratic champion,

I'd come right back by pointing out that, since Puerto Rico would starve to death anyhow under a Republican administration, congress mercifully was taking steps to let the people down there get accustomed, by degrees, to the starvation process.

Meandering Revenue Program. THE members of the senate finance committee—poor things!—seem to be going forward with the new revenue program the same way a land crab makes headway—by traveling backward. At last accounts they were so snarled up in figures and language that any minute the rescue party was expected to rush in with bush-hooks and chop them loose.

However, out of the epileptic seizure into which these unfortunate patriots have been enmeshed, one concrete fact has emerged. There will be a slight exemption of dues on the profits of corporations making less than \$15,000 a year. This will be a great boon for trunk stores down by the depot, brokerage firms handling second-hand railroad tunnels and dealers in butterflies.

New Socialist Argument. THE trouble with being a Socialist is that, no matter what you start to debate, you always wind up on the Tom Mooney case. Or at least, such was the situation until recently. Now, for any Socialist argument on any subject from German measles to the Great Wall of China, there is a new climax.

The tenants of a Bronx apartment house, mostly radicals, held a meeting, and, in accordance with the best radical traditions, drew up resolutions demanding that the management do this and that. Having read the fiery protest, the superintendent addressed the gathering: "Now about not leading nobody hang out vashing in the hallways—that's reasonable. I start beginning that reform right away."

"Und as to keeping garbages off the front fire escape—vell, vy nodt?" "But, say, vot do you suckers expect me do about the Scottsboro boys?"

Sauce for the Goose. WHEN a bricklayer feels upset and licks his wife that's temper and he gets \$30 or 30 days. But when a flicker star goes on a similar tantrum and wrecks an expensive set, that's artistic temperament and the studio gives her some silver fox furs to calm her nerves. Thus it goes. If a couple in, say, Peoria, break up, why, then, a couple in Peoria have broken up. But if the same thing occurs in Hollywood, it invariably is featured as a "nuptial rift."

IRVIN S. COBB
Copyright—WNU Service.

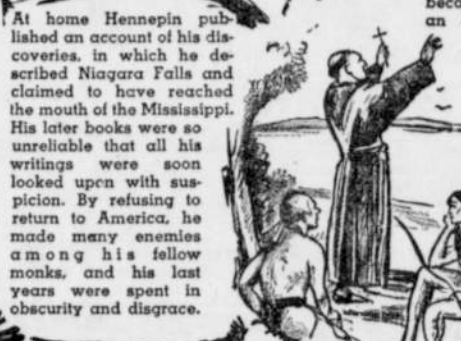
HEROES OF AMERICAN HISTORY



A MONK WHO EXPLORED THE NEW WORLD/ LOUIS HENNEPIN

Father Hennepin was a Belgian missionary. Inspired by narratives of sea captains who had been to America, he joined La Salle, who later became his bitter enemy, on an expedition to Canada.

His travels carried him through New York State, westward to Illinois and down the Mississippi River. After being held captive by the Sioux Indians for a year he was rescued by Count Du Lhut, and returned to France.



© Grosset & Dunlap.—WNU Service.

Bob Davis Reveals

Evils Done the Dead by Half-Cocked Writers of History.

WHEN Napoleon remarked, "All history is a lie," he launched a mouthful. The Little Corporal must have sensed what he was to suffer at the hands of his biographers, those ink-stained harpies who marked time against the hour his star fell at St. Helena where, on a frail army cot surrounded by a handful of the faithful, he writhed into the everlasting shadows addressing the mirage of his army. This man of destiny ended his earthly career in a welter of fat, his ankles bulging over patent leather shoes like something spilling into space . . . The jowls of him fell into a solled collar, open at the throat, disclosing the ivory pulp of a flabby breast.

Twenty thousand volumes written in every living tongue flowed for more than a hundred years from the impetuous pens of biographers, self-consecrated to lay bare the life of the Corsican-born adventurer who lived to shake the world. From the confusion wrought of countless pens, the fearsome Bonaparte now stalks—half monster; half god, an execrated and a deified personality, mythologized with the accumulating years, and all that is germane to his influence upon the Nineteenth century, is swept into historical disorder.

Biography Written by Ear.

Unfortunately, indeed, that history is not clarified by time. Once an error creeps into the record it remains there forever, modified at intervals but never wholly corrected for the enlightenment of posterity.

Memoirs are equally noxious, not for what they present, but for what they withhold. Most biography is written in the measure of one grand sweet song whistled by an idiot who has no ear for music. Recently in Washington a conscientious attempt was made by a congressman and an artist to contrive a mural decoration that would show just how our colonial statesmen looked when properly garbed in the style of that period; nothing, y'understand, built along quantity production lines or shot with shoddy, but the cracker-jack handmade breeches, buskin

and waistcoat of the James Madison, Ben Franklin and Aaron Burr school, showing George Washington in profile and Alexander Hamilton from the front elevation.

Fair enough, and a knockout, so I understood. But has anything been done to clear up some of the exaggerations, inaccuracies and dirty cracks taken at George and Alex?

Not long ago I picked up a book that dealt in part with that dramatic chapter in the life of Bonnie Prince Charlie, who was rescued from British pursuers in the Isle of Skye by the heroine Flora MacDonald after the battle of Culloden, which rang down the curtain of Charlie's kingly ambitions. To quote:

Story of Royal Romance.

"It seems to have been his (Charlie's) thought that if she (Flora) cared for him that the two might well love; and he gave her every chance to show him favor. The youth of twenty-five and the girl of twenty-four roamed together in the long, tufted grass, or lay in the sunshine and looked out over the sea. But to the last he was either too high or too low for her, according to her own modest thought . . ."

Well, there it is, offered as history. Last year I spent a month in the Isle of Skye, snooping into that affair, variously distorted by writers totally ignorant of the truth. The facts are these: Following Culloden, Bonnie Charlie took it on the run with a £30,000 reward on his curly head. Loyal Highlanders, a mere handful, escorted him through the rain-swept barren hills, keeping him concealed under cover of night. Flora, true blue, unimpeachable and courageous, was selected by Charlie's escort to get the prince out of his difficulties. She agreed to take the risk and set about her arrangements to get him to a point of safety disguised as her maid.

Myth Is Debunked.

After ten days of breath-taking adventure, Flora, bossing the entire job, succeeded in her mission, and on the night of July 1, 1746, in the presence of Highland gentlemen, one of them a relative of Flora, the Bonnie Prince bade her a respectable unemotional good-by in Room 5 of Royal hotel at Portree, climbed out of the window and escaped in the boat that her efforts had provided. The actual time consumed in the plot for his flight was ten days, during five of which Flora never set eyes upon the prince. During the five remaining days she saw him three times, always in the company of his Highland henchmen. Rain and cold weather prevailed. Not once was the rescuer of the hapless nobleman alone in his society.

Copyright—WNU Service.

Torrens Law in Effect in Eight States; What It Is

The Torrens law is in effect in the states of Mississippi, Nebraska, New York, North Carolina, Oregon, Utah, Virginia, Washington and in Cook county, Illinois. The Torrens system simply requires that the property owner present to a designated court proof that he owns his land.

Usually he does not even need a lawyer to do this, because the court is assisted by an official examiner of title. If the court is satisfied by testimony and claims after hearing all sides, it decrees that he owns the land. The registration fee, which is moderate, includes an assessment of \$1 a thousand on the value of the land for an assurance fund. If later claims against the property are ever established successfully, payment is made to the claimants out of this joint fund.—Washington Star.

Minister's Son Invents Invisible Ear Drum

The Invisible Ear Drum invented by A. O. Leonard, a son of the late Rev. A. B. Leonard, D.D., for many years secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for his own relief from extreme deafness and head noises, has so greatly improved his hearing that he can join in any ordinary conversation, go to the theatre and hear without difficulty. Inexpensive and has proved a blessing to many people. Write for booklet to A. O. Leonard, Inc., Suite 203, 70 Fifth avenue, New York city. Advt.

Little in Common

The second-rate mind rarely admires the first rate one.

QUICKLY MADE 10 BIG COOL GLASSES KOO-AID 5¢ AT GROCERS

DETOUR DOGS "BLACK LEAF 40"
Keeps Dogs Away from Evergreens, Shrubs etc.
Use 1 1/4 Teaspoonful per Gallon of Spray.

Films Developed, 2 prints each negative 25c, reprints 2c. Send 2 negatives for free samples. PHOTO SHOP, Ogden, Utah.

Iron the Easy Way
with the GENUINE INSTANT LIGHTING Coleman SELF-HEATING IRON
The Coleman is a genuine instant lighting iron. All you have to do is turn a valve, strike a match and it lights instantly. You don't have to insert the match inside the iron—no burned fingers. The Coleman heats in a jiffy; is quickly ready for use. Entire ironing surface is heated with point the hottest. Maintains its heat even for the fast worker. Entirely self-heating. Operates for 1/2 an hour. You do your ironing with less effort, in one-third less time. Be sure your next iron is the genuine Instant-Lighting Coleman. It's the iron every woman wants. It's a wonderful time and labor saver—nothing like it. The Coleman is the easy way to iron.
SEND POSTCARD for FREE Folder and Full Details. THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO. Dept. WU315 Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif. (6315W)

READ THE ADS

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder 10¢

HOW FAR CAN YOU GO BEFORE HE SAYS...
"You need a quart!"
QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL
New Way to MEASURE OIL VALUE
After you drain and refill your crankcase, how far do you go before you have to add the first quart? If you don't know, it's worth checking. This simple test gives you the real measure of oil economy and of oil quality, too. Because the oil that stands up best between refills is giving your motor the best lubrication. Try the "First Quart" Test with Quaker State. See if you don't go farther than you ever did with any other oil under similar driving conditions. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa.
Retail Price . . . 35¢ per Quart
"First choice of Experience"
QUAKER STATE MOTOR OILS AND SUPERFINE GREASES