Good Evening, Everybody:-

The Senate Finance Committee took a back flip. The growl that went up all over the country in response to the weekend Page-One news was too much for the noble Semators. Even they had to shudder at a growl of such tremendous resonance, with an election year ahead.

So the single man who earns only a thousand dollars a year, the married man who earns only twenty-five hundred, needn't be so badly worried. They won't have to pay a nickle to Uncle Sam.

The prevailing exemptions stand -- one thousand for a bachelor, twenty-five hundred for a married man.

And the man who earns over three thousand can also cut himself an extra slice of pie for dinner tonight. No surtax for him. For the people in the lower income brackets the word is "As you were."

That's one of the swiftest flipflops in legislatorial history.

After that news, the big topic of the week from

Washington is going to be the Guffey Coal Bill. For though it

affects only coal, it is a measure of major importance. It is

the last on the list of those designated by the President as

"must." for this session. Also it is a means of testing the

how for the defunct N.R.A. can be revived by applying N.R.A.

principles to industry.

The action on this measure today was a decision in the Ways and Means Committee of the House. By a count of 12 to 11 with two members silent, the Committee voted to report Senator Guffey's coal bill favorably.

That means it will be considered on the floor of the House on Wednesday and on the floor of the Senate Thursday.

And Mystery Man Hopson is a mystery man no longer.

He's been found, and is on his way to Washington to testify.

STRIKE (follow lead)

Have you observed a peculiar trend in the news during the last few months? Over the weekend there's ominous stuff on Page One. Just like that income tax story. We've seen what happened to that. Then there was the nationwide strike threatened by the men who got jobs from the Works Progress Administration. That started in New York. Said labor leaders, "we won't work for coolie wages. And that goes for the whole United States." Backing up General Hugh Johnson, President Roosevelt replied in effect "Work or no relief."

The workers in New York replied by their actions, "Okay, we work."

It seemed all set for a walkout of fifteen thousand men in New York on WPA jobs. But the knowledge that if they struck they wouldn't get a nickle of relief was too much for them. Late this afternoon, Langdon Post, Administrator of Housing in New York, announced that all but a few of the strikers had returned to work. The Unions deny this, and say the strike is spreading.

The fight isn't over. The American Federation of Labor declines to accept a defeat. For the last five

days Mr. William Green has been promising an announcement on the subject. No announcement is yet forthcoming. The significant thing is that the building trades unions, who started this fracas, are particularly strong in New York. But even the staunchest union man may blanch when he hears the words "Work or "work or ""

Alfred P. Sloan made the country sit up this

A this marring

His announcement that General Motors is going to spend

fifty million dollars to expand its plants has been followed by echoes from all over the country. Mr. Sloan's statement now sounds like a shot from the gun of the official starter at a race meet. Bethlehem Steel, Libby Owens Glass, American Rolling Mills are all following the lead of General Motors. Likewise North Aviation American and the Giant International Harvester Company. And these are only a few.

Mr. Sloan says General Motors will put up ix plants in various parts of the country. All this news adds a punch to a report issued by Uncle Sam's Department of Commerce. In 1934 the National income shot up eleven percent. That brings it to a round fifty billion dollars. A rise of five billions over the year 1933. What is more, business losses were substantially reduced last year. And the utility companies, the Industry there has been so much fuss, about, they did better in 1934 than any other year since 1929. The One industry that suffered was construction and building.

The caissons go rolling along, this time along the highways of New York State. On all its main thoroughfares you could see processions of khaki-painted vehicles, trailers, rumbling kitchens, trucks, motorcycles and cavalry. Meanwhile xxxx troop trains carrying thousands of infantry were also on the move. They started today, all headed for Pine Camp, near Watertown. By the end of the week there will be sixty thousand soldiers from the Eastern Corps area there.

It's the greatest concentration of American troops since the day of the World War. Never before in peace time have army maneuvers in this country been planned on such a large scale. Every kind of soldier from West Point Generals to National Guard Privates will play his part. The boss of the maneuvers is Major General Denis E. Nolan, in command of the New York Area, and the General slated to succeed Several MacArthur as Chief-of-Staff.

But, in addition to this, the army games will be watched by the doughboys! Commander-in-Chief, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Altogether there will be a glittering audience. The Secretary of War will also be present. As well as General MacArthur and the Military Attaches in Washington. The maneuvers will be right out in the open. The War Office is making a special point

of inviting all the official military observers from other countries.

In this connection I learned an interesting fact from Captain Grogan, Chief of Army Information in New York. Serving in the ranks in these maneuvers will be hundreds of medal-wearers, veterans, heroes of the last war. One of these is particularly worth considering. Just twenty-five years ago the army also held maneuvers at Pine Camp. Among the doughboys was a buck private named Arthur Desmond. This week Arther Desmond is again taking part in maneuvers in Pine Camp, not as a doughboy but as Brigadier-General Desmond of the Massachusetts National Guard.

Some time ago we learned that the French Government was getting ready to do away with the historic, grim, penal colony on Devil's Island. That's the place where Alfred Dreyfuss suffered his famous martyrdom. Everybody has heard about that hell upon earth. For many years the French remained unshocked by the MATKEN stories of horror that came from there. But when they heard that in addition to their offer sufferings, the prisoners were being robbed by grafting officials a big scandal broke.

Supposed to be paid a small pittance for the forced labor that they do. But it has come to light that some of the officials have been confiscating those few daily nickels and putting them in their own pockets.

so an investigation is afoot. This has provoked humane people in France to renew the agitation for doing away with that tropical isless torture.

Just as the French seem about to do away with their Devil's Island in the Carribbean, somebody has proposed that Uncle Sam should establish one of his own in the Aleutian Archipeligo. The idea comes from Colonel C. A. Secana of the Army Signal Corps. The Colonel

only a remote chance of prisoners escaping. The four Rat Islands are between the Andreanof Islands and the Near Islands. They are some eleven hundred miles from the mainland of Alaska, two thousand miles from the nearest point in the state of Washington, more than two thousand miles gway from Hawaii. Any convicts with ambitions to escape would have to be able to make that ixix distance in a fishing boat. There aren't any trees on the Rat Islands with which they could build any large vessels. Butxixe

At the crime conference held at Washington last December,

Attorney-General Cummings invited suggestions for x the solving of

Uncle Sam's crime problems. Colonel Secure has submitted his plan

in answer to that invitation. He figures that it would be tried out

first on ten thousand of Uncle Sam's one hundred and twenty thousand

prisoners. Banishment to the Rat Islands, he says, "would mean a

long good-bye without hope of a pardon, parole or escape."

There are one or two historic episodes that the Colonel has forgotten. They show that hardy men, especially desperate men are capable of makingx accomplishing incredibly long voyages in an open boat. For instance, William Dampier the buccaneer explorer, travelled in a native canoe, with three other white men and four Malays, From the Nicobar Islands to Sumatra, landing at a point one hundred miles east of Anchin. Then there was the famous Captain Bligh. When the mutineers of the bounty set him and eighteen loyal sailors adrift in an open boat they travelled byxthm all the way to Timur, a distance of 3,618 miles. Then there was the World War feat of Count Lucker with a long South Sea voyage in an open boat. Uncle Sam has another feather in his sporting cap.

An American XXXX craft appropriately named "Stormy Weather"

captured one of the Blue Ribbons of the English Yachting season.

She won the famous Fastalet-Cup-race, a five-hundred-and-eightyfive mile affair, with hours to spare.

Actually she finished third. But, owing to the funny way they run yacht races, her handicap makes her a handsdown winner.

This isn't the first time in the season that you've heard of the "Stormy Weather." It was this same yawl, owned by Philip Le Boutillier, that won the race from Newport, Rhode Island, to Bergen, Norway. The Fast-Met race, which started last Wednesday, is almost as dangerous, though of course it isn't nearly as long.

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An astounding episode in Japan. Right into the great
War Office in Tokuo walks an officer of the Japanese army. He is
Colonel Aizawa, one of the best fencers in Nippon. He demands
audience of the Chief of the Bureau of Military Affairs, Major
General Nagata. The Colonel has a complaint to make. His superior
officer rebukes him. There are words, more words, hot words.
Suddenly Colonel Aizawa, champion fencer, master swordsman of
Japan, draws his sword, lunges across the desk and the Chief of
Japan's Bureau of Military Affairs lies stretched on the floor,
dead.

The story sounds incredible. One can hardly imagine mutiny and assassination in the heart of the Tokio War Office, the stronghold of the War Lords that rule Japan more firmly than the Hohenzollerns ever governed Germany. But it's a fact, nevertheless.

More was sensational still is the story behind the fact.

The War Office tried to keep the affair dark. The way it leaked out was through an official announcement that Major General Nagata had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General. That let the

cat out of the bag. For it's a picturesque and appropriate rule in Japan that a soldier killed in the performance of his duty is automatically promoted.

The story behind the fact is that Colonel Aizawa

represented a discontented element among the Mikado's officers.

General Nagata as Director General of Military Affairs had been making a lot of transfers fx and promotions. The best jobs were going to his personal friends. That's what the discontented officers has classe—that is, claimed, all the important appointments given to supporters of General Hayashi, Minister of War.

Having killed his superior officer, Colonel Aizawa resigned his commission and was promptly arrested. The next consequence was a hurried meeting of the Cabinet. A cordon of guards was thrown around the War Office building. And now Tofic xxxxx seeths with rumors that General Hayashi, the War Minister, will resign, that the killing of Nagata means the downfall of the aggressive party in Japan, First party which has been responsible for the grabbing of Manchukuo for the oppression of China.

The picturesque and once happy kingdom of Siam is in the spotlight again. Last week's mutiny was crushed. But it was an obvious symptom of discontent in the land of the White Elephant.

So the talk is "Let's get our good King Prajadhipok back again."

The ex-king himself isn't saying anything. He's taking his ease on an English country estate, a place has been easy.

experience of centuries for ease-taking, He's been out of touch with his native country since he abdicated last March. Like Bill Rogers, all he knows about affairs in Siam is what he sees in the manapapers. He's not anxious to take the job away from his elevenyear-old nephew, King Ananda. As for His Majesty Ananda, at an expensive school in Switzerland, ka he isn't even allowed to read the newspapers. His chief concern is to get more pocket money out of his guardians. - The's allowed about five francs a week, which means one_dollar_and_sixty-three cents)struggles with those terrible French irregular verbs.

A sad tale comes from Niagara Falls, one the Mecca of all honeymooning couples. It's a tale of a couple who would like to honeymoon but can't.

The would-be bride, Miss Mary Carmacchione lines in Niagara

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Falls, New York. The proud and happy youth, John De Felice parks
his shoes in Niagara Falls, Ontario. What could be more obvious
than a wedding at Niagara Falls?

But no bridegroom. And there's where the villain of the piece steps in. In this case the villain is the strong of the law. Uncle Sam once deported young Master De Felice. So he won't let him cross the border to claim his bride. Then, you will ask, why doesn't the bride go to him? Because Ottawa says "No."

That was all too bad. But the guests decided that, bridegroom or no bridegroom, they wouldn't let all that good vine and
zābāq liena
ravioli and zabaglione and strega go to waste. So, although there
couldn't be a wedding they at least had a wedding feast. They
toasted the bride, But there was no bride. They toasted the
bridegroom, but there was no bridegroom. They winked about the wedding

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

But there was no wedding-night, and

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