THE

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A nitro-glycerine plant blew up out in Grafton, Illinois, today, but that's nothing compared to the explosions that are threatened in the headlines from Europe.

In Hungary everybody is up in the air over the report that the Archduke Otto will arrive in Budapest day after tomorrow and demand the Hungarian throne. Otto is the son of the former Emperor Karl, the man who succeeded old Franz Josef as emperor of Austria Hungary.

Otto will be eighteen years old on Thursday, says the New York Evening Sun, and the royalist party wants to make him King of Hungary, which at present is ruled by a regent. Hungarian officials say Otto can't become king unless the other European powers give x their consent. The Hungarian prime minister, Count Bethlen, says if the royalist party insists on putting Otto on the throne, it will mean war in Hungary.

Things are still popping in

Germany, Municipal elections have just taken place all over the country, and Handsome Adolf Hitler and his Fascist followers have been chalking up victory after victory. William Philip Simms, foreign editor of the Scripps Howard newspapers, says the results of these elections were even more sensational than the recent elections to the German Reichstag.

From Italy the Associated Press cables that Mussolini and his council of ministers have amputated 12 per cent of the salaries of all state employees. That means army and navy, police, school teachers, and civil service workers.

And over in Spain that strike in Barcelona seems to be more violent than ever. According to late dispatches from the International News Service, soldiers and police were fighting the 200,000 strikers today with orders to shoot to kill. Four people are dead, several score wounded, and 300 arrested.

In England things are fairly serene except for some parliamentary troubles. The International News Service says dissension and dissatisfaction are brewing in parliament.

And at the Round Table Conference, the Maharajah of Alwar, one of the most powerful ruling princes of India, made a speech asking for a United States of India.

There are dispatches from everywhere about strikes, revolutions, and threatened war. Scientists recently told us that the earth is 1,852,000,000 years old. As an editorial writer of the New York Times put it, at that age it ought to be old enough to know better.

That Salvation Army Conference over 1 in London, the one where I told you the 2 spirit of peace and good-will reigned, well it 3 seems to be up to its eyes in trouble. They are having a grand row over the 5 powers of their leader, the general. 6 Until now the person appointed successor 7 to General Booth has been a dictator. Now The faction headed by Commander Evangeline Booth insists that this policy 10 is all wrong. According to a United 11 Press dispatch, one of the leading 12 newspapers of London calls this the 13 most serious crisis the Salvation Army 14 has ever faced. 15 16

Over in this country most of the conferences these days are about unemployment.

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The Boston-American tells us that Mayor Curley of the Hub has done an extraordinary thing. He has taken out a \$100,000 life insurance policy in order that a trust fund for the poor may be established after his death.

Nathan Straus Jr., the philanthropist, who has been using steam shovels on his country estate, has given up the steam shovels and is hiring men in order to provide a few more jobs.

Governor Rozvelt has announced plans to invite the governors of six other Eastern states to meet with him to discuss problems of unemployment.

Up in Onterio, a United Press dispatch informs us, that the International Harvester Company of Canada is loaning money, without asking any interest, to employees whom they have been obliged to lay off. On the other hand across the river in Detroit, Henry Ford tells us that he is going to spend \$60,000,000 if enlarging his factories.

Here are the facts in that strange story about

Charles Levine. He's the man who flew the Atlantic with

Clarence Chamberlain; the man who made that amazing solo

hop from Paris to London without having been taught to fly.

And now he is under arrest in Austria on a charge of trying

to counterfeit French money. News dispatches about the affair

have been puzzling.

Levine is accused of trying to duplicate French two-franc pieces -- coins worth about a dime each. And why anybody should want to fake such chicken feed is a mystery.

But here is a dispatch from the Vienne correspondent of the New York Evening Post with a statement by the Chief of the Austrian Criminal Police. He says Levine went to a Vienna engraver and asked him to reproduce French two-franc pieces -- that is, on one side of the coins only. On the other side of the coins he wanted the likeness of his own and his wife's faces. He also talked about reproducing

These worth 5 cents and 2½ cents each. He told the engraver he intended to use the coins as advertising tokens.

The engraver replied that he would have to consult with the Austrian mint—authorities, end Levine made an engage—ment to go with him to the mint. However, Levine was about to board a train for Italy, when he was arrested.

The Austrian police, after putting Levine in mandam jail, examined his baggage, and found some gambling chips, also letters which showed that Levine wanted to buy 100,000 similar chips.

Levine swears up and down that the counterfeiting charge is nonsense. He says it is all because of his bad German, and that he talks a kind of German that the Germans can scarcely understand. He claims the engraver misunderstood him, he claims.

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Well, well, here's old Uncle Tom and 2 X Eliza in the news. Did you know that 3 the story of Uncle Tom's Cabin was 4 mostly taken from real life? Yes, Uncle 5 Tom and Eliza not only lived xxx in not only in 6 Harriet Beecher Stowe's book, but they actually lived and were real people. 8 The story of their lives was simply 9 changed around in the novel. A scholar 10 out in Kansas, Dr. Henry Fellows, who n is a poet and an educator, has just given out an account of Uncle Tom and 13 Eliza. According to the United Press, 14 Dr. Fellows had a great uncle named Levi Coffin and his Uncle Levi actually befriended Eliza and Uncle Tom.

The doctor tells us that Uncle 17 Tom in his days as a slave had a cruel, hard-hearted master, just as the book Then secaped. But Simon Legree and his whip, wxxx well, they had nothing whatever to do with Uncle Tom's death. He died of pneumonia as the result of exposure when he was slipping and sliding 25 over the ice with the blood-hounds beying behind him.

The doctor also tells us that Eliza jumped from cake to cake on her way across the ice, but not with a baby in her arms as the book says. Then she lived the remainder of her days in Canada. The real Uncle Tom and Eliza never knew each other at all. And there never was any Simon Legree.

And here's another note out of the world of romance.

passed on. The Associated Press dispatch informs us that he died in exile from his own country, on the island of Cyprus out in the eastern Mediterranean. He was a king, and for a number of years he claimed the title of Claiph or spiritual head of the Mohammedan world. Hussein, King of the Hedjaz was his name.

Hussein was the Arabian monarch, who, with the aid of his four sons, started the Arab revolt against the Turks during the World War. He died from old age, and possibly from a broken heart. For a time I was associated with his army and his sons, and he was indeed one of the most interesting personalities in the Orient. He was reputed to be the oldest living descendant of the prophet Mohamet, and a direct descendant of Mohamet through his daughter, Fatima.

Hussein was an old man even at the time when he
launched the Arab revolt back in 1916 and when Colonel
Lawrence was helping him. He was famous in Arabia for his
terrific temper, and also for his epigrams. Once he remarked

about Great Britain: -

"She is the great sea in which I, the fish, swim."

And then referring to the immense size of the

British Empire he added: "And the larger the sea the fatter
the fish."

He had a particular hatred for the phonograph, and looked upon it as an invention of the devil. Hussein was a man of severe and simple tastes. If any of his officers drank anything stronger than rose water he had them beaten in public. His favorite method of travel was by mule back, and he had a stable of mules, from South America, Australia and Abyssinia. But his favorite was the Missouri "Hard -tail".

LOST PLANE

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Here's a flash:

Six sirplanes of the Pacific Air Transport company are fighting a snowstorm somewhere in the mountains of California. They are looking for another plane that is said to have vanished in the storm. A passing motorist heard a terrific crash in the mountains. And according to the International News Service the plane hasn't been heard from since.

Next comes an item which may interest you who are married or thinking of getting married.

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Have you ever heard people say 2 that marriage is going to the dogs and 3 divorces are increasing in this country 4 so fast that it's something awful? Did 5 you believe what they said? If you did 6 then just listen to what the Department 7 of Commerce has to tell us. Four and 8 two tenths per cent more xxx people were married in 1929 than in 1928. Divorces 10 in the same period increased, too, but 11 at a much slower rate. This week's 12 Literary Digest gives these encouraging 13 figures about marriage, and matrimony 14 certainly seems to be in need of 15 encouragement these days. 16

I'm not trying to be humarous, but that piece about marriage is followed by one about a duel.

We've all read a lot of dueling stories. You know the kind where somebody gets scratched on the arm, and honor is satisfied? Or where the two duelists fire forty nine shots at each other and nobody is hit? Well, the Associated Press cables one that to my mind is the final classic, and I just can't keep from picking it as the News Item of the Day.

Wentheim got into an argument about something or other. At any rate honor had to be satisfied. So, they met on the dueling field with swords. It was all formal and stately, with seconds, a referee and a physician - all the stage props.

The two Counts started in. Thrust and parry, thrust and parry, zip, swish, the swords whipped the air. But in the heat of the fray both dropped their swords. They started at each other with fists flying. Then it was sock in the nose and punch in the jaw, biff, beng, zowie. I can just see those two counts chucking down their swords and going at it with their dukes!

Well, such a thing had never been seen on the Field of Honor before, and the bystanders were horrified to think

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the two pugilists apart, and dusted off the swords. Then they made the boys start poking at each other with their sharp blades again. Suddenly the physician stepped in and examined Count Wentheims pulse. Hah! It was beating too fast. Hah! The duel was stopped. Honor was satisfied. How's that for a dueling yern?

EXHIBITION

Well, here you are, ladies and gentlemen. Step up and see the funniest looking mice that ever nibbled a piece of cheese. What color are they? Why lavender. Yes, lavender mice. And over there are the rabbits with hair like the Tibetan yek. Yes indeed, Angora rabbits with hair four inches long, and next are the Siamese cats that bark like dogs and mynah birds from India that can talk better than parrots. And listen to this, a canary that whistles the "Star Spangled Banner". Where are these wonders? Why, at the National Pet Show which has just opened in New York.

and

Not Hoochi, but Moochi? Over in Europe they've gone crazy about it, and now it's invading this country. They're dancing it furiously in London, and imparis and on the Riviera.

New York society gathering last week, and now it's spreading. I haven't seen it but they say it's something of a public menace, because it's wilder than the Charleston.

The Moochi comes from darkest Africa. It was inspired by the war dance of the Zulus. The New York Sun describes it as a frenzied performance. In some ways it resembles the Charleston. With every step the foot is turned outward, as in the Charleston, but it is twisted back only half way. But the swivel effect of the Moochi is entirely different from the old shake and shiver of the Charleston.

The step is wild, but the music makes it wilder. The tom-tom beat predominates,

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with a maddening boom-boom. That music is altogether wild and Zulu. And along with the dencing there is singing. The Moochi songs begin with Zulu words. And those words are Oosala! Oosala! What they mean I don't know, but I hope it's nothing shocking.

Well, the N. B. C. timer here at my elbow is doing a regular Zulu war dence, and he's singing Oosala Oosala, trying to let me know that the time has come for me to Moochi Moochi out of here. So, Oosala Oosala, and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT.