

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Mussolini Goes Through Practical Selassie Snake Killed One Which End of the Gun?

Mussolini's men entered Addis Ababa, driving out the Ethiopian looters, bringing safety to various foreigners, including our own minister. Rome went wild with joy; and no wonder. In seven months Mussolini has conquered Ethiopia's millions, killing and wounding 250,000 of them, marching steadily ahead through dangerous valleys and high mountains, driving out the Ethiopian armies, that were directed by skilled soldiers from Turkey, Scandinavia and elsewhere.

Those impressed by the high qualities of Ethiopia's Arab slave-trading ruler will note that in the great crisis his presence of mind remained. The Associated Press says he took with him on the British boat "the imperial family jewels, many cases of gold bullion and gold coins." On his way from Addis Ababa to the British ship he stopped to take all the cash from the treasury and customs house at Dire-dawa.

In Florida, a well-meaning preacher, who thought it his duty to let rattlesnakes bite him to show the power of God, actually did let the snakes bite him without first removing their fangs. He is dead, the jury said, "by the bite of a rattlesnake through his own carelessness."

The poor fanatic succeeded only in proving the power of rattlesnake poison. The laws of the universe could hardly be suspended to justify the whim of one well-meaning fanatic.

It makes a difference, even to the No. 1 Public Enemy, "I'll-never-be-taken-alive" bandit, which way the gun is pointed. Mr. Karpis is taken, much alive, with no struggle, beyond holding a straw hat over his face to baffle photographers.

Much efficiency in cash rewards; Dillinger defied all the "G-men"; a reward was offered, and a red-haired lady delivered him to the "G-men" bullets, and got \$5,000.

Whether the \$7,000 reward offered for Karpis tempted some friend of that courageous one remains to be seen.

The criminal is in business for money, and when he can sell a friend for \$5,000, that seems preferable to risking his own life. The reward system should be extended; \$5,000 reward for evidence resulting in arrest and conviction of any murderer.

The Carnegie Institute announces a "new law of matter" having to do with the "cohesion of infinitesimal particles of matter within the atom."

If it were not for that law, according to scientists, "the universe would consist of nothing but light hydrogen gas." That should interest politicians, who, after the big conventions, will live, until November, in a universe consisting of something lighter than "light hydrogen gas."

England's new king, Edward the Eighth, is said to be engaged to marry the Princess Alexandra Louise of Denmark, twenty-one years old, the English king's third cousin.

The uncle of the young lady says he and her father know nothing of it. Nevertheless, it is difficult to believe that King Edward will remain a bachelor, whether he marries this charming young princess or some other, possibly a good healthy young Scotch girl, if one available could be found.

Dr. Walter Emerson Briggs, who teaches dentistry in Tufts college, says "women can take any kind of pain without a whimper."

Women endure pain more courageously than men. Childbirth has taught them to suffer and endure in isolation. Man shows his heroism preferably in crowds, in squadrons, platoons; often he would not do that if it did not take more courage to stay behind alone than to go ahead with the others.

Women's is the courageous sex, man is the other kind and might as well admit it.

The only certain immortality is represented by our children left behind to work on this earth. It must be of great interest to provide a child to fill a throne and rule the world's greatest empire—whether or not it lasts.

Two misguided Mexicans decided to ring bells of the ancient mission church at Juarez, Mexico, to celebrate the nomination of a National Revolutionary candidate for governor of Chihuahua. The plous ladies of Juarez thought those old bells should not be rung for any revolutionary candidate, and it became necessary for troops to rescue the bellingers from the infuriated women, giving a good imitation of Euripides man-hunting Bacchae.

When women start they mean it. © King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

what Irwin S. Cobb thinks about:

Chronic Influenza. PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.—

I came out here to get rid of my influenza. But as I pen these despairing words, my influenza is cuddled up to this inflamed bosom. This is not the puny, trifling influenza of the interior, but the sun-kissed, extra-special influenza of golden California—the one outstanding product of this coast which our tourist bureaus do not advertise. In the chronic form, it's like visiting kind-folks from back East, arriving in the fall and hanging on all winter. The kind I have stays long enough to make you wish you were dead and not quite long enough to kill you.

After swallowing so many different remedies I am, as you might say, full of conflicting emulsions. When I sneeze my watch stops. When I cough sea lions get jealous and I seem to feel a lot of things giving way inside of me. When I open my mouth somebody sticks in either a pill or a thermometer and neither one helps.

Testing Drunken Drivers.

FOR testing drunken drivers the Cleveland police have a device named the ophthalmic televisual stereoscope. But why not just ask the suspect to pronounce it and abide by the results?

Old times back home, we had our own system. We didn't follow the New York scheme of inviting the alleged inebriate to say "Sissie Fitzgerald," because he'd probably take refuge in his constitutional rights as a southern gentleman and refuse to bandy a lady's name in any such place as the calaboose.

Under our plan, if a citizen was lying in the street and his fingers didn't move, he was intoxicated. But if even his little finger moved, he merely was resting.

But we didn't have alcoholic automobiles to pester us. The surplus population was reduced with firearms or cutlery, thus giving everybody a chance.

Mankind's Real Humanity.

WHAT with this and that, just when a fellow is almost ready to decide that the human race should be charged off as practically a total loss, something happens.

This time it happened in a little mine in Nova Scotia where the calm heroism of two men, penned with the body of their dead comrade at the bottom of a caved-in shaft, was matched by the magnificent gallantry, the incredible endurance of volunteer rescuers, who, by day and night, unceasingly labored on in momentary peril of death for themselves to save the lives of that trapped pair—and did save them.

And a week or so before that it happened when a young girl dragged the only other survivors of an airplane crash out of the flaming wreckage and ministered to them and forgot her own hurts while she waded long miles down a snow-drifted mountain to give the alarm, and, having given it, staggered back again to do what else she might.

Bankers Versus Politics.

POLITICS certainly makes estranged bedfellows. But a Presidential campaign or two behind us and across the scene with thunderous tread stalked the sacred white cows of big money, their udders dripping wisdom, their gentles bellow harked to with eager ears by candidates and delegates alike. Statecraft mingled with high finance was what they offered in a rich and creamy measure to one and all—the pontifical Mitchell, the omnipotent Dawes, the infallible Insull, the wondrous Wiggin (subsequently known as the uncovered Wiggin). And lo, the voice of Owen D. Young was heard in the land.

But now, alas, where are the Baruch of yesterday? Why, if this summer the average distinguished or, as the case may be, distinguished International banker tries to get into either national convention they'll charge him admission.

Meandering Horsemen.

A DARING soul, residing in a back corner of Brazil, decided to ride horseback to New York. After joggling along some weeks in what might be described as a series of general directions, he reached Rio Janeiro, only to discover he'd already traveled 1,200 miles out of his way.

The name is given as Senor Severino Moura Fonseca, but the gentleman certainly behaved as though he were a congressional investigating committee. Why, he even outwandered Senator Black of Alabama, and up until the other day, when the administration threw a net over him, the senator held the world's championship for loose wandering.

It's startling, isn't it, how suddenly the great silence descends upon a statesman who gets out of line with the top bosses? Copyright.—WNU Service.

Calcium Excess Causes Goiter

Goiter has been produced in white mice by feeding them a diet containing an excess of calcium.

STAR DUST Movie • Radio

JAMES MELTON, one of radio's sweetest singers, has finished his latest radio assignment and arrived in Hollywood to work in "Cain and Mabel." Before leaving New York he made inquiries as to his own importance in the picture—wanted to know what sort of breaks he'd get on publicity, etc.

He knew that Marlon Davies, being the star, would come first in the hearts of the publicity men for the company. A casual inquiry revealed the fact that he'd come second, which was all right with him. But for the moment neither he nor his informant recalled that Mary Boland was also cast for that picture—and Miss Boland is pretty important, being an excellent actress and a favorite of movie fans as well.

Also—Mr. Melton is, first of all, a singer. The script calls for a prize-fighter as a hero. The question at the moment is—if you take his singing away from Mr. Melton, will you have a prize-fighter?

Now it's Harold Lloyd who wants to make pictures in color. He has been making experiments on his own hook for the last two years, but is not yet quite sure whether or not color would add to the type of comedies that he makes.

Furthermore, he's through with making just one picture a year; from now on he'll make two a year, he thinks, or at least, two every three years.

And with his latest one, "The Milky Way," as an example, that comes under the heading of good news.

Those radio programs of Bing Crosby's are rapidly becoming one of the best of the broadcasts; he is getting really big names, (or rather, his sponsor is getting them for him), and he makes a delightful master of ceremonies. Better add this program to the list of those you tune in on Thursday evenings.

When you see "The Great Ziegfeld" (and of course you'll see it!) you'll hear "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" beautifully sung. Allan Jones sang it, while Stanley Morner was photographed as if he were singing it. Jones did not get screen credit, and Morner, who has a good singing voice, got credit but didn't sing.

The youngsters in Hal Roach's "Our Gang" started on a personal appearance tour a while ago, which has proved so successful that they will go on and on right through the summer. Not only children, but grown people as well, arrive for the first show and then right on till closing time.

As if there hadn't been enough trouble over Mae West's latest, "Klondike Annie," the Chinese government is objecting to it now, so Mae won't be a welcome visitor in the Orient.

Another picture that you'll want to see is "I Married a Doctor"—which you'll recognize as Sinclair Lewis' great book, "Main Street." Josephine Hutchinson and Pat O'Brien have the leads, and do exceedingly well by them. However, here's a word of warning to young, unmarried doctors; don't take the girl you hope to marry to see this one, for it may make them feel that doctors don't make very good husbands.

Staging a come-back in pictures was rather a hard thing for Dolores Costello Barrymore to do; she was a victim of the early days of talkies, when she was given such insane speeches that audiences laughed at her, which cost her an opportunity she really deserved. But she took voice lessons, and diction lessons, and did so well in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" that Paramount has signed her up. Now it looks as if a real career is opening for her.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . When people in New York asked Bette Davis if she was going to fly back to Hollywood she said, "No; I'm a sissy, I'll take the train" . . . At Tolson and Ruby Keeler did the same . . . But a few accidents have not frightened the general public; plane reservations still have to be made way ahead . . . Eddie Robinson refused to be frightened; his mother was ill in New York, so he flew to see her, and flew back . . . Anita Louise is the latest star to embark for picture-making in England . . . Eddie Cantor's new radio contract calls for something like \$15,000 a week, but he'll have to pay his company himself . . . Ed Wynn will return to NBC soon, and have Graham McNamee with him again. © Western Newspaper Union.

All Around the House

Soot on wall paper may be removed with corn meal. Brush off as much of the soot as possible, then rub on corn meal until it becomes soiled, and brush off.

To determine whether or not the soil in your garden is acid, buy 10 cents' worth of litmus paper at the drug store. Put litmus in a ball of

moistened earth taken from your garden. If the slip turns pink, soil is acid.

When making iced tea double the amount of tea leaves used. When ice melts it weakens tea.

Dilute canned soup with water in which vegetables have been boiled instead of with pure water. The flavor is much better.

If water seeps through the walls of your garden pool, paint with waterproof paint. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Baseball's 100th Birthday to Be Observed This Year

The birth of baseball at Cooperstown, N. Y., will be celebrated there this summer on its 100th anniversary. The Albany legislature is being asked to vote \$5,000 toward studying the development of the game from the beginning and to advertise the celebration. The field on which the first game was played is called Doubleday field after the inventor of the game. The baseball museum of records of the sport and its greatest players also is located at Cooperstown.

"You'll like these COUNTRY-MADE SOUPS!"

My Southern cooks take time to give them loving cooking"

Abraham Phillips

"Our soups come from the heart of Maryland . . . where a friendly sun ripens the finest vegetables you ever tasted. And our soups are cooked with heart interest . . . by people who love good food . . . for people who appreciate it! "You can thank the bountiful countryside of Maryland for the neighborly prices of Phillips Delicious Southern Soups. You can thank loving cooking for their fine flavor. You'll say when you taste them that they surely are AMERICA'S GREATEST FOOD VALUES."



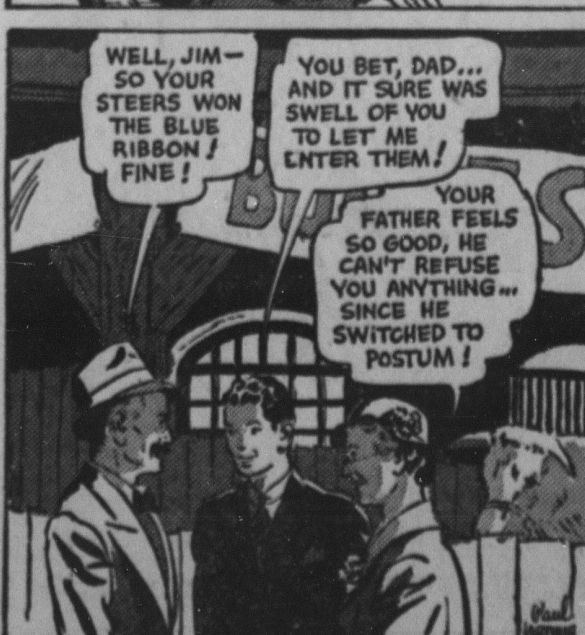
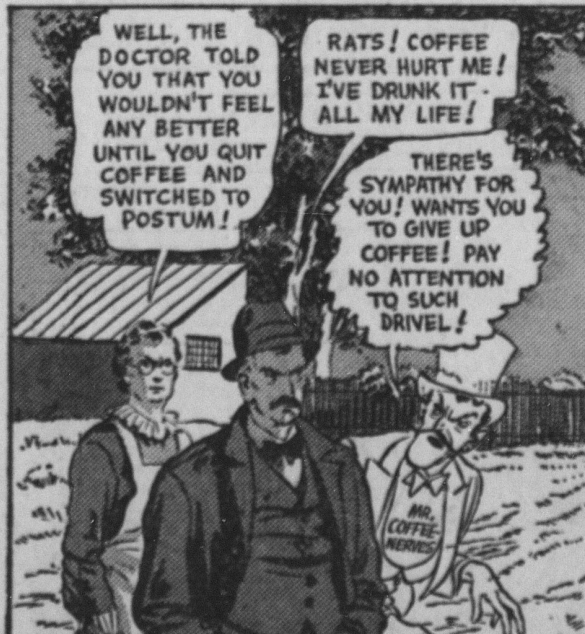
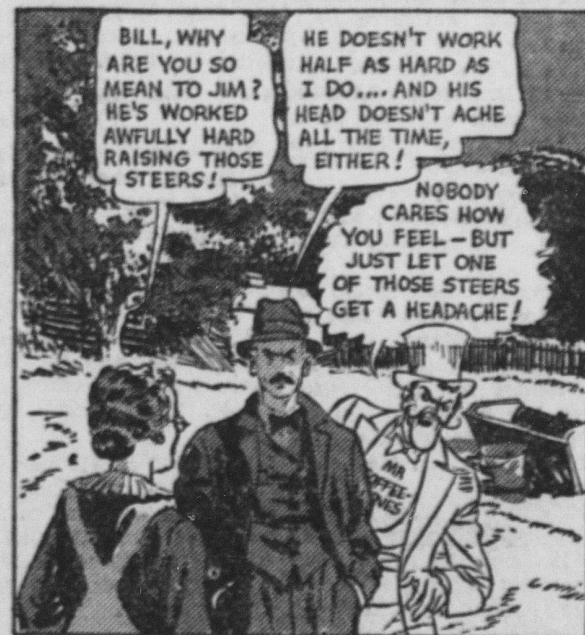
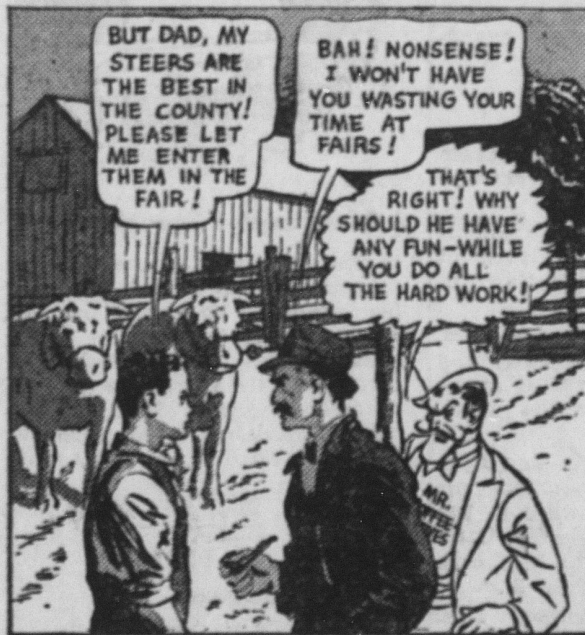
16 DELICIOUS KINDS

PHILLIPS Delicious SOUPS

COLONEL ALBANUS PHILLIPS SAYS: "Give me vegetables that have had Nature's full time for ripening in the sun. I want them garden-fresh, too—when their flavor is top-notch and they've got their full quota of health-protecting minerals and vitamins. That's where my country-made soups get their rich food value. And—these soups are double strength, each can makes four hearty servings."



DAD'S THE REAL WINNER!



TAKE A TIP FROM ME—IF YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES— SWITCH TO POSTUM!

CHILDREN should never drink coffee. . . and the caffeine in coffee disagrees with many grown-ups, too. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion, or can't sleep soundly . . . try Postum for 30 days! It contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Easy to make, costs less than one-half cent a cup. It's delicious, too. . . and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

FREE—Let us send you your first week's supply of Postum free! Simply mail the coupon. © 1934, G. F. Coors.

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Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.
Name _____
Street _____
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Fill in completely, print name and address.
If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd.,
Cobourg, Ont. (Offer expires July 1, 1937.)