

# 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 Direwawa.

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.

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 bellringers 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.

## More Gay Prints and Gay Flowers!

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



**MORE, more, more!** And still fashion keeps calling for more gay prints in the spring and summer wardrobe, for more gay flowers on your hat, on your lapel, at your throat and at your waistline, for gloves that are going in strong for high color, for footwear, too, that is most daringly gay. As flamboyantly colorful a season is this, as wildest flights of imagination e'er might venture to picture.

When the salesperson shows you the newer prints that fairly scream with color, do not be timid, but throw discretion to the winds and indulge to your heart's content in all the Dubonnet reds and the gorgeous tulip shade, that are so fashionable and the lovely, violet and purple tones and the radiant lilac-sa hues and the glamorous blues and the stunning greens plus dozens of equally captivating hues such as the color-card of fashion records. Typical of the present trend is the costume to the right in the illustration. A galaxy of flowers in multi-color is the theme of the lovely triple sheer of bemberg print which fashions it. The colorings are as riotous and entrancing in this triple sheer as ever glorified a midsummer garden scene. You cannot but look your pretty-prettiest self in a flower-print like this. Then, too, this costume is eminently practical. It is the sort that has a way of fitting into the picture anywhere and everywhere. With such a dress-plus-jacket ensemble in your wardrobe you will never be haunted with the ever-recurring question "what to wear." You will know.

### OF NOVELTY COTTON

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Cottons for swank is the message from fashion headquarters. This gay topcoat is of checkerboard patterned cotton, woven in navy and white. The novelty cotton suitings and coatings shown this season are thrilling. A one-piece frock in white twill is worn under this coat. A printed silk scarf at neck and waist adds tone and gaiety. The hat is white felt embroidered in white angora.

#### Hold Berets in Place

Jeweled perfume pins are Schiaparelli's new invention to hold velvet berets in place. She trims hairnets with cabochons or rhinestones for evening wear.

The white pique bow and gilet treatment sound a winsome note of freshness. The short pleated sleeves are distinctively chic. The little jacket is double-breasted and belted at the back. These brief perky youthful-type jackets, some of which look like basques, others flaunting animated peplum, are quite the rage. You may, however, if you wish, go to just the extreme opposite and have the coat made of print that tops your print dress, full-length buttoned down the front from neck to hem. Long or short, be sure your print dress has its matching coat, jacket, or cape.

If you are looking for something distinctively new and out of the ordinary in prints, here it is, pictured to the left. White shadow flowers on a dark background such as this is the very latest print news. Fancy, if you will, white shadow-outlined flowers against a rich Dubonnet red, or contrasting a vivid green ground, or gray or black or the color you like best. No happier choice could be made than this cool frock made of triple sheer print of bemberg. It is dark enough to look and to feel summery and sheer. Marquiesette sleeves cut full and shirred at the wrist with appliques of the flower motif cut from the print itself and a very feminine jabot of the marquiesette, contribute to the charm of this gown.

We couldn't resist including the cunning flower-trimmed hat in this group. It fits so perfectly into the scheme of things colorful and entrancingly springlike. It is just such a headpiece as will crown any flower-print dress with glory. The shiny black of its basket weave straw is contrasted by a spray of gay posies—yellow bachelor's buttons and blue cornflowers. The bow is of silk taffeta in matching cornflower blue.

© Western Newspaper Union.

### NAVY BLUE POPULAR COLOR FOR SPRING

Blue—especially navy—is the predominant color in the fashion parade. It is shown in formal and informal costumes from morning to night—in suits, coats, frocks and even pajamas. There's particular emphasis on blue as an important evening fashion. Blue is present in numerous copies of Schiaparelli, Vionnet, Mainbocher, Lanvin, and Molyneux, featuring peplums, yokes, pleats, tunics, and petticoats and squared shoulders. Great stress is laid on jacket dresses, and also bright and contrasting accessories. Black costumes are next after the navy blues in importance.

#### New Frocks Are Inspired

by Fashions From Orient

The stately robes of the Manchus and the distinctive apparel of the peasants have inspired extremely smart occidental frocks. Printed jacket dresses copy the brilliant coloring and designs of Chinese embroideries and porcelains, and feature graceful mandarin sleeves. The coolie jacket becomes a tunic with the typical standing collar and slit sides, posed over a slim straight skirt. Black paper taffeta makes a delightful dinner dress with a high neckline piped with jade green, short kimono sleeves and a jade green sash. It is worn with black kidskin sandals and a flat beret of black felt faced with green.

#### The White Ensemble

One of the loveliest ensembles seen recently was white in every detail—the gown, the ermine wrap, long white gloves, two strands of pearls, diamond bracelets, a diamond hair clip and three pure-white orchids pinned to a narrow shoulder strap.

## Hornets' Nest

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON  
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WNU Service.

AT THE crossroads John Kay stepped down from the bus and, bag in hand, climbed the bars into the pasture. Swell of the ripe strawberries, red cows wading in the brook, the bent cedar tree at the foot of the lane behind which lay his camp—there was even the hornets' nest, hanging like a misty little balloon from the cedar's one twisted, eastward arm.

It all made a shameful, sick feeling come up in his throat. He was a fool to have come. Then he saw that there was somebody in the hollowed-out seat in the gray boulder across the brook—somebody with a ruddy head smooth as luster ware in the sun.

Dropping his bag in the tall grass he crossed the brook on stepping stones. It was all the same, even Jane—

By the time he had reached her his speech was on the tip of his tongue: "I didn't dream of finding you here, Jane. Just ran down for the week-end." Instead he stood before her, mouth foolishly open.

It was Jane who spoke, the same upward quirk at the left corner of her mouth: "Why, Kay, who'd dream of it! You tearing yourself from your office, and business humming again. And I'm using your camp." She spoke regretfully. "I took your word for it, about my being free to come here, but of course—"

The same dragging slur to her vowels, the same husky, maddeningly dear catch in her low voice. Kay dropped on the grass. "I'm only here for an hour or so, to get some books I want," he continued to invent, thanking his lucky stars he had left his bag out of sight.

"We'll have tea before you go," Kay winced at the charming hospitality of her tone. Just so would she speak to old Doctor Thorp. "You're not going abroad?" He managed a smooth casualness.

Click of knitting needles above his head. "I decided not to. Things came up."

"A man? Not that I've any business asking. If it's that asinine donkey, Wayne—" he caught his breath in a hard thread.

"You haven't, and it's not," Jane slid from the rock with a cool swish of smooth linen, draped the red silk scarf she was knitting over her shoulders and went rustling through the tall grass. "But it is a man, and I've come down here to try to decide what to do about him."

The clock on the village church tower struck four notes. An hour, and he'd be on the way back to town on that confounded bus. On the way across the stream to retrieve his bag he heard Jane scream. The next moment he had turned and was pursuing a slim, gray figure, flashing past the old cedar tree. In its wake was a gray, misting, snarling cloud.

Past the juniper thicket, past the cedar tree where a red scarf hung from the swinging hornets' nest; at last he had her in his arms and was making for the mud hole by the brook. The little gray demons swarmed for a moment about his face, and then a merciful whiff of wind swept them down the meadow.

He put Jane down on the grass. There were no stings on her face or her hands, but her lips were puckered. Like a child, too proud to cry. "My feet!" she gasped.

John Kay snatched off the red sandals. On the bare ankles were angrily swelling lumps. One moment he was scooping up handfuls of brown sticky clay mud and plastering it over the slim feet. The next he was peeling off his shirt, rending it in slken strips and binding the long rags over the mud plasters.

"They've stopped hurting," she said at last. "Maybe I can walk to the camp."

For answer John Kay lifted her and went trampling through the lane that led through a honeysuckle hedge to the lodge. On the threshold of the living room he hesitated. The anger that had been seething in him ever since he saw Jane on the boulder—their boulder where he first made love to her—boiled over. There was the fireplace, laid for lighting, the big wicker chairs, the table—set for two.

Unceremoniously he dropped Jane on the window box. "So you're having him here? That's too much, Jane." Jane had slumped, eyes closed. He felt for her pulse. It beat like a husky little engine under his hand.

"You're putting it on, Jane. What in heaven's name do you mean? If I should miss that bus—"

Five clear notes from the town clock. A shrieking of brakes down the hill, a flash of brown and red from the state highway. Jane was sitting up. "You have. I was put up to it, though, to make you do it, you big pig-headed donkey." She began unrolling the mud bandages.

He caught Jane in one arm and with the other pulled the telephone toward him. "You knew I was coming, and you came first." Jane's voice was muffled against his coat. "Do call Tompkins and tell him to stop those divorce papers," she said.

## Filet Crocheted Set That's Fun to Do; Practical to Use on Favorite Chair



Pattern 5517

Have you ever noticed that the most comfortable chair in the room gets the hardest wear? Then that's the one to protect, as you can so easily with lovely filet crochet. A crochet hook some string, and this exclusive design are all one needs to turn out a lovely chair set. Butterflies and flowers form the design, and how effectively they contrast with

## 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.

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 wells of your garden pool, paint with waterproof paint.

When large tablecloths become worn, convert them into napkins.

Moth balls tied in mosquito netting and hung on rose bushes and grapevines, will drive away rose bugs.

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the open stitch that surrounds them. So get busy! In pattern 5517 you will find a chart and complete instructions for making the set; illustrations of it and of all stitches used and material requirements. Send fifteen cents in coins or stamps (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

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## THE MYSTERIOUS DERELICT

An adventure of **CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS** ON HIS FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD WITH **JERRY AND JANET**

**CAPT. FRANK HAWKS, HOLDER OF 214 AVIATION RECORDS, AND HIS TWO YOUNG FRIENDS, JERRY AND JANET, CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE AIR HAWKS, ARE NOW FLYING OVER THE JAPANESE SEA.**

**OH, THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THESE OLD DERELICTS FLOATING AROUND THE OCEANS, WHEN THEY GET IN THE SHIPPING LINES SOMEBODY SENDS OUT A WARSHIP AND BLOWS THEM UP. WELL LETS GO BACK.**

**MEANWHILE—BELOW** NO-WE WON'T KILL THEM HERE—I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN. WE'LL CAPTURE THEM, FLY BACK TO OUR HIDEOUT, AND HOLD THEM FOR RANSOM! LETS GO.

**SHUT UP YOU... AND GET IN THAT PLANE, YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE US FOR A LITTLE JAUNT!**

**ILL TIE UP THESE BRATS. WE DON'T WANT THEM MESSING AROUND!**

**YOU FLY WHERE? TELL YOU AND DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS, EITHER!**

**LOOKS LIKE YOU WIN, SCORY. YOUNGSTERS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO—RIT THIS!**

**SUDDENLY CAPTAIN HAWKS PUTS THE PLANE INTO A BARREL ROLL. THE SMUGGLERS ARE HURLED AGAINST THE METAL WALL OF THE PLANE, KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS. JERRY AND JANET'S BONDS HOLD THEM SAFELY TO THEIR SEATS.**

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