

But It's True



ROBERT EMMETT O'KELLY OF HUNTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE, OWNS SEVEN ACRES OF FERTILE LAND WHICH HE DOES NOT USE—BUT HE GROWS ENOUGH VEGETABLES IN HIS OWN KITCHEN TO FEED HIS FAMILY OF EIGHT THROUGH THE ENTIRE YEAR.

DOVEY JOHNSON, A MAN OF MONTREAL, CANADA, WAS NAMED AFTER A TURTLE.

LESLIE PFEIFFER, HIS FATHER, GRANDFATHER AND GREAT GRANDFATHERS HAVE NEVER BEEN OUT OF HOLLAND... BUT NONE OF THEM HAS EVER BEEN ANYTHING BUT A BRITISH SUBJECT.

FO-NEE

MEANS "AN HONEST MAN" IN CANTONESE (CHINA).

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O'Kelly's interest in farming is limited to his desire to show that the natural elements do more harm than good as far as agriculture is concerned. He contends that heat and water are best applied indoors. He supplies his heat through furnaces, his water through sprinkling cans. Thus his crops never suffer from drought, wind or heavy windstorms.

Leslie's great-grandfather went to Holland on business, asked in his will that his descendants remain British subjects. They have complied with his request, but their personal interests have kept them in the Netherlands.

Mr. Johnson's parents were so fond of a turtle they kept for 22 years that when the son was born in 1906 he was named for the pet. Both Doveys are still alive.

what **Irvin S. Cobb** thinks about:

This Business of Golf.

OAKLAND, CALIF.—As I sit writing this, I look out where elderly gentlemen, intent on relaxing, may be seen tensing themselves up tighter than a cocked wolf-trap, and then staggering toward the clubhouse with every nerve standing on end and screaming for help and highballs.

I smile at them, for I am one who has given up golf. You might even go so far as to say golf gave me up. I tried and tried, but I never broke a typhoid patient's temperature chart—never got below 102. I spent so much time climbing into sand-traps and out again that people began thinking I was a new kind of hermit, living by preference in bunkers—the old man of the link beds, they'd be calling me next.



Irvin S. Cobb

And I used to slice so far into the rough that, looking for my ball, I penetrated jungles where the foot of man hadn't trod since the early mound builders. That's how I added many rare specimens to my collection of Indian relics.

But the last straw was when a Scotch professional, after morbidly watching my form, told me that at any rate there was one thing about me which was correct—I did have on golf stockings!

Professional Orators.

WE HAVE in Southern California a professional orator who long ago discovered that the most dulcet music on earth was the sound of his own voice. He'll speak anywhere at the drop of the hat and provide the hat.

What's worse, this coast-defender of ours labors under the delusion that, if he shouts at the top of his voice, his eloquence will be all the more forceful. The only way to avoid meeting him at dinner is to eat at an owl wagon. But the other night, at an important banquet, he strangely was missing from the array of speakers at the head table. One guest turned in amazement to his neighbor:

"Where's Blank?" he inquired, naming the absentee.

"Didn't you hear?" answered the other. "He busted a couple of ear drums."

"Whose?" said the first fellow.

Foes of Nazidom.

THE veteran Rabbi Stephen Wise of New York has been reasonably outspoken in his views on Nazi treatment of his own co-religionists and the practitioners of other faiths as well. And one of the most venerable prelates of the Catholic church in Europe, while discussing the same subject, hasn't exactly pulled his punches, either.

So what? A friend just back from abroad tells me that in Berlin he heard a high government officer fiercely denounce these two distinguished men. About the mildest thing the speaker said about them was that both were senile. Somehow or other, the speech wasn't printed in the German papers—maybe by orders from on high.

Well, far be it from this innocent bystander to get into religious arguments and besides I have no first-hand knowledge as to the Christian clergyman's state of health, although, judging by his utterances, there's nothing particularly wrong with his mind. But I do know Rabbi Wise, and, if he's in his dotage, so is Shirley Temple. And I risk the assertion that he would be perfectly willing to have one foot in the grave if he could have the other on Herr Hitler's neck.

IRVIN S. COBB

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Liven Up With Embroidery

Embroidered flowers that promise to be the "life" of your frock are these that you'll want for immediate stitchery. They're fun! They're easy to do! They're entirely in lazy-daisy and single stitch; the pretty floral border is a grand finisher for neckline,

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Pattern 5853

sleeves, or belt. Flower clusters, gay in garden colors of wool or silk floss, may adorn a blouse, or both bodice and skirt of any desired frock. In pattern 5853 you will find a transfer pattern of a motif 9 by 9 1/4 inches, one and one reverse motif 6 1/4 by 6 1/2 inches; two and two reverse motifs 3 3/4 by 3 3/4 inches and two strips of border 2 by 15 inches;

Uncle Phil Says:



Aristocracy Is Real

Aristocracy consists in holding one's self above vulgarity and ignorance.

In hot weather it is not much use to try to look well dressed. Try the next best thing—Look comfortable.

Are you satisfied with the friends who choose you or do you want to initiate all your friendships yourself?

It depends on who tells it, whether you believe "only half you hear." Sometimes, if you are wise, you will believe twice as much.

Isn't He a Treasure?

Rarely does a man change who is honest and trustworthy. You can bank on him.

One man can go to one or two public dinners and learn all there is to learn about table etiquette; and another to the same dinners and not learn a thing; and nobody knows why.

Soon as you perceive a man thinks, you are interested in him.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...
By Lemuel F. Parton

Egypt's New King.

KING FAROUK I, who was crowned king of Egypt recently on his eighteenth birthday, seems to be entirely acceptable to the powerful Wafd sect which, during the last few years, has been fanning up a challenging nationalist movement in Egypt. England has done some adroit maneuvering since his father, old King Saud, died in April, 1936.

King Farouk was educated in part at the Royal Military academy and, it is understood, is enthusiastically certified by the British guardians of the empire. It is believed that this coronation will cinch a bit tighter the political and economic ties of Britain and Egypt. This has become a matter of special concern since Italy's seizure of Ethiopia and her threat to the blue Nile with its bearing on vast cotton growing and processing projects in the Sudan.

For the last two years, Farouk has enjoyed kingly status, but under a regency. He will now be Egypt's first nominally independent ruler in four centuries. He is an athlete, six feet tall, skilled in polo, swimming and other sports.

Like his late father, he likes to drive a big red car to the mosque on Friday to observe the Moslem Sabbath. His absorbing interest is his stamp collection. Two boy kings are left—Peter II of Yugoslavia, aged fourteen, and King Ananda of Siam, aged eleven.

Baritone Business Agent.

NEW YORK.—Opera singers of Genoa had a union early in the Eighteenth century and sundry were broken in its furtherance, but Lawrence Tibbett is, according to all available records, the first baritone, tenor or bass to take up that line of work in modern times.

Mr. Tibbett, as head of the American Guild of Musical Artists, joins the drive to form a union of radio broadcasters in the American Federation of Labor. It is indicated that they are beating the C. I. O. to this objective.

Mr. Tibbett was upped to fame on the night of January 2, 1925. Before that, he had sung meager roles under his \$60 a week Metropolitan contract. On this occasion, singing

in Verdi's "Falstaff," he stole the show from Scotti, with a thundering ovation rarely given any singer at the Met.

He was the son of a sheriff in the "Badlands" country around Bakersfield, Calif. His father was killed by a bandit and young Tibbett grew up in Los Angeles. He knew he had a voice, but he didn't want to sing. He wanted to be a Shakespearean actor. Hoping to study for the stage, he earned money singing at churches and movie palaces, becoming soloist for the California theater.

In 1922, he arrived in New York on borrowed money. He worked up a concert and sold a lot of tickets, but he wasn't there. He had the mumps. All that came out of the concert was an extra "T" dropped in his name by the program printer. He let it ride and that's how he became Tibbett instead of Tibbet. Numerologists would say, of course, that that was what changed his luck. At any rate, the change came soon after. Gatti-Casazza gave him a hearing and he was soon on the uptake in the Metropolitan.

He is tall and good looking and lacking in those stellar eccentricities which make newspaper copy. There is, though, one little oddity worth noting. Apt to have headaches, he cures them by walking around on his hands. He says that sluices the blood down into his head and stops the pain.

Pennsylvania Battle.

GOVERNOR EARLE of Pennsylvania was a Republican who became a Democrat. Mayor S. Davis Wilson of Philadelphia was a Democrat who became a Republican. Each has supported the other in the past. Now they are deep in a rock-and-sock battle all their own—typical of shifts and blurring of party lines under high political pressure. The militant Mayor Wilson is gunning for the governor, charging the latter with responsibility for sending wire-tappers into Philadelphia.

They fudge into the national picture, as Governor Earle, it is understood, wants to be President and Mayor Wilson wants to be governor.

Mayor Wilson was comptroller of Philadelphia before he became the city's one hundred thirteenth mayor January 6, 1936. He is a hefty and hardy seasoned political battler, in politics many years, elected by liberals, reformers, laborites and New Dealers, but now shying away from the lot of them and vehemently anti-Roosevelt.

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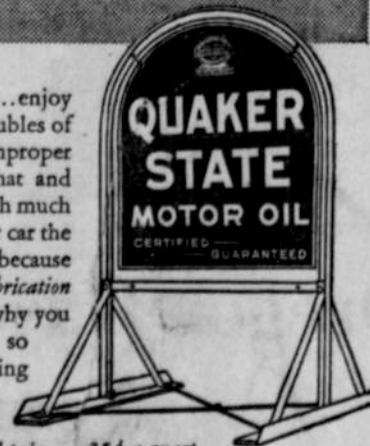
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