POLAND

GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

In the quaint old world town of Poznan, in Poland, there was a solemn Fourth of July celebration today. A huge statue of Woodrow Wilson was unveiled.

The International News Service reminds us that the

American wartime President took a considerable part in the reestablishment of the freedom of the Polish nation. This is appreciated by the Poles, especially by the great Polish patriot and musician, Paderewaky.

It will be remembered that Paderewsky, world famous as a virtuoso on the piano, became the head of the Government of the reborn Polish nation. Paderewsky in his labors for Polish independence, had enjoyed the deep sympathy and the help of Woodrow Wilson.

And that huge statue of America's war president which was unveiled today was donated by Paderewsky.

The unveiling ceremonies were attend by the President
of Poland, by the American Ambassador, and by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, who had journeyed to Europe just to attend this event. A message from Mr. Hoover was read, in which the president recalled the part that Polish lovers of freedom had taken in the establishment of American ind ependence. President Hoover spoke of how Kosciuko Pulaski and other Polish volunteers crossed the ocean and fought in the ragged regiments of Washington. Well, just one thing was misang from the stately ceremony over in Poland tod say, one person was absent. Paderewsky, was not there. The famous pianist remained in Switzerland at the bedside of his wife who is critiosliy ill. In fact she is so dangerously 111 that Paderewsky could not attend the dedication of the statue that he had donated.

And another figure was unveiled today - down in Brazil. It is a statue of liberty presented by Uncle Sam to the people of Brazil as an expression of good will. It stands, appropriately, in Wilson Avenue, a thoroughfare which Brizilians have dedicated to the American war president.

The International News Service tells us that President

Vargas of Brazil and the American Ambassador were there, and a gathering of glittering officials - al so a huge crow of people Who shouted with loud Brazilian cheers. And Uncle Sam isn't always cheered in South America.

I don't suppose there is any further possibility of a coxed doubt about what's at the bottom of that quarrel between the vatican and the Fascist Government of Italy. The controversy has taker a highly dramatic turn, with the latest
 which is made public today. This document, issued by the pontiff, was taken secretly out of Italy and made public in France, just so the Fascists could not suppress it and keep it from reaching the outside world.

I he Encyclical is also printed today in the official vatican newspaper. Of course, that newspaper, which is printed in Rome, could be suppressed by Mussolini's government. In having the Encyclical taken to trance, pope pius was making doubly sure that his message would reach the whole world. In fact, the Pontiff is appealing to the world against the Fascist government.

That new Enoyolical does not mince words. It complains in strong

1 terms against the actions of the
${ }^{2}$ Fascists, and goes on to state clearly
3 and precisely the issue between the
4 Papacy and Mussolini - 庳鹃t issue is
5 the question of youth.
The Encyclical declares that the Fascists insist on having entirely in 8 their hands, the education of children, and that the Black Shirts make it a point

Well, the French govemment celebrated the Fourth of July - yes celebrated it by giving out the statement we've been expecting. It's a carefully phrased communication. The International News service summarizes the statement as setting forth that an agreement has been reached on all important principles involved in the Hoover plan. Financial details still remain to be thrashed out before that suspension of reparations of war debts can go into effect.

But everybody seems of the opinion that these details
will be settled in due course. Most of the morning papers carry
headlines indicating that the matter has been settled and that
the French have agreed to the Hoover plan in a way satisfactory to the United States.

In Washington, however, as the Associated Press tells us officials of the State Department don't say that satisfactory understanding has been definitely reached. But they say they are sure that it will be. It's just a question of a little more time and a little more discussion.

Gosh, When 1 first read this next 2 dispatch 1 thought it must mean my own

## WHIIE_HOUSE - 2

a patched lace curtain in the other. It looks like some of us poor people live there.

But the explanation is:-Hoover economy. They say that each year it is customary to renovate the shades and curtains of the White House during the summer when the President and his family are away on vacation, but this year President Hoover x has called for economy. He says expenses must be cut down; and anyway, Mr . Hoover isn't en joying the usual presidential vacation this summer. He's busy with affairs of state in the White House right now.

And so, the usual summer renovation didst take place - hence the shabby shade and the mended lace curtain in the window of the White House.

This evening on the gray choppy waters of the North Atlantic not far from the New England coast ten tiny craft are steering East -- ten yachts. They are on their way across the ocean, headed for England.

Yes, this afternoon was starting time for a trans-Atlantic race.

The International News Service tells us that the ten trim little craft are competing for the Prince of Wales Cup.

The race is from Newport to Plymouth -- a distance of 2,956 miles. It will take the yachts something like three weeks to sail the distance.

Well, there was only a breath of air off Newport this afternoon, and a fog lay on the water, but the brave little fleet spread its sails and headed out for the wide spaces of the sea.

They say this will be one of the most adventurous races in the $h$ istory of yachting. And so let's all wish fair weather and a good breeze abeam for the ten sailboats that are scudding along with tall graceful masts and white billowing sails.

Now comes a two-to-one proposition. Wimbledon, over in England, the United States has gained two titles and lost one. An American won the honors in the men's singles. Germany takes first place in the women's singles. And today as the International News Service tells us, an American team won the men's doubles.

George Lott and John Van Ryn won their match today against the French team of Cochet and Brugnon.

And so it's two victories and one defeat for Uncle Sam.

Well, folks 1 want to tell you in advance that the poor old dog didn't have a license, and the Judge knew that by law a dog is required to have a license. And that Judge felt he was required to see that the law was observed. And with that preliminary I'Il go ahead with the story.

Pal was just a mutt. His master says he's a good dog, a faithful dog, and a smart dog. But just the same, we can't call him anything but m-u-t-t -mutt.

Pal didn't have any license, and they brought the dog and his master into a South Chicago court before Judge John J. Lupe. Pal, just a mutt, stood before the of the court -- and the old dog wagged his tail. He didn't know what it was all about. He didn't know that in the ordinary course of events, He was due to go to the ${ }_{\wedge}$ pound, and then --well, you know what happens to a dog that hasn't got a friend.

There, also before the magistrate

## ㅁG - 2

of the court, stood Pal's master. Fred Zasznelto. Fred is ll years old, and he wore an old shabby pair of overalls.

The Judge asked Fred why he didn't have a license for his dog Pal. The Il-year-old boy had been standing with his head down, frightened by the policemen and the Judge, but when he heard that question -- well, he knew what the answer was. He was ready to cry, but he fought back his tears and just told the court:-

Judge,"
"I ain't got any money," he said, "and if I had any I could n't keep it for myself? And I couldn't spend it for a license for Pan because my Mother would need ${ }^{\text {s }}$ any money I could get."

Judge Lupe didn't quite know what (1) say to that. You know how it is -a Judge is a stern and solemn man, but sometimes he cant help feeling the way the rest of us do. So he just asked Fred another question.
"What kind of a dog is that?" the Judge inquired.

Well, I don't think that was a very bright question. The Judge could easily tell just what kind of a dog Pal was.
4 Anybody could tell that Pal was 100 per mutt to you and me, but ton Fred -- well. just listen to what Fred said:-
"Judge," he declared, "my dog Pal is the smartest dog in the world. He can do a lot of tricks. If I throw a stick, why, he just runs and gets it and brings it back to me. And it takes a smart dog to do that, don't it?
"And he plays with us boys all the time, Judge. He's just mike another boy. When we go swimming, we always take him along with us. Why, Pal is so smart, Judge, that he can swim better than afr me.
"He's a good dog, Judge, and he likes all the boys. But he likes me better than anybody in all the world. And please, Judge, don't let anybody take him away and kill him. I just cant get

DOG - 4
along without Pal."
Well, as 1 said fore, $p a l$ hat
to have a license. That's the law. And Judge Lupe felt that he had to uphold the law. He couldn't allow a dog without a tense to be at large in his juristicTon That's all there was to it.
"Fred," declared the Judge, "your dog Pal has got to have a license."

And when fred heard that he hung his head and began to cry.

Meanwhile, the Judge was fishing about in $h$ is pocket. He pulled out 3 dollars.
"You take this money, Fred," commanded the Judge, "and you get a license for Pal." That 3 dollars would pay for the license and leave a little bit over."

They say that during this scene many people in the court room dabbed their eyes with handkerchiefs. And I'II bet they did. Anyway, this evening Pal, with a perfectly shining brand new I icense is out with Fred and the boys -- probably out swimming.

## DIGEST

Let's revamp the first line of an old nursery mime and make it go something like this: Will you come into my parlor, said the spider to the rattlesnake.

We all know that a spider can eat a fly, but this week's Literary Digest, in describing the bill of fare of some spiders, includes frogs, lizards, bats, mice, birds and even rattlesnakes.

Of course, the common small
spider that lives in the cobwebs of old attics, is not likely to walk up to a big rattler and look him in the eye and say - yum, yum, what a fine hotdog you are.

But, of course, there are many kinds of spiders including big ferocious and dangerous spiders. Take the well known and justly famous tarantula, for example. Wouldn't a pitched battle between a giant tarantula and a rattlesnake be worth watching? it would, if you had the gumption to stick around.

## DIGEST - 2

The Literary Digest quotes from an article in the New York American by ur. E. W. Gudger of the American Museum of Natural History. The Digest informs us that ur. Gudger is an expert on spiders. The Doctor takes off his hat in admiration to a small but game little spider called jolomedes. The Doctor tells how Kid Dolomedes has been known to go fishing. No, there's no occasion for saying - Will you come into my parlor, said the spider to the fish. Kid Dolomedes doesn't persuade the fish to climb, jump or fly into the spider's web. Kid Dolomedes takes a dive into the water, grabs a small fish, and drags it
 and eats it.

In the Aquarium of Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, a spider went after the goldfish in a choice collection, and devoured segeral of them.

And then in Porto Rico there's an enterprising spider that eats lizards. And so it isn't so surprising

## DIGEST - 3

when we read in the Literary Digest that a big poisonous spider, maybe a tarantula, kill a rattlesnake and eat it.

On the other hand, I've a newspaper clipping here about the misadventures of a rattlesnake. It is sent by $C$. $E$. Riley of Brooklyn. Mr. Riley comments that the tale sounds tall enough for the Tall Story Club.

It tells us that Bill Gates of Nashville, Indiana has
a store. It doesn't specify what kind of a store, but out in front, as a display, Bill had a cage and in it a big rattlesnake. That was all right until Bill decided to give the rattler something to eat. So he dropped a mouse into the cage. Now Bill Gates, of Nashville, Ina'ana, sounds like a magnificent tall story teller when he goes on to inform us that the next thing he observed was that the mouse was eating the rat +1 es right off the rattlesnake's tail. I don't know what the reptile was doing all this time, but Bill solemnly declares that the mouse was doing one fine job of eating those rattles. In order to save the rattlesnake's life Bill had to remove the mouse. Yes, sir, and the next thing on the program will be for
me to make out a hand-tooled diploma of membership to the Tall Story Club for Bill Gates, of Nashville, Indiana. Meanwhile - SO LONG UNTIL MOIDAY.

