

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

One Big Shot Convicted The Many Laugh Roman Triumph, New Style Storms, Floods, Twisters

The kind of "justice" supposed to "terrify" crime in this country is very amusing justice: confined to the national government. Murderers, kidnapers and other racketeers are jailed, not for their crimes against society, but for failure to pay income tax. The felon is jailed for failure to divide his criminal earnings with his government.

Arthur Brisbane

A change from this program is due to Special Prosecutor Dewey, who, before Supreme Court Justice McCook, in New York city, has convicted a "topnotch racketeer," as Mr. Dewey calls him—Charles ("Lucky") Luciano. He and eight vice-ring associates are convicted on 62 counts, that may entail prison sentences of 1,240 years for "Lucky" and each associate.

This is an actual conviction for crime, not for tax-dodging.

In this world, many laugh and a few do things. Fulton said he would run a boat up the Hudson river by steam; crowds gathered to laugh.

When it was suggested early in this century that men would soon fly, successfully, millions laughed.

Had it been suggested that an army officer would cross the continent "flying blind" in a hooded cabin, seeing nothing, guided by a scientific "radio beam," the laughs would have been louder; but that is what Major Eaker, of the army air corps, has just done. If you should say now that giant ships will fly around this earth, up in the stratosphere, above clouds and storms, carrying thousands of passengers, dropping them at their various destinations in smaller ships, "around the world in 48 hours or less," there would be more laughter but it would be foolish laughter. What men can imagine they can do, and more.

General Badoglio, who was sent by Mussolini to take over Ethiopia, and did so, celebrated his triumph in Rome, Mussolini and the Italian king, now emperor of Ethiopia, assisting.

The triumphant general, named viceroy of Ethiopia by Mussolini, who surprised the world with the swiftness of his conquest, led his troops, burned by the tropical sun, under the victory arch of Constantine to the tomb of the unknown soldier of the big war.

"Storms kill nine in Oklahoma and Kansas; tornadoes, floods and lightning cause havoc," so runs the headline, and so other headlines have been running for months past. Hall ruins crops; lightning bolts kill three; "twisters," those powerful, revolving windstorms, lift up and knock down little houses.

The sultan of Sulu is dead on the island of Jolo, now only sultan in name. Once, as spiritual and temporal head, he ruled all the Mohammedans of the Sulu archipelago.

The death of this former ruler, Jamalul Kiram, recalls an interesting incident following the Spanish war. Jamalul, good Mohammedan, did not think he should deal with this nation, on account of its religion. He was soothed by an official statement that the United States had no official religion whatever.

The Black Legion, latest secret murder organization, tells candidates: "You cannot join unless you are a native-born, white, Protestant gentleman; willing to proceed against negroes, Catholics and Jews." To "proceed against" means to murder.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, a Protestant organization, says it is shameful for the Black Legion to use the word "Protestant," and blasphemous to use the name "God Almighty."

Sir Samuel Hoare had to leave the British cabinet because he opposed the foolishness of sending a great British fleet into the Mediterranean to protect Halle Selasale, not protecting him in the least.

Now, Sir Samuel Hoare is back in the British cabinet, "the king pleased to appoint him." This means, probably, that the little League of Nations' "sanctions" effort to coerce Mussolini will be dropped. Many things are easier this evening Mussolini.

Why do Americans swallow eagerly anything in the way of foreign-made goods, especially if they come from the friendly British islands?

British merchants advertise proudly "Made in Great Britain." Every Englishman urges "Buy British." Americans seem proud if they can advertise "Made in England" or "Made in France." Perhaps our goods are inferior but every American makes his money here—why not back our own people?

More killing, bombing, shooting in Palestine, Arabs refusing to discontinue strikes and killings, even at the request of their own leaders.

Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!



"The Ghost of San Vito"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter.

YOU know, boys and girls, for a long time I've been telling the world that truth is stranger than fiction, and now here comes Aurelius Menegus of Clifton, N. J., to agree with me. He had an adventure once and—well—he admits it's so fantastic that he has to pinch himself every once in a while in order to believe it could have actually happened to him.

I warn you right at the start that this is a ghost story. One of the best ghost stories I ever heard, at that. It happened to Aurelius on June 6, 1830, and the beginnings of the yarn go back farther than that, to take in the history of a room—a simple bed-chamber in a little mountain tavern near San Vito in the Italian Alps.

The story of that room was this: A year or so before, the curator of an Italian zoo stopped there with his wife. He had with him a collection of reptiles which he had caught in the mountains and one of them—a venomous snake—had bitten his wife to death. Thereafter, that room was hounded. Four tourists died in it, and all of them had been found with terrible expressions of horror and surprise on their faces. The doctors who examined the victims said they had died of fright. No one in San Vito had the slightest doubt as to what had caused that fright. The ghost of the curator's dead wife haunted the room—so they said. And a terrible ghost she must be, to cause people to die from the sight of her.

Aurelius Goes Calling on the Spook.

That's the history of the room. Now let's turn the clock ahead a year or so to June 16, 1830, and get on with the story of Aurelius Menegus. He was more than a little interested in that ghost yarn, for he was something of an amateur zoologist and taxidermist himself.

So, finding himself in the neighborhood of San Vito, he determined to spend the night in that mountain inn—if possible in the very room where five people had died. He wasn't superstitious, and he certainly wasn't going to be frightened by what he considered an idle peasant's tale.

He asked for the room and got it. He had with him five white rats which he kept for experimental purposes, and these he put in the room. Then, after feeding the rats and getting a bite of supper himself, he prepared to go to bed.

White Rats Were Companions on His Weird Vigil.

The room was a small one in the attic of the inn. It was lighted by candle and furnished with a small canopied bed, washstand and a few chairs. There



A Three-Foot Snake Was Coiled on the Floor.

was a small grating in the floor—evidently part of the ventilating or heating system.

Aurelius let his white rats out of the perforated valise in which he carried them, to let them run free for the night. Then he slipped on his pajamas, blew out the candle on the chair beside his bed, and crawled under the covers. He was tired, and in a few moments he was asleep. But he wasn't destined to sleep long, for the ghost of the attic room was to come back to haunt him.

Aurelius had been asleep for half an hour, when suddenly he was awakened by a strident squealing. The squealing, he recognized, was coming from the white rats, which were scampering madly about the room.

Specter Turns Out to Be a Venomous Adder.

Aurelius began to feel the hair on his head rising. Some people say that an animal is conscious of supernatural things long before humans are. What did those rats see that was throwing them into such a panic?

He sat up in bed, lit a match and applied it to the candle. The dim yellow glow lit the room, but showed no presence other than his own. He was about to get out of bed and search the dark corners where the candle's rays didn't penetrate, when suddenly, he stopped, pulled his feet back into the bed again. There on the floor was a three-foot snake!

Aurelius knew enough about snakes to recognize this one. It was an Alpine adder—a deadly reptile that strikes with the swiftness of lightning and injects a venom that kills its victims almost instantly. That was the answer to the mystery of the haunted room. The snake which had killed the curator's wife had never been recaptured.

Double-Barreled Shot Gun Exorcises the Murdering "Ghost."

It had crawled away down the ventilator and had been living there ever since, killing the people who happened to be lodged in that room. A simple enough explanation. But Aurelius' plight was a bit more complicated.

"I didn't dare move," he says, "for fear of the adder which would spring at the slightest stir. I wondered if the reptile would take a notion to crawl up on the bed. If he did, there wasn't much hope for me. But no. The adder wasn't interested in me. He was attracted by the possibility of a meal from those squealing rats of mine. It turned to stalk one of them, and at that moment, the door of my chamber opened and the landlord, Giovanni Floriani, came in."

Aurelius started to shout a warning, but it wasn't necessary. The old landlord had heard the rats squealing and scampering about overhead and, knowing the reputation of the room, had come prepared for any eventualities. He had a double-barreled shot gun in his hand and he fired point blank. The reptile's head was blown to pieces, and the white rats gathered round the body and began completing the destruction. The murdering ghost of San Vito wound up by furnishing a meal for some of its intended victims.

—WNU Service.

175 Medieval "Monsters"

Left in French Flanders

A recent census in France reveals that there are 175 medieval monsters existing in French Flanders today, writes a Lille (France) United Press correspondent.

They are the world's biggest toys, averaging 22 feet in height and are one to five centuries old. The Flemish populations of France have been amusing themselves with these monstrous playthings since the Fifteenth century. The municipal councils provide communal shelter for these wood, cardboard and cloth giants which emerge once a year to preside at the town festivals and carnivals.

Gargantua, the historic brain child of Rabelais, resides at Bailleur and receives the homage of his subjects on Mardi Gras. Calais, the seaport town, is ruled by two gigantic sailors, each 20 feet tall, while Bergues has its own individual citizen named Berguesard,

a giant of 1830 who wears a stove-pipe hat that is five feet high.

Gollath is at Ath, a village of French Flanders. Mrs. Gollath lives with him and their sole exercise is their annual and hilarious promenade through the streets of Ath.

The most socially prominent of the group is Gayang who has lived in Douai for 407 years. Dating from medieval times, he is fittingly outfitted with a shield and lance and is brought out every July 6, to repulse an imaginary invader.

He is followed by Mrs. Gayang, who dresses as a lady of the Renaissance period, and then come their three children, Jacquet, Fillot and Binbin. There is even a royal jester of colossal dimensions who accompanies the parade. Gayang has still another advantage over other Flemish giants as he has his own "national anthem" which is sung with fervor each year as he is paraded through the streets of historic Douai.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

IT LOOKS more and more likely that Paramount and RKO will merge in the not-so-distant future, which will mean another of those upheavals that take place every so often in the motion picture business. It's rather like shuffling a pack of cards; the same men bob up over and over.

And, curiously enough, some of those men are not too competent. One of the big shots who gets important jobs, over and over, has consistently been a company wrecker. (Incidentally, he's not among the Paramount-RKO assortment!) Yet when one company lets him out, another one takes him in.

Olivia de Havilland, who has climbed to the top so rapidly since she appeared in "Midsummer Night's Dream," remarked the other day she had tied up her income in a trust fund, allowing herself only \$250 a week, (wise girl!) and that, furthermore, she'd spend her spare time between pictures in her home town, Saratoga, Calif., because there's nothing like a small town where you know everybody to deflate your ego.



Olivia de Havilland

A girl who's grown up with her in that same small town declares that Olivia has always been one of the grandest girls alive, an opinion shared by every one who knows that very lovely young actress. And what a break for her that she's to play opposite Robert Montgomery in "The Marriage Clause." Working together they should make a team that movie fans will talk about for a long time to come.

"Show Boat" may be pretty hard on your pocket book, because you're going to want to see it over and over again. Compared with the stage play and the screen version made years ago, it comes out on top. A hardened movie goer who had never liked Helen Morgan, a man who had seen her at night clubs and on the stage, capitulated when he heard her sing "My Bill." Another one said he felt as if he'd never heard "Old Man River" till Paul Robeson sang it this time. And Irene Dunne's dance to "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" is worth the price of admission all by itself.

A new series of historical shorts is under way, and it's about time! Most of us remember what we see on the screen, so this ought to be the best possible method of teaching children history. The first one, "Song of the Nation," dramatizes the writing of "The Star Spangled Banner," and it's finished. Some of the other subjects are Lincoln's boyhood, the fall of the Alamo, the drawing up of the Declaration of Independence, the Louisiana Purchase and the duel between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton.

Anna Sten, whose movie career went up like a skyrocket and came down like the rocket's stick, has returned from Europe, where she made a picture. No announcements yet about her making any more over here.

A lot of the movie stars of earlier days will be seen in the picture, "Hollywood Boulevard"; some of them have been slowly coming back to pictures, others have merely wanted to. Leticia Joy had a test the other day. And one company has been dickered with Theda Bara, but she wants lots and lots of money.

Speaking of old-timers, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., has just about decided not to make pictures any more; all the talk about "Marco Polo" has come to nothing. He admits that he's been away too long, that picture-making has progressed too rapidly for him.

Fred Astaire has finally got things fixed to suit him. From now on he'll make just two pictures a year. And Ginger Rogers (who's had some very smart new sandals named for her, incidentally,) will have a chance to go dramatic in some of the ones she makes without him. She insists that she doesn't want to be nothing but a dancer, and she's right. She should have a chance to show her other talents in acting and to develop them further in pictures.

ODDS AND ENDS... Harriet Hilliard will travel to California soon to play one of the leads in "Count Peter"... Ginger Rogers has written a song—"I Can't Understand Why You Can't Understand Me"—did both words and music... Sylvia Sydney's making a picture in England, and being urged to stay and make some more... Errol Flynn almost got deported because he forgot to return his citizenship... Since James Cagney just won't make new pictures, his old ones are being bobbed up again, and they're still good... Edna May Oliver is having a grand vacation, her first in a long time.

All Around the House

When making cinnamon toast cut bananas in thin slices, arrange on toast, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and brown under the broiler.

If cherries or berries are rolled in flour before putting them into the pie crust the juice will be thickened and will not run out.

Squeeze into a tumbler the juice of half a lemon and fill with grape juice. Served cold this makes a delicious drink.

If lattices for rose bushes and vines that grow on the house are put on hinges it will be easy to lay them on the ground when painting your house.

The ribs of an old umbrella may be used as stakes to tie plants to. They are not conspicuous in a garden.

Before polishing mahogany furniture wash well with warm water and white soap and dry thoroughly.

Fruit juices and ginger ale may be frozen into cubes in a mechanical refrigerator and used for iced drinks.

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