FEATURES FOR THE FAMILY FIRESIDE

Interesting Articles for Readers of Eight to Eighty

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? 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 about 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.

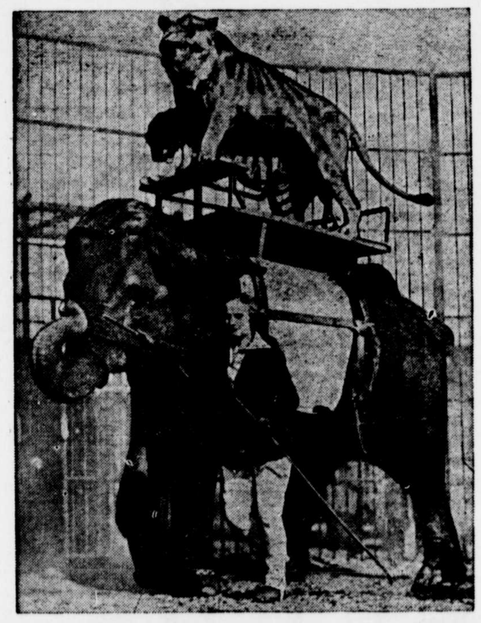
Follows Hubby's Footsteps.

She married Clyde Beatty, the 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. 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 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 stripling youth of fifteen in the town of Bainbridge, a few miles away. It was a big day for the boy. It was also a big day for the circus, although that was not proven for quite a few years.



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

Clyde Beatty never went back to Bainbridge. He got a job as a cage-boy for the polar bear act. He was pretty small, but there was something in his eye, and they took him.

Tames Dame Fortune.

Two years later Clyde was working his own act—not with polar bears, but with the great cats who would kill a man with a single bite and do it willingly.

Over the years Clyde and his cats were to reach the heights — heights from which they have not yet descended. In rapid succession came top billing in the Big Show, moving pictures and, finally, ownership interest in one of the major circuses. Clyde is now part owner of the Cole Brothers circus, in which he and Mrs. Beatty perform.

To catch up Mrs. Beatty's part of the story now: She was born in Chicago of Russian parents not too many years ago. Her name was something you have to sneeze in Russian but in English it became just plain Harriet Evans. In 1930 the circus was in town and advertised for girls to sell candy. Harriet needed a job, and she joined up with the show. Like Beatty she never left it.

Harriet is a tiny wisp of a thing, 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 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 whimper 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 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 male like Clyde act during a courtship?"

"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. Leo is an affable sort for a jungle beast, but he is as large as a small draft horse and likes to play. Women folks don't warm up to him very easily.

"He rips their stockings and that annoys them," says Harriet. "And his teeth are getting big now. When he bites you it hurts."

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 ill-dispositioned tiger and a lumbering pachyderm, all natural enemies.

This is the new act which Harriet devised and, with Clyde's guiding hand to tutor her, works in the circus this year. She makes the great cats leap through hoops of flame to the elephant's back and ride around the ring 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 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. Menelik, a new cat with the act this year, sits on his haunches and waves his paws around in the air like a prize fighter entering the ring. A tiger rolls over and over and then chases his 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.

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

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. (It must not be supposed that the tiger in either case was trying to save the trainer's life—he was merely after a nice, juicy bite of lion meat on the hoof). Last winter Sammy succeeded in killing a cage boy who carelessly left the "chute" door open while working.

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 or two. Across the state in Bay City the season before a rumpus in the cage caused a pistol in Beatty's holster to discharge, wounding him severely in the leg. He went on with the act, however, and it was not until some time later that the slug was removed by a doctor. He loads his gun with nothing but blanks now.

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 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 thriller serial which he completed this winter, and it's Hollywood 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 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!

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Putting a score of jungle cats through their paces is all in a day's work.

TALL TALES

As Told to:

FRANK E. HAGAN *and* ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Champion of the Oil Fields

ASK any Texas or Oklahoma oil-driller who's the best in his business and he's pretty certain to answer "Why, Kemp Morgan, of course!"

Ask him why and he will tell you it's because Kemp had more unusual experiences than any other seeker after "black gold" ever did.

For instance there was the time Kemp lost his best drill. He was working in soft ground but he noticed that the drill kept going slower and slower the farther it went down. Pretty soon it stopped completely. When Kemp tried to pull it out, it was stuck fast. Come to find out that he had hit an alum mine and the hole had shrunk up around the drill so tight that even Kemp couldn't budge it.

Then there was the time a Texas "norther" swooped down on Kemp's rig. But it didn't stop him—no sirree! He just kept on drilling, and brought in a 22-inch gusher. It was so cold that the oil froze as it spurted upward so there was a solid column of frigid oil. Kemp just took out his knife, hacked it off in three-foot lengths and shipped it to the refinery on flat cars.

That was in Texas but Kemp had a funny experience once in Oklahoma. He drilled a well so deep that it tapped a rubber mine 'way down in Brazil. She began to gush pure rubber, so Kemp just blew his hot breath on it to make it solid, cut it off in 11-foot lengths and shipped it to that place in Ohio where they make solid tires for trucks.

When the average driller brings in a "duster," he moves his rig away from there pronto. But not Kemp Morgan! He knew what a tough time the Kansas farmers had digging postholes in the summer when the ground was baked hard. So whenever he'd strike a dry hole, he'd just take his two hands, pull it up four feet and two inches at a time and saw it off. Then he'd ship a carload of these lengths across the state line where they always found a market.

Private Life of Jonah

IT WASN'T a whale which swallowed Jonah, theorizes Stanley Suchwalko, it was a big-mouthed fish in northern Michigan. His friend, Laddie Hornik, captured the monster in 1930.

Laddie inspected the fish, which had laid down its life while being hooked, gaffed and beaten over the head with a pair of oars, and couldn't decide what to do with it. The size seemed to destroy the fish's commercial value and imagine Laddie's surprise, says Stanley, when the first stranger to arrive bid a fabulous price for the fish's scales.

Laddie yelled "Sold!" Then he recovered his poise, sheared off the scales, counted the money and watched the stranger bear the scales away.

"What'll you do with 'em?" asked Laddie.

"I'm a spade manufacturer from Moline, Ill.," replied the buyer. "I've got material here for 6,400 spades of the best chilled steel."

Buyer after buyer paid staggering prices for different parts of the fish and Laddie, says Stanley, didn't get wise until a tremendous price was bid and accepted for the fish's stomach.

The stomach buyer immediately slit open the fish's belly and revealed the golden throne upon which Jonah had been seated during his long captivity.

"It's cheap at half the price," stated the buyer with pardonable satisfaction as he brushed a stray fin from his precious purchase.

The Despondent Grasshoppers

A SEASONED maxim of the copy-books is that frequently a real cry does a person good. Leonard Bailer, once a Nebraska farmer, is sure of it.

Rain washed away the railroads around his Nebraska lands; the drouth hit him squarely; then the dust storms killed every living thing and his land was dry as the inside of a grain bin. At this moment, the grasshoppers arrived by millions and settled on his farms.

Wasn't a thing for the 'hoppers to eat but they were too tired to move on and Leonard almost lost hope. As a last gesture, however he rushed out among the despondent grasshoppers, sitting there in the dust, and planted several sets of the strongest and hardiest onions he could buy.

To his surprise the onions matured quickly. The moment their bulbs appeared above ground the grasshoppers pounced on them, ate ravenously and burst into tears.

"And that," Leonard recalls proudly, "is how my farms were saved. The land was drenched by the tears of the grasshoppers and as soon as they had drowned themselves I was able, of course, to raise a normal crop."

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Theory Pre-Dates Pasteur

The germ theory of disease is much older than the discoveries of Louis Pasteur, with whose name it is associated because he was the first to make practical use of it, according to the Medical society of the state of New York. He produced serums for anthrax, rabies and other diseases. But before Pasteur was born, a Seventeenth century German scholar named Athanasius Kircher noted that flies visit the sick and infect the well by contaminating their food.

"Entangling Alliances"

Washington, in his farewell address, published September 17, 1796, said: "Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?" It was Jefferson who said, "Peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none." This was in his first inaugural address.

WASHINGTON TODAY

"Federal Triangle" in Washington.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

THE annual spring rush of tourists to Washington is on. In the Nation's Capital even the perennial visitor is greeted with something new to enjoy. This year new buildings, recently opened, in and near the great triangle between the Capitol and the Ellipse, will be a feature of a tour of the city.

Gaze down upon the modern Washington from an airplane. As always, the simple grandeur of the White House, the Capitol, the Lincoln Memorial, and the towering Washington monument draw the eye and make the heart beat faster. But near them new wonders have appeared.

Quietly and steadily, with so little fuss that residents were hardly aware of it, thousands of carloads of stone and metal—whole mountains in the aggregate—have been hauled into the city and reared into monumental buildings.

Acres and acres of old, unsightly structures have been razed on Capitol Hill, around its base, and along broad, historic Pennsylvania avenue. In their place stretch parks, wide boulevards, or long, handsome houses of government.

In the angle formed by the intersection of Pennsylvania avenue and the new Constitution avenue, beautiful Champs-Elysees or Rue de Rivoli of Washington, rises a mighty wedge of masonry, the famed "Federal Triangle," eight blocks long.

In this single group is the most amazing collection of government buildings that the world has seen. They make their own weather. In hottest summer the air inside is cooled to the temperature of a fine spring day.

Beneath the roofs of this Triangle work nearly 20,000 government employees, about as many as the entire population of Batavia, N. Y., or Daytona Beach, Fla. Every day dozens of people get lost in its 20 miles of corridors.

Massive and Beautiful.

In sheer size the cluster of buildings is staggering, even from high above. It is as if half a dozen or more of New York's tallest skyscrapers have been laid on their sides, formed into a blunted arrowhead, and cut and twisted to make courts and wings. One unit—the Commerce department—is longer than the Chrysler building is tall.

But it is not merely an impression of bigness that one has in the wandering plane. Long ranks of majestic columns, graceful arcades, a wide plaza, and solid rock walls give a beauty and simplicity that make these enormous newcomers fit companions for the classic White House and Capitol.

The airplane turns, and far off in the distance, beyond the Capitol dome, appears a gleaming white marble temple, comparable in beauty even to the noble Lincoln Memorial. This is the new United States Supreme Court building, the only real home of its own that the nation's highest court has had.

For the first time in American history a citizen now might gaze upon the separate, permanent abodes of the three branches of his government—legislative, the Capitol; executive, the White House, and now, for the judicial, long sheltered in the old senate chamber, this temple whose dignity and impressiveness match the majesty of the law itself.

Suspended in History.

As you cruise about, other splendid white buildings appear, new jewels in the familiar setting along the Potomac.

Beyond the Lincoln shrine the new Arlington Memorial bridge links north and south. Down the Virginia shore of the winding river a wide Appian way, the Mount Vernon Memorial highway leads to the home and tomb of the Father of his Country.

From the steps of the Capitol all the way down to the river, two and a third miles away, sweeps a broad stretch of tree-dotted park land. Gone is much of the mushroom growth of temporary wartime structures. Their removal gives new beauty to this Mall, main feature of the grand plan conceived by the Revolutionary soldier-artist, Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, when he laid out this city with broad, sweeping, prophetic strokes to be the capital of a vast country.

Hanging between earth and sky, you seem suspended in history, halfway between the past and the unfathomable future. How would the city look a hundred years hence, or twenty, or a thousand?

For months now, returning travelers from Timbuktu or Teheran and pilgrimaging citizens from Dodge City or Dubuque have been pausing on emergence from Washington's Union station and uttering exclamations of admiration and surprise.

No wonder! Instead of ugly brick walls and tar-paper shacks of World war vintage, a splendid park cut by wide drives sweeps across to the Capitol. In the midst of the magnificent plaza, if it be summer, a fountain plays, its water glowing with subdued colored lights.

The Senate Office building, off there at the left, has had its face lifted—and a handsome face it now is, with a long row of Roman Doric columns. A street car line that once marred the scene dips discreetly underground. Beneath a broad lawn is a subterranean garage in which 270 senatorial cars can be parked.

Supreme Court Building.

But to look upon the latest crowning glory of Capitol hill one should stand on the front steps of the Capitol, where Presidents are inaugurated, and see the new Supreme Court building, its beauty heightened by the green of trees and grass.

It occupies a historic site. Early patriots in powdered wigs forgathered at a famous old hotel run by William Tunnicliff on this spot before the War of 1812. After the British burned the Capitol in 1814, a building erected here housed congress until the marks of the torch were erased. In Civil war times it was used as a military prison.

Everything about the Supreme court's home is on a majestic scale.

Look at those blocks of marble, one at each side of the steps. Each block weighs 45 tons. They are two of the heaviest marble blocks ever brought into Washington.

The two bronze doors weigh 3,000 pounds apiece. The eight Corinthian columns are 51½ feet high. The pediment above them catches the eye, not alone for its size, but for its interesting sculptures in which the features of historic or living men are recognized.

Inside the massive bronze portals a main hall lined with 36 stately columns—each made from one solid piece of stone—leads to the courtroom where the nine black-robed justices sit. At their own request, the room was made only about 60 per cent larger in floor area than the old Supreme court room in the Capitol. Richly colored marble columns and sculptured panels lend beauty to the lofty chamber, 45 feet from floor to ceiling.

Behind the courtroom are the quartered-oak-paneled offices of the justices, each of whom will have about as much space as all had together in the crowded Capitol. Only three had offices there at all, and most of the members of the court do much of their work at home. To assure the justices privacy, the new building's corridors can be closed by big bronze gates.

The attorney general and solicitor general, who had barely space enough for their brief-cases when they came to the Capitol to appear before the court, are provided with spacious offices.

Under the courtyards are garages; out of sight is apparatus for conditioning the air in most parts of the building; there are dining rooms for justices and a cafeteria for visitors, council rooms for attorneys, and numerous libraries—space for 379,726 of the law's voluminous tomes.

Wonderful Libraries.

In the Folger Shakespeare library, down the street, reposes a fine collection of books and Elizabethan treasures, even the supposed corset of Queen Elizabeth, solemnly stowed away in a vault and shown only to a chosen few.

Behind the Library of Congress an annex almost to double its capacity is being built, although already it is the largest library in the world, with more than 9,840,000 books, pamphlets, pieces of music, and other items at the latest count.

Down from Capitol hill, past a shining new House Office building lately reared beside the first one, the trail of the new Washington leads to Pennsylvania avenue.

In some of its now vanished buildings—masses of rubble and ruined walls then—the first bricks flew in the "bonus army" riots of 1932.

Halfway along "The Avenue," between the Capitol and White House, there stretched off to the left in the early days of the city a dreary swamp where Washingtonians were wont to shoot "reedbirds."

Later the swamp was filled in, and the old Center Market, dubbed the Marsh or "Ma'sh" Market, was erected there. Five years ago, the ramshackle market buildings still occupied the spot, and thousands of rats inhabited the premises which had long been a cornucopia for them.

An energetic government hit upon this location as a key point in its building program. Here would rest the tip of the Federal Triangle. Wrecking operations began. Scientific Pied Pipers from the Agricultural department disposed of the rats, which at first devoured the workmen's lunches.

On this unlikely site now stands a structure in many ways unique—the National Archives building.

Here for the first time is a worthy, safe, and permanent home for the precious records of the nation, some scrawled in faded ink on yellowed paper by early patriot hands, others punched out on modern typewriters, or even contained in sound motion-picture films which will be preserved and shown here.

To guard against deterioration—to keep Father Time at bay as long as possible—both sunlight and natural air are barred from the archive storage sections, which are windowless.

ALL ALIKE

Jackson met an old school friend whom he had not seen for a number of years.

"Hallo, old chap," he said heartily. "I hear you've been engaged for nearly a year. Who is the woman in the case?"

"I don't think you know her," replied Jackson. "She's a Miss Terry."

The other shook his head gravely.

"I understand, old chap," he replied. "I've been married to one for ten years, and she's still a mystery."—Stray Stories.

ONE WAY

"But your fiance's salary is so small how are you going to live?"

"Oh, we're going to economize. We're going to do without a lot of things that Tom wants."

Not Fair

Two patients were airing their grievances in the asylum grounds.

Said one: "It's an outrage. I've been here ten years, and I'm as sane as anybody."

"So am I," chimed in the other, "and I've been here 12 years. Let's go and tell the Governor."

"Wait a minute," said the first. "I'm going to test you."

Then, putting her hands behind her back, she said: "What have I got in my hand?"

"A tramcar," promptly answered the other.

"You cheat!" was the heated retort. "You saw me pick it up!"—Tit-Bits.

Pinch Hitting

At a marriage service performed in a little country church, when the minister said in solemn tones, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, etc.?" instead of the woman answering for herself, a gruff man's voice answered, "I will!"

The minister looked up, very much perplexed, and paused. He repeated the sentence, and again the same gruff voice answered, "I will!"

The minister looked up, when a man seated at the end of the first row said, "She's deaf, parson, an' I'm answerin' for her!"

Everyone a Loser

A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger who was walking in the same direction.

"Have you lost half a dollar?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger, feeling in his pocket. "Have you found one?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I just want to find out how many have been lost today. Yours makes 55."

OCCUPATIONAL

"Sometimes Sue speaks and sometimes she doesn't."

"Yes. She got that way since she took a position in the telephone exchange."

When Fido Won't Lie Down

"A man is entitled to his opinion."

"Of course," answered Senator Sorghum, "but an opinion may, in the course of time, be like an unfriendly dog. You don't care so much to assert ownership. What you'd like would be a painless way of getting rid of it."

Final Refuge

"Is there anything in this job of tax collector—any future in it?"

"Well, when you're through they'll let you in at some home for the friendless."

The Prairie Wolf

"Why do you refer to your favorite candidate as the prairie wolf?"

"Well, it's customary to give a popular aspirant some animal name. And he's one of those fellows who manage to get just out of gunshot range and then bark and holler till nobody can sleep."

League

Kitchenet—Well, the League of Nations opens up a new season.

Kumidorcas—Who's throwing out the first bawl?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ups and Downs

"The public is always ready to pick up a new idea."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "and the public is always ready to throw it down again as soon as it looks it over and decides it doesn't suit."

Safety First

"Then you won't have a garden wedding?"

"No; I'll take no chances of having my wedding called off on account of

OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Wood ashes make an excellent fertilizer for shrubbery and rose bushes, also for dahlias, peonies and delphinium. Scatter ashes over soil. It makes it sweet and has a tendency to loosen it.

• • •

A simple Russian dressing is made by adding two tablespoons of chili sauce and two tablespoons of finely chopped green peppers to one cup of mayonnaise.

• • •

Purchase seldom used spices in small packages, as it is more economical since spices lose some of their flavor when exposed to the air.

• • •

Paper baking cups make excellent caps for milk bottles. Press edges down firmly to fit mouth of bottle.

• • •

Sweep rugs the way of the pile. Brushing against the grain tends to brush dust in instead of out.

• • •

Powdered borax added to the water when washing fine white flannels helps to keep them soft.

• • •

The tough skin that forms on top of a cornstarch pudding may be prevented if a piece of oiled paper is placed over pudding when set away to cool.

• • •

If the table silver is placed in hot soapsuds immediately after being used, and dried with a soft, clean cloth, much of the work of polishing will be saved.

• • •

When you are basting roast beef, a tablespoon of brown or white sugar added to the gravy improves the flavor and color.

• • •

Paint stains that are dry and old may be removed from cotton or woolen goods with chloroform. First cover amply with olive oil.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Doctor Will Take 25 'In-Laws' on Country-Wide Vacation

Dr. Thomas Richmond, of Kansas City, is so fond of his wife's relations that he is taking 25 of them on holiday with him. The idea was his own, not Mrs. Richmond's. They included the doctor's eighty-one-year-old mother-in-law and eleven-months-old nephew-in-law. They are going to tour the country in a 17-seater bus and two cars, with a lorry for the luggage. "I think he is crazy," his wife said in an interview. "But if he wants to spend his money that way, it's all right with me."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

What Trepidation Is

The meaning of trepidation is alarm, dismay or consternation.

Real Condolence

In condolences, it is not what people say, but how they say it.

Mother Advised Daughter To Take CARDUI

Many, many women have taken Cardui on the advice of their mothers who had been helped by it. "I would have severe cramping spells," writes Mrs. F. C. Allen, of Smithdale, Miss. "I would get nauseated, and feel faint and would have to go to bed. I would be very nervous for two or three days. I was afraid to go away from home, for fear I would faint and fall. My mother, having used Cardui with good results, advised me to try it. I am so glad I took Cardui and got relief, for it has done wonders for me."

Of course, if Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

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Hiscox Chem. Wks., Patchogue, N.Y.
FLORESTON SHAMPOO — Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Watch Your Kidneys!
Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood
YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.
Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.
Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.
DOAN'S PILLS