

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Hear the Noble Lord
He Sees a New Germany
A Must for the U. S. A.
Strength Alone Protects

An association called "The Anglo-German Fellowship," a name which shows that men forget wars as easily as they do seasickness, gave a dinner in London in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick, who are Germans, as was the British royal family originally.

Among other speakers at the dinner, Lord Lothian talked about war, the importance of doing something to satisfy Germany, now that Germany is strong enough to fight back.

Lord Lothian has discovered that it is one thing to deal with dissatisfied populations when they are unarmed, and a very different thing to deal with the same dissatisfied populations when they are fully armed.

The British made that discovery for themselves long ago, before Lord Lothian was born, in the process of building up their great empire. If the Boers, Hindus, Zulus and some others had been as thoroughly armed as they were thoroughly dissatisfied, the British empire would be smaller.

Americans who want to know what Europeans, including the English, are thinking and planning, will be interested in the following statement by Lord Lothian concerning Germany. It has been suggested that England and France should pacify Germany by giving back some of the colonial properties taken from Germany at the end of the war. Lord Lothian is one of the numerous Englishmen who do not believe in "giving things back." Said he:

"Personally, I do not believe that the problem can be solved along the lines of the restoration to Germany of the old German colonies. That would not solve Germany's difficulties, and things have changed since 1914. The question must be considered on much wider lines. All the colonial nations must be willing to make their contribution to a transfer of territory. The new world as well as the old must be willing one more to reopen its doors to trade and migration."

The statement of the noble lord that "the new world as well as the old must be willing," etc., has no pleasant sound in American ears. The word "must," especially, is one that a wise Englishman could hardly apply to the United States after 1776. Lord Lothian probably meant that the United States "ought," not that it "MUST," once more reopen its doors to trade and migration.

The United States, it is to be hoped, will decide for itself about reopening its doors to trade and immigration. This country needs more of the immigration that made it what it is—it is NOT a redskin country, its people came from Europe, and it needs many millions more of the same kind. It also needs, and the majority of its people intend to keep, American jobs, American wages and American money for the people who live and work in the United States.

There is nothing like being strong and prepared for trouble. You notice how differently Germany appears in the eyes of France and other nations surrounding her today, as compared with the years after the war. Hear Lord Lothian on that subject:

"Germany now has both equality and strength. Reparations have gone. Part V of the Treaty of Versailles has gone. The demilitarization of the Rhineland has gone, and the sooner that recovery of her natural right to self-defense is accepted without further discussion the better. Germany is rearmament. It only remains for the British government to abandon once and for all the fatal system whereby she first has a conference with her friends and then presents the results as a kind of ultimatum to Germany—the system represented by the recent questionnaire—and to substitute for it free and equal and frank discussion around a table. The old system is not equality, either for Germany or for ourselves."

What telephone girl in America has the softest, most beautiful, most easily understood voice? That question was asked in England and a Miss Cain won the competition arranged by the British postoffice, which owns British telephones and telegraph. The finest voice having been selected, a robot was manufactured to imitate that voice by phonographic process. Now, when you want to know the time in London, you dial "Tim" and the soft voice of Miss Cain, perfectly reproduced, tells you: "At the third stroke it will be four twenty-seven and fifteen seconds—"

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Floyd Gibbons Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!



"The Joke That Wasn't Funny"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, I don't suppose anybody exactly relishes the idea of death for any reason, but you can't get around the fact that some reasons for dying are more pleasant than others. The long list of the world's martyrs seems to suggest that death isn't quite so terrible when you're dying for a good and worthy cause.

But on the other hand, it must be pretty awful to be facing your doom on account of nothing more important than a practical joke. That's what happened, though, to Charley Di Giacomo, of Paterson, N. J., on March 8, 1923, at the Peoples Bank in Paterson. Death came for him riding on the butterfly wings of a laugh—came for him at his place of business, just as he was getting ready to leave for the night.

It happened so suddenly that for a moment Charley could hardly realize what had happened. He was putting his books away in the big vault when his friend Bill, another clerk in the bank, called out, "Hurry up, Charlie, or I'll lock you in." Then he heard the door click shut. It was seconds before he realized that that ominous click meant death.

Bill's Thoughtless Gag Threatens to Smother Charley.

Bill hadn't meant to shut that door. He'd only been kidding—only meant to close it part way. But at the last moment the heavy portal had slipped from his hands. Too late he realized he had shut the door to an air-tight vault—a vault in which a man could live only a few hours—a vault equipped with a time lock that couldn't be opened till the next morning!

Bill called Garret Kuiken, the assistant cashier, who was still in the bank. Kuiken called the fire department, and the firemen called out half of Paterson. They got crews from the electric light company, crews of structural iron workers and concrete workers. They sent for an ambulance for they knew Charley Di Giacomo would need it before they got him out. Then they set to work with drills trying to punch a hole through the side of the vault.

While crew after crew arrived on the scene the firemen worked frantically, but their labors were futile. A bank vault is built to keep people out of it, but it isn't an easy thing to GET people out of. And



"Hurry Up, Charley, Or I'll Lock You In."

meanwhile poor Bill, the cause of all the trouble, was taken home in a state of collapse, tormented by the thought that his joke had caused the death of his friend Charley.

It Looked as if the Vault Would Be Charley's Tomb.

Again the drills began clattering at the top of the vault. Would he live until they could get him out? That's something Charley didn't know himself. When that door had closed on him it had taken him a few seconds to realize the gravity of his predicament.

"When I remembered that the door couldn't be opened till the next morning," he says, "I was stunned—for how long I cannot say. Everything was quiet. I could hear the thumping of my heart. I felt alone and helpless like a man buried a thousand miles under ground. I pulled myself together. I knew I must keep calm."

The concrete workers arrived and a pneumatic drill was brought into play on the top of the vault. After an hour's work they succeeded in drilling a small hole in the top of the vault. Would Charley still be conscious? The president of the bank just came on the scene, put his mouth to the hole and called: "Are you all right, boy?" There was no answer. But after a moment a piece of twisted paper was thrust up through the opening. On it was scrawled one word, "Hurry!"

There Wasn't Any Air Left for Charley to Breathe.

"At first I could breathe, but I knew that the air wouldn't last long. I was standing up when they began to pound on the sides of the vault. The din was so terrific that I stuffed my fingers in my ears. But I was happy to know that help had arrived.

"The place seemed to be getting hot. Breathing began to be harder. I broke out in a cold sweat and got down on the floor where the air was better. For hours I lay there, gasping for breath. My body was feverish. I began to pray that they would be in time."

Charley's lungs were aching. He was burning up inside. As time went on breathing became almost impossible. His tongue hung out and he licked at the side of the vault because it felt cool. His head was spinning. Tears were rolling down his face. His stomach was turning and he thought he would go mad.

The Cost of Humor Is Pretty High, Sometimes.

"I felt like dashing my head against the walls," he says. "Everything was getting hazy. The end was near when I looked up and saw a hole. I struggled to a chair, stood on it and pushed a note through. Then I fell to the floor, unconscious."

It took them five hours to open a breach in that two-foot-thick wall of battleship steel. Charley's face was blue, his eyes bulging and his tongue hanging out of his mouth when, at last, they got him out into the air.

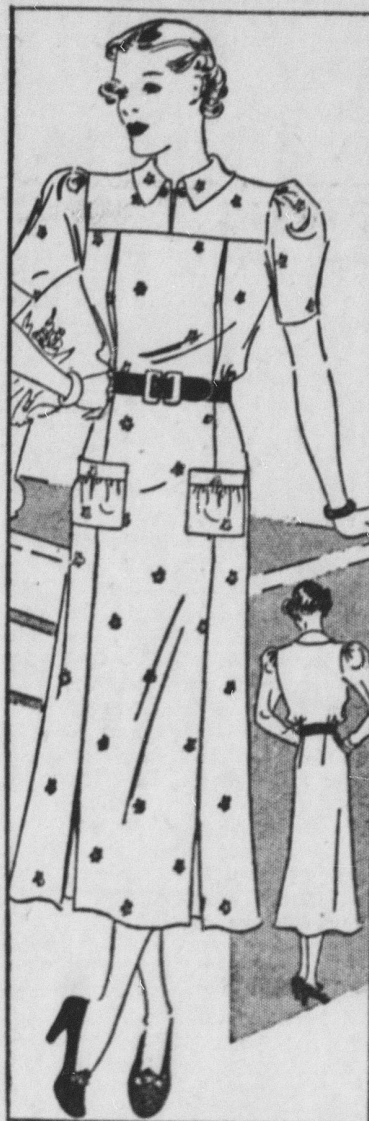
His hearing was gone and he still can't hear as well as he once could. For weeks he lay in bed recovering from the shock. The doctors say he will never be quite the same again and won't be able to do indoor work for many years. It's a pretty tough price to pay—for another guy's sense of humor.

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Snakeroot Poisons Animals
Veterinarians say white snakeroot causes a disease among cattle, horses, and sheep commonly called "trembles." It seems to affect the nervous system. The poisoning is sometimes contracted by human beings from drinking milk or eating milk products from poisoned cows. The disease is called "milk sickness" in man. White snakeroot poisoning is accumulative, according to authorities, and a small amount of the plant eaten over a long period of time may produce the same effect as a large amount eaten at one feeding. Calves and lambs have been fatally poisoned from nursing cows and ewes that had eaten snakeroot.

Discovery of the Tomato
It is not definitely known just when the tomato was found to be non-poisonous and edible or how the discovery came about, says Pathfinder Magazine. But tradition has it that it was a New England man who despite the warnings and dire predictions of his friends first ate of the "love apple" in this country. This fearless fellow is said to have been Michele Felice Corne, an artist whose best known paintings were those depicting naval battles of the War of 1812. And there stands in a cemetery at Newport, R. I., a monument to Corne, the man who took a chance and thereby performed a great service to mankind.

Frock With New Features



1928-B

So you like this number! Lovely, isn't it? Boasting the very newest in sleeves and smart styling, it is just the frock to occupy the leading role in your wardrobe for weeks and months ahead. What's more, you can make it quickly and inexpensively.

Note the choice of short or long sleeves, the paneled front, the clever collar, the lovely pockets—there is a perfect symmetry of design and a simplicity of line which makes it a favorite from the bell! Fashioned of a printed silk, crepe, or cotton, you can achieve enviable distinction in this smart model, a frock suitable for almost

any daytime occasion and the sort to give you the ultimate in satisfaction.

Make it yourself, sending today for Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1928-B designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires just 4 yards of 39-inch fabric, with short sleeves. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Fall Pattern Book containing 100 Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women and matrons. Send 15 cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Household Questions

To prevent the juice in fruit tart boiling over, mix a little cornstarch with the sugar before adding it to tart filling.

Green bananas may be ripened by placing in a paper bag and keeping in a dark closet for a few days.

When having oak floors laid, have flooring delivered at the house a number of days before work is to be done. Open bales so that dry air can get to the strips to reduce any moisture content.

Aluminum pots and pans that have become discolored may be brightened by rubbing with a cloth moistened with lemon juice.

To remove water spots from silk, dampen evenly and press material while still damp. This may be done by sponging carefully with clear water or by shaking it in the steam from a briskly boiling tea kettle until it is thoroughly damp.

When making cole slaw, or cabbage salad, add half a small onion, shredded fine and mix with the cabbage. It improves the flavor.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Après nous le deluge. (F.) After us the deluge (attributed to Madame de Pompadour, in reference to signs of an approaching revolution).

Bordereaux. (F.) A marginal note; a memorandum

Chef-d'oeuvre. (F.) A masterpiece.

De nihilo nihil fit. (L.) Nothing comes from nothing.

Mens sana in corpore sano. (L.) A sound mind in a sound body.

Ippissima verba. (L.) The very words.

In hoc signo vinces. (L.) By this sign thou wilt conquer. (Motto of Constantine.)

NEW PRESSURE LAMP PROTECTS EYESIGHT

Provides 300 Candlepower "Live" Natural Brilliance For Only 1c a Night

A new mantle lamp that protects your sight with 300 candlepower "live," air-pressure light is bringing "eye-health" to thousands of homes, especially in rural communities. This lamp gives 5 times more light than any mantle lamp which has no provision for air pressure. Special laboratory tests prove its brilliance is nearest like natural daylight. . . kind to eyes!



W. C. Coleman, pioneer inventor of gas-pressure appliances, has spent 36 years perfecting this lamp. It makes its own gas . . . burns kerosene or gasoline. It operates for only 1c a night! It is clean, safe, and is an ornament in any home.

Eyestrain is caused by poor and insufficient light, and often results in serious damage to the eyes. Now, nobody need take chances with their precious sight. This new Coleman Lamp is so inexpensive that no one can afford to be without it. It provides plenty of light for every home need . . . for reading, sewing, studying, playing.

Readers of this paper can get full details of this remarkable lamp, including illustrations of the many beautiful models, by simply sending a postcard to W. C. Coleman, Dept. WU-171, Wichita, Kansas.

SYLVIA CRACKS THE WHIP!

SID, I CAN STAND YOUR BAD TEMPER, BUT YOUR INDIGNATION AND LOSS OF SLEEP WILL MAKE YOU MISS THAT TRAPEZE SOME DAY - AND I'LL BE A WIDOW!!

YEAH? BUT WHY DID YOU HAVE TO TELL THAT ANIMAL TRAINER ALL ABOUT IT? WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF HIS?

HE'S NO ANIMAL TRAINER! WHY, IT TOOK THOSE LIONS THREE WEEKS TO TEACH HIM THE ACT!!

I WANTED SOME ADVICE ABOUT YOU! ONCE HE GOT NERVOUS AND JITTERY, JUST AS YOU ARE NOW, AND HE LOST CONTROL OF HIS LIONS!

YEAH, BUT HE GOT OUT ALIVE, WHICH PROVES THAT LIONS WON'T EAT HARM!

THE DOCTOR WHO DRESSED HIS TORN ARM SAID HE HAD COFFEE - NERVES - MADE HIM QUIT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM!

THAT'S A LOT OF BUNK!

-AND NOW I SUPPOSE A LION WOULDN'T BITE HIM EVEN IF HE BIT IT FIRST!

IT'S NOT BUNK! YOU DO DRINK TOO MUCH COFFEE, -AND I'LL BET YOU'VE GOT COFFEE-NERVES! WHY DON'T YOU TRY POSTUM?

OH, ALL RIGHT, I WILL! IF YOU'LL KEEP QUIET ABOUT THAT ANIMAL TRAINER!

CURSES! I'M LICKED AGAIN!

30 DAYS LATER

SAV - THAT'S A WONDERFUL NEW LION ACT HE'S DEVELOPED THERE!

WHY, THAT'S NOTHING COMPARED TO YOUR OWN NEW ACT! YOU CERTAINLY ARE A CHANGED MAN SINCE YOU SWITCHED TO POSTUM!

OF COURSE, children should never drink coffee. And many grown-ups, too, find that the caffeine in coffee disagrees with them. If you are bothered by headaches or indigestion or can't sleep soundly... try Postum for 30 days. Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Try Postum. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days you'll love Postum for its own rich, satisfying flavor. It is easy to make, delicious, economical, and may prove a real help. A product of General Foods.

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Send me, without obligation, a week's supply of Postum.

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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.)