It's no wonder that Samuel Insull is jubilant. After so long a period in the depths, he must regard his acquital as a vindication of the sort that raises a man to the clouds. now He mat-talks of joyful plans for the future. Of course, there are still charges against him, more federal charges, and also state indictments, charging him with embezzlement under the law of Illinois. But these he regards lightly. He wants to face them in ahurry, and be done with them. He delayed as long as he could over there in Greece, fighting extradition to the last ditch. He staved off facing the courts as long as he could, but now is eager to face them again.

Let's look back at the collapse of the great utilities empire,—
as calamitous a downfall as the dramatic scene of American
business has ever witnessed. Then there was the long-drawn out
spectacle of the aged fugitive, the broken-down old man, striving
with every nerve to keep from being taken back. He was afraid he
was in for a legal lynching. He felt he would be tossed to the
lions. And public indignation was high, indignation for those
many thousands who had lost everything in the collapse of Insull's

fortunes. But now, what he feared would be the depth of disaster has turned into a triumph. As least, Samuel Insull takes it as a triumph -- though there are still charges pending against him.

It certainly looks as if there'd be a fight to a finish between the utilities industry and the power aspect of the New Deal. The Edison Electric Institute, which comprises eighty per cent of the electric power companies of the nation, has found its attorneys in both political parties. It will be represented by two of the most distinguished lawyers of the land, one a Republican, the other a Democrat. I don't suppose you could find a more distinguished lawyer the Rights of democracy than Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War under President Wilson, and often in the foreground as a possible presidential candidate; and James M. Beck, one of the greatest authorities on constitutional law, who was in Congress for a score of years as a Pennsylvania Republican.

The government power development in the Tennessee Valley is the center of what is sure to be one of the great constitutional battles. Not only is it the biggest of all the issues between the Administration and the utilities companies, but it is a dominant point of dispute in the whole argument about government ventures in the field of private business. It is admitted on all sides that local utilities companies cannot possibly sell electricity in

companies are placed at the mercy of the federal government. They
will get fair transporters of
the Administration. This is denied by the opposition. But all that
is merged in a larger question - "Is it constitutional?"

The issue is fully and formally joined, with the Edison

Electric Institute engaging the two lawyers who combine in

themselves the height of legal reputation and of standing in both

parties.

Another job for the Supreme Court. The judicial battle is to range scheduled all along the line from the lower tribunals to the highest.

There will be war in the Timor Sea. Ships and bombing planes will go into action. Who is the enemy? Why the sharks.

Timor Sea is a romantic corner manidenceans of romance, deep in the tropics of coral reefs and palm trees. It lies to the north of Australia and the fringed with islands. The skies are balmy and the sea is warm. For a million years it has been "Happy Land" for sharks. It's one of the most ferocious shark-infested bodies of water on this globe. That didn't matter so much while Timor Sea was one of the world's remote outlandish places. But recently it has jumped to prominence as being on the route of one of the earth's great sky lanes -- the cloud-land route to Australia. Airplanes flying to the continent "Down Under" inevitably take the route from Singapore, over the islands of the Dutch East Indies, and right across Timor Sea to Australia.

It has jumped into the headlines recently with the great

London to Melbourne Air Derby. Sky traffic to Australia is in the

process of rapid development right now, and the limelight is

shining on the fact that the last stage of the journey, over

Timor Sea, crosses what amounts to one vast puddle of sharks, simply

a pond crammed with destructive monsters. Not so cheerful as a last lap of a sky route. A plane coming down on Timor Sea might turn into a nightmare of attacks and assault by sharks. Only recently a sailing vessel, a small ship, was crushed by the shoals of sharks and hurled themselves against it, so the news goes although it sounds fishy.

against the sharks of Timor Sea. His Majesty's government has called upon Australia to start a campaign -- also the Rajahs of the great Island of Timor, which lies at the north of Timor Sea. The Aussis and the Rajahs are to stage one vast shark round-up. Ships are being mobilized at Port Darwin and Thursday Island, and New Guinea for shark killing voyages -- and airplanes too. Bombing planes will skim the waters and drop thundering charges of T.N.T. amid the shoals of man-eating terrors. In that way they are going to clear the last lap of the sky route, killing the sharks and driving them away.

For a long era, Timor Sea has been a timorous place for human beings afraid of sharks, now Timor Sea will be a timorous place for the sharks.

We've heard a good deal about the treasures of the Czar, taken over by the Bolsheviks, but what about the treasures of the American embassy? I mean the embassy Uncle Sam kept at the court of the Czars?

At the time of the Bolshevik revolution, the home and headquarters of the American ambassador lost a library, archives, its coat-of-arms, furniture and works of art, such as busts of Washington and Franklin. Most of the treasures seized by the Reds appeared sooner or later on the market, for sale in various parts of the world. But none of those American treasures ever showed up. This fact was observed by officials of our present embassy to Moscow and they proceeded to look around. And now the myster is revealed. Apparently, the Reds didn't think so much of the loot they got out WHEREXEXERY of Uncle Sam's diplomatic headquarters. For now the American diplomatic officials have found nearly all of it, including the busts of Washington and Franklin, stored in a damp old warehouse. them. The Communists didn't even try to sell Maybe it is an affront to American dignity, but anyway we've got them back.

For a long time it has been a custom among the nations to maintain a special attitude toward political crimes. There have been endless refusals to extradite an accused person from one country to another, when the alleged misdeed was considered to be of a political nature. This general tendency is in the background. when we consider the fact that during the past few years Italy has repeatedly asked France to extradite men accused of political crimes, and France just as often has refused. This attitude of France is in turn the background, when we come to the latest development of the events that have followed the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia. Italy refuses to extradite to France the man accused of being the chief conspirator. He is Dr. Pavelich, said to be the head of the Croatian revolutionary organization that plotted the deed at Marseilles.

France has consistently refused toxextradition to France.

extraditions to Italy. So now Italy refuses an extradition to France.

That is one angle. The other angle is that if you extradite a man,

you admit that there are grounds for believing that he may be guilty.

So if Mussolini's government turned the Croatian chief over to the

French authorities, they would be admitting that he might be responsible for the assassination, and that the crime was plotted in Italy; Because Dr. Pavelich has been in Mussolini's realm all along. By refusing to extradite him to France, the Italians are in fact denying the charge that the leaders of the conspiracy had their headquarters in Italy.

This Italian refusal is a sharp action in a most disturbed political situation. Naturally, it inflames South Slav anger and suspicion. And on top of it all, Mussolini is strongly backing up Hungary in her protest against the Yugoslav note to the League of Nations, and is joining Hungary to make a full and prompt investigation. Well, that's what the Yugoslavs want too - an investigation. But they want the quiz to prove that Hungary was guilty of helping the plotters, while the Hungarians, backed by Italy, demand a probe to prove that Yugoslavia was dead wrong in accusing Hungary. Mussolini's own newspaper today issued a warning that the South Slav government had better not be too hasty and loud in its attack on the regime at Budapest.

Meanwhile, an important French newspaper has created something of a sensation on the boulevards by printing an entirely

new theory, in which the assassination of King Alexander is described as a Hapsburg plot. According to this notion, the crime was schemed by former officers of the imperial Austro-Hungarian army, whose motive is not bree Croatian, but to include Croatian a reestablishment of the former empire of the Hapsburgs. in Vienna.

All of this political agitation points to a possible meaning of sensational police activities in Paris. There raiding and a general roundup. Thousands of gendarmes jumped into cafes and restaurants, searching and questioning, and It was all reminiscent of old time prohibition raids here in the United States. About five hundred suspects of all descriptions were hauled off to the Parisian calaboose, charged with nothing in particular - so far as the general public could tell. It may be that they were pulled in just as part of em general drive against crime. But gossip on the boulevards gives the roundup an aspect of international politics, and the belief is that the prisoners are suspected of secret political activities, international conspiracy and whatnot.

In all my time on the air, I don't know of another story so pitiful and mystifying as that of the three children, whom the reporters are calling "the babes in the woods." The disclosures today seem to connect the three girls found dead in the woods to a woman, who was shot to death in a house a hundred miles away. That would make it look like murder and suicide on the part of some crazed, distracted mother. The clues are given by bus drivers, and the picture is one of a woman and three children traveling around in Yet the murder and suicide theory is confronted with the fact that no sign of violence or any injury appears on the three little bodies under a blanket among the trees. No cause of death is revealed - nothing but pity and mystery.

In the great collegiate battle of refusing money, it would seem that most of the educational institutions accepted. When Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins started to spread government millions among the colleges to help out needy students most of the institutions and centers of learning responded with a quiet O.K.

Yale and Harvard declined the money, also in a quiet way. But the refusal of Williams has popped into the limelight with a bang.

When Relief Administrator Hopkins issued his denunciation, he singled out Williams, and merely referred to "a few other New England educational institutions" which he described as "overly endowed and aristocratic." He said they were snobbish. To this Dr. Dennet, President of Williams responds with warm words:-

"Have we reached such a pass in this country," He demands, "that everyone who refuses Federal aid is a snob?"

He declares that Williams welcomes poor boys.

"I was one of them thirty years ago," he adds. And he was. His father was a Baptist preacher in Wisconsin, and

young Dennet was sent out to win scholarship prizes, not because he enjoyed the grind, but because he needed the money.

Anyway, we have the <u>always</u> inspiring spectable of somebody refusing a lot of cash -- <u>although</u> it was cash to be given to the students.

It would be a terrible revenge if Relief Administrator
Hepkins went over the head of the college president, or around
his back, and offered the money directly to the undergraduates,
especially football stars.

The second largest military college in the country has just become public property. For seventy-five years the Pennsylvania Military College was privately owned by the Hyatt family. But now it has been transferred to public ownership. A foundation has been established to keep the college going as a public institution. The facts are related by John G. Pew, President of the Sun Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, who is a member of the Foundation. that the present members of the Hyatt family want to make sure of the future of the college. So they have turned it over to the public and contributed heavily to the Foundation. Which makes this possible the assured existence of this important college — the second aldest of its kind in this country.

spectral airplane and ghostly aviator. It is reported over in Norway and Sweden. It swoops over the mountains and the fjords in the dim light of dawn and dusk. It circles over fishing villages and plays a huge searchlight on the astonished Scandinavians. It has no identification marks, just a mysterious spook plane, ranging the northern skies.

They say the spook plane is known to be in radio contact with ships at sea. The story is how one message was intercepted by a radio man, who thereupon was approached by a mysterious person. This person offered him a large sum of money if he would reversely the message and keep it a secret from everybody else.

One Norwegian newspaper advances a solution to the mystery, saying that the ghostly fixe flying machine, and maybe many withers similar, belong to a secret air force of Finland. The theory is advanced that Finland is being armed in the sky, in preparation for a war between Russia and Japan. It is not said which of the two countries wants

Finland for an ally. It is not revealed. They could hardly Winnin bombard Japan from Helsingfors.

A railroad station crowd in Chicago was treated to an astonishing sight, when a stately, bearded monk, ran dashing for a train. He was a picture out of the Middle Ages, but his white beard was flying in the breezes and he raised his brown robe in a most dignified way.

But it wasn't a monk, a friar, not an abbot. It was only a tenor. Martinelli was singing in "La Fortza del Destino" at the Opera House. He had to catch a train to fill an engagement in New York -- one of those paying engagements with a nice fee. A singer is devoted to his art, also his fee. Not having time to get out of his monastic costume, Martinelli made a dash for the train flowing robes and all -- a fast and most undiginified exit from Chicago.

Well, I haven't a train to catch and no flowing robes to wear, so I can make an exit slow and more or less dignified from here. And, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.