

"Federal Triangle" in Washington.

A street car line that once marred the

scene dips discreetly underground. Be-

neath a broad lawn is a subterranean

garage in which 270 senatorial cars

Supreme Court Building.

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

It occupies a historic site. Early

patriots in powdered wigs forgath-

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

Civil war times it was used as a

Everything about the Supreme court'

Look at those blocks of marble, on

The two bronze doors weigh 3,000

pounds apiece. The eight Corinthian

columns are 511/2 feet high. The pedi-

ment above them catches the eye, not

alone for its size, but for its interest-

ing sculptures in which the features

of historic or living men are recog-

Inside the massive bronze portals a

of stone-leads to the courtroom where

Behind the courtroom are the quar-

tered-oak-paneled offices of the justices,

each of whom will have about as much

space as all had together in the crowd-

ed Capitol, Only three had offices

there at all, and most of the members

the new building's corridors can be

Wonderful Libraries.

down the street, reposes a fine collec-

tion of books and Elizabethan treas-

Queen Elizabeth, solemnly stowed

Behind the Library of Congress an

largest library in the world, with more

"bonus army" riots of 1932.

shoot "reedbirds."

In the Folger Shakespeare library,

at each side of the steps. Each block

home is on a majestic scale.

But to look upon the latest crowning

can be parked.

trees and grass.

military prison.

into Washington.

in the Capitol.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C .- WNU Service. HE annual spring rush of tourists to Washington is on. I

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, 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 build

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 govern-

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. main hall lined with 36 stately colhottest summer the air inside is cooled to the temperature of a fine spring | umns-each made from one solid piece

Beneath the roofs of this Triangle | the nine black-robed justices sit. At work nearly 20,000 government em- their own request, the room was made ployees, about as many as the entire only about 60 per cent larger in floor population of Batavia, N. Y., or Day- area than the old Supreme court room tona 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 of the court do much of their work at New York's tallest skyscrapers have home. To assure the justices privacy, been laid on their sides, formed into a blunted arrowhead, and cut and twist- closed by big bronze gates. ed to make courts and wings. One unit-the Commerce department-is longer than the Chrysler building is

But it is not merely an impression of bigness that one has in the wan- ures, even the supposed corset of dering plane. Long ranks of majestic columns, graceful arcades, a away in a vault and shown only to a wide plaza, and solid rock walls give | chosen few. a beauty and simplicity that make these enormous newcomers fit comannex almost to double its capacity is panions for the classic White House | being built, although already it is the and Capitol.

The airplane turns, and far off in than 9,840,000 books, pamphlets, pieces the distance, beyond the Capitol dome, of music, and other items at the latest appears a gleaming white marble tem- | count. ple, comparable in beauty even to the noble Lincoln Memorial. This is the ing new House Office building lately United States Supreme Court | reared beside the first one, the trail building, the only real home of its own of the new Washington leads to Pennthat the nation's highest court has sylvania avenue.

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

# Suspended in History.

Marsh or "Ma'sh" Market, was erect-As you cruise about, other splendid ed there. Five years ago, the ramwhite buildings appear, new jewels in shackle market buildings still occuthe familiar setting along the Potopied the spot, and thousands of rats

Beyond the Lincoln shrine the new been a cornucopia for them. 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 miles away, sweeps a broad stretch of tree-dotted park land. Gone is structure in many ways unique-the much of the mushroom growth of tem- National Archives building. porary wartime structures. Their re- Here for the first time is a worthy. Russian parents not too many years ago. long and about as dull as the business moval gives new beauty to this Mall. safe, and permanent home for the pre- Her name was something you have to end of an ice pick. But they can't be main feature of the grand plan con- clous records of the nation, some sneeze in Russian but in English it be- very terrifying to a little lady who reived by the Revolutionary soldier- scrawled in faded ink on yellowed came just plain Harriet Evans. In 1930 spends a few minutes every afternoon artist, Maj. Pierre Charles L'Enfant, paper by early patriot hands, others the circus was in town and advertised for and evening now in a cage with a fullwhen he laid out this city with broad, punched out on modern typewriters, girls to sell candy, Harriet needed a job, grown lion, an Ill-dispositioned tiger capital of a vast country.

Hanging between earth and sky, you | shown here. seem suspended in history, halfway To guard against deterioration—to with deep-set, serious eyes betrayed vised and, with Clyde's guiding hand to that this newspaper can be sent petween the past and the unfathom | keep Father Time at bay as long as by a smile that curis at the corners. | tutor her, works in the circus this year. | through the United States mails. able future. How would the city look possible-both sunlight and natural air Her soft, delicate, blonde beauty She makes the great cats leap through hundred years hence, or twenty, or a are barred from the archive storage charms all who meet her. It was too hoops of flame to the elephant's back and Mousand? sections, which are windowless,

# 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

IRLS, what would you do if you woke up one of these spring mornings and discovered that you were in love with a lion | yet had a "close call" in the cage. 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 of her husband. Clyde works as many 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 .-

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 unbe-The Senate Office building, off there at the left, has had its face lifted- lievable things we were just talking and a handsome face it now is, with a about. And what did she do? She marlong row of Roman Doric columns, ried 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 say at her feet and roared for more table scraps. But like all good wives, Har riet 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 ered at a famous old hotel run by 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 marks of the torch were erased. In 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

weighs 45 tons. They are two of the The story really begins about sixheaviest marble blocks ever brought teen years ago in Chillicothe, Ohio. There was a circus playing in Chilli-

spring is the season for the opening good for a candy girl. Combined with her natural flair for dancing inher-

ited 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 Leo, the Beattys' lion cub, is a great little giant whose leer could turn a jungle roar into petulant whimper just rolled over on his back and purred like a kitten. came putty in the hands of a woman- on his haunches and waves his paws

friend happens to be a bookkeeper, a and over and then chases his tail at farmer, a clerk, a lawyer, a truck Clyde's command. With such goings-on driver, a doctor or even a newspaper amid a horde of wild beasts, it is not man, here is your chance to find out an infrequent happening for one or what a thrill it is to be wooed by two of the cats to rebel, the world's most courageous lion tamer. You have Harriet Beatty's word | ter quarters when he was rehearsing 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



Down from Capitol hill, past a shin- Harriet Beatty is the only trainer ever to work a lion, a tiger and an elephant in the same cage at the same time.

cothe, and its fanfare drew the atten- | male like Clyde act during a courttion of a stripling youth of fifteen in | ship?" In some of its now vanished build- the town of Bainbridge, a few miles ings-masses of rubble and ruined away. It was a big day for the boy. It walls then-the first bricks flew in the was also a big day for the circus, although that was not proven for quite a Halfway along "The Avenue," be- few years.

tween the Capitol and White House, Clyde Beatty never went back to there stretched off to the left in the Bainbridge. He got a job as a cageearly days of the city a dreary swamp boy for the polar bear act. He was where Washingtonians were wont to pretty small, but there was something in his eye, and they took him. Later the swamp was filled in, and

Tames Dame Fortune.

the old Center Market, dubbed the Two years later Clyde was working his own act-not with polar bears, but | cub, Leo, on a baby's bottle, and that with the great cats who would kill a | cured her of a great deal of her fear. man with a single bite and do it willinhabited the premises which had long ingly.

Over the years Clyde and his cats An energetic government hit upon were to reach the heights - heights this location as a key point in its from which they have not yet building program. Here would rest scended. In rapid succession came top the tip of the Federal Triangle. Wreck- billing in the Big Show, moving pic- play. Women folks don't warm up to ing operations began. Scientific Pied tures and, finally, ownership interest Pipers from the Agricultural depart- in one of the major circuses. Clyde is ment disposed of the rats, which at now part owner of the Cole Brothers way down to the river, two and a third | first devoured the workmen's lunches. | circus, in which he and Mrs. Beatty On this unlikely site now stands a perform.

To catch up Mrs. Beatty's part of the story now: She was born in Chicago of sweeping, prophetic strokes to be the or even contained in sound motion-pic- and she joined up with the show. Like and a lumbering pachyderm, all naturture films which will be preserved and Beatty she never left it.

Harriet is a tiny wisp of a thing,

"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 feats. Leo is a year and a half old now and, according to Harriet, "ees very sweet," but some of the Beattys' house guests | er painfully blown up in one of the 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 final heroic feat.

him very easily. "He rips their stockings and that annoys them." says Harriet. "And his bare-handed, on the plea that it would teeth are getting big now. When he bites you it hurts."

She Knows No Fear.

Leo's teeth are a couple of inches al enemies.

This is the new act which Harriet de-

ride around the ring the best of friends. So adept a trainer is she, she has never

Such luck has not fallen to the lot as 43 assorted lions and tigers in the same cage at once. He makes them perch upon stools and assume all kinds



pal of "Daffy," a dog in the circus.

of positions and formations. Menelik, The daredevil with nerves of steel be- a new cat with the act this year, sits around in the air like a prize fighter And now, girls, if your best boy entering the ring. A tiger rolls over

Clyde's closest shave came in winhis 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 lifehe 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 en courages 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 thrill er 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

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 rathsynthetic volcanoes and had to rest up for a week after performing the

The last named incident occurred when the director casually asked Clyde if he would mind "rassling" a tiger 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

Oo-oo-oo! It ees not very sweet! O Western Newspaper Union.

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