

**The Dallas Post**

ESTABLISHED 1889 TELEPHONE DALLAS 300  
 A LIBERAL, INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER  
 PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
 AT THE DALLAS POST PLANT  
 LEHMAN AVENUE, DALLAS, PA.  
 BY THE DALLAS POST, INC.  
 HOWARD RISLEY ..... General Manager  
 HOWELL REES ..... Managing Editor  
 TRUMAN STEWART ..... Mechanical Superintendent  
 The Dallas Post is on sale at the local news stands. Subscription price by mail \$2.00 payable in advance. Single copies five cents each.  
 Entered as second-class matter at the Dallas Post Office.  
 Members American Press Association; Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association; Circulation Audit Bureau; Wilkes-Barre-Wyoming Valley Chamber of Commerce.

**News Review of Current Events the World Over**

**Italian Troops Invade Ethiopia and the War Begins—Mussolini Warns Nations Not to Interfere—Craig Made Chief of Staff.**

By EDWARD W. PICKARD  
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WAR is on in east Africa. Mussolini's troops in Eritrea invaded Ethiopia because, according to a note he sent the League of Nations, of the Ethiopian mobilization, though this was not ordered until after the Italians had crossed the border and occupied strategic positions south of Mt. Mussa All.

Baltingheta Herouli, the Ethiopian foreign minister, sent to the league this message: "A telegram received October 8 from Ras Seyum, informs the imperial government that Italian military airplanes this morning bombarded Aduwa and Adigrat, leaving many victims among the civilian population, including women and children, and destroying numerous houses."

"A battle is at this moment taking place in the province of Agame. These events, occurring on Ethiopian territory, constitute a violation of the covenant of the league, through Italian aggression."

A Reuters dispatch from Addis Ababa said the Italian force advancing on Agame had been defeated, but this report probably was false.

The Italians, moving south from the Asmara region, crossed the Mareb river frontier at widely separated points and converged in heavy columns toward Aduwa, the scene of the terrific Italian defeat 39 years ago. Government authorities in Rome at first denied that Aduwa and Adigrat had been bombed, but this action was reported by American correspondents with the Italian army.

Halle Selassie's order for general mobilization was carried throughout the empire by the ominous beating of the war drums, and his eager warriors responded by the hundred thousand. The emperor's first war order was to his chieftain, Ras Kabada, and three other generals, to take 50,000 men to Mt. Mussa All. The defense in the North was entrusted to the Negradas of Wollocho. It was estimated at Addis Ababa that the emperor could count on the services of about 1,250,000 fighting men, and the women also are ready for active work in the conflict.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the opening of hostilities in Ethiopia, Mussolini gave the signal for tremendous mass gatherings of all Fascists in Italy. Millions of Black Shirts in all the cities dropped everything and assembled to cheer for the Duce and his African adventure. From the balcony of the Venezia palace in Rome the premier shouted the words that committed his nation to a policy that may mean either victory or ruin. He reiterated his determination to seize territory from Ethiopia but declared he would do everything possible to prevent the campaign from bringing on a European war. But he warned the League of Nations and all nations to keep their hands off, saying: "To sanctions of an economic character we reply with our discipline, our sobriety, and our spirit of sacrifice. To sanctions of a military character we will reply with measures of military character. To acts of war we will reply with acts of war."

Summoned hastily to a meeting of the league council in Geneva, the statesmen of Europe found themselves confronted by the fact that an undeclared war was being waged by a league member against a league member. Article XVI of the league covenant provides for severe penalties for such a war when the aggressor has been determined. The sanctions range through an economic and financial boycott to final military penalties. Before going to Geneva, Anthony Eden of Great Britain conferred with Premier Laval of France in Paris. He had instructions to throw the full support of his movement behind league efforts to isolate or halt the conflict in Africa. French officials believed that if sanctions were applied by the league, they would be only economic, which would shut off loans and raw materials from Italy. The mobilization of the British navy in the Mediterranean and the Red sea continued with accelerated speed.

FIRM assurance that the United States would not be drawn into a foreign war was given by President Roosevelt in his address at San Diego. He said:

"We not only earnestly desire peace but we are moved by a stern determination to avoid those perils that will endanger our peace with the world. As President of the United States I say to you most earnestly once more that the people of America and the government of those people intend and expect to remain at peace with all the world."

In Washington Secretary of State Hull made a strong plea for peace, declaring that economic recovery is being retarded by international political uncertainty. He warned that world political stability cannot be achieved without a revival of world trade and that war will block trade.

BULGARIAN conspirators formed an elaborate plot to assassinate King Boris III and seize control of the government, but they were foiled and many persons were arrested.

Sources close to the government declared an attack was to have been made on the king as he appeared before his subjects to review a parade in celebration of the anniversary of his accession to the throne. Marching soldiers were to have been without ammunition, and in the confusion following the attack the plotters hoped to take control of the arsenal and public buildings.

MAJ. GEN. MALIN CRAIG, a veteran of two wars and commander of the war college, was appointed chief of staff of the American army by President Roosevelt. He took office immediately, succeeding Gen. Douglas MacArthur who is on his way to the Philippines to be military adviser to the new island commonwealth. Craig is advanced to full generalship.

Born in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1875, Craig was graduated from West Point in 1898. Immediately afterward he saw service in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, and in June, 1900, participated in the China relief expedition made necessary by the Boxer outbreak. After service in various army posts in this country, Craig, upon American entrance into the World War in 1917, was assigned as chief of staff of the Forty-first division and sailed with that outfit for France.

Later he became chief of staff of the First army corps, serving in that position until the armistice was signed.

TREASURY report for three months ending September 30 showed a first-quarter deficit of \$832,000,000. This was 34 per cent greater than for the corresponding period a year ago which at that time was a record deficit. Expenditures for the quarter amounted to \$1,820,000,000. This was an average of about \$20,000,000 a day.

The deficit occurred in spite of increased taxes and other revenues incident to improved business. Total revenues for the three months were \$908,000,000 compared with \$954,000,000 in the corresponding period of the preceding fiscal year.

POTATO control was the subject of discussion at a hearing called by the AAA in Washington, and officials, farmers and consumers were given a chance to say what they thought about the Warren act, which provides for quotas for potato growers, with a prohibitive tax on production in excess of quotas, and is armored with jail penalties for willful buyers or sellers of bootleg potatoes.

This act was opposed by the New Dealers, and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace said at the conference that he does not want to enforce it and will do all in his power to avoid enforcing it. He offered several plans for voluntary methods which would reduce potato surpluses and raise prices. He continued:

"Potato growers are in real trouble and the AAA wants their judgment on possible cures for potato problems. Potato prices are about half of parity and the AAA desires to get the full benefit of the judgment of potato producers concerning plans for increasing their returns."

**SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL**  
 By Carter Field

Washington.—Typical of the sort of thing that has made the Republican party in New York state, impotent since the passing of Bill Barnes from its leadership is the proposal of Charles Dewey Hilles to throw the Empire state delegation to Bertrand H. Snell.

Most Republicans agree that Snell would make an excellent President. He has force, character, and ability. He stays put. He takes advice, but without ever yielding one inch on deep convictions, or yielding to temporary expediency. Never a back slapper, never a user of weasel words, he nevertheless fought his way up through the house of representatives, and won the G. O. P. nomination for the speakership of that body against the whole strength of the Hoover administration. And his rather thin following since 1932 has never regretted its choice.

But the whole point is that no one, least of all Mr. Hilles, who proposes to commit the New York delegation to Snell, has the slightest idea that the Republican convention will nominate the able New York representative. The whole purpose of giving this big delegation to Snell is to hold it away from Herbert Hoover, to hold it away from Senator Borah—even to hold it away from Colonel Knox—for the purpose of permitting another smoke-filled room nomination reminiscent of 1920.

It is good old Republican tradition—Democratic tradition, too, for that matter—that a group of old party wheel-horses can sit around in a room and do much better in picking a candidate than can either the voters in primaries or delegates in an untrammeled convention. In fact, there is so much history to back it up that there seems to be some logic in the contention.

But it is a tradition which would not have a chance this time if it were not for one thing—fear that Herbert Hoover will win the nomination by pure force of lethargy. Hilles also wants to head off Borah. He was distinctly annoyed at the recent poll of county and other leaders by Robert H. Lucas, which showed such surprising strength for the Idaho senator.

**It's an Old Feud**

This feud goes back to the days when William Howard Taft was President, and Hilles was his secretary. Borah has frequently remarked that "Taft and Hilles wrecked the party." He still thinks so and Hilles knows it. Hilles would not be consulted much if Borah were in the White House. He knows that, too.

Another phase of the situation is that a great many New York Republicans would prefer the nomination of former Senator James W. Wadsworth, now a member of the house. Wadsworth, like Snell, has never equivocated about the New Deal. When it looked as though opposing Roosevelt's program was little short of political suicide, Wadsworth always backed Snell in opposing it, not just by his vote, but by vigorous denunciation—in sharp contrast with the number of other Republicans who gracefully yielded to the storm.

It so happens that neither one of these outstanding New Yorkers is of the boss type. Else the story of the New York Republican fiasco in the last 15 years might be very different.

After the passing of Barnes, when New York had a Republican governor, Whitman, and two Republican senators, Calder and Wadsworth, there was a considerable G. O. P. faction which wanted Wadsworth to be boss in Barnes' place. Another faction backed Calder. Calder wanted the job. Wadsworth didn't. He didn't want to be bothered with it. But while Calder went after it the stronger group, including Snell, backed Wadsworth. Which resulted in there being no Republican boss in New York at all.

Woman suffrage and prohibition divided the leaderless party. Calder was defeated for re-election by Doctor Copeland, and in 1926 Bob Wagner defeated Wadsworth. Then along came Roosevelt and Farley to build up the upstate Democratic organization in the country sections, as Al Smith had already built it up in the cities.

And now there is a new complication. It looks as though a new schism was about to divide the New York Republicans.

**Puzzling Problem**

What substitute for AAA—farm benefits and processing taxes—can the opposition to the New Deal offer?

That problem is causing furrowed brows among would-be candidates on the Republican ticket against Franklin D. Roosevelt next year. It is also worrying the wheel-horses of the party—those that are left—the men who know they can never themselves carry the standards, but who like tremendously to feel that they are powers behind the throne. Such men, for example, as J. Henry Roraback of Connecticut—the last of the old bosses. Such men as Dave Mulvane of Kansas used to be.

Reliable reports from the farm belt indicate that the Republicans must have some substitute—something that will satisfy the farmers—if they are

to have a chance in that part of the country. The reports are interesting for another reason. They indicate that it will not be difficult to enlist the farmers against the New Deal if they are convinced they will fare just as well without it.

Apparently the farmers are not at all satisfied that the system, which is now paying them handsome benefits in return for their crop restrictions, is sound.

What most of the farmers would really like would be to have all restrictions on production removed, and then to have prices for all crops guaranteed by the government—prices that would yield them what they regard as a decent return for their labor and the use of their land.

**Appeal to Farmers**

This sounds more uneconomic than even the present scheme. But it would appeal infinitely more to the farmers, and, curiously enough, it is almost precisely what was offered as a farm plank by former Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, and which was so flatly rejected by Coolidge, Hoover and Mellon. In short it amounts to the export debenture, with its equalization fee provision. The only difference is that the equalization fee part of the scheme does not appeal much to the farmers. If any particular crop were very large, so that a heavy percentage of it had to be sacrificed at a sharp loss on export sales, then the equalization fee might easily deprive the farmer of that fair price he craves.

But the farmer is a natural gambler. He has to be. He gambles on every crop he plants—against nature. And up to now on the market price. The farm benefits for not raising crops are virtually the first sure thing the farmers of the world have ever had.

Perhaps because of the trace of gambling which seems to be in every human being, this is not the phase of AAA which appeals most to him. Or at least reports from all over the country indicate that it is not. He wants to gamble against nature—against surpluses of his crop from other countries competing in the world market. He wants the chance of an occasional killing with fat prices on a big crop on his land, even though that big price can be occasioned only by crop failures elsewhere.

But while this is what he wants, he is not going to give up the security he now has for the first time in the history of mankind for the mere privilege of gambling. And he will not vote that way.

**Want Longer Hours**

"Why doesn't the government work us sixty hours a week and give us enough to live on?"

That is the complaint of worker after worker on the famous Passamaquoddy tidal project, just outside Eastport, Maine, and close to beautiful Campobello, where President Roosevelt loved to vacation years ago.

"I work eight hours a day, five days a week," one worker told the writer. "For that the government gives me \$11 a week. I have to pay \$10 a week for my board and room, so you see I have to be pretty careful with that other dollar."

"It's just crazy," said a garage worker, who was intently listening. "The government ought to work these fellows ten hours a day, and six days a week. Then they would make some money. They could buy things. Isn't that what we are supposed to be needing?"

"Don't talk to me about the men needing the time off for recreation. What do they do with their time off? Two days—they have—and they lay around the ends of the wharves and bum cigarettes from us natives. You see they can't afford to buy their own."

"But modern thought is that a man ought not to work as long as sixty hours a week," suggested the writer.

"Say, mister, we used to work sixty hours a week all the time, and we got along just fine," retorted the garage worker.

"But the government wants to take care of as many men needing work as it can with the money it can afford to spend," persisted the writer. "Isn't this the best way to do it?"

**Anyway, More Money**

"Well, maybe it would be better not to work them sixty hours," conceded the garage man, "but certainly they ought to get \$25 a week. Why, mister, lots of these chaps have wives. I know a lot of them who have three children. What do you think a man can do for a wife and three children on \$11 a week?"

"Cold weather is coming on, and these fellows will have to buy a lot of warm clothes. That dollar a week over board money, for the single ones, won't go very far then."

Eastport looks like a boom mining town save for one thing—the money isn't jingling. Men walk around the streets in machinaws. High laced boots, sweaters and heavy fur caps give an Alaskan note to the picture. But there are no gambling halls. Cheap lunch rooms abound. They have to be cheap. Nobody has the money to support an expensive one. Which is also the answer, of course, to the lack of gambling halls.

Not all the men are bitter at Uncle Sam. Some of them are pitifully grateful to get work, even at \$11 a week. But mighty few of them understand the economic ideas behind that fight in congress last winter over the "prevailing wage" amendment. They do not realize the idea that this work is just to provide employment until private industry can absorb them—that the last thing intended is to make these jobs so attractive that men would not leave them to take private employment, even of humble varieties.

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**The Rogues' Gallery**



The Comical Male Customers Are Given to Bantering Conversation With the Waitress.

**LEAVE IT TO THE SISTERS**

By GEORGE ADE

IN FLORIDA, what they call a dinner de luxe at a night-blooming noise factory may bring you a check for \$5. Anything around \$5 is a bargain price for the hurry-up repast served with dancing by the customers and cawing cuties in a "floor show." Two bits for the food and \$4.75 for the smoke and the elbowing and the alcoholic vapors. It may surprise the spenders who frequent these nocturnal resorts to learn that a good dinner or supper is worth, at the market, just 35 cents. That is the top. That is the stabilized price, decreed by custom and honored by long practice. It is not preceded by cocktails or washed down with that very expensive fluid known as "ziggle-water." It is served by a friendly waitress who expects no tip.

The women of the small towns have learned the secret of making money by serving food for practically nothing. They cannot raise their prices because the traffic couldn't bear the increase. Oyster suppers used to come as low as 25 cents a head in the good old days but now the patrons demand "courses" and are critical of the bill of fare and take a lot of waiting on—all for 35 cents.

Women are the mortgage-lifters for churches, clubs and all kinds of local societies and helping-hand organizations. They have more enthusiasm than the men and their team-work is better. What is more, they get a lot of fun out of mobilizing in a buzzing flock to assemble their contributions and spread the tables.

Mrs. A. is a natural born cake-maker so she brings two cakes, one enriched with figs and the other stuffed with hickory nuts. Such cakes are practically unobtainable in the city and are priceless samples of home-cooking but, just the same, they go into the 35 cent jackpot.

Mrs. B. is a sensational biscuit maker, with a good degree of local renown. Her job is to provide the light and fluffy rolls.

Mrs. C. is the local queen in the domain of "trimmings," such as cottage cheese, grape jelly and strawberry preserves. She robs her own shelves in order to make the party a success. She has to be a liberal contributor in order to keep up with the others and head off any sly suggestion that she has a strain of stepmother in her.

Mrs. D. is the prize coffee maker. Mrs. E. is the supreme authority on chicken and noodles. The F. girls know how to get floral decorations for the table. Mrs. G. has had long experience in bossing waitresses. Mrs. H. is a demon pie maker.

The "supper" represents an assembling of units, turned out by experts, and the finished product lays over what you get at filling stations and lunch counters.

If you have a great crowd of people to feed, the best thing you can do is to make a deal with the sisters. They will bring an army of waitresses who would cost more, if you hired them, than the total bill turned in by the lady manager. The girls of all ages love the flutter and hopping about and genial hub-bub of an indoor celebration and waiting on the table, when it is done as a labor of love, becomes an adventure and a gay experience. The comical male customers are given to bantering conversation with the waitress (known by her first name), and she must talk back and be sure of many a hearty guffaw, because everything is at high tension and any kind of wise crack is a welcome relief and sure-fire hit. After it is all over the girls count up what they have taken in and put it in the treasury as "velvet."

It's a good thing they don't charge for their time and the physical toll and the nervous energy.

Out at my place in the country we have had some big parties, mostly for city visitors. They want fried chicken. You cannot provide "springers," with an unlimited number of helpings

at 35 cents a plate. For the chicken and noodles or roast fowl you can work in the venerable hens, but you cannot cheat on the fried variety. The local sisters whooped the fried chicken rate to 50 cents years ago, then slid it up to 75 cents and later on, finding that the city trade was big-hearted, made it a dollar a head. With a hundred motorists on a reliability run, all arriving at one time, the sisters began to handle important money. On the day of the noon-day feed for the Glidden tour outfit the receipts were \$350, which represented the high mark. Much of this amount was contributed by the motorists who insisted that the dinner was worth more than a dollar.

After many years experience with city visitors and numerous conferences with the women providers, I think I have discovered the menu which will always make a hit with the consumers.

The grand motif or theme song of the production is fried chicken, taken entirely apart and served hot and moistly tender. No armor plating.

Mashed potatoes or new spuds with their jackets on, hand in hand with oodles and oodles of oodles of giblet gravy.

Small, light fluffy rolls. No "sody biscuit."

For the second vegetable, corn on the cob or fresh garden peas or tender juvenile string beans, depending on the season.

Fresh beets. Always in demand. Overlooked by most caterers.

Fresh leaf lettuce "wilted" with hot bacon juice and a little vinegar. Those addicted to this old-fashioned salad simply rave about it.

For dessert, ice cream and cake, or pie a la mode. Cherry pie always makes a ten-strike. That or "pumpkin" with a top story of whipped cream.

It is surprising how many people will take hot coffee if it is offered to them.

Please take note that the preliminary "fruit cocktail" is omitted. The visitors want to fly at their fried chicken as soon as the bell rings. This menu, bordered with some jells and preserves, may be repeated over and over, and always goes big. Go right back to the old sure-fire items and stick to them. They cannot be served as a 35 cent plate luncheon but they are what the visitors take, if they can get them. The sisters know how to fix them up.

When people come to the country they want home-cooking and plenty of it, regardless of hard times and depression. The meals may be frugal when company is absent but the sisters never hold out on a bunch of enthusiastic eaters.

Certain undertakings, such as the feeding of a multitude, cannot be stage-managed by the men. The women are the ring-leaders in putting over ambitious plans. We have hopped many a social barrier since "Main Street" was accepted as the real picture of a country town. Every village is now the suburb of a metropolis and enjoys all the privileges of the big town, except the noise and the dust. The radio, the moving picture and the high-powered motor car have made Main Street the tall end of a boulevard. It has changed a lot since every villager was classed as a yokel and his wife was a household slave.

This is an essay about the small-town woman. She may have been a down-trodden home body in the good old days but now she is a gadabout and a mixer. She is all hooked up with "movements" and belongs to clubs and believes in going places and seeing things. She has opinions and doesn't believe everything she hears on the radio.

The ancient couplet ran:  
 Man works from sun to sun,  
 But woman's work is never done.

It is my candid belief, after moving back into a rural community, that women are the self-starters.  
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