

VANDERBILT

The Supreme Court has handed down a series of momentous decisions during the past months - the Gold decision, the knock-out of the N.R.A., the abolition of the Triple A, the sustaining of the T.V.A. Each decision in a political storm. Now the nine justices in their robes will hand down a verdict in still another famous case. Expressing it alphabetically, we can say - the P.L.R.G. - Poor Little Rich Girl. But that won't arouse any political storm. It's just a family tempest.

The bitter vanderbilt row now, at length, finds it way to the Supreme Court. Mrs. Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt makes her last appeal to upset the verdict which gave her little daughter Gloria into the custody of the girl's aunt, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney - the child allowed to spend her weekends with her mother. Mrs. Vanderbilt's lawyers today filed a petition in which they tell the nine venerable judges a pathetic story - of the poor little rich girl.

The Supreme Court, when it passed on the government gold policy, had to consider the most intricate problems of finance, and now they'll have to consider the life of one little girl, the way her week is broken up, five days with her aunt and two days with her mother. It will have to meditate on problems like this:

"The child," declares Mrs. Vanderbilt's petition, "is exposed to an atmosphere of hostility and antagonism. She is shuttled back and forth each week like a tennis ball. Her life is hedged and regimented by rules and regulations."

The nine high justices made history with their decisions on the N.R.A., the Triple A, and the T.V.A. Now they are to be nine Solomons in deciding on ~~something like~~ this:
~~is~~ "To tear the child's heart in two", cries the petition, "is a crime against nature and reason, and is opposed not only to human sentiment but to all enlightened child welfare practice."

Well, also
Pity the poor little rich girl! ^ Pity the poor nine
old men!

BRYAN

Here's something important in the politics of Nebraska. What has happened? Nothing -- that's just it. Something has failed to happen. For the first time in forty years the current list of Nebraska candidates is unadorned by one particular famous name -- Bryan. Yes - for the first time in twenty years it is unadorned by the name of one particular Bryan - Charles W. He announces he is retiring from politics.

In 1896 William Jennings Bryan leaped into fame on a silvery steed against a Cross of Gold. And until the day of his death he remained a power in ~~an~~ national politics. He carried his brother, Charlie, along with him, although Charlie never scaled such free-silvery heights. Yet he was an indefatigable office-seeker and office-holder, and after his brother's death kept the name of Bryan in dynastic glory in Nebraska. Mayor of Lincoln, and candidate for Governor eight times. Won three times. And - he was out to be Vice-President in 1924. Also aspired to the Senate in 1934. Losing out, he was again elected Mayor of Lincoln, his first job and his last. It was his defeat in the Senate battle that gave his political fortunes their worst blow.

1934 was

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no time to buck the New Deal, not in the Corn Belt. And that's what Charlie did. He denounced the Triple A and shouted it was cutting the farmers' throats. But the farmers rushed to get their Triple A Corn Loans, ^{checks, and} ~~and they~~ voted that way. Bryan, then Governor, denounced the P. W. A., and held up two big Public Works projects in Nebraska. Keeping Federal money out of the state failed to appeal to the Nebraska financial instinct. [#] The ^ensuing political set-back for Charlie provides a reason for the absence of the name Bryan in the approaching primaries. He'll stay on as Mayor until his term is ended, and then he'll retire. In the Corn Country that's important in the realm of practical politics. For the nation it's a thing of reminiscent mood -- that nobody named Bryan^{is} campaigning for office this year in Nebraska.

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When there is a Texas Centennial Exposition, there are bound to be quite a few things which Northerners won't understand. It takes the Southern point of view. ~~names~~ For example ~~↔~~ when the Texas ladies tackle the question of art, the job of selecting paintings and sculpture for the exposition, they commission^{ed} somebody to do the picking. And that somebody was a Northerner -- a lady of Chicago. So how could she comprehend? What does she do? She selected a statue sculpted by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. That was all right. But it was a heroic, nobly proportioned figure of -- Buffalo Bill. ^{TP} What's wrong with that? That's what the Chicago lady wanted to know. Isn't Buffalo Bill one of our national legends. He is. The great scout of the West, the Indian fighter, the circus man, ~~the~~ hero of unnumbered legends. But, the ladies of Texas explain in a low, hissing voice -- Buffalo Bill was a Union spy in the Civil War. Will you have a statue of a Union spy at the Texas Centennial Exposition? No! By ten thousand Confederate dollars, no!

The Texas ladies recite our Civil War history and

say that Buffalo Bill's earlier scouting days were with the Federal Army, fighting against the South. He went in disguise behind Confederate lines and gathered information. He was a spy.

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So the Texas ladies are up in arms. And they have' handsome arms down there. They say the statue of Buffalo Bill is -- out.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

All over America girls are scrambling eggs today.

Of course, that's nothing uncommon, but this seems to be Scrambled Egg Day for Campfire Girls -- competitions in towns from coast to coast.

In New York the scrambling was done under the expert eye of a world-famous chef. Campfire Girls from the Five Boroughs, in white uniforms and with tall chef hats, scrambling and scrambling before Oscar of the Waldorf. Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President, was among those responsible for the national scramble. I tasted some of them and they were okay!

GEISHA

There's a revolution in the land of the cherry blossom. Almost the first word you think of when you mention Japan, is "Geisha". And that most Japanese of Japanese institutions is passing into the discard. Surely, old Nippon will never be the same without its Geisha.

In spite of all that has been written on the subject of these ladies of gaiety, there's still a vast deal of misunderstanding about them. They are greatly slandered.

The Geisha has been for centuries a characteristic institution in a land where all evening parties are stag affairs. If the Japanese papa goes out to dine, mama stays home and minds the baby - or something. To entertain the gentlemen, Geishas would be engaged. The richer the host, the higher priced the fees of these entertaining ladies. They were a combination of singer, dancer, musician, story teller, and what not. Their training began at the age of six or earlier. They were taught to be not only accomplished singers, instrumentalists and dancers. They also were widely educated in a general way. The heads were packed with old folk songs, legends, poems, historic ballads.

And now, friends of mine returning from Tokio, tell me it will soon be as difficult to find a Geisha as it is today to hire a jinriksha. Western customs are pushing the Geisha into the limbo. Now in her place there's the taxi dancer, the girl who will let you walk on her toes for ten cents a walk. The old highly stylized dances of the accomplished Geisha, are losing their popularity. Likewise, the tunes of old Japan. The "Music Goes Round and Round" in the Mikado's realm today. Even in remote villages gramophone shops sell records of the ditties and dance hits of New York and London, and they get it over the radio.

However, the Geishas are not giving up without a struggle. If the customers want jazz of the Whiteman or Rudy Vallee variety, they say the customers shall have it. So they are discarding their beautiful silk kimonos for evening gowns of western design. Also, their organization, the Geisha Association of Shambashi, has made a new ruling. Henceforth its members are allowed to omit or swap the traditional dances and music of old Japan for George Gershwin, Irving Berlin and Cole Porter.

NAVAL

Affairs of state tonight remind one of a game which hasn't been going so well. It started with five players, but one drew out, then another, then a third. Now - only two are left. They feel a bit forlorn, playing together all by their lonesome. So they decide to invite another fellow in. Who is the other fellow? That's the interesting point in the news that comes from London today.

The game in question is the London Naval Parley.

It didn't look so hopeful to begin with; and acquired a more melancholy aspect when Japan drew out - saying, "I won't play any more."

And then France disagreed with the United States.

Now we find France and Italy walking out. That leaves Great Britain and the United States all by themselves to play a two-handed game of disarmament at sea. But maybe they feel a bit silly playing there all by themselves. And so, London wants to invite somebody else to play a third hand.

That's the report from the British capital today. Who is to be invited? Why Germany.

cut { Berlin seems to be a good deal in demand as a guest these days. We've been hearing for days about negotiations to line Germany up with Italy. Rome, feeling pushed around by Great Britain and the League of Nations, wouldn't mind hocking up with the rapidly growing power of Hitler. At the same time, the Nazi Reich is pretty badly isolated and sees the advantage of an arrangement with belligerent Fascist Italy. Now comes London saying to Berlin:- "Come and join our Naval Agreement game."

It's a British proposal that Britain, the United States and Germany should get together and make a treaty for naval limitation. What does Washington say? Nothing. The State Department says it has received no official information. But there's a good deal of unofficial comment, especially from American isolationists. They certainly

do wrinkle their brows at the idea of your old Uncle Sam lining up in a naval way with Britain and Germany - more or less against France, Italy and maybe Russia. That ~~certainly~~ would be entangling ~~in~~ ^{entanglements.} foreign ~~complications.~~ It's hard to believe that the project would galvanize Washington to any loud enthusiasm. [¶] The swift reaction is in Paris, as the late news tells us today. The French ~~Government~~ ^{Government} representative is badly worried by the mere mention that England, the United States and Germany might form a line-up. ~~The French~~ ^{Paris} ~~government~~ is reported to have made a quick counter-suggestion - proposing that if England wants to work out a treaty of naval limitation with Germany, why it's okay with France, so long as France herself doesn't have to take any part in it. Paris merely wants to keep the line perfectly clear - that a naval agreement with Berlin will okay the German armament violation of the Versailles Treaty. If anybody else wants to give that okay, why all right. But France won't sign any such treaty, in which Germany has a part.

PEPPER

A judge in England today said - "No". And that seems to put the last touch to the story of a downfall, from the heights to the depths, from pepper to Wormwood. ~~Yes~~, Wormwood is right, for tonight the great John Howeson sits in the Wormwood Scrubbs Prison. His lawyers, as a last resort, begged the court to let him out on bail long enough to wind up his affairs. But the solemn, bewigged judge shook his head, wig and all - "No". Perhaps he didn't think Howeson had any affairs to wind up, any property left, any money; that it had all gone into the pepper pot. So, with the finishing touch sternly applied by British justice today, let's look a little closer at the spectacular financial catastrophe - from pepper to Wormwood.

to be said
What's ~~there~~ [^] ~~^~~ about pepper? ~~It's~~ It's the twin brother of salt, and will make you sneeze. It may also make you rich - though sneezing is easier than getting rich. You know the glittering tale of gold, the age long hunger for it and the search, the splendor and meanness, the heroism and the tragedy - the age-old golden quest. For many a century you could say the same thing about pepper - the glory and the renown of the spice trade. For pepper was the

treasure they sought, when caravan and galley ventured along the spice route to the East, ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ the dark depths of the Middle Ages. America was discovered because they wanted an all-water route to the spice islands, where pepper grew. Man was hungry for pepper, just as he was for gold. ^{It brought} ~~It was~~ the splendor and ~~the~~ power of the Portuguese empire in the East, the Dutch empire, and it helped to build the imperial realm of Britain. Such is the historic glamor of the twin brother of salt on your dinner table. And the pepper trade is still a builder of fortunes in the modern world of commerce.

That brings us to Britain's mystery man of finance, John Howeson. That isn't the name he was born with. His father bore the imposing name of Oscar Ernst von Ernsthausen - a German with business interests in the East. His headquarters were Calcutta and London. So he became a naturalized British subject. His four sons, who went to Oxford, took English names, and kept on in oriental trade, with headquarters at Calcutta.

Mere geography would give us a hint of what kind of trade it was. Out there one of the precious commodities is tin, the tin of Malaya. So we find that John Howesen became a mighty

figure in the tin trade. He loomed mysteriously as a secret power behind the cartel that controls the world production of metal.

They called him - the Tin King. He climbed to glory along a trail of tin.

And, There's that other treasured commodity out there in the East ^{-- yes} pepper. John Howeson took another step, from metal to spice.

The Tin King set out to become the emperor of pepper. That led to wild financial doings in London a year ago - a bold manipulation to control the world supply of the pungent spice. A group, headed by John Howeson, were buying pepper. They borrowed and mortgaged to buy the last ounce of it. They sold shares in their pool to raise more money. The crisis came when they had twelve thousand tons of white pepper on their hands. There ~~were~~ were only a few thousand tons more in the world for them to get their hands on. But they couldn't raise that extra bankroll to do it. So the corner in pepper was too hot. It collapsed in a cloud of pepper *and* scandal. John Howeson had it down his throat and up his nose, coughing and sneezing - in a financial way. ~~He~~ He lost everything.

What was worse, the British law stepped in and found that he had

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been selling shares in the pepper pot and had not been entirely on the up and up. British law is stern and finicky in that way. Remember how Lord ~~K~~lysant, the ship magnate, was sent to jail - not because there were false statements in his financial report, but merely because of some things left out? It was the same thing with the one-time Tin King and would-be Emperor of Pepper. Merely an omission or two in his financial statement to investors. The court said:- guilty. Sentence:- a year in prison.

Then the judge added, "Not even a brief release on bail to let the prisoner in the Wormwood Scrubbs jail wind up his affairs." And that ends the disastrous triple play from tin to pepper to Wormwood.

For me it's a double play from here to home - and s-l-u-t-m.

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