

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

To Store Food in Mines President's Good Idea No Criticism for Germany Japan's Many Babies

While the President talks peace for all the Americas, England, locked in her small island, separated by narrow water from European hatred, realizes that it would be hard to keep out of a big war. She might, some day, move her imperial headquarters from London to Montreal or Quebec, as the French government once moved from Paris to Bordeaux, and the Spanish government recently from Madrid to Valencia.

England wonders what her people would eat if war should be forced upon her, with enemy submarines and airplanes sinking her food ships. She is not self-supporting, and her newly organized "food plans department" will try to store away enough food to last at least a year. As a "cache" for the food, England is using worked-out coal mines, of which many, going down thousands of feet, should be safe from bombardment.

The President's trip to South America proves to have been a most useful idea. Great crowds welcomed him in his brief stop at Rio de Janeiro, as he drove through the streets with the Brazilian President Getulio Vargas, bands playing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The President will talk peace and business, at least as much business as peace, and he will make friends for us all in South America.

You may count that day rare on which Chancellor Hitler's government does nothing new and queer. Dramatic criticism and literary criticisms are now forbidden in Germany. Constructive criticism is of greatest value to actors and writers; the intelligent among them are grateful for it.

The ruler of the universe was his own critic, "and God saw everything that He had made, and behold, it was very good." All need criticism, the powerful need it more than others, and Hitler will have it when history is written. His minister of propaganda cannot control that.

Tokyo reports for Japan the world's highest birth rate; 2,180,703 new Japanese babies arrived in 1935, more than in 1934 by 148,931. Japanese marriages are increasing, divorces decreasing; the latter down to less than one in 1,000 marriages. Japanese husbands and wives get along better than Americans do.

The great contract bridge competition ends and the Harold Vanderbilt cup goes to four players called the Kaplan team: Phil Abramson, Fred Kaplan, Harry Fishbein and Irving Epstein. Mr. Vanderbilt, on hand to present his cup, might telephone Chancellor Hitler that you do not have to be an "Aryan" to understand bridge.

Business is picking up and that includes marriage, most important. Chicago university says 750,000 fewer weddings have taken place during the six depression years than would have occurred in normal times. Hence the loss of about one million new American babies that would have been born. Seven hundred and fifty thousand young couples have missed, among them, more than three million years of marriage bliss.

The tide turned in 1935 with 1,327,000 marriages, highest total in our history.

Mr. Green's and Mr. Lewis' union labor organizations indicate that their differences may be settled, which is good news. Organized labor should present a united front against too-short pay and long hours.

The prosperity of the nation depends on how much the workers have to spend.

China says she will risk war with Japan rather than let Japan take more of her territory. If that war comes it will illustrate the difference between a country prepared, Japan, and one unprepared and disorganized, China.

Japan's unspoken answer to China's war threat is her birth rate. Those millions of new babies must go somewhere.

Sir Basil Zaharoff, called "mystery man" and "richest on earth," dead of heart disease at eighty-six, had for his motto, "Every man has his price." He dealt in munitions, and he may have bought, as well as helping to kill, many. Beginning poor, in Constantinople, Zaharoff climbed to the top in money and intrigue. It matters little where you start, what matters is inside the head.

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Warm Jacket-Coats for Winter

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AND now it is the "winter girl" that leads the grand march in the style parade. In her giddy gay wool plaids, her Tyrolean-inspired knitted togs and her sturdy Norwegian worsteds and knits what a picture she makes amidst scenes of snow and ice and gray burdened skies!

What with gorgeously colorful Scotch wool plaids almost stamped the vogue and what with the Tyrolean influence going that strong all's needed is a range or so of snow-clad Alps in the distance to make the scene complete.

Important news in regard to clothes designed to fortify against the rigors of winter is the enthusiasm shown for fancy, sometimes quite fantastic, short jackets and hiplength coats also wool shirts (call 'em shortwaists if you insist) that contrast monotonous skirts, culottes or plus four trousers—the latter a favorite type with the ski and skate devotee.

Let winds howl and icicles form in endless chain, it's immune you will be to their devastating chill if clad in a sturdy coat for all outdoors as shown to the left in the picture. Here is a coat in the newer short length that performs a three-act-in-one of being gay, being "comfy" and high-style on every count. It is made of a rough-and-ready old-town wool plaid in warm deep color tones—just the sort of plaid weaves everybody's calling for this season.

Have you heard of the new plaid wool shirts that are showing up so vaingloriously in college-girl ward-

robes? Not only are these plaid shirts rating ace-high in classroom and campus environs but for office and general everyday practical wear the shirt of enchanting plaid wool is everything it should be. See the perfectly tailored specimen of a modish plaid shirt in the illustration. As here shown it is worn with dark green beautifully fitted men's wear flannel culottes.

The intriguing thing about the newer handknit fashions is that they are stylized to the nth degree and many interesting new and fanciful stitches are being introduced. A perfectly charming innovation is the employment of embroidery done in vivid Tyrolean color schemes in connection with not only knitted cardigans and sweaters but pert boxy hiplength jackets made of felt or cloth trimmed with gay applique felt flowers and colorful bindings and amusing buttons.

That the newest style trends are being incorporated in handknitted fashions is a fact evidenced in the cunning waist-length jacket pictured on the figure seated. See the full-at-top sleeves that give the very important wide shoulder lines. If you are wanting to know, it requires about ten balls of feather-down yarn to knit this jacket which is done in a simple lacy pattern. One ball of Limerick green shetland floss trims it. Make this jacket Tyrolean, if you will, by embroidering gay little yarn flowers here and there. Bright colored buttons add yet another note of interest.

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PETIT POINT BAGS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



With the winter season of grandiose social functions coming on, visions of lovely evening bags begin to stir the imagination. To women of discriminating taste a bag of exquisite petit point speaks most eloquently when it comes to giving the desired dramatization to the costume. The very lovely and distinctive bags here pictured are creations by Madame Jolles of Vienna. The sophisticated cape of regal black Lyon velvet shown at the top makes a perfect setting for the charming petit point bag done in brilliant colors and marvelously intricate design. Below in the picture the subtle Edwardian mood of the patrician quilted satin coat is enhanced with a glamorous petit point bag of unusual shape and vivid floral design, distinguished by a new handle, recalling a graceful arc. This winsome bag is as youthful as is the simply cut wrap that so unmistakably bears the stamp of aristocracy.

Very, Very Cold

By VIRGINIA WOODALL
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STANFORD G. BROWN dictated with half-closed eyes: "Her beauty was colder and purer than the snowy landscape. Chiseled as in marble, her features were given warmth by a pair of richly blue eyes in which burned the embers of a fire. Clifton longed to stir it into a flame that would melt..."

Little-Bit (officially titled Mary McCarthy) lifted the pencil from her shorthand notebook and frowned. "Stan! I thought..."

"Yes?" He opened his eyes.

"Well, I thought you'd find a new type of heroine for this story—one with some life. You've used this chiseled female for every yarn you've written lately."

"H'mm. She's so—so perfect. I don't see any use in changing her," he protested. "If I could meet a woman with her cold, classical loveliness—I'd marry her!"

Little-Bit bent over the notebook again. "Go on."

"The Seventh Cockatoo" with, or in spite of, its marble heroine, became a best seller—Stan's first successful novel. He became, in consequence, a local celebrity, attended a tea party in Milwaukee, and was introduced to this cold heroine in the flesh. Three weeks later, in the musty drawing room of the Van Guise home, he rounded off his impassioned courtship and was accepted by Lisbeth Van Guise.

Lisbeth began to make him over according to her own specifications. Or, her initial visit to Stan's rooms, she looked only once at Little-Bit's brown eyes and red lips.

"These rooms are terrible," she said then, indicating the shabby furniture.

"I'll move," Stan said promptly. "And you really need an efficient secretary. A man, perhaps."

Three months later, Stan was thinking of Little-Bit as he gazed up at the tall, exclusive apartment building into which he had moved.

For long weeks he had lived in the apartment with a mahogany desk, and there wasn't a line written on the second novel Lisbeth insisted he finish before their marriage. Something about the new place gave him the fan-tods.

A snowdrift tempted his unwary foot, burying it up to the ankle. Unwarrantably angered by the mishap, he halted and was considering kicking the snowdrift when—wham!—a snowball caught him behind the left ear, knocking off his hat.

Turning quickly, he glared at the small boy who was vanishing around the corner. A matter of seconds later, with two snowballs ready made, he had taken up a stance. The psychology of small boys always dictated their getting a second look at their victims and when this boy appeared...

Stan's arm shot forward. Before the icy missile struck, he recognized his error. It was a girl, not a boy, coming around the corner—and not just a girl either. It was Lisbeth Van Guise!

He ran toward her with shouted apologies. Brushing the snow from her face, she silently refused his proffered handkerchief.

"I'm sorry! I didn't mean it for you. A kid threw one..."

"A stupid, vulgar trick!" She closed her vanity. "We won't discuss it further. The doorman told me where to find you. I've brought you your new secretary."

"Oh—Snockleberry! I'll give him a try and..."

"Please, Stanford. Don't call Monsieur Roque de Barrie—Snockleberry. After all, he is a gentleman even if he does need a position."

Stan felt himself growing stubborn. "I've got a job," he said. "I'm not offering a position. I need somebody to work like—Little-Bit."

"Monsieur de Barrie cannot be classed with your—Little-Bit. He is a man of culture, widely traveled, a linguist: He will be able to polish your writings into the finest prose."

Stan thrust his hands into his coat pockets. "You tell Snockleberry the job is taken. I don't need him. I'm going to get Little-Bit back—if she'll come."

"In that case," Lisbeth's eyes were calculatingly cold, "you don't need me."

"No! Take a tip from me: You can rope some men in with your cold, cold beauty but if you don't warm up, you can't keep 'em. You..."

Twenty minutes later Stan was established in the middle of Little-Bit's one room apartment, waving his arms at her. She was listening, seated before her typewriter, and refusing to return to his employ.

"You'll find another live replica of your iceberg heroine in a couple of weeks—and I'll be out on my ear again. Nothing doing. You need a man secretary."

He put a pencil into her hand and a notebook from his pocket. "Take dictation, please. Her warm brown eyes shone with eagerness; her soft lips, red and sweetly yielding, met his in a kiss of surrender. 'Yes, I'll marry you,' she whispered..."

Little-Bit held up her arms. "You mean 'Gimme more,'" she whispered!



My Favorite Recipe
By Gracie Allen

Spinach Cup Cake

Take four cups of flour and put them in one cup... and add three spoons. Then stir until stiff, and when you're too stiff to stir, then you know you're stiff. Then rub in a little liniment. But, of course, it won't make the cake taste any better. Get some burnt almonds, but don't use them. Use eggs. Take six eggs... and if you haven't got any eggs, then only use five. Then separate the yolks from the whites, then get your spinach and separate the sand from the spinach, but save the sand. Then you roll it into little balls. When it's finished, it looks like hamburger... it tastes like spinach, but when you open it up it's cup cake.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

A la francaise. (F.) In the French style.

Caeteris paribus. (L.) Other things being equal.

Dies faustus. (L.) A lucky day.

Ex pede Herculeum. (L.) To judge of the whole from a part.

Flitterwoch. (Ger.) A honeymoon.

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed saepe cadente. (L.) Constant dripping wears away the stone; persistence will accomplish more than force.

Haute nouveaute. (F.) The latest novelty.

Insouciance. (F.) Unconcern; indifference.

Lucus a non lucendo. (L.) A false etymology, assuming that lucus, a dark grove, is so called because of the absence of lux, light; any false or illogical deduction.

Oeil de boeuf. (F.) A bull's eye.

Answers to the Mistake-O-Graph

- Elevator has no doors.
- There are two elevators in one shaft.
- Teddy bear has elephant's trunk.
- Santa has dotted beard.
- He has one glove on and one off.
- He is wearing striped pants.
- He also has no shoes on.
- A grown man is presenting his list to Santa Claus.
- No rockers on rocking horse.
- Toy duck is labeled "Baby Elephant."
- Hosiery is being sold in Toy Dept.
- "Dept." is misspelled.
- Man is descending an "up" escalator.
- Man next to Santa wears ice skates.
- Exhaust of wagon is smoking.

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As Corks Men Are Men are like corks—some will pop the question, others have to be drawn out.

Love Starves Hate Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good; let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth! For hatred does not cease by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love.—Buddha.



WOMEN! Here's the Easy Way to IRON
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Here's the iron that will "smooth your way on ironing day". It will save your strength... help you do better ironing easier and quicker at less cost.
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Mistake-O-Graph

FOR CHILDREN ONLY!

What with all the excitement of the Christmas season our artist has found it rather hard to keep away from the toy department. Of course, he goes there purely in the interest of the kiddies, and not for his own amusement, he claims. The excitement seems to have gone to his head, however, as we notice several bad mistakes. For example, the word "hosiery" is misspelled. Can you find 15 other mistakes? The answers are given above.