

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

He Used His Other Chance Two Big Birthdays England, Rich, Worries The Elephant's Pulse

New York's Titterton murder mystery turns out not to be "the perfect crime."

The murderer, an upholsterer, carefully took away the cord used in his trade, with which he had bound the unfortunate woman, but forgot that he had left some strands of twine under the body, and those pieces of cord, thanks to excellent police work, trapped him.

Berlin reports a great Hitler forty-seventh birthday celebration including a fine display of military power—airplanes, war tanks, fighting men, apparently eager for a fight.

Particularly interesting were two lines in the song sung by storm troopers: "Today we own Germany, 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 anniversary. Mussolini celebrates by launching two new Italian cruisers and speeding up airplane production.

England, doing well in a business way, with more than \$2,000,000,000 worth of Bank of England notes circulating among traders, is collecting gold and depleting the French reserves.

Doctor Benedict, of Carnegie laboratories, finds that the adult elephant's heart beats from 22 to 30 times a minute, less than half the human heartbeat, and the elephant heartbeats is nine strokes faster when the animal is lying down.

England is pleased; Sir Robert Hoadfield, 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.

In Miami, a lady, first name Lois, and married, has husky triplet babies. Two gentlemen, the official husband and another, demand custody of the triplets, each calling himself the real father.

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."

Moscow has returned to the Japanese government in Manchukuo, with full military honors, the bodies of three Japanese killed in a fight with Soviet guards.

Europe envies our fortunate country, which gives only paper dollars and inflation paper bonds to its citizens but has buried in the ground, a ton of gold on earth.

HOW TO TAME A LION TAMER

"Marry Him!" Says Mrs. Clyde Beatty, Whose Hubby Is Terror of Jungle Cats, but Kitten Around House.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

GIRLS, 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?

Don't laugh. It might happen to YOU. This is spring. Spring is the open season for romance.

It happened to a little Russian-American girl just three years ago. SEE fell in love with a lion tamer, a lion tamer who does all those unbelievable things we were just talking about.

She married Clyde Beatty, the little, 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 lion-around-the-house sat at her feet and roared for more table scraps.

The story of this remarkable pair is 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 strapping 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 a jump—figuratively speaking—to the flying trapeze, and Harriet accomplished it, quaintly enough, with the greatest 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 loops 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 whimper just rolled over on his back and purred like a kitten.

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

the best of friends. So adopt a trainer is she, she has never yet had a "close call" in the cage.

Such luck has not fallen to the lot of her husband. Clyde works as many as 43 assorted lions and tigers in the same cage at once. He makes them perch upon stools and assume all kinds of positions and formations.



Leo, the Beattys' lion cub, is a great pal of "Daffy," a dog in the circus.

tail at Clyde's command. With such goings-on amid a horde of wild beasts, it is not an infrequent happening for one or two of the cats to rebel.

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 attention, Clyde must have been a goner.

Lion Kills Cage Boy. Samson, incidentally, is one beast you would not like to be meeting some night down a dark alley. The writer personally saw him sink his teeth into the shoulder of another trainer, Allen King, one night, and King, too, would be a dead man today if a tiger had not come to his rescue.

The two cats have a natural hatred for each other, and when this hatred works up to a certain pitch a fight sometimes results in the cage, with disastrous results. In Muskegon, Michigan, last season a fight almost broke up the show and resulted in the death of a cat.

Clyde Beatty has never seen an African jungle, but then Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote the whole "Tarzan" series of savage jungle lore and he hasn't been 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.

Even so, Clyde says he is more afraid of Hollywood than his cage of cats. He has made three pictures, "The Big Game," "The Lost Jungle" and "Darkest Africa." The latter is a thrilling serial which he completed this winter, and it's Hollywood at its daffiest.

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 director, "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. Oo—oo—oo! It ees not very sweet!

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Pensions for Veterans. SANTA MONICA, CALIF. — Merely another little prophecy by old Doctor Cobb, the amateur soothsayer, who never said a sooth he's surer of than this one:

Agitation for a blanket pension to cover all World War veterans, regardless of ratings or physical condition, will start as soon as those lately-won billions are distributed. At first some veterans' organization will oppose it—not for long, though. At first 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.

At least the veterans have the argument 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, self-dependent 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.

Defying the Almighty.

FOLLOWING the example set some years ago by a certain famous personage, a cock-sure infidel made a speech lately, defying God to smite him dead on the spot. It seemed, first off, a very sound idea, but nothing happened, so the gentleman took this for proof there was no God and went his way rejoicing.

Some look on this as blasphemy, but, granted that every man is entitled to speak his opinion on religion, I'd call it pure gail. 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 kill a cockroach?

Lady Killers.

IT HAS been in print so often you must know it by heart, yourself: At sight of her recent gentleman friend, the poor bruised butterfly felt a great sense of her wrongs—the wretch wanted to go back to his wife or something equally dastardly—and the next thing she knew she was holding a smoking automatic that accidentally happened to be in her handbag along with some lipstick and a recipe for fudge; and he was deadlier than the prosecutor's chance of convicting her for the killing. But just prior to that "everything went black before her eyes." There's one detail which never varies—that going-black-before-the-eyes business.

It was in the case they tried recently in New York. It's in this latest case at Chicago. 'Tis a sore affliction, always marked by total lapse of memory and frequently coupled with temporary insanity, but it's certainly fine for marksmanship.

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 up 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, 60 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. Ruskin, the presumption being that one of the gentlemen regarded the other as a typographical error.

English Reds Again.

SOMETHING printed here recently 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 instant. Moreover, no avowed or suspected agent of the Soviets may use the radio to preach the overthrow of the existing government in favor of the Russian plan.

In other words—forgive the pun, please—Britain never shall be Slava.



Irvin S. Cobb

New Slit Sleeves and Youthful Bodice Go With This Spectator Sports Frock



Pattern No. 1868-B

Some are chosen and some are not, as you remember. And this is one of the "summer" chosen! A pretty bad pun, but this perfectly stunning spectator sports frock makes up for 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 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-

monize beautifully with the accent pleats in the back blouse.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1868-B is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24. Corresponding bust measurements 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 (34) requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Send fifteen cents for the pattern.

The Barbara Bell Pattern Book featuring spring designs is ready. Send fifteen cents today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. 107th Street, New York, N. Y.

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OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Grease spots can be removed from washable materials with warm water and soap as in ordinary laundering if care is taken to rub spot thoroughly. Soap containing naphtha or kerosene is efficient.

To remove soiled places on the children's rompers and play clothes dip garments in water, sprinkle with granulated soap powder, roll up and put to soak in the bottom of tub.

Soiled white window shades may be successfully painted on one side with a coat of flat white paint and with green paint on the other side.

When making gravies, allow one and one-half teaspoons of flour to each cup of liquid. Mix flour to a paste with cold water and add to hot liquid.

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Advertisement for Peterman's Ant Food, featuring a large illustration of the product box and text: "NO MORE ANTS... Just sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors, any place where ants come and go. Peterman's kills them—red ants, black ants, others. Quick. Safe. Guaranteed effective 24 hours a day. Get Peterman's Ant Food now, 25c, 35c and 60c at your drugstore."

This story will interest many Men and Women

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.



"Yes, I have come back to where I feel like myself again."

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 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.

S.S.S. TONIC Makes you feel like yourself again.

Advertisement for Quaker State Motor Oil, featuring a large illustration of a man in a suit and a sign that says "HOW FAR CAN YOU GO BEFORE HE SAYS 'You need a quart!'". Text includes: "The 'FIRST QUART' Tells the Story. Out of the experience of thousands of motorists has been developed a simple method of comparing oil performance... 'The First Quart' Test. It is just a matter of noting how many miles you go after a drain-and-refill before you have to add a quart. If you are obliged to add oil too frequently, try the 'First Quart' Test with Quaker State. See if you don't go farther before you have to add that tell-tale first quart. And, the oil that stands up best between refills is giving your motor the safest lubrication. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pa. Retail Price... 35¢ per Quart."