

# BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Fine New Jail Newspaper Prestige Easy to Buy Who Is the Man?

Not much Ethiopian news. You could hardly expect it with our own white-black prize-ring war competing. Whatever happens, Ethiopian tribesmen will benefit. The emperor, Haile Selassie, is working on reforms, doing away with abuses that Mussolini pointed out and promised to cure. He opened a substantial concrete jail outside of Addis Ababa to replace the old jail. There, according to Mr. von Wiegand's cablegram to Universal Service, "live prisoners sometimes remained chained to those who had died for days."

Newspapers in Pennsylvania, 265 of them, have celebrated "press prestige" this week. Governor Earle tells the editors, presumably shivering with delight and surprise, about "the important part that newspapers play in the lives of our people." It is as important as the part played by the people's eyes and ears, and might be taken for granted by now.

Napoleon knew about it when he said that, if he allowed freedom of the press, his power would not last six weeks. Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini could make speeches about it.

The newspaper is a mirror in which the public sees itself, the newspaper's owner and the civilization of the moment. Interesting reflections of that civilization may appear soon in dispatches from Ethiopia and from London in case Mussolini should send his first 500 airplanes in the direction of Buckingham palace, the house of commons, Downing street and the Bank of England, with the message: "What do you think of explosive and mustard gas sanctions?"

The pathetic thing in journalism, as in politics, is the lack of names that the people know. Millions of Americans read newspapers with no faintest conception as to the character of the man whose newspaper they read. It might be called "anonymous nonentity." There are exceptions.

The most important and influential newspaper by far, in proportion to circulation, is the so-called "country newspaper," smaller dailies and weeklies.

Their readers know who runs them, and those readers, not living in city apartments, with a can opener, buy everything from the paint on the roof to the piano and radio in the sitting room to the car in the garage.

Berlin says the Nazi party plans, forcibly, to buy out all Jewish firms and businesses, suggesting that "ambitious Aryan business men will get great bargains." One idea is to allow "Aryan" employees to take over Jewish businesses with government backing. They might take it over, but what about running it? Anybody may buy a business; making it pay is another job.

The Republican committee will have "an important meeting" now, a really big, first-class, "bang-up" meeting in December, to put "pep" into the 1936 campaign.

The question is, "Who is your man?" Americans want to yell for somebody.

They have not been trained to yell for an idea. Who is your man? What is his name?

Amusing situation in Europe: England sends her gigantic fleet to the Mediterranean, heaviest dreadnaughts, submarines, airships; parks them around the rock of Gibraltar and at the entrance of the Suez canal; sends additional soldiers to the Island of Malta.

Mussolini puts his convenient island, off the coast of Greece, in a state of siege, with submarines, airplanes, cutting the Mediterranean in two, isolating the big English fleet in the western end.

Then England, having shown an ardent desire to fight Italy, sends official word that she really hadn't any war with Italy in mind, her feelings were hurt by the Italian newspapers. That is why she sent her fleet.

DeWolf Hopper is dead at seventy-seven, too soon. He worked to the last, talked over the radio in the afternoon, and was dead at 6:30 next morning. He should find a good seat reserved for him in the entertainment that lasts forever, in a better world. He spent his life working to make people smile and forget their sorrows.

At Council Bluffs, Iowa, John Slatery, seventy-one, and at present "on relief," sits in his one-room "shack," covered with tar paper, wondering what he will do this winter with twin daughters, that his twenty-four-year-old wife added to the earth's population ten days ago. He married her when she was seventeen and he sixty-four.

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# Floyd Gibbons ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello, Everybody!

"Nearly the Last Round-Up"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter.

**A**VAST there, mates! I mean "Hold 'em, cowboy!" Gosh, I don't know what kind of lingo a sea-cowboy uses, but I know the kind I would have used if I'd been aboard the cattleboat, S. S. Winefredian, in mid-Atlantic, that wild March night with Peter Mullan and 700 head of plunging, terrified cattle.

Pete came so close to going on the Last Round-Up or to Davy Jones' locker that it wasn't funny. Incidentally the S. S. Winefredian has since slipped quietly down the stairs to Davy Jones' locker, so maybe she was just playing a rehearsal for Pete.

Cattleboats, Pete says, are not exactly floating palaces. In fact, they're generally made-over tubs.

The Winefredian was no exception to the rule. Her under-decks were just a mass of cattle stalls with a narrow passage—just wide enough to allow a man to pass—running the length of the ship.

Pete, two other greenhorn cattlemen and an underforeman were nursemaids to the steers on the ship, and this isn't such a bad way to earn a trip to Europe—unless you hit a bad storm. And then it's awful.

### Old Ship Groans Under Waves.

The storm hit the cattleboat when she was out in the middle of the Atlantic ocean, and the old ship groaned, plunged and rolled on her beam ends at an alarming angle.

The crowded cattle—seasick and mad with terror—shrieked and kicked at every pitch of the ship, and Pete says it was plain bedlam between decks. But, storm or no storm, the helpless beasts had to be taken care of and Pete and his shipmates were right down among them doing the best they could.

Monster waves plunged in through the open upper-deck hatch and the men and cattle swished around knee-deep in sea water.

Now if you've never been on a cattleboat you are probably wondering why they didn't close the hatch and keep the water out, but the trouble with that is that it also keeps the air out, and if you've ever been on one of those loaded beef ferries you know what that means.

The stench and heat from the tightly packed steers would kill a man with a gas-mask on!

### Giant Wave Threatens Death to All.

So the hatch was left open and the water poured in and the good ship wallowed in the high seas like a ham-strung calf at a rodeo.

It was four o'clock in the morning, Pete says, when the crisis came. The men were lading out fresh water to the frantic cattle when a mon-



A Stampede at Sea is Really Something.

ster wave slapped the weary side of the ship and Pete thought it was all over.

Pete was standing in the narrow passage-way with his mates when that wave struck. The ship keeled over to a 45-degree angle and flung the cattle in heaps to the port side of their stalls. She paused there as though trying to decide whether or not to turn bottom side up, and then righted herself and dipped almost as far on the starboard side!

Wham! Those tons of living steaks shot-the-shoots across their stalls and hit the detaining bars with a deafening crash.

Some of the stalls held, but some of them didn't, and when Pete got to his feet and looked around him he forgot all about the storm, for coming right at him along the narrow passage-way **WAS CERTAIN DEATH!**

Now a stampede on dry land is about as dangerous a thing as you can find, and I for one don't want any part of it, but a stampede at sea—in a storm—is really something to write home about.

Pete says it was a sight he will never forget. The maddened steers—insane with terror—came splashing along the passage-way at amazing speed—tongues hanging out of their open mouths and eyes starting out of their heads.

### Men and Cattle Caught in Death-Trap.

One of the leaders fell, but the rest never paused as they trampled him to death in the foam beneath their pounding hoofs.

Pete let out a yell and tried to get out of the way, but the foreman was in front of him, and the foreman was a fat man and his slow-moving bulk completely filled the passage-way.

Pete says he felt like a rat in a trap—those few seconds that he stood there unable to move one way or the other.

The foreman was an old-timer and when he hurdled over a barrier into a stall he saved not only his own life but Pete's, because as he jumped he felt the hot breath of the leading steer on his cheek.

Well, sir, jumping into one of those narrow stalls with a frantic steer for a cabin mate was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

Every time the boat rocked the steer would go careening dangerously around—smashing against one side and then the other—with Pete doing his best to keep his feet.

One false step on that slippery floor and this story would never have been told.

Luckily for Pete and his shipmates not as many of the cattle had escaped as it seemed.

### Sea Was Singing "Last Round-Up."

The bellowing procession down the passage-way was only about ten strong, and when it passed the men all jumped out of the stalls and waded after their charges.

That chase rambled all over the ship, and if you want some excitement, Pete says, try rounding up cattle on a ship at sea.

Every time the cowboys would corner one of the critters, why that floating pasture would turn on end and men and cattle would slide kicking into the scuppers. Those big waves, Pete says, sure seemed to be singing "The Last Round-Up" for him.

But the storm finally eased up and the cattle were rounded up and led back to their repaired stalls with no serious casualties to the men. There were a lot of broken legs, however, among the steers.

The animals were destroyed to end their suffering, and as the good ship steadied on her path they were buried at sea.

And so, boys and girls, ends the saga.

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**Meaning of "Van" in Names**  
You in German family names was originally merely a preposition literally meaning of or from. It corresponds to van in Dutch and de in French names. Paul von Hindenburg means Paul of or from Hindenburg. Likewise Martin Van Buren literally means Martin of Buren; and Louis

de Rouen, means Louis of Rouen. These particles are now regarded as component parts of surnames and have little significance, unless they suggest that the bearer of the such names may be descended from families which in the distant past belonged to the class called aristocracy.

### Storage Solves Problem of Surplus for Gardeners

Each year the average gardener has a surplus problem. His garden normally produces more vegetables during the summer than he and his family can consume.

This surplus—of little value in the summer—can be used during the winter in preparing a variety of tasty and wholesome dishes if the extra vegetables are properly stored in cellars, attics, or other suitable places. Storing of vegetables also lightens the annual canning work.

Beets, late cabbage, carrots, celery, onions, parsnips, potatoes, sweet potatoes, salsify, pumpkins, squash, and turnips may be stored in their natural condition. Beans of various kinds, including the limas, may be dried and stored.

A half-acre garden, according to horticulturists of the United States Department of Agriculture, will, if properly cared for, produce enough vegetables for year-around use by the average family.

Cellars containing a furnace usually are too warm and dry for storing root crops, but a room may be partitioned off in one corner or end of the cellar and temperature controlled by means of outside windows. Outdoor cellars may be built at a low cost.

### CONSUMPTION OF FATS

The total factory consumption of all animal and vegetable fats and oils in this country last year amounted to 3,355,555,000 pounds. More than one-third, 1,375,416,000 pounds went into soap manufacture. Compounds and vegetable shortenings came next, and paint and varnish third. As might be expected, the largest single item was cottonseed oil, 1,083,950,000 pounds. Next in order of large items were: Edible tallow, 585,896,000 pounds; coconut

oil, 549,515,000; linseed oil, 219,746,000; palm oil, 208,547,000.



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### Nervous, Weak Woman Soon All Right

"I had regular shaking spells from nervousness," writes Mrs. Cora Sanders, of Paragould, Ark. "I was all run-down and cramped at my time until I would have to go to bed. After my first bottle of Cardui, I was better. I kept taking Cardui and soon I was all right. The shaking quit and I did not cramp. I felt worlds better. I gave Cardui to my daughter who was in about the same condition and she was soon all right!"

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### Stop SAYING "NO" TO FAVORITE FOODS

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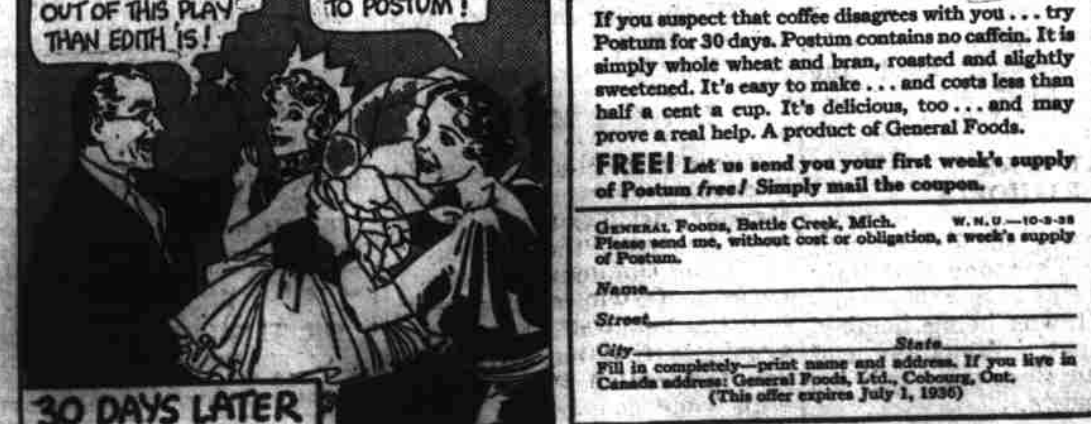
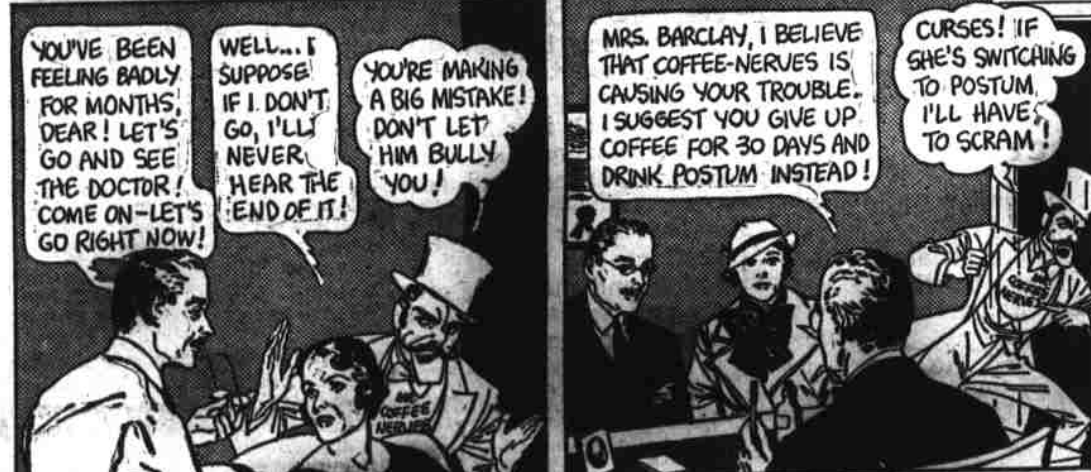
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