

# ITALY REALIZES DREAM OF EMPIRE

## But From Where Will the Capital Come to Develop Ethiopia's Unexploited Resources? And Will Italians Colonize Country?

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

WITH the annexation of Ethiopia by Italy, the Dark Continent of Africa now consists entirely of "colonies" of the European nations, with the single exception of Liberia, a tiny negro republic on the Atlantic coast near the equator and just south of the Sahara desert.

Africa covers 12,000,000 square miles and is the home of 150,000,000 people. For four hundred years the continent has been a colonial pie sliced up by the swords of half a dozen nations. Much of the territorial holdings in it are in the hands of three minor nations which are hardly in a position to defend their holdings against the countries which in the past few decades have asserted their power more substantially.

These three powers are Spain, Portugal and Belgium. They rule over 1,850,000 square miles of Africa and among their colonial subjects are 17,500,000 people.

With her new colony, which Mussolini says will be developed to its fullest extent immediately, Italy now has possession of Libya, a vast stretch of country across the Mediterranean in a southerly direction from the mother country; Eritrea, along the southern end of the Red sea; Ethiopia, which includes the headwaters of the Nile, and Italian Somaliland, which lies along the Indian ocean and borders Ethiopia on the south.

### Flanks Britain's "Life-Line."

This means that Italy has become an empire, that Victor Emanuel is no longer merely a king, but an emperor. The only barrier that separates the two major sections of this vast colonial estate is the An-

approximately 65,000,000 persons. Including Egypt, these colonies cover 3,925,000 square miles, making the population about 16 to the square mile. The British colonies, which stretch the full length of Africa on the eastern side of the continent, are the most inhabitable sections.

In annexing Ethiopia, Italy will have added about 850,000 square miles to her colonial empire, and will have gathered another 10,000,000 persons under the Italian flag. With the new conquest, the population of her African colonies rises from 2.5 persons to the square mile to 10.5 persons to the square mile. She now controls nearly 1,267,000 square miles of Africa, with a population of 13,350,000 persons.

Belgium's territory, while it is large, consists almost entirely of equatorial jungle, which is not at the present time valuable. What its worth will be when and if the jungle of the Belgian Congo is ever cleared, is unknown. There are



Italian Planes in an Air Raid Near Addis Ababa.

glo-Egyptian Sudan. Italy is now firmly entrenched along both sides of the Mediterranean and at the southern mouth of the Red sea, becoming what is probably the dominating factor along the life-line of Britain's empire.

Britain, with her prestige falling apart because of the total ineffectuality of her campaign in the League of Nations to stop the Italian course of empire, and the utter failure of her fleet to bluff Il Duce into backing down, now finds herself in a most embarrassing position.

Not only has she suffered great loss of respect in the eyes of the world, but she has ceased to dominate the route to India through the Suez canal. Her line of colonies which stretch from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope are no longer flanked by a nation without sufficient power to worry anybody, but by the colonies of a nation which is not only powerful in Africa but in Europe itself. And the source of much of the all-important irrigation of Egypt's lands is now in the hands of a power which is at present hostile.

Of the African colonies, Britain's are, however, undoubtedly the best. More than one-fourth of the continent is covered by the Sahara desert, and there is another large desert, the Kalahari, in the South. The average density of the population in Africa is about twelve to a square mile, as compared with about forty to a square mile in the United States. The density of population of the British colonies is everywhere above the average for the continent, while the possessions of every other power have an average density below the continental average.

### France Is Biggest Holder.

France and Great Britain now share equally about two-thirds of Africa. The remainder is divided up between Italy, Belgium, Spain and Portugal.

It is France who is the largest holder of territory in Africa. She has the Island of Madagascar in the Indian ocean off the southeast African coast, Morocco, Algiers and Tunisia. But since so much of her holdings include desert land—she virtually owns the Sahara—her 4,382,000 square miles of territory have an average population of only nine souls to the square mile. Her African colonial subjects number about 28,500,000 in all.

Britain's colonies are the home of

not many people able to exist in these 920,000 square miles, the population being about ten persons to the square mile, with a total of 9,584,000.

Even more sparse is the population of Portugal's several African colonies, chief among which are Angola, bordering the Atlantic coast to the south of the Belgian Congo, and Mozambique along the Indian ocean on the mainland opposite Madagascar. The Portuguese territory embraces a little less than 800,000 square miles, with a little over 7,000,000 inhabitants, or about nine to the square mile.

### Spain's Share Sparingly Settled.

Spain's 140,000 square miles of African territory, chiefly in Morocco and on the Atlantic seaboard



Pietro Badoglio, Italy's new viceroy of Ethiopia, surveys the lay of the land as an aide points it out to him.

west of the Sahara, are inhabited by only about 900,000 persons, or 6.5 to the square mile.

The popular conception that colonies in Africa offer the European colonizing nations an outlet for their excess populations has been proved more or less false. With all the colonization and empire building of 400 years, only one person in 50 on the African continent today is white. There are in all only about 3,000,000 whites. It is also doubtful that the Dark Continent and its people present

any great market for goods manufactured in Europe. Natives, largely of a primitive character, require little of the manufactured goods of civilization. It may be possible that



Recent picture of the defeated Emperor Haile Selassie.

with continued development this market will be built up. But such development takes an enormous amount of capital.

That is the one big disappointment to Italy in her conquest of Ethiopia. The land, exclusive of the central plateau, is poor, the natural resources are ridiculously less than they have been estimated in the popular fancy of those who seek to justify Il Duce's bloody war.

### Colonization Is Difficult.

Mussolini claimed a double purpose in his conquest of the ancient kingdom of Abyssinia—room for his overcrowded people to expand, and the obtaining of raw materials for Italian industries. But Italian people are apparently not so willing to become colonists in an unpleasant and unprofitable land. In Eritrea, which has been Italian now for 50 years, there are only about 100 colonists.

The entire Ogaden area, with the provinces of Boran and Bale, so completely conquered by the forces of General Graziani, are of little or no value, being principally desert. He has not yet moved into the rich agricultural regions of the Arussi plateau, although that is scheduled to be his next step.

There has been some romantic gossip of vast oil deposits in Ethiopia, especially in the Ogaden district, but these have been largely denied by the facts. What mineral resources are present will be found for the larger part in the Danakil country to the northeast, but even these are uncertain. There is some salt, which Italy mined during the war—at a cost all out of proportion to its value in peace times.

### Italy Must Aid Colonists.

The important part of Ethiopia is the central plateau, whose population is the traditional enemy of the tribes on the outskirts below. Here it is that Mussolini plans to put most of his colonists. The country is agriculturally rich and the climate, while it is not pleasant to white people by any means, is at least livable. While the plateau may be said to be conquered, it is not yet entirely occupied by Italian armies, the Gojam and Shoa being still unoccupied.

If the colonization of the plateau is to be successful, the colonists must be given a great deal of aid by the mother country. The fact that the colonists will start from scratch will be a boon to Italian industry, for the demand for heavy goods for the building of a new nation should give millions more work. It is believed that the colonists will be able to raise cereals and live stock, finding a market for them in Italy, and selling them for prices which will be higher than the world market for the same goods.

One of the principal problems facing the new Ethiopian emperor and his viceroy, General Badoglio, is what to do with the natives. It is hardly possible that they can be driven from the land; they certainly will not be allowed to compete with the colonists on equal terms, for they will be able to work for far smaller compensation, the Italians being unable to compete with their low standard of living. The situation will be much the same as that which the Japanese peasants found in attempting to colonize Manchuria.

With the exception of some little platinum and gold, the mineral resources of Ethiopia are largely a fable. The wealth, if any, which it will add to Italy will have to be worked out of the land in hard Italian sweat—and with the capitalization of hundreds of millions of dollars, Italy hasn't got the hundreds of millions.

But she has now fulfilled what Mussolini says has been the dream of Fascism for 15 years. Italy has become an empire. It sounds big and it earns Il Duce invaluable plaudits from his people.

## Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

**Yesterday's Literary Lights.**  
**HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.**—The other day Finley Peter Dunne passed away. Thirty years ago his articles meant each week a roar of joy as wide as the continent. His books sold enormously; his country properly acclaimed him its greatest satiric humorist. Yet I'll venture not one in five of the on-coming generation ever heard his name, and we thought the fame of "Mr. Dooley" was eternal.

Mary Johnston, who wrote some of the most distinguished novels of her time, also died recently. In the papers I saw she rated only a brief paragraph.

Slower than Americans to give their love to man or woman, the English remain in sentiment wedded to the idol from then on. The marriage between popularity and merit lasts till death doth them part. But, we, who elevate a favorite to a pedestal overnight, forget that favorite overnight. We make an ardent sweetheart, an impetuous bride, but a most inconstant spouse.

Irvin S. Cobb

"Simplified" Revenue Bills.

CONGRESS is wrestling with the new "simplified" revenue bill, having simplified it down to a mere sixty-odd thousand words—about the length of a fair-sized summer novel. But the plot is different—and having made its provisions so clear and lucid that you may read it backward or forward, you seem to get practically the same result either way.

It may yet be necessary to call in Professor Einstein to elucidate it. If he can explain his theory of relativity—and the professor still asserts he can—he might be willing to tackle the job.

Anyhow, the ultimate outcome—and in this connection I certainly like that word "outcome"—must be that congress will find a method further to lighten pocketbooks.

### Where the League's Headed.

IN SPITE of what's happened lately, one persistent last-ditcher and forlorn-hoper among the British diplomats insists the League of Nations, to quote his own words, is "a going concern."

"Yes, but where?"

Makes me think of a little yarn a man told me:

"Fifteen of us," he said, "were waiting our turns to buy tickets one hot night at Grand Central station. All at once a gentleman, far overtaken in alcohol, forced his way to the head of the line, using his head to butt with and his elbows to paddle with, and emptied his pockets of some small change, and slapped it down on the shelf and yelled: 'Gimme a ticket to Buffalo!'"

"This all the money you got?" demanded the man behind the wicket.

"Yes."

"Why, you can't go to Buffalo for a dollar and forty cents."

"Well, where can I go, then?" said the stew.

"And with one voice all fifteen of us told him."

### G-Man Hoover's Efficiency.

YOU can't help liking the fellow's style of repartee.

Hoover doing to justify his hanging on with this administration?" or words to that general effect, says Senator McKeller, of old Tennessee, brightly: "Scuse me, massa," murmurs J. Edgar, reaching for his hat and handcuffs. "Ah won't be gone long, boss." And inside of a week or two he drifts in, strumming a plantation tune on his G-string and, by gum, if he isn't towing a whole mess of public enemies.

That's what I call an apt retort, or, as the purists would put it, a snappy comeback.

### Yellow Public Enemies.

WHAT is it has turned them from cop-killing bravos into quivering wretches who cower in hiding like mice behind a wainscot, who flinch like trapped rabbits when they're smoked out, who whine like whipped cur-dogs for a chance to plead guilty?

Can it be because, instead of courageous but inexperienced local officers, they now face trained man-hunters who'd rather destroy such human vermin than eat pie? Or is it because, instead of going to trial in state courts where unscrupulous shysters may trick dazed jurors into showing mistaken mercy and where, even though convicted, there's nothing ahead worse than temporary detention in some criminal-coddling retreat with sentimental meddlers to pamper them and mush-minded parole boards waiting to free them, now they get a full measure of stern justice from federal judges and go to real prisons, to stay there—hurray!

IRVIN S. COBB  
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# Floyd Gibbons' Club



## Adventurers' Club Hello Everybody!

"Wrestling for Life"  
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MEET Fellow Adventurer Jack Kapsol of Brooklyn, N. Y. Jack is a gas station attendant and comes into the club with flying colors and a story of a hand-to-hand battle he had with a hold-up man.

Speaking of hold-ups in gas stations, I want to tell you about Bill Kernan, a friend of mine who runs a service station in Miami, Fla. Bill was sitting alone in his lonely station one night last winter.

There had been a lot of gas station holdups in town recently and Bill was feeling pretty nervous this night. He had quite a bit of money in the cash register and didn't like the looks of the weather. It was raining cats and dogs and the streets were deserted.

Suddenly the light of a big car driving into his driveway startled him. The car skidded to a stop and two men jumped out and entered the office. Bill took one look at them and nearly fainted. Both wore masks!

### Masked Devil and Pirate Hold Up Gas Station.

Without waiting for the command, Bill raised his hands over his head and dropped weakly into a chair. He looked his night visitors over with popping eyes. And no wonder! One of them looked like the devil—I mean exactly that—he was dressed in a devil's costume complete from horns to spiked tail! The other masked man was a pirate and pistols and daggers peeped threateningly from his belt!

What a disguise, Bill thought, and with chattering teeth he told them to help themselves to the cash register. Bill's boss had told him not to resist in case of a holdup and Bill, being an obedient employee, obeyed. But the men paid no attention to the cash register. The pirate instead drew out a long pistol and leveled it at Bill's trembling head:

"Give us some gas or your life," he growled.

Bill jumped at the command and quickly filled their tank. He spilled a lot of the gas on the road but that didn't matter. All he wanted to do was to get rid of his dangerous customers as soon as possible. A few gallons of gas was a cheap price to pay, he thought.

### Holdup Turns Out to Be Revelers' Lark.

Then as he finished filling the tank Bill got another shock. The devil reached in a mysterious pocket and handed him a five dollar bill. Bill looked at the money in amazement. A strong whisky odor came from the devil's breath.

"Keep the change," he muttered thickly.

And the two "bandits" climbed into their big car and drove back to the fancy dress ball they had just left!

### This Time It's Really a Serious Affair.

That's one service man's story. Jack Kapsol's experience wasn't quite so funny and his bandit hadn't been to any masquerade either.

Jack had the night watch at his father's service station on Liberty avenue in Jamaica, L. I. One Saturday night—or rather Sunday morning, for it was 3 a. m.—Jack was sitting alone waiting for customers. The date was December 1, 1934. Business had been good that day and there was plenty of jack in Jack's cash register.

The street was deserted when a big blue Buick drove up and two tough looking characters asked for 10 gallons of gas. Jack gave it to them



The Thug Swung an Ugly Black-Jack at Him.

and they gave him a two dollar bill in payment. When he started into the office to get the change one of the men—a big fellow in a heavy overcoat—followed him.

"Hand all the dough over," the big man ordered with a curse and pulled a heavy black-jack out of his coat pocket. Jack says the black-jack was an ugly looking weapon and the sight of it almost made him obey. But he figured he couldn't give up his father's money without a struggle.

Besides, Jack is an amateur wrestler and a pretty big fellow himself.

### Jack's Knowledge of Wrestling Was a Life Saver.

He reached for the cash register, pretending to obey, and then suddenly made a flying tackle at the holdup man. Wham! The black-jack whistled through the air and down went both men. Jack had been too fast for the black-jack. He got under it as the weapon whizzed by his ear and grabbing the bandit's arm applied a "Japanese arm lock."

Did you ever see that hold? It's a pip and you can snap a man's arm with it. But the arm Jack held had a heavy overcoat on it and its powerful owner broke the hold. Jack got a "full Nelson" on him next and was able to keep away from the black-jack.

And now comes as strange an ending as any professional wrestling bout ever had. The bandit had been smoking a cigarette when he came in. The shock of Jack's attack had knocked the lighted cigarette on the floor. In a corner of the office was a keg of highly inflammable anti-freeze solution.

### Danger of Explosion Was Greater Than Robbery.

The tap had leaked and as Jack struggled desperately on the floor he saw to his horror that the cigarette had ignited the liquid. A blue streak of flame was already heading for the keg. The next minute might see an explosion that would make the wrestling match a tie—with both wrestlers dead!

Jack didn't know what to do. But his opponent did and he did it fast. The bandit apparently had no desire to be blown up. He saw the fire starting and he started with it. Right out the door he went and slamming it after him was off in the car with his partner in a cloud of dust.

Jack had literally fallen out of the frying pan into the fire! The money was safe but now it looked like the whole place would go up in flames.

## Pretty Wall Hanging of Colorful Peacocks



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