It looks as if some people have been making mighty free with the ether, yes, those ether waves that carry these words over thousands of miles.

Two outlawing radio stations have been discovered in New York. One is said to have been operating in the interest of Soviet Russia, and has been sending illegal messages all the way to the red leaders at Moscow. The United Press gives the information that this Bolshevik station was spotted sometime ago, but then the boys who were operating it became leery and moved to another part of the city. And so the government agents had to start all over, but now they have picked up the trail again.

The second outlaw radio station that has been uncovered gives us a theme of deep dark plotting. the New York Sun describes it as being operated by orientals who are working with a nationwide drug ring. The smuggling and the sale of narcotics is conducted by an elaborate organization x凶xxxpx with plots

## RADIO - 2

and counter plots. And this outlaw radio station is described as a means by which the wily oriental plotters direct the movements and strategies of their drug-running army with mysterious signals, to mysterious yellow men and mysterious white men, and l suppose to the beautiful, sinister blonde that you find in tales of evil intrigue.

Within the grim walls of sing-sing prison in New York a young man is wondering this evening whether he is going to go free or not. His name is Patrick o'Brien. I told a little while ago of the strange case of $0_{n}^{\prime} B r i e n$, who, it is claimed, is serving a 20-year term in prison only because he looks like the young desperado called "Killer" Crowley. The two men are so like each other that they are almost doubles.

Well, Crowley, who is under sentence of death for the killing of a policeman, has been trying to convince the authorities that it was really he who committed the robbery with which o'Brien is charged, and that the whole thing is just a case of mistaken identity.

The Judge who is considering the case took his court to $\mathrm{Sing}-\mathrm{Sing}$, and there a dramatic scene was staged. Crowley, the killer, and 0'Brien, the man who looks like him, and still another man, were stood in a line. And then, as the United Press describes the
scene, three men whom O'Brien is said to have robbed entered.

They looked at the three men, Each unhesitatingly pointed at o'Brien. They didn't take a second look at crowley. They all picked out the man who is said to be $h$ is double.

Then Crowley, the condemned killer, started to argue with them. He tried to persuade them that he was the man who had held them up.
"You're the $\operatorname{con}_{\wedge}$ who tried to run out of the back door," he said, pointing to one of the three.
"There is no back door," the reply came.

But then it developed that one of the three men who wan were robbed had tried to run into a back room. That was a point for Crowley in $h$ is attempt to clear the man who looks like him. But the young desperado failed to score a point when he described another incident in the course of the robbery which none of the victims mould remember. It all ended in something of a puzzle, and the Judge is still considering the case.

The American Bar Association went on record today with the proposal that the United States Government should change the anti trust laws.

The Bar Association doesn't
believe that those old anti trust laws are much good. They were enacted in the trust busting days, back in that era when everything wrong with the country was blamed on the trusts. The idea was that big business combinations were likely to strangle competition and that the government should prevent bus iness from becoming too big, and that's what the anti trust laws were designed for.

The Bar Association is quoted ${ }^{7}$ by the Associated Press as advocating
that the Federal Trade commission should be given the right to ease up the restraints which the law imposes on business combinations.

A man came back out of the wilds today. It seemed as if he had returned from the $l$ and of death. Forty-one days ago John Stojan, a Russian laborer working on a road construction job in the Adirondacks, wandered away and didn't come back. A long search was made, , but no sign of him was found.

Today he emerged from the forest. The Associated Press describes him as almost a skeleton, weary, emaciated, his clothes in tatters. He had been lost. He had wandered into the woods. And then he went round in circles. He came out into open country only a short distance from the place where he entered the forest. He had lived all of those 41 days on wild fruits.

A fishing boat put in at Redon do Beach, California, today. And that end quite a bit of worry. It had been missing, and the Coast Guard boats had been out looking for it.

The United Press tells the tale of the adventure that had befallen the fishermen. What had they been doing? Why, they just were making a heroic effort to keep from being nominated and unanimously elected members of the Tall Story Club.

There were three of them -- Captain Waldo Simpson, Ray Simpson, and Cal Weddington. They were fishing about 40 miles northwest of Catalina Island when they got a bite. Yes sir, they got a real bite. They hooked a giant swordfish -- a broad-bill that weighed 618 pounds. No, when you catch a fish like that you don't just haul him in and flip him over the side of the boat. You are liable to have trouble, and that's what those fishermen had. It was one desperate fight. The sword-fish started traveling,

ELSE - 2
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and he took the boys right along with him. Hour after hour, mile after mile, the fish dragged them on. Night came along, and still the giant swordfish was going as strong as ever.

And then BING -- a splash -- the boat was nearly overturned. No, it wasn't the sword-fish that had done it. It was a huge black-fish that had come up under the boat and nearly cops ed it. Day broke, and the fishermen were still traveling, still battling with that tremendous swordfish.

Yes, they knew it was time to go home. They knew their folks would be worried. And they could easily have cut loose and let the sword-fish go his way. But they also knew that if they went home and told the tale of having hooked that giant swordfish and then he got away -- why, that would have sounded too much like a fish story. The howl of laughter would have rung the rafters. And the three mighty fishermen would have been instantly made members of the Tall

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Story Club, with the rank of Grend Ananias.
    So they kept on battling. They had to bring that
fish home to show that it was no Tall Story at all.
    Twenty four hours had passed before they were able
to take the last vestige of fight out of the monster.
    Then they headed for home, and today they are
proudly displaying their catch and saying -- "Who's a tall-
xutx story-telle* now?"
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Any of you folks who are familiar with the lore of the Mexican border, or may have done a bit of adventur ing yourself down in Mexico in the days of Pancho Villa -- why, you'll be interested in an announcement which the International News Service relays
\% from Mexico City.

The largest cattle ranch on the North American continent is soon to be split up and turned into farm land. Yes, that cattle ranch is truly a lordly domain. In the old days of Pancho Villa we frequently heard mention of the Terrazas in the state of Chihuahua. The great hidalgo then was Don Luis Terrazas, one of the magnificent grandees of old Mexico. His ranch, the biggest of the Western World, extended for, miles over the rolling hills of Chihuahua. Just how big was it? Well, it consisted of $6 \frac{1}{2}$ million acres. X $a n d$ the hacienda, was a magnificent palace. Villa and his bandits could $r i d e$ for days over the ranch of old Don Luis, and they rustled
thousands and thousands of heads of cattle, which they drove to the Rio Grander and sold to Americans across the border.

But now that immense $r$ ankh is to become a thing of the past. The Mexican government has an agrarian policy which calls for the cutting up of the biglanded estates. These are to be divided up into small farms and colonized.

And so it won't be long before the traveler will see many fields and adobe houses on the vast cattle range that was the patrimony of Don Luis Terrazas, the magnificent grandee of Northern Mexico.

It looks as it the women will have to do their own disarming - that is, so far as the League of Nations is concerned. They won't have anything to say at the big disarmament conference which is to be held next year.

The International News Service says that a proposal was made today before the League of Nations that women should have a voice in the discussions. Narious women's pacifist organizations throughout the world would like to send delegates. But the verdict was "no". The ${ }^{14}$ League of Nations decided that the disarmament problem should be tackled by representatives of governments, and not by ladies who represent women's pacifist organizations.

Now fellows I want to ask you a question -- ARE YOU TAL, OR DO YOU TAPER? It seems the men are now called upon to be tall and tapering. How come? Well, all because of the Eugenie hat. No, not that us fellows are wearing those Eugenie hats, but it appears that the Eugenie styles among the women call for a type of man that will harmonize. Well, what kind of chap harmonizes with a Eugenie girl? This question has been answered by official dictators of masculine fashions, in that world famous center of fashion, Chicago. And that answer is that men must be tall and tapering.
"Men's suits," declares one of those dictators of
masculine fashions, "will be more shanely, tapering down gracefully from broad shoulders to a distinctly form-fitting waistline end well-fitted hips.
"Added to this general effect of greater dressiness are the longer lines of the coats and slightly narrower trousers, making the general effect a taller and slenderer silhouette." Yes, Gentlemen, are you tali and do you taper?

2 bit of medical diagnosis. In fact, it's a large bit, a very large bit of diagnosis. It tells us what caused the death of William Shakespeare.

Thirteen different and separate

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8 r
$$ London Lancet by mcCloud Yearsley,

 consulting physician to St. James Hospital. The eminent Doctor tells us just what was wrong with Shakespeare. The death of the Bard of Avon was caused by a combination of Fever, Typhus, Typhoid Paralysis, Epipelsy, Apoplexy, Arterio-Scleroris, Over-Smoking, Chronic Alcoholism, Gluttony, Angina Pectoris, Brights Disease, Pulmonary Congestion, and Locomotor Ataxia. Putade of of emmen Hamlet had something the matter with him. What the vector means by the long list seems to be that these are the many maladies which various writers have said were the cause of Shakespeare's death.

## SHAKESPEARE - 2

This is just another indication of what a mysterious figure the greatest English poet still remains.

I have a letter here from Townsend MacIntosh of Philadelphia, who suggests that 1 close tonight's account of the news with a bit of poetry. In fact, he provides the A think the lines are rather sprightly, and so here they are:

I have told you all the topics,
That are headlines of today,
From Alaska to the tropics,
And I sure would like to stay, Just to tell you more of In'trest, But then youlfind it all, In the Literary Digest,
Summer, Winter, Spring or Fall.

My time is nearly over, And more 1 cannot borrow, At least 1 know that it is not, "So long until tomorrow."

