

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The Souls of Oysters In the Coffin, He Pays Polly Has a Tombstone Suicide Is Folly

Mr. Kokichi Mikimoto, able Japanese gentleman, once a peddler of noodles, is now gigantically rich, thanks to his oyster pearl idea. He makes real pearls by forcing the oyster to work at pearl production. Instead of diving for oysters, hoping to find one with a pearl in it, he puts little, irritating grains of sand inside the shells of millions of oysters, and each oyster proceeds to deposit the pearly substance on the sand to escape its irritating scratching.

These pearls are "real." Although experts can tell the difference, they annoy jewelers and have hurt the value of the other accidental pearls, but they make it unnecessary for the unfortunate pearl diver to "go all naked to the hungry shark," as the poet has it. Mr. Mikimoto has been obliged to kill hundreds of millions of oysters, which is serious; his Buddhist religion teaches that each has its little separate soul—in fact, the soul of his great-grandmother might have resided in one of the oysters.

An American who recently died left a fortune of between twenty-five and thirty million dollars, chiefly in tax-exempt securities on which the owner, while he lived, paid no income tax. Now that he is dead, inheritance taxes will take about two-thirds of the many millions.

The lack of a "dead-or-alive" tax-exempt securities offers opportunity to some able lawyer. If the government has no constitutional right to take any income from tax-exempt bonds, how can it legally take half merely because the owner is in his coffin?

A green parrot, with red tipped wings, buried in a respectable grave, will have a granite headstone with "Here lies Polly Coddington, sixty-eight years old," engraved on it. Exactly how old Polly was, no one knows. Born in Brazil, she was presented to the grand-

mother of Mrs. Joseph E. Hunt, sixty-eight years ago. Parrots, like eagles, elephants and other intelligent creatures that eat wisely, often pass one hundred.

A higher race thinks up foolish things for itself.

Gruesome details which no one seems to have put into a movie or a horror story are published in connection with a recent suicide. The unfortunate victim, convinced that life was not worth while, hanged himself, and then, still conscious, found he was mistaken and made desperate unsuccessful efforts to cut the rope.

Those that think of suicide should remember that they must leave the world soon in any case, and might as well remain to see what will happen. While there is life, there is hope.

Chiang Kai-Shek, dictator of the Nanking government, warns China, "No nation can ruin us unless we first ruin ourselves," emphasizing the fact that the short road to national ruin is neglect of preparation for war. Some patriotic American "radio sponsor" might arrange to broadcast that talk in Washington, D. C. We need it here almost as much as China needs it.

England fears that quarrels among union men may cause strikes in airplane factories and delay Britain's effort to get ready for her next war. Such strikes would probably bring welcome orders for planes to American factories; nevertheless, it is only fair to remind British workers, quarreling among themselves, that when foreign bombs begin dropping on their families any strike against national safety will seem to have been foolish, in retrospect. And those words, "chiefly women and children," should be remembered.

Borrowed money is cheaper, and it ought to be, since the dollar is only worth 59 cents. A cheap house or cheap dollar should bring a cheap rent. Even so, it surprises you to learn that Mayor LaGuardia borrowed from J. P. Morgan & Co. thirty million dollars for the city, spread over a five-year period, for one and one-tenth per cent interest.

Here, Myron C. Taylor, head of "Big Steel," greatest steel company in the world, announces increases in wages, also resumption of full dividend payments on the preferred United States Steel stock, also earnings in three months of more than thirteen million dollars, biggest in six years. Thirteen million dollars in three months may not be "big money," but "it is better than being hit on the head with a sharp stone."

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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Apaches Going Sissy.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—A missionary on an Arizona reservation says the Apache, once the fiercest of the tribesmen, is going plum' sissy, and when a movie company took a group of Indian extras on location these original Americans, being stripped for action, got terrible cases of sunburn. They'd worn clothes so long their tender skins couldn't stand the heat.

There's a lesson here, although, so far as the victim is concerned, it's probably too late to do anything about it. Once we'd backed the noble red man into a pair of \$3 pants we had him tamed. Sitting Bull, in war bonnet and buckskins, was a splendid savage, but, wearing overalls and a hickory shirt, he became just a brunette farm hand.

The derby hat may be the homeliest creation ever devised for human use, but it's the crowning triumph of civilization, and the most pacifying for alien folks, as witness Haile Selassie, looking now rather like a Filipino bellhop on his Sunday off.

Humans Becoming Monkey-Like.

A professor of psychology advances the thought that mankind, in ages to come, may be headed for the all-fours posture which once the species did use—if you accept the evolutionary theory, which most of us do, because we like to think of some people we know as having had monkey-like creatures for ancestors. We say to ourselves, the poor things aren't entirely over it yet.

But the learned gentleman who's trying to lift the veil of the future overlooks the lessons of the present. He should study New York and Newport society when European royalty is in our midst.

Denouncing the Baby Derby.

When Prime Minister Hepburn denounced Toronto's so-called baby derby as "the most revolting, disgusting exhibition ever put on in a civilized country" a lot of us gave three loud, ringing cheers.

That eccentric Canadian millionaire, who left his fortune for a contest seemingly devised to prove that the human species has a strain of Potomac shad in it, unintentionally came near making cheap and sordid the loveliest thing on this earth, which is motherhood.

To see families engaged in a race to bring babies and yet more babies into the world, merely on the hope of getting paid for it; to realize the certainty of vulgar squabbling over the prize; to know that inevitably lawsuits will absorb most of the money—well, there are many who oppose birth control. But deliberately fostered birth control may have its drawbacks, eh, what?

The Fate of Big Bolsheviks.

Here's what has happened to the original Bolshevik leaders, the fathers of the Soviet setup:

Trotsky, in exile and due to stay there if he values his health; Kameneff, exiled, recalled, executed last August; Zinovieff, executed; Rykoff, demoted, arrested and trial impending, hence regarded as bad insurance risk; Radek in the same fix and said to be worried, and I wouldn't blame him; Tomsy, committed suicide to avoid something even more unpleasant; Kiroff, assassinated; Mikoyan, got out in time and stayed out; Bukharin, under suspicion and arrest impending, odds against, 9 to 5; Evdokimoff, executed; Smirnov, executed; Lenin, died a natural death, but then Lenin always was different; Stalin, Bubnoff and Krylenko, all going strong, but you never can tell, so would do well not to play too far in advance.

War Vs. Preparedness.

As one who saw the first few months and the last few months of warfare on the Western front, I'm like nearly every other man or woman who witnessed those things—I hate war.

It's the next morning of drunken glory. It's a stench, an obscenity, a vain wastefulness, an unutterable indecency. It's a machine which sucks in at the hopper the beauty, the youth, the hope of the world and spews out from the spout the finished product—broken bodies blinded eyes, maddened brains; dead men and dying men and ruined men.

But because we are against war and because we believe the best insurance for continued peace is proper preparedness in times of peace, and because we behold half of civilization on the edge of war again and wonder where they'll strike after they've torn one another's throats, we do sort of worry to see our country cut down on its defenses.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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AT WHAT AGE IS A MAN NOT WORTH MARRYING?



So Steve has to sit gulping his beer and biting into his sandwiches alone, and he hates it, and feels that he has lost his pal.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THAT very few bachelors of thirty-five and over are worth marrying is the expressed view of Dr. Paul Poptone, of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations. This is not the first time I have quoted the views of Dr. Poptone, but if I remember correctly on the last occasion I was in direct opposition to him. In this case it seems to me that he is at least partly right.

There isn't any question that young marriages, plus character and fineness and self-control and real love, are the happiest marriages. Later marriages need more character, more fineness and self-control, and more love, and as a rule have less of all these elements. The field narrows, as the woman reaches the last twenties and the man the middle thirties, and the demands of each increase. The quality of young excitement and adventure goes out of the marriage, and new considerations come in. Both husband and wife have settled into spoiled little ways; both are fearful that the whole thing is a mistake. Curiously enough trifles are extremely important to older brides and grooms, they go into despair and gloom over mole-hills, whereas the younger adventurers laugh at very mountains of trouble, make nothing of really serious problems.

The happiest wives I know are the women who have married young, for love, who have faced all the ups and downs of young business worries and young nursery cares, and who have emerged into the sunshine of middle age sure of themselves, sure of their mates, standing firmly in the ranks of the successfully wed. These are the very foundation of all civilized societies; the real servants of the commonwealth, although they never get any recognition for it.

When a girl waits for her thirtieth birthday before making her choice of a mate several difficulties beset her. For at least twelve years she has been her own mistress; the man has been doing things in his own way for longer than that. Worse, perhaps he has had a mother and sisters to spoil him, to determine that Davy is going to be so happy at home that he never will want a wife!

In such questions as their attitude toward intimate old friends, as to meal hours and reading lights and the acceptance of invitations lie countless pitfalls. The dreams they have dreamed for a score of years are ended in a rude awakening. Jane doesn't like late little cosy suppers, after all; she seemed to when they were engaged, indeed she used to cook them herself for Steve. But now she says, laughingly and pleasantly enough, but yet firmly, that personally she never will eat a bite of anything after dinner, it is the quickest way in the world to get fat! So Steve has to sit gulping his beer and biting into his sandwiches alone, and he hates it, and feels that he has lost his pal.

He brings his friends home for dinner; Jane is amiable enough. But she protests mildly that Bob and Dick and Joe don't "contribute" anything. They happen to have been his intimates since college days, Steve comments icily, who would she suggest in their places? And so into the late new marriage come fearful hours of despair, when the handsome popular unmarried man who was Steve, ringing the doorbell at Jane's apartment, coming in with a great box of roses, seems to disappear completely. And the clever bachelor maid who was Jane, always so trim and self-possessed and happy, always so much in demand, vanishes likewise. In their places are a silent, bewildered, deeply-pondering man whose possessive thought is wonder how he can get out of the tangle he has stepped into, and an embittered woman who tells her few intimate friends that it was all a dreadful mistake.

And yet, if the two will but weather this dark hour without a break, there may be great happiness ahead for them. For after all, the choice of twenty-eight is a more reasonable choice than that of eighteen.

To live on peaceable terms with anyone takes tremendous character and self-control, sooner or later. The young lovers find it later; their youth, the novelty and excite-

ment of the adventure, and their common physical delight in marriage hold them together usually for a few years, perhaps even four or five, if children come long. Then comes the rub; they have to meet the wild impulse to separate, to get away from each other, to make a drastic change of some sort. At this point unless circumstances stronger than this mood of rebellion hold them together until the fever subsides and the danger mark is past, they usually get a divorce. Two years later they often wish with all their sick and despairing hearts that they were together again, but that's another story.

With the older pair this disillusionment comes almost at once. The ignorant romantic dreams of the late teens and early twenties have long vanished, and the two hearts and minds and bodies that have been free for so long struggle madly against the trap. The man forgets that he really admires and loves this woman, that for months he had dreamed of the joy of having her for his own, he only remembers that he is married, and that marriage is a darned sight easier to get into than get out of. The girl has always cherished the thought of a fine man coming home to her hungry and adoring and companionable, at the end of day, to sit by the fire and talk of books and praise her for keeping him so comfortable. It is a strange contrast, this new life of nerves and idleness and of being criticized.

But even while writing this I think of many instances of marriages made when the man was in the late thirties, and the woman past thirty, marriages that have been not only successful, but ideal. Marriages in which the wedding of older minds, wiser intellects, more finished characters has resulted in such happiness as few younger couples know. The love of a fine man is a miracle of content to a lonely woman who has sacrificed all her young years, perhaps, to the need of an old parent, or the perfecting of herself in her profession, and what the tenderness and companionship of such a woman means to a man only that man—so long an outsider to domestic joys, could say. If parenthood comes to such a pair it is what parenthood always should be and so rarely is, a sacred responsibility, a pride and delight beyond any other that life can offer, a miracle never to be placed beside the other commonplaces of every day.

In my library is the biography of a certain Englishman of letters, a man who was never famous in his own day, but whose rare volumes are coming more and more steadily into their own. He came home from college to a household of mother and sisters; the girls married one by one, in the rather difficult fashion of girls in English countryside a hundred years ago, the mother died. The man went to London for a year; came back to books, fireside, dogs, old trees, old lanes, old neighbors. At forty-two he married his Annabelle, a quiet woman of thirty-three who was keeping house for a widowed brother, and being an angel-aunt to three small boys on a nearby estate.

The story of the wedded love of these two is one of the most romantic—one of the most breathtakingly passionate, of all the books I know. Juliet, leaning at delicious eager fourteen from her balcony to whisper her forbidden love, stretching herself on her tomb, never tasted the deeps of it. The letters of this essayist to his wife, during their few short separations, could not have been penned by a hundred Romeos. They had two sons and a daughter; the boys they kept, the daughter left them in her fourth year; their letters and diaries tell the story, and it is one almost too exquisite for other eyes than theirs to see.

No, fine men and women can marry at any age, and find happiness in their mutual love. And men and women who aren't fine, who don't mean to be patient and self-controlled, and try to draw success from the difficult situation of early married days, ought not to marry at all! But that late marriage is different from young marriage, and demands a slightly different handling, a very decided philosophy and constant doses of saving laughter, nobody in his senses dare deny.

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Certain of Milady's Vote



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any ensemble or tunic. Quickly and inexpensively made, this combination will add new life to any wardrobe with a minimum of effort. The pattern is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 18 requires two and three-fourths yards of 39 inch material for the blouse, two and one-sixth yards for the skirt. A grand pattern bargain.

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By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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AND LIKES HAVING FACE WIPED SO HE CAN OPEN EYES WITHOUT GETTING SOAP IN THEM

THEN HIS ARMS

AND GETTING HIS BACK DONE IS FUN

ESPECIALLY WHEN MOTHER RUBS HIM OVER AND GIVES HIM A REGULAR MASSAGE

NOW FOR HIS LEGS

BUT OH HE'D FORGOTTEN HOW HAVING HIS TOES DONE TICKLES

AND SO THE DRYING OF THE LAST FOOT ENDS IN THE USUAL RIT OF WAVING ARTS AND LEGS

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