FRANCE

It sounds like sensational news -- that today the French
Chamber of Deputies staged a swift debate on woman suffrage, and
then prom just as promptly voted to give French women the right
to vote.

The importance lies in the long standing fact that France, one of the most liberal countries in the world, has hitherto been so curiously indifferent to woman suffrage. The French women themselves haven't seemed to care so much about it. The French family system is exceedingly conservative and sticks to its own patriarchal pattern. Nowadays the swing in Europe has not been toward more liberalism, but toward less - dictatorships and contempt for democracy, disbelief in the whole political philosophy of voting and counting the majority. Instead of granting votes to women, most European countries put less and less stock in votes for men. To this the French Chamber of Deputies responds by steering in a still more democratic and liberal course and extending the franchise to Yvette and Marianne and Nanette.

It is to be observed, however, that the suffrage bill ******

will still have to pass the French Senate. For years it has been known that the Chamber of Deputies has been generally willing to grant the vote to the women folk. So the question now is what will the Seine Senate on the Seine do about it. Let's observe that the Chamber of Deputies passed the bill today by a huge majority of four hundred and fifty-three to a hundred and twenty four. And that majority may indicate that the Senate will swing to woman suffrage in France.

Today's biggest piece of news as sheer panoroma and hurrahing, is the return of the Saar Valley to Germany. To picture the event, all you have to do is think up all the many sorts of pageants, demonstrations, triumphal marches, crowd gatherings, cheering, speech-making and what-not -- that the Nazis have devised, and just add together two psychological things, the national feeling of the Saarlanders in their union with Germany, plus the Nazi enthusiasm whipped up by many months of most intensive propaganda.

Hitler was there. Der Reichsfeuhrer arrived under heavy guard, and that climaxed the whole wild jubilation. Hitler received the most tremendous ovation of his life. The powerful cordon of storm troopers had trouble keeping the crowds in check.

The formal diplomatic was staged withwatxxxxxxxx when Baron Aloisi, Chairman of the League of Nations Committee controlling the Saar, handed over the seven hundred and thirty-seven square miles of coal mine land to the German Minister of the Interior, Wilhelm Frick.

One dignitary in particular was noticed as being absent. His case is one of chagrin, plus the pride of new honors.



Geoffrey Knox, the League of Nation's Commissioner, left the territory before the ceremony began. The Nazis had been bitter and hostile to him all along, and he didn't remain to witness their triumph. But perhaps we should call him <u>Sir</u> Geoffrey Knox. Because his own government has recognized his difficult labors in governing the disputed valley. It is officially announced in London that King George has created Geoffrey Knox a Knight Commander of the Order of St.Michael and St. George.

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In London, too, a demonstration was staged, but it was rather out of tune with the Nazi festivities in the Saar. Valley. It was at a fashion show, which ordinarily does not lead to ructions or disturbances -- except maybe when hubby looks more ardently at the lovely models than wifie thinks is entirely right. show in London had a decidedly political aspect. The Berlin government sent a bevy of Teutonic models to display the latest Nazi fashions to the smart set of the British capital. One automatically tends to speak of those Teutonic models as Teutonic blondes. But it happens that most of the lovely frauleins are brunettes. However, that didn't cause any disturbance among the gentlemen, who may prefer blondes but don't mind the brunettes either.

The fashion show was on at the swanky Mayfair Hotel, when a woman jumped up shouting. She was Miss Monica Whately, a leader in the Labor Party. "We women should make it our duty to boycott German goods", she cried. The Teutonic models stared at her.

The orchestra stopped playing. Then she stalked out, followed by a dozen of the spectators, with Miss Whately making a speech to the effect that if Germany desires to trade with other countries, she should stop sending people to jail and into exile for their beliefs.

Another spectacular story drifts along concerning that famous wartime episode, the loss of the British cruiser Hampshire, with the almost legendary Lord Kitchener aboard. Of course the British Admiralty is on record with the opinion that the Hampshire struck mine laid by the German submarine U-75.

But that official word has not allayed the sense of mystery surrounding the catastrophe, and various people from time to time have told stories, taking two to themselves the credit and the glory for having caused the destruction of the Hampshire and of Lord Kitchener. They are regard as both credit and glory because they're Germans -- German spies in fact.

The newest tale comes from one Ernst Carl who claims to have been a German spy operating in England during the World War. Carl relates that he posed as a Belgian officer on leave in England and got an interview with Kitchener. The hero of Khartoum was known to be a collector of old furniture, and Spy Carl went with an offer to procure xx some rare article for his

The spy disguised himself as a Dutch sailor, went to

Belfast and got a list of the workmen employed on the Hampshire.

Among them he found a number of Sinn Fein Irishmen rebelliously

bitter against England, and with them he laid a plot. An Irish

engineer made a set of time bombs, and these the workmen placed

in the magazine of the Hampshire.

The spy tells how he and two of the Irish plotters

watched from a cliff when the Hampshire put out to sea. They saw

a cloud of smoke and the great cruiser had disappeared. And one

of the Irishmen spoke alka aloud: "That is the end of Lord Horatio

Herbert Kitchener, Fieldmarshal of England, and Ireland's enemy.

God save Ireland."

It's a little difficult for an observer on this particular curve of the globe to form any real judgment of the causes that have led to the abdication of the King of Siam. Yes, his Majesty Prajadhipok, lord of the land of the white elephant, has finally ended a long dispute -- by renouncing his crown, or rather, his For it is royal umbrella. Les the useful and homely umbrella that is the emblem of supreme power, and there in southeastern Asia. In fact, observers in Bangkok itself are not able to penetrate very far behind the highxandxarnamentalxxxx highly ornamental and mysterious scenes of the Siamese court, and Siamese politics. All sorts of oriental finesse hase been displayed in the quarrel by cable between King Prajadhipok in London and his ministers, the ruling government clique on the banks of the Menam River.

On the one hand, we are told that the King has been fighting for absolute royal power, power over life and death.

That of course was the old autocratic way of the Indo-China orient -- until a constitutional government was declared in Siam. But a constitutional democracy isn't likely to mean so much in the steamy imple.

The theoretical rules of the people is more likely to be a dominance

of political cabal -- the machination of cliques. In fact, the explanation from the Siamese royal headquarters in London is that King Prajahipok got mad at his ministers, when they decreed that the enemies of the government should be tried by secret tribunals which could condemn and execute without appeal. The monarch declares that he has been advocating that such political offenders should be tried by the regular public courts of the land.

Anyway, the Siamese affair culminates with the fact that the King of the ailing eyes, having journeyed twice to the Occident to consult eye specialists, now is making that second visit a permanent one. Having threatened to resign and not return to Siam unless his ministers gave in, he has now made good his threat. He has cabled to Bangkok saying: "Get another king", and he announces that he'll remain in Europe on a long vacation. The news today doesn't give us much of a hint about who the next Siamese potentate will be, but some weeks ago we heard about the likelihood of a boy king. The report from Bangkok was that if Prajadhipok stepped out, his successor had already been picked in the person of a royal prince, a half-grown boy, a mere child, a puppet in the hands of the ministers.

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Whether this new Siamese crisis will have any widespread repercussions in southern Asia remains to be seen. Siam has a most important position. It is the only nation south of China and the Himalayan Mountains that remains independent. I did a bit of studying on my big Rand-McNally map today to refresh my mind on the geographical aspects. Siam lies between British Burma and French Indo-China. One curious factor is a long narrow neck of Siamese territory extending down into the Malay Penninsula --- more than halfway down along thin finger of tropical land, which we commonly think of as altogether controlled by the British.

one sort or another. Across the world a national birthday party
was staged in a big way. It was just one year ago that the infant
state of Manchukuo was born, with the coronation of His Celestial
Majesty, Kang-Teh, before known as Henry Pu-Yi. The event was
commemorated with all sorts of official ceremonies, presided over
by the Manchukuan Emperor and his Ministers of State. It was also
presided over by Japanese police and troops, who were on the lookout
to prevent any demonstration against the Japanese-controlled regime.

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Were there xxx ceremonies to commemorate the good-will between the two nations that occupy the island where Christopher Columbus established the first colony in the world. The republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo shook hands figuratively with a visit of President Vincent of Haiti to the Dominican capital, where he was received by President, the Honorable Generalissimo Doctor Rafael L. Trujillo-Molina. The Haitian President was received with parades and demonstrations of distinguished honors.

While we're on the subject of celebrations, let's not neglect the Welsh. But St.David's Society reminding me that today is St.David's Reminding me that the Welsh Waldorf tonight also that the Welsh still speak the ancient British language with which Queen Boadicea defied the Roman legions of Caesar, and likewise that the first Welshmen who came to this country landed in Eleven Seventy,—three hundred years before Columbus. According to an old tradition, that first immegrant was Prince Ap Madoc. From the number of people who came to this country before Columbus, it would seem as if the Genoese navigator was nearly the last one.

And today the third anniversary, three years since that crime and outrage which has raised such a stir this year. Yes, the Lindbergh kidnapping. It was just about now, three years ago, that settled the Lindbergh family group, xxxxiing down for what promised to be another quiet domestic evening, and then, several hours later, their lives were black with tragedy.

Today, on this third anniversary, Bruno Hauptmann sits in his death cell in Trenton. And we find the Department of Justice denying the rumor. Yesyxitxixxtextxxeexxi Yes, it's that report of the night before last, that a ransom bill had turned up in Boston. That was promptly denied by the Department, and today J.Edgar Hoover, Director of the Bureau of Investigation, reiterates the denial that with the further flat and comprehensive statement that not one single Lindbergh gold certificate has been turned over to the Department in recent months.

The old phrase "tied in a knot" certainly does fit

the work-relief snarl. The strands are intricately ax woven

together and pulled so tight that it reminds us of that

legendary Gordian knot which Alexander cut through with his sword.

It's a case of standing pat on both sides. The Senate leaders who are in favor of the amendment calling for relief workers to be given the prevailing rate of pay, show no signs of yet yielding. And the same description applies to the leaders who advocate the system of paying relief workers wages less than those earned by ordinary labor.

But it isn't the mere stubbornness of the lawmakers that accounts for the deadlock. It's the powers that stand behind them -the President km behind the ones that are opposed to the McCarran amendment, the American Federation of Labor behind those in favor of the amendment.

The nub of the whole matter is that the Federation of Labor believes that the lower scale of wages for relief workers tends to lower wages in general. The President believes that such is not the case.

The latest indications are that the White House is willing to wait. The President doesn't see any immediate need of rushing in with coercive tactics or with compromise tactics. The Administration group believes that time and opinion will help to weaken hex the Senate support of the McCarran amendment. It is reported that a couple of Senators are already prepared to switch to the Administration side.

yes, and the government at Washington celebrated today by beginning the sale of those Baby Bonds. They're designed to finance the Recovery Program and also to spread Federal credit over the vast area of small investors. The Baby Bonds are in denominations as low as Twenty-five Dollars. They won't pay interest. They are being sold at a discount. A Twenty-five Dollar Bond, running for ten years sells for Eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents. You pay Eighteen seventy-five now and in ten years you'll get Twenty-five from the Government, a profit of Six Dollars and Twenty-five cents. That comes to a one-third profit in ten years - three and a third per cent a year.

No one will be allowed to buy more than Ten thousand Dollars worth of the Baby Bonds in any one year. That's to keep the big fellow from stocking up with them. The Baby Bonds are for the little fellow.

The sale began with a transaction between a couple of exceedingly important gentlemen. The President bought six bonds, were one for himself, and one for each of his five grandchildren. He bought them from Secretary Morgenthau. "They look like a good proposition to me," said the President of the United States to the Secretary of the Treasury. Yes, they're for the little fellow. And this little fellow says Baby Bond come to Papa — and SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

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