

Good Evening, Everybody:

I am in Chicago tonight, stopping over on my way to Kansas City. And all the newspapers in this section of the country are featuring the Insull story - featuring it with great headlines right across page one. In one paper I counted twelve full columns devoted to it. The latest development in the case concerns Martin Insull, brother of Samuel Insull, who is in prison today in the town of Barrie, Ontario. This once powerful multi-millionaire, the operating head of the vast two billion dollar concern that his brother Samuel built up, was placed in a cell next to vagrants and petty criminals. He is held as a fugitive from justice pending his extradition to Chicago on charges of embezzlement and larceny.

A dispatch to the Detroit News described him as looking the picture of a weary old man. The dispatch states further that no favors are allowed in the Barrie jail. So this

aged ex-multi-millionaire will have to undergo the same rigid discipline as any petty criminal.

Meanwhile, no trace has as yet been found of his elder brother, Samuel Insull. The rooms occupied by the Insull family at their hotel in Paris have been vacated. A dispatch from Lisbon states that Samuel Insull is being hunted throughout Portugal - but so far without success. The Lisbon police admitted today that they had received a request to find him.

STRAUS

Here is a financial item. A dispatch to the Cleveland Press states that S. W. Straus & Company, the large real estate bond and mortgage firm, has been ordered into temporary receivership. The action was taken by Supreme Court Judge Alfred Norton in Brooklyn.

WALKER

All New York is talking about that unusual convention last night. The odd part of it all was that the principal actor was still a dapper, debonair passenger on the Europa in mid-ocean. Though another man was nominated, the interest of the gathering seemed to have centered on Jimmie Walker. More cheers greeted the mention of his name than any other that came before this curious convention. His cable to the democratic bosses eliminating himself from the mayoralty race, was read aloud and produced a thundering ovation.

Another curious feature of the New York City Democratic convention was that neither the delegates nor their masters had the faintest idea whom they were going to nominate up to five o'clock last night. The Mr. John O'Brien who stands a rosy chance of being New York's next mayor is not, I am informed the Mr. Philadelphia John O'Brien who is still famous in boxing circles. This is another Mr. John O'Brien and he hadn't the faintest idea what was going to happen to him until some friends arrived at

his office and rushed him up to the convention. Acting Mayor McKee has definitely declined to run as an independent candidate. "To accept", he states, "would be merely to attempt to advance my own political fortunes at a time when the minds of the people are turned to the consideration of national and state issues."

REX

I'm sorry I wasn't in my office in the Empire State building this afternoon. The new Italian liner, The Rex, steaming slowly up the Hudson river at the end of her maiden voyage as seen from that great height must have been ~~xxx~~ a magnificent spectacle. The Rex is not only one of the fastest but one of the most luxurious liners afloat. She is the largest merchant vessel ever built in an Italian shipyard. 51,000 gross tons, that's her size - only six thousand tons less than the weight of all the structural steel in the Empire State building. In spite of being partially crippled by having one dynamo out of commission, she made an average speed across the Atlantic through rough seas of 25 knots - her time per hour. But she is capable of doing 31 knots an hour with ease.

She has two swimming pools, one open, the other closed. One feature is what they call a lido deck, an outdoor bathing beach for mid-ocean. She has eleven decks altogether and the area of the grand ballroom is almost 6,000 square feet. All

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the other liners docked in New York saluted the Rex with their fog horns as she steamed up the river.

ZOO

I happened to mention the other evening that the Philadelphia zoo, which has one of the finest collections of animals in America, was in hard straits. Apparently circumstances are even more serious than were realized. The president of the Philadelphia Zoological Society today told the mayor of Philadelphia that every animal in the garden would have to be killed with gas and the garden closed, unless the city council appropriates \$100,000 for its support.

FAIR

For one reason I'm rather sorry to be in the Middle West at this time. That is because they're holding the annual fair at Danbury, Connecticut, this week, and if you think that isn't a big week for us farmers (ahem) in that neighborhood, you miss your guess.

My neighbor Judge Albert Dodge, tells me it will be the first time in 100 years that the Danbury fair will have been continued right through Sunday, and the high spot of the day will be the automobileraces in which my old friend Ralph De Palma, will be one of the speedsters. Ira Vail and other speed kings will also be competing.

READING

The Earl of Reading, his majesty's former secretary of state for India, ex-viceroy of India, and former Lord Chief Justice of England, arrived in American today. His name before he scaled the heights and became ^{one}/of the great men of his time, was Rufus Daniel Isaacs. Apparently one purpose of his visit is to try to induce Uncle Sam to join the League of Nations. Lord Reading, in an interview at the Waldorf-Astoria upon his arrival today, said that the presence of the United States in the League is of vital importance. Admiral Lord Beatty also arrived in the United States today. Yes, the rakish, debonair nautical gentleman who wears his cap cocked over one eye and who played a big part in the greatest battle ever staged at sea, the Battle of Jutland.

HOLMAN

Libby Holman, the beautiful musical comedy star whose husband died last summer and who has been charged with his murder, has still further hard luck to bear. Her dead husband's will was made public today and it leaves her not one cent. The bulk of the estate is divided between his brother and two sisters. One bequest of \$50,000 goes to his secretary, Ab Walker, who is also charged with having been the cause of Reynold's death.

Lords

Down with the House of Lords. So says the Labor party of Great Britain today. A dispatch to the Toronto Star relates that the Labor party has been holding a conference at Lester in the English midlands. The Laborites passed a resolution that the upper house of the English parliament should be abolished "immediately if not sooner." On the other hand, the Tories meeting at Blackpool passed a unanimous resolution urging the powers of the peers should not be curtailed but increased.

TALL STORY CONTEST

Here's a news item:- We're going to have a contest. What kind of contest? Well, it's this way:-

Among the members of the Tall Story Club is a large and enthusiastic element of Sunoco fans who use Blue Sunoco in their cars and delight in telling tall tales about the marvels it performs. As Exalted Giraffe of the Tall Story Club I've been receiving a steady stream of these hilarious yarns. In fact, they constitute a special brand of the ~~g~~ Great American Whopper. In addition to fish stories, snake stories and so on, there are also Sunoco Tall Stories.

So why not a Sunoco Tall Story Contest to see who can tell the most fabulous and truth-assassinating yarn? Test your imagination. See how good your powers of invention are. And use Sunoco as the theme. This idea is the suggestion of William J. Stein, Jr., of Baltimore, who writes to the Sun Oil Company and declares that a Sunoco Tall Story Contest would provide some hilarious fun.

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Well, the contest is on. Just send in your Sunoco Tall Story. Make it as wild and fantastic as you can. I'll tell the tallest and funniest of them on the air. Every other night or so we'll have a whopper. And every one that is used will be awarded a prize. It will be an appropriate prize, an autographed copy of the book, Tall Stories, the official manual of the Tall Story Club.

FOOTBALL

Now that the baseball season is virtually over King Football is on the throne again. In this connection an interesting point has been raised by the New York Evening Post.

It seems that my colleague, Cristy Walsh, has been discussing whether women are really interested in football - as interested as the men. In his opinion they are. He said that he found the questions asked by women spectators were as intelligent and displayed every bit as keen an interest in the game, and its fine points. In fact he found that in many cases the lady customers showed more intelligence. Ho ho.

Well, Marion Clyde McCarroll writes in the Post that somebody has been feeding Cristy Walsh some applesauce. The interest of her own sex in football, says Miss McCarroll is largely pretended - just phoney, make-believe. They simulate great keenness and curiosity about the fine points of the game just to flatter their be-coonskinned/^{male}~~xxxx~~ escorts.

What women like about football, says the charming

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Miss McCarroll, is the pageant, the show. They like to be among those present. She points out that very few women make any effort to be taken to baseball World Series games or any other baseball games.

Well, that's one woman's slant on it.

Anyhow, tomorrow promises to be an exciting day for football fans of both sexes. There will be important games from coast to coast. But the one that will excite the most sentimental interest will be that game in the Yale Bowl when Alonzo Stagg returns home. Stagg, the grand old man of football, veteran coach at the University of Chicago, once played for Yale. In fact he was picked for the first All-American team. But he has never seen a game in the Yale Bowl. He's been too busy coaching, in the Middle West. He played on the Yale team 48 years ago. He's an old man now. Tonight, at Mary's in New Haven they are giving a banquet for him. Tomorrow Stagg's 41st Chicago team will play Yale, his own Alma Mater. Yes, there's going to be a lot of sentimental interest in that game.

HUNTING

This is the day when hunters are oiling up their guns, laying in a new stock of cartridges, grooming the dog and getting ready for the fall campaign. In the ^{words} ~~work~~ of the New York Times the katydid is being heard in the land and the open season is nearly here.

City folk don't realize the part that the hunting still plays in American life. Figures gathered by the Wild Life Committee of the Senate show that a year ago no less than two million combination licenses were taken out for fishing and hunting, and two and a half million more for hunting alone. Moreover the number of hunters who don't need a license at all, for various reasons, is upward of twomillion. In New York State the Conservation Department reported that last year more than 650,000 licenses were issued. This brought in an income to the State of nearly one million dollars.

Another thing that many people don't know is that the greatest game hunting state is not New York. It's not Montana

or Colorado or Idaho or Florida. It's Pennsylvania. In the Keystone state more deer are killed than in either Maine or New York, and more bears than in any other state east or west. For instance, in Pike County, Pa., which is no more than four hours' trip by motor car from New York City a large number of bears are shot every year. The Secretary of the Pennsylvania Game Commission informs us that game hunted in Pennsylvania represents a business involving more than sixteen million dollars a year. For instance, the value of ~~sixth~~ the fur-bearing animals alone was two and a half million dollars. The value of all the game killed last year in Pennsylvania amounted to ten and a half million dollars.

CHINA

A dispatch to the Baltimore Sun tells of more excitement in China. Intense fighting between Chinese factions has again broken out in Shantung Province. Looting and burning of villages is going on amid wild scenes. Refugees are streaming into the city of Chefoo. Thousands of Chinese have been killed. An American cruiser is standing by to help Americans if necessary.

SEA HORSE

Did you ever see a horse, so small you could put it in your coat pocket? Did you ever see a horse so small you could hide him behind your ear or under your thumb? NO? Well, Can you imagine the officials of an aquarium being faced with a problem of what to do with your horses? A dispatch to the Brooklyn Times conveys the information that over one week-end no less than five thousand colts were born in the New York Aquarium.

It should be added that each of these colts is about the size of a mosquito. They really are young sea horses. They were born in a tank. The aquarium authorities have decided to keep them in this moist home pasture until they become yearlings, as it's bad to handle them when they are too young. So a year from now if you're looking for a yearling horse, I mean sea horse, just drop in at the N. Y. Aquarium.

MEXICO

The government of Mexico is growing still more active against Roman Catholic prelates. On top of the expulsion of the papal legate from the country, Mexico now proposes to arrest the Archbishop of Mexico City.

DOOMSDAY

Now here is a bit of real news for you. Tomorrow will be the beginning of the last week-end for New Yorkers. Why? Because on Monday New York will be destroyed. In fact, the cataclysm will begin at sundown on Sunday. When Monday's sun has set not a jot and precious few tittles of that once mighty city will be left. Her towers will fall and her walls crumble as crumbled the walls of old Babylon.

All this we learn from a gentleman who describes himself as the Apostle of Doom in Freeport, Lond Island. Freeport, which is some 35 miles away from New York, will not share the fate of the metropolis. A story in the New York Evening Post points out that the Apostle of Doom will be able to sit over his coffee cups and tell the whole world: "I told you so." Up to about 7 years ago, this apostle of doom wasn't an apostle of anything. He was a good paper hanger with both his arms, making \$11-a-day. He gave up paper hanging to foretell the end of the world. The last time he foretold it was February 6, 1925, but the elements doublecrossed him. But if he's right in his prophecy then I'm lucky to be in Chicago.