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THURSDAY, MAY 1,

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. . .

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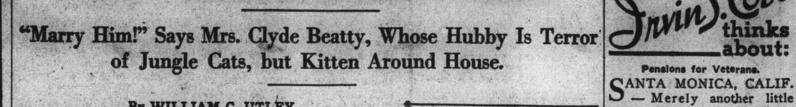
ANTFOOD

PETERMA



NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven... that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S. Tonic...which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...I started a course...the



**HOW TO TAME A LION TAMER** 

## By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

IRLS, what would you do if you woke up one of these spring mornings and discovered that you were in love with a lion tamer? With a guy who stares the King of

Beasts right in the eye and makes him sit sulking in a corner like a disciplined schoolboy? Who wrestles hand-to-hand with a man-eating tiger and wins the decision? Who walks into a cage with thirty or forty assorted jungle cats of both varieties twice a day and makes them do his bidding? Who even keeps a lion around the house to take care of the scraps from the dining table?

Don't laugh. It might happen to YOU. This is spring. Spring is the open season for romance. And spring is the season for the opening of the circus. It happened to a little Russian-

American girl just three years ago. SHE fell in love with a lion tamer, a lion tamer who does all those unbelievable things we were just talking about. And what did she do? She married him.

Follows Hubby's Footsteps.

She married Clyde Beatty, the lit-tle, curly-headed fellow who is generally considered the greatest animal trainer of all time.

For a couple of years she peeled potatoes in their home at Rochester, Ind., where the circus spends the winter, while Clyde's lionaround-the-house sat at her feet and roared for more table scraps. But like all good wives, Harriet knew that she must keep herself interested in the things that appealed to her husband. And she did-with a vengeance. She became a lion tamer herself and now appears every day in the same circus with her husband. She is today the only trainer in the world who "works" a lion, a tiger and an elephant in the same cage at the same time.

The story of this remarkable pair i one of those romantic dramas under the big top that endow the circus with much of the glamor it still holds for millions, young and old, even in this fast-moving age.

The story really begins about sixteen years ago in Chillicothe, Ohio. There was a circus playing in Chillicothe, and its fanfare drew the attention of a stripling youth of fif-

with deep-set, serious eyes betrayed by a smile that curls at the corners. Her soft, delicate, blonde beauty charms all who meet her. It was too good for a candy girl. Combined with her natural flair for dancing inherited from Russian ancestors, it got her into the circus ballet.

Harriet Gets Up in World. From the ballet it wasn't much of jump-figuratively speaking-to

the flying trapeze, and Harriet accomplished it, quaintly enough, with the greatest of ease. And then she fell. No, not from the trapeze (although she did that, too, once). She fell for the dapper

little man who looked the bold, bad lions in the eye and made them wilt. Mr. Beatty looked the petite aerial artist in the eye-and HE wilted. The little giant whose leer could turn a jungle roar into petulant ushimper just rolled over on his back and purred like a kitten. The daredevil with nerves of steel became putty in the hands of a woman—THE woman

And now, girls, if your best boy friend happens to be a bookkeeper, a farmer, a clerk, a lawyer, a truck driver, a doctor or even a newspaper man, here is your chance to find out what a thrill it is to be wooed circus.

rebel.

by the world's most courageous lion tamer. You have Harriet Beatty's word for it first-hand. Imagine the Thrills, Girls!

"What," Mrs. Beatty was asked, "is it like to be wooed by a lion tamer?" "Oo-oo-oo!" She girlishly gig-

gled. "It ees very sweet!" "How does a fearless, dominating goner.



the best of friends. So adept a trainer is she, she has never yet had a "close call" in the cage. Such luck has not fallen to the

than this one: lot of her husband. Clyde works as many as 43 assorted lions and sion to cover all World war vetertigers in the same cage at once. ans, regardless of ratings or physi-He makes them perch upon stools and assume all kinds of positions cal condition, will start as soon as those lately-won billions are distriband formations. Menelik, a new uted. At first some cat with the act this year, sits on veterans' organizahis haunches and waves his paws tion will oppose it around in the air like a prize fight--not for long, er entering the ring. A tiger rolls though. At first over and over and then chases his

congress will be lukewarm. Then it'll see a great light, and this new pension act-one that will be to all previous pension acts what a whale is to tadpoles-will be passed.

what

At least the veterans have the ar gument of patriotic service on their side. And isn't it true that to nearly all of us has come a new conception of the national figurehead? No longer is it square-jawed, selfdependent Yankee Doodle. It's a generous, jolly smiling Santa Claus bringing free checks for everybody; that is, free until the taxpayers start paying the bill.

some years ago by a certain fa-Leo, the Beattys' lion cub, is a mous personage, a cock-sure infidel great pal of "Daffy," a dog in the

Clyde's closest shave came in winter quarters when he was rehearsing his act preparatory to opening the 1932 season, Samson, one of the older and larger lions, attacked him and put him in the hospital, hovering between life and death for sixteen weeks. Had not a tiger then attacked the lion and diverted its kill a cockroach? attention, Clyde must have been a

T HAS been in print so often you must know it by heart, yourself: Samson, incidentally, is one beast At sight of her recreant gentleman you would not like to be meeting some night down a dark alley. The friend, the poor bruised butterfly felt a great sense of her wrongs-the wretch wanted to go back to his writer personally saw him sink his teeth into the shoulder of another wife or something equally dastardly trainer, Allen King, one night, and -and the next thing she knew she King, too, would be a dead man towas holding a smoking automatic day if a tiger had not come to his that accidentally happened to be in rescue. (It must not be supposed her handbag along with some lipthat the tiger in either case was stick and a recipe for fudge; and he trying to save the trainer's lifewas deader than the prosecutor's he was merely after a nice, juicy chance of convicting her for the bite of lion meat on the hoof). Last killing. But just prior to that "evwinter Sammy succeeded in killing erything went black before her a cage boy who carelessly left the "chute" door open while working. eyes." There's one detail which nev-The two cats have a natural ha- er varies-that going-black-before-

tred for each other, and when this the-eyes business. in the case they tried re

Irvin S. Cobb

thinks

bout

Pensions for Veterans.

prophecy by old Doctor Cobb,

the amateur soothsayer, who

never said a sooth he's surer of

Agitation for a blanket pen-

Defying the Almighty.

FOLLOWING the example set

made a speech lately, defying God Some are chosen and some are not. to smite him dead on the spot. It seemed, first off, a very sound idea, as you remember. And this is one tail at Clyde's command. With of the "summer" chosen! A pretty but nothing happened, so the gentlesuch goings-on amid a horde of wild man took this for proof there was beasts, it is not an infrequent hapno God and went his way rejoicing. pening for one or two of the cats to

> but, granted that every man is entitled to speak his opinion on religion, I'd call it pure gall. Think of inviting the Almighty to suspend the entire cosmic scheme while forging a thunderbolt to abolish one solitary copycat of an amateur Ajax. Would you call out the standing army of the United States to

## Lady Killers.

the new slit sleeves and the way to pleat and stitch-up the youthful bodice, you will immediately realize how automatically it goes together. The bodice has a lot of blouse to it, even makes you suspect that it's held underneath by an elastic band. and the side pleats of the skirt har-

bad pun, but this perfectly stunning spectator sports frock makes up for Some look on this as blasphemy, it. And you can wear it yourself when summer sets in if you'll send for the pattern now. It is surprisingly easy to make, and with the aid of the step-by-step chart, illustrating the cut and fit of

t and the e heartbeat is nine strokes faster when the animal is lying down. Man's heart beats more rapidly while he stands-because then it must raise blood the full height of the body. Old poets, with tired hearts, should do their writing lying down-the blood flows horisontally with little effort.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

He Used His Other Chance

New York's Titterton murder mys-

ery turns out not te be "the per-

trapped him. The sentimental who

say, "Give the poor criminal an-

other chance," will note that the

murderer was a convict on parole

when he killed the woman. He had

"another chance" and made use of it.

Berlin reports a great Hitler forty-

seventh bithday celebration in-

cluding a fine display of military

power-airplanes, war tanks, fight-

ing men, apparently eager for a

fight. They were young and could

Particularly interesting were two

And tomorrow the whole world."

The day after Hitler celebrated

his forty-seventh birthday old Rome

celebrated her two thousand six

hundred and eighty-ninth anniver-

sary. Mussolini celebrates by launch-

ing two new Italian cruisers and

speeding up airplane production. He

tells Italian fathers and mothers

he must have 60,000,000 population

for Italy not later than 1950. In 1921,

when Mussolini took charge, Italy's

population was 38,000,000. There

will soon be room and food to raise

more Italians in Ethiopia. Easy for

England, doing well in a business

way, with more than \$2,000,000,000

worth of Bank of England notes cir-

culating among tradesmen, is col-

lecting gold and depleting the

French reserves. While England

tries to keep down the price of her

"no-gold" pound, France is afraid

she will not be able to keep up the

value of her gold franc, already

devalued by 80 per cent of its 1914

value. What becomes of the "magic

of gold?" Our dear old dollar is

worth only 59 cents, and only deal-

Doctor Benedict, of Carnegie lab-

oratories, finds that the adult ele-

phant's heart beats from 22 to 30

times a minute, less than half the

ers in exchange know it.

all but the mother.

lines in the song sung by storm

"Today we own Germany,

not remember the last war.

troopers:

fect crime."

The murder-

er, an upholster-

er, carefully took away the cord used in

his trade, with which he had

bound the un-

fortunate wom-

an, but forgot that he had left

some strands of

twine under the

body, and those

pieces of cord, thanks to excel-

lent police work,

Two Big Birthdays England, Rich, Worries

The Elephant's Pulse

Arthur Brisbane

England is pleased; Sir Robert Hadfield, who makes tough steel, announces a shell for British naval guns that can pass unhurt through armor plate twelve inches thick and explode on the other side. "One shell of this kind fired in the region of the magazine would probably cause destruction of a modern battleship." England is manufacturing the shells rapidly; others are manu facturing airplane bombs that might make old-fashioned naval guns and shells useless.

In Miami, a lady, first name Lois, and married, has husky triplet bables. Two gentlemen, the official hushand and another, demand custody of the triplets, each calling himself the real father. The alleged "father" who is not the husband would submit to any blood test, his lawyer says.

How would King Solomon decide that? him.

Clarence Darrow, one of the country's most convincing lawyers, says on his seventy-ninth birthday:

"I say that religion is the belief in future life and in God. I don't believe in either."

The hoptoad beside the track. ching the express train go by, might say, reasonably enough: "I do not believe in such a thing as a locomotive engineer."

Moscow has returned to the Jap-Clyde is now part owner of the Cole Moscow has returned to the Jap-anese government in Manchukuo, with full military honors, the bodies of three Japanese killed in a fight with Soviet guards. The military honors will not console the widows, and, repeated often enough, such in-cidents lead to war. Brothers' circus, in which he and Mrs. Beatty perform. To catch up Mrs. Beatty's part of the story now: She was born in Chi-cago of Russian parents not too many years ago. Her name was something you have to meeze in Russian but in English it became just plain Harries Evans. In 1930 the circus was in town and advertised for girls to sell candy.

rope envies our fortunate coun

Harriet Beatty is the only trainer ever to work a lion, a tiger and an elephant in the same cage at the same time,

teen in the town of Bainbridge, a | male like Clyde act during a courtfew miles away. It was a big day shin?" for the boy. It was also a big day

"Oo-oo-oo! He ees very sweet !" "Well, now that you are married, haven't you found that a lion tamer is something of a terrible tyrant around the house?"

"Oo-oo-oo! He ees VERY sweet!" So now you know.

When Clyde and Harriet were married he insisted that she quit working. She did for a while. She didn't like to be around when Clyde was risking his life with the cats, anyway. She was afraid of them. But she raised a cub, Leo, on a baby's bottle, and that cured her of a great deal of her fear. Leo is a year and a half old now and, according to Harriet, "ees very sweet," but some of the Beattys' house guests don't think so.

She Knows No Fear.

Leo's teeth are a couple of inches long and about as dull as the business end of an ice pick. But they can't be very terrifying to a little lady who spends a few minutes every afternoon and evening now in a cage with a full-grown lion, an illdispositioned tiger and a lumbering pachyderm, all natural enemies.

This is the new act which Harr th Clyde's guiding h orks in the circus d and, south Cla

hatred works up to a certain pitch a fight sometimes results in the cage, with disastrous results. In latest case at Chicago. "Tis a sore Muskegon, Michigan, last season a fight almost broke up the show and lapse of memory and frequently couresulted in the death of a cat. Clyde Beatty has never seen an

African jungle, but then Edgar Rice ship. Burroughs wrote the whole "Tar-

Lion Kills Cage Boy.

zan" series of savage jungle lore and he hasn't seen one, either. Clyde buys his cats from zoos and animal dealers. He looks for lions and tigers with spirit, cats who will fight back when he encourages them. That's one of the reasons that his every appearance in the cage is a nearly-mortal ordeal, one that leaves him soping wet with perspiration and with nerves so unstrung that he will talk to no one, even his wife, for 20 minutes after the act.

Prefers Cats to Cameras.

Even so, Clyde says he is more afraid of Hollywood than his cage of cats. He has made three pictures, "The Big Cage," "The Lost Jungle" and "Darkest Africa." The latter is a thrilling serial which he completed this winter, and it's Hol-lywood at its daffiest. It's full of Bat Men, wild hairbreadth escapes, volcanic eruptions and heroic feats.

In making the picture, Clyde was badly bruised by some of the Bat Men, did not succeed in effecting a couple of the hairbreadth escapes, was rather painfully blown up in one of the synthetic volcanoes and had to rest up for a week after performing the final heroic feat.

The last named incident occurred when the director casually asked Clyde if he would mind "rassling" a tiger bare-handed, on the plea that it would be "sure-fire picture stuff." Clyde was finally talked into it, but only on condition that the match take place after the rest of the picture was finished, so there would still be a picture, even if there was not any more Beatty.

The match was long and furious and Clyde got pushed around plenty before winning the deciding fall. "Pretty good," conceded the di-

ector, "pretty good. Now let's try it just once more with a little more of the old pep!" Clyde's reply has been deleted so

that this newspaper can be sent through the United States mails. Oc-oc-oc! It ees not very

tern Newspager

cently in New York. It's in this affliction, always marked by total pled with temporary insanity, but it's certainly fine for marksman-

Brawls in Hollywood.

NATURALLY, I have hot southern blood, which seems to be the hottest there is, although down home I never noticed it. But un north, if trouble impended, people would speak of my hot southern blood when all the time I thought I was having a nervous chill.

Being thus all hot-blooded up, I adore fighting, if somebody else does it. Since our movie heroes always stage their combats in some utterly secluded spot, such as a cafe or a

night club, I hurry hither and yon hoping to be present when an embittered star satisfies his honor by bouncing a special order of sweetbreads under glass with mushrooms -twenty minutes, 90 cents - off

some rival's classic profile. But it's hard enough for me to get in touch with a waiter, let alone a good plate-tossing contest. Today the war correspondents report two brisk battles on the Hollywood front, and I'm absent, as usual. In the main bout, both gladiators were script writers, proverbially a tigerish breed. Believe it or not, a Mr. Riskin tangled with a Mr. Rus kin, the presumption being that one of the gentlemen regarded the other as a typographical error.

English Reds Again.

COMETHING printed here recent ly about the way the English handle their reds and pinks prompted an English gentleman to write giving further details.

"Twould seem that over there all public servants, including, notably, state-paid school teachers, must swear to uphold the crown, which means they cannot preach communism to their pupils without violating a solemn oath and, if caught

so doing, they lose their official heads instanter. Moreover, no avowed or suspected agent of the Soviets may use the radio to preach the overthrow of the existing gov ernment in favor of the Rus

In other words-for

color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I no longer tired easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength...It is great to feel strong again and like my old self. OSS.Co.

"Yes, I have a back to where I like myself a

BEFOR

HE SA

You ne

a quar



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## for the circus, although that was not proven for quite a few years. Clyde Beatty never went back to Bainbridge. He got a job as a cageboy for the polar bear act. He was pretty small, but there was something in his eye, and they took Tames Dame Fortune.

Two years later Clyde was work-

ing his own act-not with polar

bears, but with the great cats who

would kill a man with a single bite

Over the years Clyde and his cats

vere to reach the heights-heights

from which they have not yet de-

scended. In rapid succession came

top billing in the Big Show, moving

pictures and, finally, ownership in-terest in one of the major circuses.

and do it willingly.