Good Afternoon, Everybody:-

The most important news that came flashing over
the wires during the past week concerns that Economic Conference
to be held in Washington. The principal nations that have
trade relations with the United States have been invited by
the administration to send delegates to the Capital of the

It is becoming more and more clear that President

Roosevelt has large ideas in mind in connection with this

Conference. Secretary of State Hull comes forward with the

angle that there is a broader aspect to the conference than

a mere discussion between delegates and a passing of resolutions.

It is to be an attempt to arouse the peoples of the world to

the importance of international trade, to mobilize the nations

in a hearty effort to promote commerce and an increased exchange

of commodities.

Moreover the Secretary of State declares that this conference marks a broad change in American policy.

The economic nationalism of Republican administrations since the war is to be abandoned. The United States will go into the conference with the idea of booming business between ourselves and other lands, they to buy our goods, and we to buy their's, a revival of business, not merely within the boundaries of one country, but throughout the world.

The administration is preparing to negotiate individual arrangements between the United States and any nation that is willing to do business and play ball in a reasonable way.

The New York Herald Tribune points out that this Washington Economic Conference is by no means designed to take the place of the World Economic Conference which will be held later on. It is merely a preliminary to the larger get-together. Uncle Sam is just meeting the people with

whom he does business, for the purpose of talking over

their own particular affairs and getting their ideas straightened
out for the larger conference which will embrace the whole world.

The week's financial developments in Washington

the the part of the administration an ambition for more and more economy. The New York Herald

Tribune declares that the Government intends to push its

economies even further than it had previously planned. The

financial experts of the administration now believe that they

can slash expenses almost to the tune of a billion dollars.

The latest projected idea of saving is said to be a cut of two hundred million dellars in the cost of the Army and Navy, and a hundred million in the cost of the Post Office Department. The slash in military expenses would include a closing of training camps and a reduction in pay for the National Guard.

Then too, a plan is being whipped into shape at the White House for a two-billion-dollar home mortgage refinancing program.

This along the lines of the farm mortgage plan, --There
designed to help householders carry the debts on their
homes. The Government will raise the money by issuing bonds
at four per cent. Mortgages on homes will be taken over at
between five and five and one-half per cent, and the plan is
to have a moratorium of from three to five years, during which
time the home owner will not have to pay anything on the
principal of debt.

At any rate; that!s the way the home mertgage shape project seems to shape up, and the idea of course is to help the small householder carry his burden of debta

I suppose the real tip-off that things are going pretty well in Washington is the fact that Secretary of the Treasury Woodin is still refusing to put on that pair of asbestos pants. that have been offered to him. Several asbestos companies have proffered the Secretary of the Treasury a pair of perfectly tailored trousers of non-inflamable material.

It will be recalled that Mr. Woodin's predecessor,

Ogden Mills, said he would like to have his successor measured for
a pair of asbestos pants, because he would have a hot seat to

sit dn. Secretary Woodin's idea is that he won't put them
en until he finds the seat hot enough to make them necessary.

So far the seat has remained at a reasonable temperature, and
the Secretary of the Treasury has resolutely declined all

offers of fire-proof tailoring. I suppose that's a sign. that
the Republic is not yet lost.

I suppose the news of the week that interested most people, both wets and drys, was the rather noisy, gushing return of beer. The weekend resume shows that the country's froth blowers drank up just about all the amber fluid the brewers could manufacture. Meanwhile the rush for the foaming seidel has quited down. The hoorah is over and the brewers are getting down to a normal humdrum business.

The Circus Saints and Sinners, a jovial organization devoted to the cultivation of youthful memories of the circus. They meet at regular intervals, indoors — under a tent, and exchange stories about elephants, pink lemonade, the fat lady and peanuts. As the circus season has just begun they are going to hold a grand New York jamboree at the Majestic Theatre with a nation-wide radio hook-up, on April 30th, and at that rally they want a couple of tall stories to compete with the all star performance.

So they have asked me as Exalted Giraffe of the Tall
Story Club and as Lion Tamer of the Circus Saints and Sinners to
select a champion whopper teller from among those who have
contributed big lies to our current Sunoco Tall Story Contest.
Well, I have a nomination to make this afternoon. I have just
received a communication from my old friend, Greg Hartswick, the
famous crossword puzzler, also the biggest liar of Fanwood,
New Jersey.

Greg writes me of an extraordinary curcumstance that he has observed down his way. He tells me that the Fanwood mosquitoes have always been gigantic and ferocious. Recently they have taken to drinking Blue Sunoco. And that is making them like a cross between a Burmese elephant and a Bengal tiger. It is mating season down in Fanwood -- mating season I mean, for the mosquitoes. That is the time when the Poppa Skeeters go wild with jealousy. They drink deep draughts of Blue Sunoco and then glare around the countryside with green-eyed jealousy, and are liable to attack anything.

Greg Hartswick declares that these jealous Poppa Skeeters make it a common practice to attack airplanes flying in the sky.

But they only attack mail planes.

My! My! not female planes!

The familiar activities of the Hitler government in Germany kept right on during the week. The latest is that the Nazis are sweeping their opponents out of the civil service. All Socialists and advocates of the Republic are being dismissed from government jobs. They are being driven right out are being deprived of all claims to pensions or half-pay which they would get in the ordinary course of events. Exceptions are being made in the case of those who are in dire financial need. They are being promised one-third of their pay to keep them going.

Jewish government employees are not being so hard hit as the Socialists. The are being retired from their jobs, but are being granted the usual pensions. Exceptions are made in the cases of Jewish officials who were in the Civil Service before the outbreak of the World War, or who fought in the German army, or whose sons or fathers were killed in the war. They will retain their government jobs.

The week's strangest story, an incident that reeks with hints of terror and mystery, comes in the murder of a clairvoyant in Berlin; his name was Hanussen and he was widely known in Europe as a practioner of magic arts. They said he was a seer who could read the future. The most startling thing about him is that years ago he foretold the rise in power of Adolph Hitler. Hitler then was a nobody.

But the clairvoyant prophesied that he would become the master of Germany.

Now he has been killed under most mysterious kirkernx circumstances. His body, riddled with bullets, was found in a patch of woods some miles from Berlin. The police believe that he was taken for a ride in the fashion made famous by American gangsters. The why and the wherefor of the crime remain a profound mystery.

and women.

The week's news from distant Australia brings a word that is mighty familiar in American history. That word is secession. The State of Western Australia has voted to secede from the Australian Commonwealth. The Western Australians want to form a separate dominion of their own, entirely independent of the rest of the great southern continent.

Australia has been discontent for some time. It's an immense distance from the cities of East Australia, where the government and most of the population are centered. West Australia is an territory of a million square miles, with an exceedingly small population. It is almost entirely agricultural. It is dissatisfied because of the Australian tariffs which it claims discriminate against the farmers. It is also discontent with the domination of organized labor over the Australian government.

The bean in West Australia several times.

Lie bean in West Australia several times.

Lie bean in West Australia several times.

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One of the sad bits of the week comes in
the tidings that the Parliament of the Sparrows is no more.
For the past several years it was one of the sights of Vienna -that Parliament of the Sparrows. There's a small park in the
center of the city, and for some reason or other the sparrows
of Vienna decided to make it their gathering place every
night. From all directions they flocked to the trees, thousands
and thousands of little birds. At sundown the attrees trees
were crammed with sparrows that twittered and chirped in a
long loud chorus.

Neighboring shops objected and appealed to the municipality. The city fathers ordered that the sparrows be driven away and sent men with sticks to chase them at the sticks to chase them at the men with the sticks. There was a regular warfare on between the friends and enemies of the Parliament of the Sparrows.

Now, however, the city fathers have stolen a march on the bird lovers and the birds. They sent a corps of workmen

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at night, who proceeded to trim the trees of all their small branches, right down to the trunks. When the sparrows came around they found their homes ruined. No convenient limbs and twigs to perch on. The birds haven't got any place to sit, and so the Parliament of the Sparrows has been disbanded.

The week, however, was a good deal more cheerful
than that for the dogs in Mexico City. The city fathers down
there in the ancient capital of the Aztecs ordered that mm
unlicensed dogs should be rounded up. And that greatly
distressed the owners of pet canines. The dog catcher's
wagon made the rounds and started for the pound, loaded with
a hundred dogs or so. The owners of the dogs, mostly women
and children, followed along behind, protesting and weeping.

The procession passed a school house where a lot of boys had just been released from class. When the boys perceived the tragedy they acted promptly. They stormed the dog catcher's wagon and in spite of the pistol which the dog catcher waved frantically, they captured the wagon and released

while the owners of the dogs cheered and shouted "Viva!"

It all amounts to a regular Mexican dog revelt:

The New York Times declares that the city fathers down there have given up their anti-dog campaign. And so for the while at least; Mexico City has been made xxxx safe for the Mexican hairless dog.

ELECTRIC CHAIR

The verdict has been announced. In that

Scotsboro case. That sensational affair in which eight

young negros were condemned to death in Alabama for

attacking two white girls. After much agitation one man

has been re-tried, Patterson by name. The jury was out all

night. Now it's verdict is - "guilty". And the defendant

is condemned to the electric chair.

The academic news of the week brings tidings that the old Manassa Mauler and Man-Killer, Jack Dempsey made an address before a group of professors at Columbia University. But don't be afraid that Dempsey is going literary like his rival, Gene Tunney. In front of the professors Jack didn't show any signs of going highbrow. He said he had been in a college only once before, and that was to get a handout of grub in his old hobo days. He added that he wasn't going to be a college professor because you can't make a racehorse out of a mule. For the benefit of science he contributed the fact that the hardest punch he'd ever taken was the clout Firpo handed him in the first round. advice to the professors was that they should learn boxing, because they never could tell when a student might take a punch at them. He declared he couldn't make a speech, but looking around at the whiskers of the professors, he said he'd fight any man in the house.

The world of diplomacy and of society too was represented at the most brilliant wedding of the season, in New York. Pierre Claudel, son of the French ambassador to Washington, married Miss Marion Cartier of New York.

The bride's father is head of the great jewelry firm of Cartier, Incorporated. After the ceremony, the a wedding herestkfast breakfast was given at the Waldorf. The list of a guests looks like a page out of the social register.

They say that true love always wins. Well, it does seem to win in Roumania. The New York Times today carries a story of true love that has at last won a triumphant victory. No, not King Carol, it's a man named Klopatsko. Mr. Klopatsko fell in love with a rich farmer's daughter. Her parents said:-"Nay, nay, Klopatsko." And, he, poor fellow, thought that death was preferable to life without love. So he got a gun and took a shot at the girl, and at himself. He missed both the girl and himself. The judge gave him three years in the local hoosegow. When he had served the three, Klopatsko learned that his beloved had married a man named Hornwak. That broke his heart completely. So he went to the home of the bride and bridegroom and set the house on fire. This time the judge gave him two years in prison.

Recently he was released and shortly afterward met his beloved on the street. He discovered that she had been keek left a widow. So Klopatsko proposed marriage then and there. She accepted, and now after that stormy love-making she is Mrs. Klopatsko. So let the wedding bells ring out and -- SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.