

Smiles

Head Start
"My ambition is to be a great doctor. I want to become a bone specialist."
"Well, you have a good head for it."

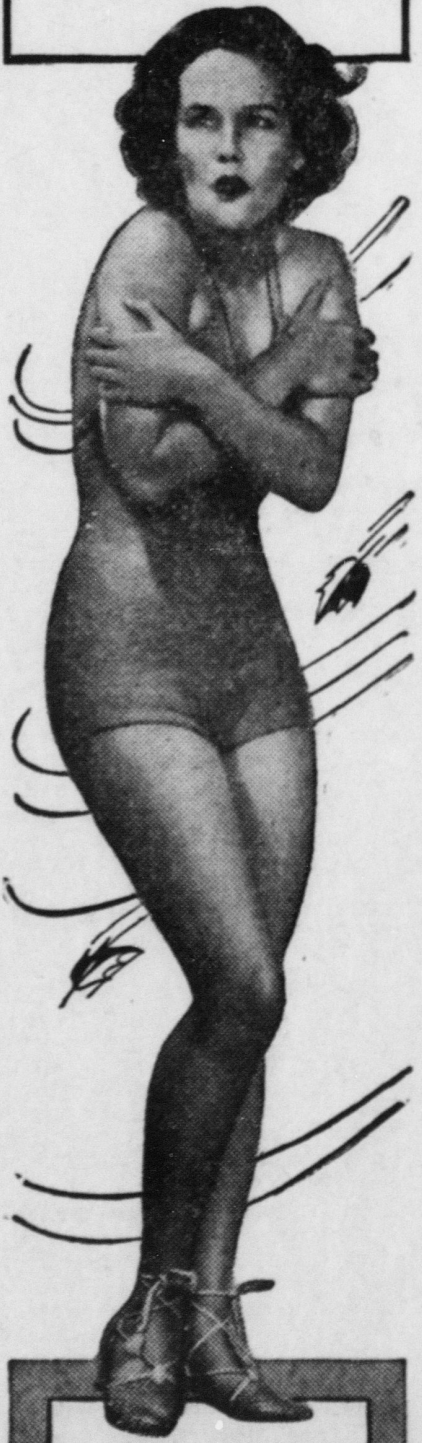
Honesty Proven
Mistress—Your master's drawer has been rifled.
Servant—I didn't do it. None of my keys fit it.—Mous:ique.

Ends There
"What is heredity?"
"Something every man believes in until his son begins to act like a fool."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Ends There
"What is heredity?"
"Something every man believes in until his son begins to act like a fool."—Tit-Bits Magazine.



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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 grandmother 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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STAR DUST Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

"THE Gay Desperado" is an important picture in more ways than one. It is the second of the two pictures made by the producing unit formed by Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky some time ago—and certainly it seemed likely that those two veterans of the movie industry ought to be able to turn out good pictures.

But the first, "One Rainy Afternoon," fell flat as a bad sponge cake. And at first the second one seemed doomed to similar failure. Then it began to catch on. It deserves the success. It is one of the most delightful pictures made in a long time, and one of the funniest. And Nino Martini, its handsome hero, has one of the most gorgeous voices that the movies have been able to lure from the operatic stage.

The entire cast of "The Gay Desperado" is excellent. Leo Carrillo nearly steals the picture.



Ida Lupino

Mischa Auer is irresistibly funny. Ida Lupino, as the heroine, is better than usual. And young James Blakeley, playing the only serious role, is excellent. He is one of the ever-growing number of Social Registered New Yorkers who are making names for themselves in Hollywood, and when the picture was shown in New York the ermine-coated and top-hatted carriage trade turned out in force.

Those ever-watchful statisticians who check up on the popularity of radio performers are discovering that it's the comedians who forget the script occasionally to tuck in an amusing remark they've just thought up who are the most popular. Bing Crosby does it—and how much better those programs are since he returned from his vacation.

Very important people, these talent scouts for the big movie producers. And how they favor certain happy hunting grounds! One of their pet spots is a night club in New York called The Paradise.

The other night Samuel Goldwyn's scout was there, a fact hastily revealed to the cast of the floor show—or to most of them. Naturally, they played to him. But one girl didn't.

She is Joyce Duskin. She is quite tall, very pretty, and wants to sing. A while back in a newspaper she saw a call for girls to work in a night club. She'd never had experience of that kind, but she applied, and got a job. But—the last show isn't over till nearly three in the morning. That means sleeping late the next day, and leaves no time for music lessons. Possibly she was considering that fact when the movie scout was scouting her show—anyway, she didn't even know that he was there!

Claudette Colbert is still convalescing from her automobile accident. But as soon as she's well enough, she'll return to the caste of "The Maid of Salem." After that plans will be made for her next picture, "Woman Interne."

Among her other distinctions, Greta Garbo is the only movie personage rebelling against compulsory enrollment in the Screen Actors' guild who was not suspended by Actors' Equity. Lionel Barrymore was a monger, twenty-four leading actors and actresses who were barred by Equity from appearing on the legitimate stage.

Paulette Goddard rushed off East for a vacation recently before settling down to work on the first of the two pictures in which Charlie Chaplin will direct her and at the same time raise her to stardom. He has broken a rule by buying a story, "Regency," for the second of these pictures—till now he's always written his own. He has rewritten many of his efforts, too, in days gone by, to make them suit his critical fancy.



Paulette Goddard

Odds and Ends . . . Franchot Tone and James Stewart have just signed new contracts with Metro . . . It's reported that Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor will be married early in December . . . despite rumors of his new devotion to Greta Garbo . . . Joel McCrea, as a boy, adored the Westerns made by Bill Hart and Tom Mix—and says he won't be happy till he's made one himself! . . . Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit are one of the most devoted couples on the air—or off it, either, for that matter . . . Clark Gable gave Carole Lombard a gold bracelet and a puppy for her birthday.

Uncle Phil Says:

Reminiscence
The scenery one remembers most fondly will be what he saw while sitting serenely in contemplative meditation.

Culture also consists in knowing what not to cultivate.
A fault mender is better than a fault finder.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but apparently not half hard enough, or there wouldn't be so many repeaters.

Virtue and Vice
Following virtue is a steep ascent; following vice is a precipitous leap.

Science, the friend of man, turns murderer in times of war.
A good deal of common sense consists in just simply not butting in.

No Time to Choose
Lots of things he doesn't want come to the man who is impatient.

Besides backbone, another thing equally lacking, altogether to generally, is self-respect.

"Quotations"
—A—

Conceit can puff a man up, but can never prop him up.—Ruskin.
Advice is seldom welcome. Those who need it most, like it least.—Johnson.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.—Barris.
I think a little luck should be added to any formula for success.—Amelia Earhart.

Righteousness will not live without religion, as all human history shows.—Bishop William T. Manning.
Bitterness imprisons life, love releases it.—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Even if we have chaos in our conditions, we need not have chaos in our ideas.—G. K. Chesterton.

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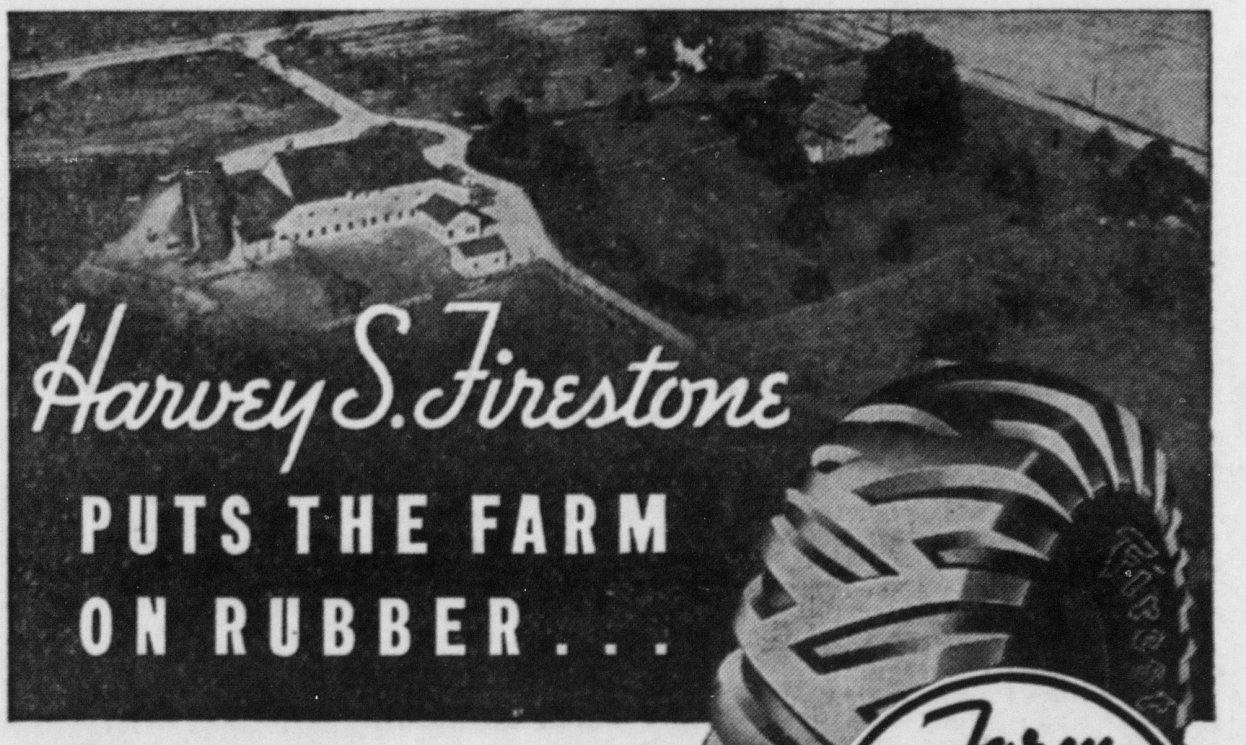
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