

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

The Big "Black Legion" More and Better Babies A Worried Empire U. S. Dollars Emigrate

The "ritual" of the murderous secret society called the "Black Legion" contains some old "Know - Nothing" features. The candidate for admission must be "willing to commit murder, to proceed against Catholics, Jews and Negroes"; he must be "native born, Protestant, white and gentle."



The "Black Legion," which probably will not last long, had ambitious plans. Among other things it proposed to overthrow the federal government, which is not an original idea. It was also going to set up a dictatorship, with night-riding regiments to enforce discipline. Dictatorship is not a new idea, either.

Strange things are done or planned in the name of "liberty" now, as they were when Madam Roland mounted the guillotine platform.

Russia wants bigger families, like Mussolini and others with "plans." Stalin wants plenty of new little citizens.

A thousand million rubles will be set aside by Moscow to "subsidize large families and aid mothers." Birth control ladies and gentlemen will hear, surprised, that aid to large families will begin after the seventh child. Seven are taken as a matter of course; that is just the beginning of a Russian family.

Chancellor Hitler of Germany joins in the "more and better babies" cry. The German ideal is no longer the beautiful golden-haired Margaret, spinning her wheel and saying "No." The Nazis demand women who, "above everything else, can become the mothers of several children," and are willing to do so, according to a representative of Chancellor Hitler.

William Philip Simms, English, is afraid the British empire may not survive, on account of "air fleet peril."

Britain is disturbed by the thought that her whole imperial line of communication, stretching 4,000 miles from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Gulf of Aden, is under Mussolini's bombing planes. Except that her empire is the biggest, England should not worry more than other countries. With surface ships losing all importance, except in the opinions of some Americans, anybody's bombers can break up any line of communications temporarily.

"Americans investing huge sums in the Bahamas, to escape income tax," says the New York Times, big type, front page.

Americans have been "investing huge sums" elsewhere, outside of the United States. Billions of American money have gone to Canada, England and other "foreign parts." More will go.

In all the Bahamas, 4,403 square miles of beautiful territory, there is no income tax. Think of that for a happy country.

Needless to say, if enough American money pours in to make it worth while the intelligent British will find a way to tax it.

Germany has proved the "48-hours-from-Europe-to-America" possibility, with America looking on.

Now England is rushing preparations for a line of heavier-than-air planes to fly between England and America, starting in a few months, and the French, preparing a similar line, are negotiating for a half-way harbor at the Azores. The southern route was said to be the wisest by Lindbergh, shortly after his great flight.

Many Frenchmen are disturbed and puzzled by the situation in Europe, and General Mordacq, close associate of Clemenceau in the war, discusses the question, "What would Clemenceau do if he could come back?"

France feels the need of "a man with a fist," un homme a poigne, and Clemenceau was that kind.

Concerning that fine old fighter from the Vendee, it is safe to say that if he came back he would hasten preparations for another war. But he would not have waited until now.

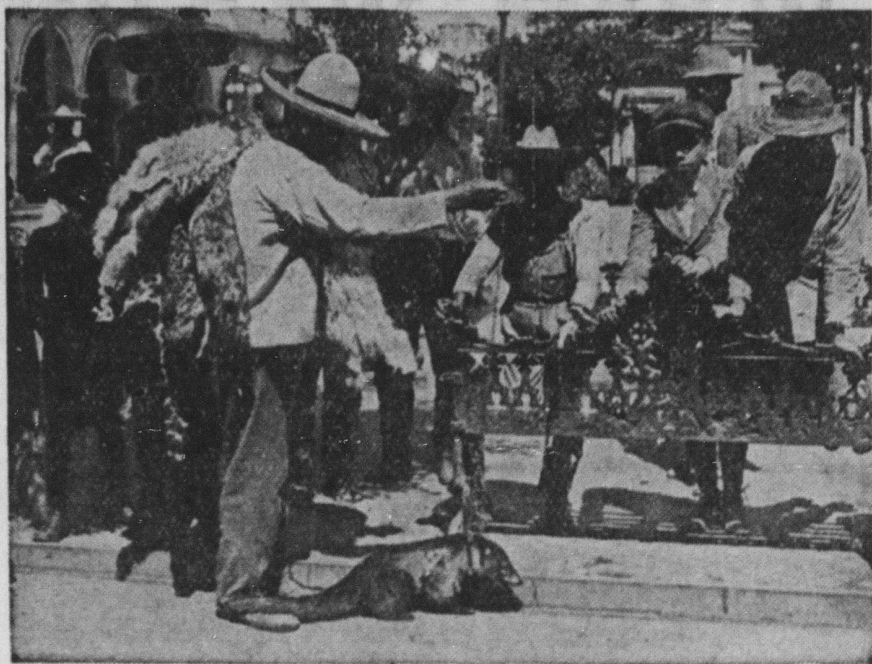
Marshal Badoglio, who cleaned up Ethiopia so swiftly, has been called to Rome, perhaps as part of a wise plan not to let anybody grow too big, like the tree Idrasil, supposed to have its roots in hell, its topmost branches in heaven.

A new comet now approaching us, discovered by and named for L. C. Peitler, amateur astronomer, who works in a garage, will be the first comet visible to the naked eye since 1927.

Germany cut off the head of a sixty-five-year-old man convicted of killing 12 boys. Before death, "examined" by Nazi officials who thought he might be a Communist, he admitted many other murders. He used a secret poison that doctors could not detect.

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IN GUADALAJARA



Skin Peddler in Guadalajara.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

GUADALAJARA, venerable city of Mexico's west, is one of Mexico's tourist mecca. Sleepers run from Los Angeles through Guadalajara. Rails also link the city with the sea at Manzanillo; still another system ties it with Mexico City, with the Gulf of Mexico, and the Texas border. These railways, with the nation's steadily growing net of motor highways, make Guadalajara an active distribution center. Here cheap electric power, ample labor, and abundant raw materials stimulate various industries. These include spinning and knitting mills, candy and cracker works, and shops famous for their beautiful tiles and mosaics.

The arcades that shade the sidewalks before stores facing a plaza shelter many street vendors. A hat peddler walks majestically along, with 15 or 20 hats for sale, stacked on his own head, one atop the other, like a pagoda. Another carries a long string of sandals. Some are of straw, others of rawhide, and a few made from old automobile tires cut into soles.

Country peons usually wear baggy white drawers; but custom now decrees that this badge of rural servitude shall not be worn in Guadalajara streets. So, at the edge of the city, "pants shops" are open where trousers may be rented. Just check your drawers there and rent a pair of pants, as impeccably American students may rent evening clothes for a party! Changing sartorial standards, however, are destroying this simple industry.

Indians arrive in the city with baskets of assorted fruits, guavas, gourds, tiny lemons, cactus pears and mangoes. On the pavement they arrange little piles—one kind of fruit here, another there; then they squat down, silently awaiting buyers. If you want fruit, buy it, but don't ask questions. Toys, candies, soft drinks, postcards, newspapers, pottery, medallions of the saints, small melons white on one side like a fish's belly—everything from mule gear and old tools to carved-wood sticks ending in ornate filigree balls for stirring chocolate—are spread out for sale on the sidewalk.

Good Merchandise in the Stores. Inside the large stores, of course, is modern merchandise. Some American women, wise in local ways, say that if the stores don't carry the particular hat or gown they wish, clever native women soon make them—copying, if need be, from no more than a picture from an American fashion journal. Most lingerie, dress goods, millinery, soaps, perfume, and jewelry are sold by French merchants. Machinery, hardware, and such heavy goods are usually handled by Germans.

Few Americans are found in retail trade; they, with the British, are more interested in mines, ranches, power plants, railways, or banks. If you buy any sizable article in a store, the merchant whistles up a street porter to carry it home for you. Persons of position would lose caste carrying a big parcel through the streets. Porters even carry big bags of silver coin to and from the banks—and for some reason are seldom molested.

As you walk the streets of Guadalajara at Easter time, you may see a dummy man, in top hat and morning coat, in a general's uniform or merely in rags, hanging from a telephone wire. Suddenly the effigy explodes, from a small bomb hidden within, and bursts into flame. Then the street crowd laughs and yells, and maybe even shoots at the effigy, which is supposed to represent Judas. Burning him in effigy at this time is a Mexican practice. Sometimes "Judas" is stuffed with bananas or candy which fall out when he blows up, and streeturchins scramble for the treat.

"Buy your dead man's bread here," a baker's sign may read around All Souls' day. At that time, some Mexicans believe, the spirits of departed relatives return to dine with their families. The dining table becomes an altar, and some foods are served in strange shapes, such as candy skulls, big and little, with cherries for eyes, ribs and leg bones made of chocolate, or cakes baked in the form of coffins.

Many churches in Mexico were built on sites of ancient Aztec temples, the heads of whose idols were cut off by zealous Spaniards. In some churches fragments of heathen idols are built into the walls. After the conquest, Spain built literally thousands of Mexican churches. They dominate Guadalajara.

Devotion of the Peons. Horses and rebels were housed in some of these churches, with priests and nuns deported during the revolu-

tions. But the faithful carried on. Pious peons came for miles on their knees to the churches. Old women shouting the chants and litanies or counting their beads, crawled to the altars on stiff old knees. Girls knelt with crowns of thorns on their brows and small boys clutched at the crucifixes.

From Guadalajara out to the suburban church of Zapopan is but a short trip by tramcar; but during an August feast peons hobble out to it on their knees, taking all day. When prayers are over they stage a costume play depicting the Spanish conquest of Jalisco. Then Indian players dress and act the parts of Spanish knights and the local Indian characters of that conflict. In recent years education has been taken away from the church, and the new generation tends to abandon these mimetic dances and dramatic rituals.

The chief edifice in Guadalajara is the cathedral; its twin towers rise over the city, visible for miles. Or feast days long strings of lights illuminate the towers, and at Easter the bishop washes the feet of twelve old men, chosen at random from street crowds.

Rushing to aid the king of Spain in the Peninsula war went many men of Guadalajara. Legend says money was sent, too, raised by melting gold and silver plate and candlesticks from the cathedral. In gratitude the king gave this church Murillo's great painting "The Assumption of the Virgin," still hanging in the cathedral though many attempts have been made to buy or purloin it.

Bull-Fighting Loses Popularity. The bull ring is here, of course but such sports as boxing, football, and baseball have robbed it of old-time popularity. Despite its continuous appeal to the peon, who glories in its cruel, gory combats, and survival of a few other habits, bull-fighting as a business is on the decline.

Bulls from Spain are still sent to Mexico City, where tourists help support the arena, and some fighting animals are still raised on the West coast ranches for Guadalajara. One of these is the old Rancho San Jose de Conde in Navarit, which dates from 1550. It is one of America's oldest ranches. Its output of small, black, savage bulls went on for generations. To perpetuate the fighting instinct, the peon on this ranch was "Kill every bull calf that does not seem to hate men." Such a plan insures a bull ferocious as any wild animal. One young bull on this ranch chased a vaquero up a tree and kept him there till he nearly died of thirst.

When Cortez conquered Montezuma and founded "New Spain," he had with him one Don Nuno de Guzman, who soon rose to power and grew jealous of his chief. Eager to gain more honors and riches for himself, De Guzman, in 1529, quit the Aztec capital, with picked Spanish troops and many Tlaxcaltecan Indian allies, to explore the unknown regions farther west and north. In their travels, De Guzman and his lieutenant, Cristobal de Onate, came upon a huge Indian stronghold, Nochistlan. Fighting ensued, and nearby the Spaniards built their camp, a cluster of huts. Though moved about later to various neighboring sites, a town was laid out about 1530. It was named for De Guzman's home town in Spain, Guadalajara, from the Moorish Wad-al-hajarah, meaning River of Rocks. From the king of Spain the new town got its coat of arms in 1539; so it was really a white settlement nearly a century before the English landed at Jamestown.

By 1560 Guadalajara had become important. Its chief activity was Indian slave hunting, and the driving of these to work in the gold and silver mines. Vast fortunes were thus amassed, luxurious homes were built; and New Galicia, of which Guadalajara was the capital, then included not only the present state of Jalisco, but much of what is now five or six other Mexican states, reaching up to Sinaloa.

Visit certain old Guadalajara family homes now and you are astonished at the wealth and beauty of heirlooms from colonial days. Hand-made silverware, even table services of gold, heavy Spanish chests bound in leather and copper, miniatures, jewelry, crucifixes and old paintings, guitars, inlaid with pearl, historic weapons, hand-carved tables, and other furniture so heavy that it can be moved only with difficulty. The old hand-made locks on front doors are often so massive that the key itself may be as big and heavy as a common hatchet, say a foot long.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Hot Political Campaigns.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—They say this will be the liveliest fight for years and years, with glee clubs gargling and the boys out with brass bands—and brass-knucks; and batteries of college professors firing on opposition professors.

But they'll never reclaim the glorious ancient spirit. We're too tame. Take '66. Now, there was a campaign for you. When Bryan was a discovery instead of a chronic recurrence. Two life-long friends would meet. "What d'ye think of this here free silver thing?" one would ask. "I think it's the greatest notion in history," the second fellow would say. "What do you think?" "I think you're a dirty such-and-such!" The first man would yell, and then everybody would start bouncing those old-fashioned brass cuspidors off of everybody else's dome.



Irvin S. Cobb

J. Edgar Boulder.

OWING to recent developments over which I had no control, I believe the Interior department temporarily has shelved the idea of changing J. Edgar Hoover's name to J. Edgar Boulder, as was previously predicted in these dispatches. But now certain critics at Washington insist on accusing that gentleman of over-advertising in connection with his latest activities. Well, he has the advantage over some press agents. When he promises a show he certainly puts it on upon the day and date announced, with the band playing "The Alcatraz Drag"—and every cage full.

Funny Foreign Names.

WORD from Warsaw is that the incumbent, the Hon. Marjan Zydrum Kosciolowski, having resigned, the president of Poland has picked as the new premier none other than Gen. Felicyan Slawoskiadkowski. The latter gentleman has already been installed up to and including his first five or six syllables, the rest of the name running as a second section. So what you mistook for static on the radio right before last was just the news broadcaster trying to pronounce him as a whole.

Ever Rising Taxes.

ANYBODY who fondly believes that, regardless of which outfit wins in November, taxes won't keep right on going up and up has a thinking apparatus that dates back quite a spell. I'd say it dates back to the climax of the big rise, as set forth in the Bible, and is a direct inheritance from the skeptical folks who wouldn't harken to the prophetic warning.

Remember the scene, don't you? The forty days' rain still beating relentlessly down, the freshest climbing higher and higher, the animals marching in two by two. And with the old ark starting to move and Father Noah yelling, "All aboard," and with the waters closing over their heads, those know-it-alls still gurgling through their valedictory bubbles, "Shuckin's, there ain't goin' to be no flood."

Honoring Lee and Jackson.

WHEN the Post Office department includes among the gallery of the greatest Americans, to be pictured in the new issue of memorial stamps, the faces of the Confederate chieftains, Lee and Jackson, what happens? Why, nobody waves the bloody shirt. Nobody ennobles the sorry word "traitor" by applying it to the memories of those two gallant soldiers and simple Christian gentlemen. Nobody in the name of patriotism drags the mouldering bones of sectional rancor out of the ground. Nobody beats the "Rogue's March for Rebels" on hate's snare drum. Instead, all over the Union, men and women applaud this generous but berated gesture. A leading paper of Boston—Boston, no less, once the muckling bed of abolition and the breeding ground for anti-southern sentiment—editorially commends the idea.

IRVIN S. COBB

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Railcar Popular in France

The railcar, or "automotrice," as it is known there, is becoming one of the most popular means of rapid passenger transport in France. At the same time great efforts are being made to increase the speed of these railcars. Every few weeks a new record is established by one of the rival constructing companies. Record was attained by M. Jean Bugatti, who drove a Bugatti railcar from Strasbourg to Paris in 3 hours 31 minutes, averaging 89.4 miles an hour. Seventy-five Bugatti railcars are now running on the French railway system. M. Jean Bugatti considers that railcars run on petrol are particularly useful for ultra-rapid transit transport over distances of three or four hundred miles.—London Sunday Observer.

Fine to Kill the Appetite. Mayme—Dearie, did you ever try smoking a cigar? Jayne—Once, and for a week after I didn't have any trouble sticking to my reducing diet, darling!

TALL TALES

As Told to:

FRANK E. HAGAN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

Pat Scanlan's Triple Play

THE grandfather of James E. McGrath of Evanston, Ill., was T. D. Scanlan, one of the pioneers who laid the first transatlantic cable out of Hearts Content, Newfoundland. He was also the father of Jim's uncle, Patrick Scanlan.

Pat Scanlan, and now we're getting down to cases, was one of the most powerful swimmers and fishermen Canada or New England has seen. Often he plunged into lakes and swam them with a surveyor's chain in his mouth. And while doing this, Pat always had time to select the likeliest fishing pools.

His finest fishing is family history, handed down to Jim McGrath. It happened in upper New York state and Jim is positive it's true because Pat yelled so loudly it shook the McGrath house, down in Brooklyn.

You see, Pat was fishing in this lake he had seen while nibbling a surveying chain. It was near dusk and he was casting three hooks near the shore for fish he sometimes in shallow water when it's getting dark.

Pat cast and hooked a trout. He played the fish a short time, then gave a determined jerk to establish who was boss. As Pat jerked he snared a muskrat on the second hook. That was too much so he whooped and threw the double catch high in air, casting trout, muskrat and line back toward the water with a mighty "awoooh."

And when Pat heaved the line toward the water he caught a bumming bird on the third hook. He always claimed it was the only unassisted triple play of that particular season.

The End of the Philly-Lo

IT IS a well-known fact that the Philly-Lo bird is extinct but accounts of the death of the last survivor vary. Larry Flint, a Pennsylvania newspaper man says he saw the tragedy while visiting in Wyoming.

"The Philly-Lo was ferociously fond of the holes in doughnuts. His method of eating them was unique; he backed up to them, slipped his tail through them, then flicked the appendage around in front and fed himself.

"An old-timer out there, knowing of this peculiarity, sought out the last surviving Philly-Lo and laid several doughnut holes down in front of the bird. In order to eat the hole, the Philly-Lo had to move his tail around into the proper juxtaposition. This brought about his end."

But F. F. Fuller of the Rhame (N. D.) Review has another version of the story. He says that he and another editor had the job of hunting down the last survivors of the race to serve at a banquet for some visiting newspaper men. Near a mountain in the Bad Lands they flushed a covey of the birds and started chasing them.

"The Philly-Loos began circling the mountains," relates Mr. Fuller. "As they did so each bird grabbed the tail of the bird ahead and as they mounted upward and the circle narrowed, they swallowed to take up the slack. They kept circling and swallowing until each bird had completely swallowed the bird ahead, and they entirely disappeared from before our eyes. All that is left are a few tracks circling the mountain that look just like those made by an automobile driven by a one-armed driver. I've never seen a Philly-Lo bird since that time."

Winner by a Nose

LOTS of fellows who work in a metropolis were born in the great open spaces, and invariably they retain their hankering for the hinterlands.

Lewis W. Hunt, city editor of the Chicago Daily News, is no exception. And sometimes when the boys are having a chinning match he is unable to conceal his liking for the bad lands of Montana from whence he came.

So when a party from Kansas asserted that in his country it became so dry it was necessary to run water from the well through a wringer, and to throw gravel on the barn to delude the cows into thinking rain was falling, so they'd come out, Luke asserted himself.

"It's cold we rellish in Montana," declaimed Hunt. "One winter in my home town the mercury sank so low that boiling hot coffee froze in a solid stream en route from pot to cup.

"And that was the year," he concluded, "that the man in our town with the longest nose froze his proboscis. A friend recommended the only possible relief would be to rub snow on it. The long-nosed man rubbed snow on the part of his nose he could reach and threw snowballs at the rest. In nine days he was entirely recovered."

© Western Newspaper Union.

Insane Monarchs

Europe had more insane monarchs in power during the last half of the Eighteenth century than in any other similar period in its history. During this time nine of them mounted the thrones of seven countries. An interesting one was Abdul Hamid I, who reigned over Turkey from 1773 to 1789, writes Alan B. Cox, New York City, in Collier's Weekly. Before he was made sultan, Abdul had been locked in a cage for 43 years.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ab Initio. (L.) From the beginning.

Arts est celare artem. (L.) Art consists in concealing art.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum. (L.) Of the dead (say) nothing but good.

Esto perpetua. (L.) May it (or mayest thou) last forever.

Imperium in imperio. (L.) Empire within empire; realm within realm.

Les absents ont toujours tort. (F.) The absent are always in the wrong.

Pater familias. (L.) The head of a family.

Qui vive? (F.) Literally, who lives? who goes there?

Repondez s'il vous plait. (R. S. V. P.) Reply, if you please.

Vulgo. (L.) Commonly.

Salve qui peat. (F.) Let him save himself who can.

STOPS HEADACHE AMAZINGLY QUICK

The next time you have a headache or neuralgic pain, try the improved, modern, method of relief—two teaspoonfuls of Capudine in a little water. Being liquid, the ingredients are already dissolved—all ready to act. This is why Capudine acts almost instantly. Capudine relieves pain by soothing the nerves. It is delightfully gentle. It contains no opiates. At all drug stores; 60c, 30c, 10c sizes. (Adv.)

Proud of It

Don't always judge by contraries. A man who boasts of his honesty, often is.

Black-Draught Good Laxative

Black-Draught has been kept on hand for all the family in the home of Mr. W. A. Lemons, of Independence, Va., since twenty years ago. Mr. Lemons writes that he takes it as a laxative in cases of "headache, dull, tired feeling, biliousness."

"And I take it if I feel uncomfortable after a heavy meal," he adds. "I especially use it for sick headache. It certainly is good."

When a man says "Black-Draught is good," it is probably because he remembers the prompt, refreshing relief it brought in constipation troubles. It is a simple, herb laxative; natural in composition and action.

Nor a Real One

If it makes one angry to be made a martyr, he will not be one long.

Black Leaf 40
KILLS INSECTS ON FLOWERS • FRUITS VEGETABLES & SHRUBS
Demand original sealed bottles, from your dealer

"Free as a Bird" A fish or a bird is "free," but menaced constantly by death.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Watch Your Kidneys! Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes; feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

Resinol

KILL ALL FLIES

DAISY FLY KILLER