FOLLOW STRIKE

Now that our textile strike is settled, it would seem as though another strike, all the way around the world, were about to be settled too. It's a walkout of street car and bus line conductors in Tokyo.

Some of the conductors out there are girls. When the strike was called, they walked out with the men. But the girls are not sticking it out. They've turned against the strike. And they have a weighty reason for this. The girls have found that after a week of strike vacation, they have gained an average of eight pounds a piece. They figure if the walkout continues much longer, they'll all be fat, if not forty. And, as the sylph-like figure is as popular in Japan as it is over here, the Nipponese conductorettes have decided they're going back on their old reducing exercises of chasing fares through street cars and buses, collecting their wages and getting their figures back.

In scores of towns today, tens of thousands of textile workers went trooping back to the mills. At last reports the only large group still out on strike was in New York City, where the yarn manufacturing in trade is not included in the general peace-making put over by the Winant Board. Two thousand yarn operators are waiting for a special agreement to send them back to their looms.

And, thousands of soldiers in of the National Guards in various states went trooping back to their armories, except in some parts of the South, threatening danger spots, where the National Guardsmen kept patrolling today while the mill operators went back to work. Now that the giant textile strike is over it's a good idea to sit back and reflect for a minute on the curious way in which the walk-out was ended. The President's mediation board headed by Governor Winant ef.

New Hampshire proposed a new mechanism of arbitration, which would have to be accepted by both the unions and the mill owners. The President asked both sides to accept. He also

advised the mento go back to work, leaving their case to the new method of arbitration. The union aid okay. They okayed the arbitration idea and ordered the men back to their looms. That put it up to the mill owners. Up to this moment they had not accepted the arbitration idea. It is efficiently believed that they will. But, suppose they don't? That would throw things into a complicated tangle.

The President asked the mill owners to take the men back to work without any discrimination, not to discriminate against any of them because of union affiliations. And now the textile labor leaders are talking about a drive to unionize the entire industry. They are going to fight to enroll a million men. If they succeeded, that would just about make young strike leader, Francis J. Gorman, the most prominent labor man in the country.

Today textile leader Gorman is making prompt accusations -- that employers are discriminating, are bearing down on men who are prominent in the activities of the strike.

tel

Well, let's sum up the damage caused by that biggest of industrial strikes. Here's the talley: Fourteen persons killed; more than a hundred injured; Tifteen to eighteen million dollars in wages lost because of the inleness of four hundred and twenty thousand workers; a huge amount of property damage, an expense of six million dollars spent in calling out the National Guards in seven states.

It's a big bill, but it wasa big strike.

The rumor tonight is that the N.R.A. may change even its name. It is possible that those famous initials may be transformed into some other alphabetic combination. This is just a reflection of the fact, which was known all along, that the code-making organization is scheduled for a thorough shallow.

And there's some pretty strong confirmation of that rumor we had a week or two ago, the report which named Barney Baruch as the probable head of the new and revised N.R.A. It is common talk in administration circles that the President is likely to draft the Wall Street financier, who for years has played an important, but unofficial, part in affairs down in Washington.

There is an insistent mention of several names in connection with the new Board that is to govern the transformed N.R.A. One of these is Professor Raymond Moley, the earliest of the big brain trusters, whose name dominated the first year of the reign of professors in Washington. And General Johnson will have a place on the MXRXX new N.R.A. Board.

The General, with his demarking downright military way, is said not to be in exact agreement with the President on certain points. For example, there is the way he jumped into the textile

controversy with a crack-'em-down speech, blaming the Unions right and left. President Roosevelt didn't consider that altogether suave and politic.

And on top of that came a radio speech in which seemed to imply that Justice Brandeis, of the Supreme Court of the United States, had been advising him on legal points concerning the N.R.A. Off-hand, this doesn't seem so explosive, until you consider that Justice Brandeis, as a member of the highest court of the land, takes part in the judging of various N.R.A. cases that come before the court. It is hardly in the spirit of logic and law for a judge to give legal advice when certain proceedings and then to pass judgment on the legality of those proceedings.

various prominent officials pouring their protests into the Presidential ear. They say Justice Brandeis himself phoned the President. He is in a peculiar position, because he can't make a public statement. The Supreme Court is too high for its members to engage in a controversy, shooting denials back and forth.

These stories seem to fit logically into the picture -



the dynamic picture of the brusque, hard-driving soldier who was given a job of through through the giant industrial plan of the New Deal; and provided to drive it through in a way that sometimes resembled the forceful directness of a cavalry charge.

Another sensational story was told today in the long-drawn-out Morro Castle investigation. It indicates more glaringly than ever that all was not love and harmony aboard the ill-fated ship, mighty little of that smooth discipline and nautical cooperation that is supposed to exist among officers and crew.

The investigating board decided that they wanted Acting Captain Warms, who was in command when the fire broke out, to story over again, so they could check certain discrepancies. Dickerson Hoover, who is conducting the inquiry, led the Acting Captain through an account of adven events that preceded the fire. Mr. Warms was telling about the death of the ship's commander, Captain Wilmott, some hours before the blaze gexge And he told how Captain Wilmott had locked himself in his stateroom because he was afraid of George Alagna, the second wireless operator. This occurred, he said, sixteen hours before the Captain died. Why was the Captain afraid of Alagna? The answer came that Alagna had threatened to throw acid in the Captain's face and disfigure him.

This fits in with the stories told all along, of the insubordinate spirit of the second wireless operator, who, on his part, has given spectacular testimony of the incompetency of the officers in the face of the fire. And then it was alagra who saved the life of the chief wireless operator.

Well, the story, spun out day after day, telling of that monstrous sea tragedy, has been one long tissue of contradictions, disharmony, accusations and counter-accusations. Officers and sailors contradicted each other and called each other names. One mint minute some one was a hero, then a coward, a staunch true man, then a trouble-maker.

And now fix the story and mighty strange tale of voyage at sea, and how the Captain locked himself in his cabin because the second radio operator threatened to throw acid in his face. It sounds more like mutineus proceedings in the old bad windjammer days. then anyting concerning the smooth discipline of one of the modern floating palaces.

The Lindbergh kidnapping case was on show in Washington today. The evidence, the clues and the detective angles were paraded before a gathering of men. It was at a conference of the nation's Chiefs-of-Police. J.Edgar Hoover, head of the Investigation Bureau of the Department of Justice, conducted the assembled police officials through a thorough investigation of the ins and put outs of that most famous kidnapping crime.

Richard Hauptmann arraigned in a Bronx court. The charge, as before, was extortion. Sullen and unmittigated as ever, he faced the judge. Nothing exciting happened. His case was put off until next week, to give the authorities of New Jersey more time to work up a charge of kidnapping and murder.

It was all routine, save for one bit of sensation.

HEXEMPTER Hauptmann has a lawyer now, - J.M. Fawcett of New York.

And Attorney Fawcett announces that he is going to crack the case wide open with startling information. On behalf of his client, he will reveal a few things that will turn the affair upside down.

He refused to intimate what the secret might be.

He has been flying across the continent by stages. He is expected to appear before the Bronx County main jury on Wednesday, and give his evidence, with the District Attorney asking his questions.

with Hauptmann sticking stubbornly to his story of not guilty and with the authorities claiming just as stubbornly that, on a basis of handwriting, the ransom notes and other evidence, they have a convicting case against him.

Eastern Railway is whether the news is really true. Reports came flashing that Japan and Russia had finally come to an agreement. Later, Tokio denied this, but it was a mild denial saying merely that the report was "premature". Now, however, the tidings become with definite that the official statement that Japan and Russia have agreed upon a price. That would make an all-around agreement, because the argument all along centered around the number of Yen or Rubles Japan would have to pay to buy that bit of Russian railroad property.

Officials of the kingdom of Manchukuo are on their way to Tokio to sit in on the final ceremony of signing the grade.

Of course it is Manchukuo that's really buying that Manchurian railroad, but then we all know that Japan is the real power in the land, and the power behind the throne.

Well, if the selling agreement is definite, we hit the rumor stage again with the question, "How big is the price?"

The authentic sounding reports are that it comes to about fifty million dollars. Some represent the railroad as being worth two hundred million dollars, so it would seem that the Japanese

had struck a profitable bargain.

Another condition of the terms of sale is said to concern all those Russian railroad employees that the Japanese have been putting in jail. They'll be turned loose - which sums up the terms like this:- fifty million dollars and the release of the prisoners.

will ease the dangerous tension out there in the Far East. It has been apparent all along that the railroad dispute was a constant threat of trouble and a possible war, between Japan and the Soviet Union. So there's a railroad sale that has the Dove of Peace cooing joyfullly.

56

They just loafed around. They didn't strike a blow, didn't make a single effort. And they didn't a victory. Maining, No, all they did was win the penant. Meaning that the Detroit Tigers had no game scheduled for today, but the New York Yankees did. And they lost, which put them out of the running and automatically einched the penant for Detroit. The lowly Boston Red Socks gave the lofty New York players a decisive shellacking, four to nothing, shut them out -- Yes, and shut them out of the penant.

So Detroit, the city of automobiles, is the city of baseball tonight. This is the first penant they've won in twenty-five years, since the great olddays when Hughey was manager and Ty Cobb was young.

Last year Detroit finished a way down in the American League, second division, fifth place. Nobody expected them to go anywhere this season. So, the victory is all the sweeter, the penant is all the brighter.

And the lion's share of the glory goes to "
Mickey Cochrane, for years among the greatest catchers of
baseball, and new among the greatest managers. This is his
first year running a team and he to running it up to the
dizzy height, and to a penant.

It was breezy out at sea today. A twelve-mile wind blew an invigorating gusty sweep. It invigorating when you breathe its salty tang, invigorating also for sailing ships, filling the white sails, driving the slim hull through the swirling waves. So the two yachts scudded their race on as fine a sailing day as you could want. And Uncle Sam, who talks nautical terms this week, is shouting in a salty vigor: "Shiver my timbers, I knew we could do it shipmates! Belay there, we're ahead now! Hold fast, mates, and we'll keep the cup!" Yes, the Rainbow won again today. She sailed into the lead at the beginning and was never headed. She crossed the line a winner by a decisive margin.

Today's race had that fillip of thrill and excitement which makes a sea story a thing of breezy adventure. The Rainbow was seven lengths ahead of the Endeavor when the mishap occurred, a regular maritime salt-sea turn-of-chance. Her spinaker broke. What's somebody's spinaker? Well, that's one of those top-lofty sails away up on the dizzy height of the mast. The sail broke

loose and went flapping in the wind.

That's enough to lose a race -- ordinarily. The brawny seamen aboard the Rainbow went swarming aloft. With swift wasks tax work they repaired the damage, made the sail fast.

And with the spinaker tight in the breeze once more, the Rainbow on to sailed make victory.

MEDICINE

Remember the old medicine doctor who used to come to town with the blare of trumpets, and put on a regular show, and then sell his Indian herbs with tremendous hurrahs?

Well, the greatest medicine doctor in the world won't sell his medicines anymore. Not that mankind doesn't need his cure-alls-Indian herbs, but he doesn't need them any more. The great Sequal is dead.

England, where, fix for many a xxx long year, he was a familiar, gaudy figure - a Red Indian with eagle feathers and war paint, accompanied by a party of brother Redskins, cowboys and a brass band. To the simple-minded Cockneys, he was a wonder working Indian Medicine Man, compounder of the most mysterious of healing remedica. Actually, he was no Indian at all. He was a true born Cockney, and probably had never been out of England.

That primeval medicine man, the great Sequah, is given credit for one of the most famous inventions, in the painful field of painless dentistry. He pulled teeth, as well as sold medicines. He was reknowned as the famous tooth-puller.

58/2

played loud, gay music - presumably to show how much the patient enjoyed it. And when the patient let out a yell of agony, the music was so loud that the howling could mot be heard. And before you folks let out a yell of agony, I'll say,

er decree that reading there. There the tire of the glassociar there

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.