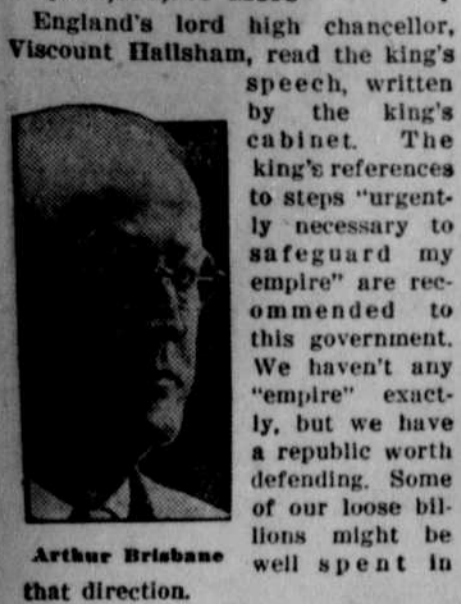


# BRISBANE

## THIS WEEK

### "My Empire" Wants Peace "ME, TOO," Says Selassie Popguns for Uncle Sam \$900,000,000 More



Arthur Brisbane that direction.

Ignoring some Italian friction, the king went on to say, "My relations with foreign powers continue friendly."

Mentioning the Italian misunderstanding, he said: "My government will continue to exert their influence in favor of peace." If it does, peace will come.

Halle Selassie, emperor of Ethiopia, sensibly asked the Patriarch Johannes, supreme authority of the Ethiopian Coptic church, to arrange peace, if he can, with Mussolini, and Abuna Cyril, high bishop of his church, is asked by Selassie to do his best.

And now comes from Universal Service the important authoritative report that Halle Selassie has agreed to give part of his territory in return for peace.

Washington says this country plans a series of Pacific ocean "Gibraltars," armed with 16-inch guns with a fighting range of 25 to 30 miles. Quite amusing, considering that the original Gibraltar has become a useless rock, thanks to airplanes and submarines. Invading airplanes might not be kind enough to come within .25 or 30 miles of these interesting fixed Gibraltars.

What this country needs for coast protection is airplanes, for fighting, and dirigibles for observation, located close enough together and high enough up in the air to make them really useful in the next war.

Uncle Sam borrows \$900,000,000 more, bringing the national debt above \$30,500,000,000, but \$40,000,000 below the amount that certain "great bankers" told President Roosevelt this country could easily carry. Congressman Hamilton Fish Jr. wants President Roosevelt to tell who the great bankers were, but it is understood that they talked in confidence.

Prince Sumi of Japan, brother of the Mikado, fourth son of the late Emperor Yoshihito, takes the title "Prince Mikasa," meaning, literally, "Prince of the Three Umbrellas." The name "Three Umbrellas" is taken from a Japanese mountain and is also the much revered name of the flagship on which Admiral Togo fought the battle of the Japan sea.

"Three Umbrellas" seems appropriate—one for Japan, one for China, one for the Philippines; all Japanese.

The village of Verde Cocha, near Guayaquil, in Ecuador, exists no longer. A landslide wiped out everything, instantly killing fifty inhabitants. A slice of green mountain, two miles wide, came roaring down, and there was no trace of the village and no man lived to tell about it.

But other men will rebuild Verde Cocha, for men are as persistent as ants, that rebuild their villages when the gardener's hose sweeps them away.

Senator Borah of Idaho and Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, had a long talk, and reporters "guess" that Senator Borah and Mr. Fish have agreed to run side by side, Senator Borah for President, Mr. Fish for Vice President. It is not safe to "guess" about Senator Borah, but it would be wise for the Republicans to decide soon.

When experimenting starts, it keeps going. Hitler, manufacturing cannon, knows they will need "food," and insists on more babies. A German farmer gets a divorce because his wife wants no children.

"It is the duty of German wives to perpetuate the German blood," the court says.

Miss Edna Maria Grantzas, twenty-two-year-old member of a Massachusetts school committee, says teachers talk too much, do not let the children talk enough. She says children should be encouraged to express themselves. The Massachusetts lady goes far when she says "If a child wants to yell out in class, let the child yell until he decides not to yell." Discipline is also a part of education.

# Crush-Resistant Velvet Good News

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



IN VIEWING the current fashion picture it appears as if velvet is about to "run away with the mode." Not that velvet is news to any of us, for women who keep pace with fashion have become so thoroughly and enthusiastically velvet-conscious by this time, they go about town, they dine, they dance, they even sleep in velvet.

However, comes some news that is news, exciting news, news that is joy-radiating. It's crush-resistant velvet, with the emphasis on crush-resistant. In the way of good news, what could be better?

Now, please do not jump at the conclusion that the new crush-resistant velvet is absolutely non-crushable. No such claim is made by members of the Velvet Guild who are sponsoring it, but they do say that its resistance far exceeds any endeavor in that direction up to date, thus bespeaking a greater more dependable serviceability for this new type of velvet. Anyway it's a comfortable thought to know that there's velvet to be had that is definitely more resistant to crushing than any velvet heretofore known.

Speaking of the overwhelming predominance of velvet in the present mode, some style leaders go so far as to declare that this is the most important season from a fashion angle that velvet has ever known. From accessories of all kinds through the entire gamut of clothes goes velvet on the fall and winter program.

For daytime wear the vogue for velvet suits and coats, fur-trimmed or otherwise, is established. For afternoon, for formal and informal evening wear there are luxurious, beautiful novelties as well as superb plain weaves in velvet. The heavy classic Lyon velvet is an excellent medium for gowns of pomp also.

## IN HIGH STYLE

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



In this charming two-piece afternoon dress we see fashion at its smartest. Antique gold is the color of the silk lame overblouse. One of the gestures of fashion this season is to make up rich materials as simply as possible so as to throw the emphasis on the elegance of the fabric. The skirt is of plum color milk crepe.

# Conscript Romance

By **THAYER WALDO**  
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WNU Service.

IT SHOULD be understood at once that Loretta Barnes is not typical of her profession. There probably never was another script girl in Hollywood quite like her. As a matter of fact, you seldom run across Loretta's kind at all these days.

She was nineteen, blonde, and tremendously romantic when she went to work as a stenographer at Zenith Studio. A year later only her age and her job had changed. Some one had noticed soon after her coming that she spent most of her time reading scripts instead of typing them. A little questioning disclosed that she already knew by heart a good half of all the stories on file. Thus it happened that she was given a chance as a script girl.

Now, Loretta had a boy friend who had been a steady suitor for some while. He was the son of the family next door, out in that small suburb where Loretta lived with her widowed mother. Harry Steele was hardly the type you might expect her to care for; but certainly Loretta liked him in a gentle friendly way.

One Friday evening, shortly after she had won promotion, Harry came over to her house.

"I thought," he said, "that you might like to take in a movie. There's a double bill at the Superba."

She smiled and put on her hat, and they went. On the way home Harry said matter-of-factly: "I made a big sale today. Will you marry me some time soon, Loretta?"

Loretta sighed a little and shook her head. "I'm sorry, Harry; I can't seem to make you understand how I feel. This selling insurance—well, that just isn't what I want. I—oh, it's so hard to explain! All my life I've longed to meet the sort of wonderful people that writers put in their stories. They always live splendidly and do fascinating things. But somehow the people I know all seem to lead such—such dull existences!"

That Saturday forenoon was a busy one on sound stage 6 at Zenith. They were shooting the first sequence from "Tonight in Budapest," and it didn't go any too well. For once, Loretta was glad of the respite when lunch hour came.

As she started to leave the set, an impeccably dressed tall man with a little dark mustache stepped up to her and said:

"Pardon me! I believe you're the young lady in charge of the script. Might I see it just a moment, please?"

Wonderingly, she gave the bulky volume into his outstretched hand. He opened it in the middle and began to read off some dialogue in a half audible whisper.

"Very nice," he said at length; "very nice indeed!"

He turned to Loretta then, gesturing apologetically.

"I suppose this seems odd to you. I just dropped in to watch the filming, but I was a bit late; so I thought I'd like to have a look and see how they'd done me."

"Done you?" she echoed vaguely. "Why, yes, I'm a friend of the author's, you know, and he modeled this character, Franz, after me."

The look of enthralled awe was there on Loretta's face for anyone to see. It appeared to please the man, for he added:

"Look here—you've been so accommodating, I'd like to show my appreciation. Won't you have luncheon with me?"

It would be almost unfair to describe the alacrity with which she accepted. They went to a smart cafe on the boulevard and for half an hour Loretta listened rapturously while the man talked without interruption of himself. It was a full thirty minutes before Loretta would admit to herself that the fine edge of interest had worn a trifle dull, and that the situation was verging on discomfiture. She tried at last to terminate it, but in vain. The man's ardor seemed not only to increase, but to grow in intimacy. With a sudden movement, he leaned across the table and seized both her hands.

"You're lovely!" he exclaimed; "and you're just the sort of girl a dynamic man like me needs. So charming, so restful, so—"

He was seeking to draw her toward him, heedless of dishes. In the throes of a mounting panic, Loretta struggled to be free. Then, like a smoke-evolved genie, Harry Steele was standing beside the table.

Harry grappled the man, let fly one solid right uppercut, and the affair was over. Loretta huddled in the protecting curve of his arm, gasping:

"Oh, Harry darling! I'm so glad you came! Let's get away from here!"

The last I heard, Harry and Loretta were planning their marriage for an early date. I happen to know, incidentally, that he has never told her it cost him twenty dollars to hire the actor he punched.

But of course that doesn't matter at all, because Loretta has her secret, too. She doesn't let him guess that she suspects it was a put-up job.

# A GLEAMING SATIN SHIRTWAIST FROCK TO LEND VARIETY

PATTERN 2348



2348

Just about now, when everyone is getting a wee bit tired of seeing the "usual" type of shirtwaist frock scattered all over town—and country too!—fashion peeps us all up with delicious, cool-looking satins of every pastel hue. These satins need soft handling though. Ingenious mind and nimble fingers fashioned this one for you with soft bodice fullness fetching puff sleeves and delightfully young collar. Long sleeves are included, for you'll want this version in your Fall wardrobe, too. If you haven't succumbed to the charm of satin, choose pastel sport silk, or novelty checked cotton. Crystal or contrasting buttons and buckle.

Pattern 2348 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3 3/4 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to the Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 243 West Seventeenth St., New York City.

## Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—AdV.

## And Yet a Spinster

A spinster is a person who can make sandwiches that will be a lively memory to everybody at the picnic forever.

# Keep On Trying; Even Cinderella Has a Market

No man is ever finished, no man is ever through, licked, whipped, reduced to worthlessness unless he allows it to be so. He may think the fires of adversity have burned him to ashes or to a cinder, but remember ashes still have their uses and there is a tremendous market for cinders!

A man needs to be able to fight, of course. He must be able to do it. Not only that, but at times he must do it. However, he must not lay such stress on fighting qualities that he forgets man also needs the generous and kindly and understanding heart.

## Delayed Duties

Nothing is more expensive than pennilessness; nothing more anxious than carelessness; and every duty which is bidden to wait, returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—Charles Kingsley.

# Smiles!

A FLIER

"Did you fish with flies?" asked the boy of his friend who had spent the summer at camp.

"Fish with them?" replied the other. "We fished with them, ate with them and slept with them!"

## God Bless Our Home

Chief—While I was out with some of the boys the other night, a burglar broke into our house.

Diito—Did he get anything?  
Chief—I'll say he did—my wife thought it was me coming home.—U. S. S. West Virginia Mountaineer.

## Sure, He'd Be Crazy

Asylum Attendant (in hot pursuit)—Excuse me, sir, I've come to warn you that if a man calls here demanding money, he's a lunatic.  
Mr. McTavish—Mon, ye're right.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Interference

"Are you still writing profound articles?" asked the lady with a roll of manuscript.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "I found it interfered with my more serious duties. You can't spill ink and pour tea simultaneously."



**IT'S NO SECRET—WRIGLEY'S IS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY**  
**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM**  
THE FLAVOR LASTS

# Love Intoxication, Rules Court; Awards Damages

"Love intoxication" appeared in the lexicon of the Colorado Supreme court the other day.

The court upheld a \$2,000 damage award to a girl who said the driver of an automobile in which she was riding was kissing another girl just before the crash occurred.

"If his mental processes were blurred due to his love-making, which was probably the fact, he must be held to the same responsibility as one who voluntarily becomes intoxicated," said Justice Haslett P. Burke.

# Opposite the Subway Terminal LOS ANGELES



**555 ROOMS BATHS**  
The Most convenient The Best accommodations The Finest meals  
Easy chairs, sleep-inspiring beds, large rooms with luxurious fittings  
Unsurpassed service and luxury are yours at amazingly low cost

# New HOTEL CLARK

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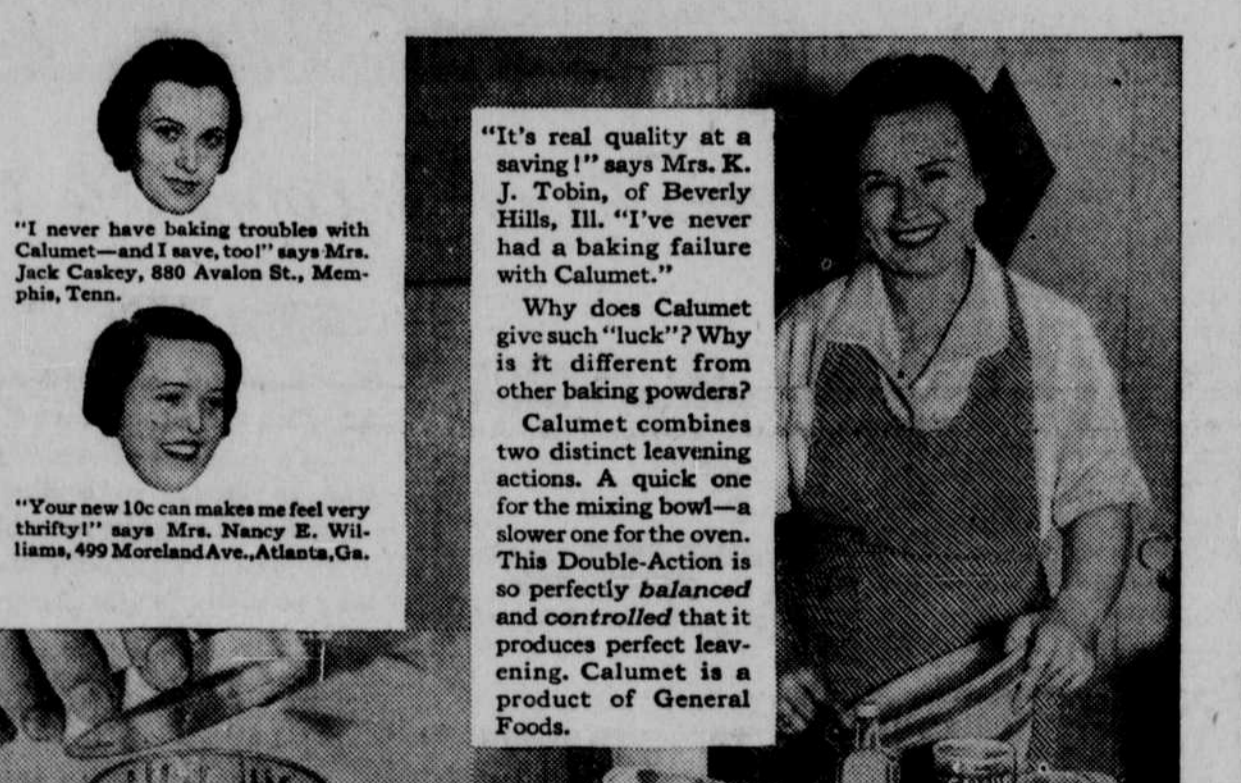
## HIGH NOTES



"How did your daughter come to take up singing?"  
"She found it pleasanter work than helping mother with the dishes."

**Just the Man**  
Hostess—Are you really a bank examiner, Mr. Tompkins?  
Mr. Tompkins—Yes, madam, I happen to be.  
Hostess—Then I hope you will have time to examine the baby's bank. No matter how much we shake it, nothing ever comes out of it.

# Cheers for Calumet's New 10¢ Can—and perfect, never-fail baking!



"I never have baking troubles with Calumet—and I save, too!" says Mrs. Jack Caskey, 880 Avalon St., Memphis, Tenn.

"Your new 10c can makes me feel very thrifty!" says Mrs. Nancy E. Williams, 499 Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

"It's real quality at a saving!" says Mrs. K. J. Tobin, of Beverly Hills, Ill. "I've never had a baking failure with Calumet."  
Why does Calumet give such "luck"? Why is it different from other baking powders?  
Calumet combines two distinct leavening actions. A quick one for the mixing bowl—a slower one for the oven. This Double-Action is so perfectly balanced and controlled that it produces perfect leavening. Calumet is a product of General Foods.



A SIMPLE TWIST... and the Easy-Opening Top lifts off. No delay, no spill. No broken finger-nails!

All Calumet prices are lower! Calumet is now selling at the lowest prices in its history... The regular price of the Full-Pound Can is now only 25c! And ask to see the new, big 10c can—a lot of good baking for a dime—with Calumet, the Double-Acting Baking Powder.