

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.



Arthur Brisbane

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" hand, 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 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.

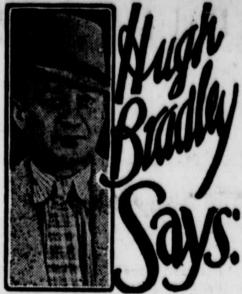
The only certain immortality is represented by our children left behind to work on this earth. It must be of great interest to provide a child to fill a throne and rule the world's greatest empire—whether or not it lasts.

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 pious ladies of Juarez thought those old bells should not be rung for any revolutionary candidate, and it became necessary for troops to rescue the bellers from the infuriated women, giving a good imitation of Euripides man-hunting Bacchae.

When women start they mean it.

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Many Sports Folks Share Ruth's Hazy Memory for Names

DURING the seasons of his greatest glory, the newspaper boys were ever uncovering one flaw in the perfection of that stout citizen who now devotes his declining years to golf. No matter how often they might dine or otherwise commune with him, they always were discovering that the best 15 or 20 meetings were the hardest.

After that the stout citizen would give up guessing as to whether this was Bill or Dan or Joe. From then on their lives could be made more beautiful by knowledge that Babe Ruth would know them, collectively and individually, as "Kid."

Of course, from time to time gentlemen—from whatever estate the newspaper business happens to be in—resented this disregard for their undoubted worth and baptismal monickers. Most of them, though, merely took it as new evidence of the pressure that besets a great man or smirked complacently at mirrors which persisted in giving bald evidence that this "Kid" stuff was all wrong.

Recently a reporter made mention of this at one of those vast public gatherings at which he is such a popular favorite. Immediately some busybody in the audience inquired if inability to remember names of eminent commentators upon sports and wrestling was confined entirely to the Babe.

How Billy Southworth's Memory Was Stymied

Sadly, being one of those who are reluctant to share the miseries and the secrets of his profession with the world, the reporter was forced to admit the truth.

There was, for instance, the St. Louis baseball scrivener who devoted several seasons to giving his best aid, advice and comfort to Billy Southworth. Perhaps the reporter and the Cardinal manager were not as close as Park and Tilford but to all outward appearances they seemed two hearts that beat as one. Then fate (along with the failure to win a pennant) decreed that Southworth should try his baseball fortunes elsewhere.

Scant months later the two were reunited in a hotel lobby.

"How are you, Bill," caroled the baseball writer, rushing forward.

"Ah, uh." It was not that Mr. Southworth is a snob, a ribber or a guy who devotes his life to dealing out the ice. His brow was wrinkled in earnest concentration for a full minute. You could see that he was bearing down, determined not to let memory slip a fast one over the corner.

"Ah, uh—Say, I know your face. Didn't you use to play the piano at—"

But the curtain must be drawn over this deplorable scene . . .

Carpenter Didn't Know Joe Beckett Socially

It can be lifted upon the fact that athletes also fall to know one another. By this I do not refer to the Helen Willises, the Helen Jacobes or those others who probably have very good reason for not nodding as they pass by.

Instead, we can turn to the more elysian spheres. There we can consider an episode in the life of a gentleman once admiringly hailed by the press as the "Orchid Man," although he certainly was not in the florist racket.

"What kind of a fellow is this Joe Beckett?" he was asked.

"I don't know," was the quick, confident and smiling reply. "I've never met him."

"Sure you have," persisted the interviewer, shifting to English so that the waiter might get in on the laugh, too.

"Don't you remember? He was in the ring with you twice and you knocked him out both times."

"Yes, I know," Georges Carpenter continued affable and willing to oblige.

"But that was in the ring. I was only getting paid to fight him. There was no sense in talking to him then, was there?"

Not in the Box Score

Both the Cubs and the Dodgers, his old and his new playmates, are using the Freddy Lindstrom sliding pad this year. It is a pad sewed inside the left trouser leg . . . Nat Fleischer, the magazine editor, shortly will publish an encyclopedia of boxing. It will contain the history and bout by bout records of fighters since 1705.

IT, PERHAPS, was no mere coincidence that one of the warmest days of the year arrived along with Max Schmeling.

Naturally the ballyhoo for his fight with Louis will continue to set the pace for other temperatures until the dark Uhlan sits down in front of the cream-colored Bomber on June 18. As Mr. Arthur Brisbane probably quite often has advised the world, a million bobs is a lot of doughnuts. Therefore even such specialists in charitable promotion as the athletic club directors must shower down their sparks of imagery so that all citizens with money to burn will have no trouble finding their way to the festival altar.

Just as naturally, though, all this good clean fun has brought new wrinkles into the otherwise bland countenance of Uncle Michael Strauss Jacobs. While wandering hither and yon, now peeping in anxiously to see that Herr Schmeling has been properly tucked into his pretty white (11:00 p. m.) bed, now peeping out fretfully to inquire whether Bolabos Yussell Jacobs has been yanked out of his pretty white (11:00 a. m.) crib, Uncle Mike ever faces the future with suspicious eye. Even while engaged in such elevating work as handing out A's (or some other letter of the Broadway alphabet) to the boys who have done the best daily compositions, the haunted gleam ever is present.

This is because, first of all, Uncle Mike has no illusions as to where charity lines up for the gun. Then again, he is a business man as well as the most eminent promoter since the days of the late lamented Rickard. So, because it is his own dollars which must back the ballyhoo and because a full 200 G's worth of them must be laid on the line long before June 18, this most celebrated of Main Stem traders must ever give his best regard to those items of fate which never appear upon the immaculate balance sheets.

To make sure that no misfortune besets the path of the two athletic young men before they can wrangle before their gold embroidered audience, he must carefully scan all angles. While doing so he must comport himself with due memory of those other promising prizefighters which were forebly detoured, while seemingly on the straight and narrow way to success.

In mentioning this, there is no desire to cast hints or make promises. Instead, because the way of a promoter is tough and because no fight is a success, a flop or even a sure thing until the gong has sounded, I merely am sympathizing with Uncle Mike. There have been all too many such affairs which have encountered dire fate in spite of the best of skill and intentions.

For instance there was the time when Stanley Ketchell and Sam Langford were ready to enter the ring of the old Fairmont club up in the Bronx. Perhaps a little bird whispered, although the bird for which the Bronx is most famed is not given to whispering. Or it may have been that the higher-up conveyed more direct and forcible tidings to Billy Gibson, the promoter. Anyhow, the affair was junked and later conveyed to Philadelphia.

Wills' Battle With Tunney Never Did Come Off

Sometimes, though, fate behaves very handsomely in dealing with all parties concerned. High up in this sorting of fights which never came off there can be mentioned the Sharkey-Campolo affair, which was scheduled for Yankee stadium. Just as the woefully small crowd was wending its way into the arena, the skies wept in sympathy with the promoters who were about to lose a small fortune. So the thing was called off forever.

There also was the time when Gentleman Gene Tunney was supposed to meet Stevedore Harry Wills. A considerable portion of the press thought favorably about the glorious possibilities of that one and, indeed, the tickets already had been ordered for it.

What happened next need not be gone into here. Some say that Tex Rickard begged Tunney to lay off and promised him a shot at Dempsey.

Things I believe:

That the sign on Connie Meek's door should read "Wrecking Done Here. Terms Strictly Cash."

That folks who predict that Tony Cannoneri will be massacred at Madison Square Gardens in May forget the first Ross-McLarnin affair. Just as is the case now, Vancouver Jimmy had been idle for too long before training for that one. So his legs were shaky and his timing was off all evening.

That the National League executives, having proved themselves great big strong business men of sterling character by blackballing the Jew who was voted the best umpire in the game, should make up with Dolly Stark. That the National League umpiring, never on a very high average, is worse than it has been in years. That, if Brooklyn really is the best of all baseball cities, it is very poor judgment to keep shooting the most incompetent arbiters into the Dodgers' games.

That the A. A. U. may be shocked to discover a Commercial league digging deeply into that Sunday afternoon hockey gold mine next season.

That a man with a bag of gold also will come into the lives of the more eminent winners at the Olympics this summer. And that professional track and field events will be a success.

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Pays for New Wife

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Vitamin D Diet Offers New Food Value, Study Shows

Experiments which suggest an unexpected human value to be derived from vitamin D were made public at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The findings were derived from 1,000 X-ray photographs of rats which had been fed diets containing more or less vitamin D, comparable to the diets of human beings. The pictures were taken after a buttermilk-barium drink, like that given human subjects previous to X-ray examination.

Investigators found that food residues were retained twice as long in the intestinal tract after a previous diet deficient in vitamin D as compared with retention from a diet in which this vitamin is plentiful.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Apropos. (F.) Suited to time, place or occasion; pertinent; appropriate.

Compte rendu. (F.) Account rendered.

Dolce far niente. (It.) Sweet doing nothing; delightful idleness.

Experto crede. (L.) Believe one who speaks from his own experience.

In toto. (L.) In all; entirely.

Meum et tuum. (L.) Mine and thine.

Nota bene (N. B.). (L.) Note well; take notice.

Peccevi. (L.) I have sinned.

Sic itur ad astra. (L.) Thus one may rise to the stars (i. e., to immortal fame).

"Sea Horse" Beats Elephant in Bloody Duel to Death

Passengers leaving the liner Excalibur at Boston told of a death battle on the ship between a 400-pound hippopotamus and a pigmy-elephant from the Belgian Congo. Roars of the hippopotamus and trumpeting of the elephant awakened the passengers as the ship passed through a storm. Eight native boys trapped the hippopotamus four hours after the elephant had been slain.

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