

But It's True



Mr. Cartwright started working on the old New York Express in 1880 when he was twenty-six years old. In all that time he has been working for nothing but newspapers, and he has always been a reporter.

In 1899 Henry Joseph of Altoona, Pa., was charged with the theft of \$24,000 from George Morris of the same town. Twenty-four years later, in 1923, his son, Robert Joseph, determined that Henry had died suddenly in Roanoke, Va., and had been buried there. After conferring with relatives of his father, he secured permission to disinter the body, and in the coat seams of the dead man he found the money, which he returned to the man from whom it had been stolen.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Fun-Loving Emir.

NEW YORK. — At the entrance to the main reception chamber of the palace of Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordania is a Coney Island mirror. A visitor, saluting to royalty, perhaps with constraint and self-consciousness, sees his person wildly and ridiculously distorted. The Emir smiles and puts his guest at ease.

He explains that this is merely his way of breaking stilted routine and getting on a basis of friendly understanding. Rollicking old Gomez, late dictator of Venezuela, used to play jokes on important visitors, but he was just mischievous, while the Emir is philosophical.

Ruler of the nearest pure Arab state to Palestine, the Emir approves Britain's tri-partite division, with the Arab section added to his Trans-Jordania. From his palace window, he looks out across the desert to the mountains of Moab, where Moses surveyed the Promised Land. It's a long view back into the centuries, and it seems to induce in the Emir both disillusionment and patience.

His attitude is important, in the political backwash of the British cabinet's sudden decision, and it seems quite probable that they sounded him out before announcing it.

Since the death of his brothers, Feisal and Ali, he has been a unifying power in the three Arab states of Trans-Jordania, Hejaz and Iraq, comprising many millions of Arabs. He also is a powerful leader of the Pan-Islamic movement, started by old Sultan Abdul Hamid II, fifty-two years ago.

He is the Abdullah of Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert," campaigning brilliantly against the Turks, and then finding Winston Churchill and Sir Herbert Samuel long on promises and short on fulfillment—historic recreation which caused Lawrence bitterly to reject royal favor and hide himself away as "Aircraftman Shaw."

The Emir, too, was embittered, but he is a realist. He knows the power of England and scrupulously maintains the synthetic post-war status quo. England, of course, has a tremendous political stake in Islam as a buffer to India, but there

are even more tangible factors which the Emir weighs and appraises and cannily uses. Those three Arab states have cotton, rubber, tobacco, mineral and oil lands and developments which have supplied the Emir with an ace card in dealing with European nations.

He has been deliberately hostile and resistant to Mussolini and Italy's radio blast across 1,000 miles of desert. "I wish I could be the first Arab to enlist to defend Ethiopia," he said when Il Duce started his African adventure.

England pulls the strings for all three Arab states and none has complete autonomy. The Emir is reconciled. He says wise men compromise until they can command.

He is of medium stature, with a neat goatee, restless, searching black eyes and strong white teeth — a man of culture and charm. He wears a gold-embroidered silk robe, with a gold-sheathed dagger hung from his waist.

Victorian Idol.

AT THE turn of the century, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was described by interviewers as "haughty and world-weary." At seventy-two, still playing, she is disclosed as genial, humorous and friendly. Lyric legends of the theater crowd in as she rehearses for a revival of "The Thirteenth Chair," at Milford, Conn.

The Late-Victorian idol of two continents, sharing Olympus with Duse and Bernhardt, she has been on the stage for more than fifty years. She was Beatrice Stella Tanner, the daughter of a London merchant. She played Shaw, Pinero, Barrie, Wilde, Ibsen and Maeterlinck and some of these dramatists wrote plays for her. Broadway remembers her best as Eliza in Shaw's "Pygmalion."

Her first husband, Major George Cornwallis West, died in the Boer war and her son, Allan, in the World war. She was in the films from 1934 to 1936, departing with the remark that no longer would she be a "jackanapes in Hollywood."

Censor of Burlesque.

Sam A. Scribner, New York's new seventy-eight-year-old censor of burlesque, once dramatically resisted censorship. When he was a lad at Carnie's seminary in Clarion, Pa., his music teacher rapped his knuckles for playing chopsticks instead of scales. He floored the teacher with a round-house swing and walked out and got himself a job in a blacksmith shop.

Then he joined a small circus and later bought a small Pittsburgh booking office.

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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Semi-Nude Fashions.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. — Clothes may not make the man, but leaving them off certainly makes him foolish. And that goes double for the women.

Whence arises the present-day delusion that going about dressed at



half-mast enhances the attractiveness of the average adult? Our forbears of the Victorian era wore too much for health or happiness or cleanliness. But isn't it worse to offend the eye all through the lingering summer by not wearing enough to cover up

blemishes, the bulges and the bloats that come with maturity? Sun baths should be taken on a doctor's prescription, not at the corner of First and Main.

Women old enough to know better are the worst offenders, seems like. If only they'd stop to consider that the snail, which is naked, would lose in any beauty contest against the butterfly, which wears all the regalia the traffic will stand! But even though it's for their own good, you can't tell 'em. If somebody started the fad of going at the game while practically nude, inside of two weeks mumblebeep would be the national pastime—until somebody else thought up a game to be played by folks without a stitch on. Or anyhow, just a stitch here and there.

Strikes Versus Wars.

DID you ever notice how like a war is a strike?

The operator and his operatives are the shock troops that suffer the heaviest casualties. The owner risks his profits and perhaps his market and sometimes his plant. The worker gives up his wages, frequently his job, occasionally his life.

Stockholders see dividends vanishing and investments shrinking. Citizens see their communities disrupted. Women and children go on short rations, many a time go actually hungry. For, as in a war, the innocent non-combatants bear most grievous burdens.

Those who really garner in the spoils—professional agitators; financial buzzards eager to seize on bankrupted industries; lawyers with their writs and their injunctions; imported thugs masquerading, for one side or the other as honest mechanics—these might be likened to stay-at-home diplomats and profiteers and hired mercenaries who induce friendly nations to turn enemies so they may gain their own selfish ends.

After it's over, we realize that almost any strike might have been averted had common sense and common justice ruled, rather than greed and entrenched stubbornness and fomented hate. And the same is true of almost any war. For every real benefit to humanity came out of peace and arbitration, not out of battle and destruction.

And here's the final parallel: Ultimately, the supposed victor finds himself the actual loser. Tell me which army won any great strike—or any great war—and I'll tell you who won the San Francisco fire and the Galveston flood.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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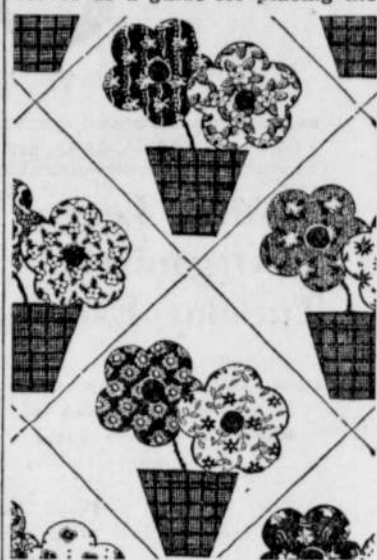
Famous for "Salt-Box" Houses

Connecticut is famous for its "salt-box" houses, and for the first stone house in America, dating from 1639, at Guilford. Providence and Pawtucket, in Rhode Island, have the birthplace of Gilbert Stuart and the simple cottage which is the Commodore Perry homestead.

Grandmother's Prize Quilt

Here's simplicity in needlework in this gay applique quilt, Grandmother's Prize—they're such easy patches to apply! If it's variety you're looking for, make this your choice. There's the fun of using so many different materials—the pleasure of owning so colorful a quilt that fits into any bedroom. And if its just a pillow you want, the 8 inch block makes an effective one. Pattern 1458 contains complete, simple instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing, together with yardage chart, diagram of quilt to help arrange the

blocks for single and double bed size, and a diagram of block which serves as a guide for placing the



Pattern 1458

patches and suggests contrasting materials.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address, and pattern number plainly.



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LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"No gas man is going to track up my clean linoleum!!"