I made a serious mistake last night. It was one of those gross errors and oversights that prove how fallible the human mind can be. I spoke of the damage that children sometimes do on Halloween, and suggested what a fine thing it would be if the little ones would refrain from howating busting things up. on the night before all Saints Day. I belied about the pay the shildren raised cain on Halloween. But forgot the hig mature minded grownups on Halloween.

Of course the directing geniuses of the Chicago

Century of Progress committed a glaring oversight too -- when

they staged the close of the big fair on that night of horseplay

-- Halloween. They didn't think, just as I didn't think, of

the mischievous antics and destructive habits of the

fairground last night. Bands were playing merry music. Huge floodlights *** illuminated the wonder city. Dazzling displays of fireworks made the night sky a magical tapestry of incandescent gleaming. It was a fairyland of lights; *** and the crowd was all lit up.

Dawn was breaking, and the loud speakers roared on the forewell amount that the show was over. The service would be acheed the fairground -- the end of the Century of Progress!

That was a mistake. It wasn't the end, it was only the beginning. The police started clearing the grown out of the grounds. But the throng of service wouldn't budge. "It's Halloween," the cry went up. And instantly the two hundred Chicago cope were brushed aside, tossed into the discord. And the mob of revelers, with a howl of triumph, took possession of the fair, seized and captured the Century of Progress.

Three Hundred Thousand human beings were on a wild rampage. They stole everything in sight, seized things, ripped things loose, for souvenirs. They plundered the Horticultural Exposition, to take the plants home. They looted the valuable exhibits from one end of the fair to the other. They tore up the landscape and wrecked buildings. They stormed the refreshment booths and drank all the refreshments. They

would have drunk Lake Michigan -- only, water. Tables, chairs, and benches were hurled right and left. They flung barrages of chairs into the lagoon. And when the policemen tried to interfere they threw the policemen into the lagoon after the chairs. Women fainted, children were trampled on.

And that was the end of the Century of Progress. Some

Somehow it seems symbolic. Maybe progress always ends that way.

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Far more elequent is the war.

Henry Ford's latest move does seem like a striking industrial sign. Last month the monarch of motor magnates said in the AMERICAN MAGAZINE that the government in Washington had relatively little effect on the course of industry, man meaning that American business would fall or rise for reasons within itself. And now, as a commentary on this, Henry Ford is raising his production of cars for next year back to the million mark. It is no secret that Ford fails to approve of many of the ideas in vogue at Washington. Yet these governmental ideas won't make much different. He said that before in word, and now he seems to say it is settion as he boosts production to a million.

It takes Ford production back to the boom times, when a million Fords or more were normal. The last time he touched that roundest of round figures with six zeros was in Nineteen thirty.

The motor magnate, in making the announcement of the new program, explained it in the following prosy work-a-day terms:

"Our experience in the last six months and what we see in the future, " he said, "tells us that a year of improved business is ahead."

Far more eloquent is the expression of simple magnitude - a million Fords!

It was one of the most dramatic of court scenes in Chicago today when Samuel Insull, once the fabulous millionaire, took the stand in his own defense. He testified to save himself from prison, broke down and wept. In his day he was the stern cold master of millions. Today he was an old man in tears — remembering, remembering things of so long ago, recalling scenes that choked his voice with sobs.

What was it that made him break down on the witness stand?

What was he saying that affected him so much that he couldn't say it any longer, for tears and weeping? The was telling of his youth -- the youth of a lad born in the poorest quarters of London, with little education, no advantages. At fourteen he went to work as an office boy. He studied shorthand and typewriting at night. When he was nineteen he got a job in the London office of Thomas Edison, when Edison was expanding in the first flush of his success as the greatest of inventors.

on this side of the water the wizard of electricity noticed the letters and papers from the London office. He was impressed with the neat typing, the trim and accurate work. He sent for the young English stenographer and made him his private secretary.

Samuel Insull today was telling all those events

of fifty-three years ago, his first impressions of Edison, the

great inventor's kindness to him, a penniless stenographer,

a homesick immigrant boy. He worshiped Edison, and while he

benefactor, while he recalled the distant memory of his great

benefactor, that was when Samuel Insull broke down and cried,

"I'm sorry," he apologized brokenly to Judge and Jury, "I can't help it."

And Judge and Jury gazed in amazement at the tears of the former proud lord of millions, now aged, broken, and in peril of prison for the collapse that ruined him and impoverished thousands of others.

A year ago a Chicago manufacturer named John R. LaGrand, was or swiping a Tew grand. prosecuted on charges of grand larceny, The Judge sentenced him to two years in jail and a restitution payment of eighty-five thousand dollars. A few weeks later, Mrs. LeGrand went to court, getting a divorce. On the day she filed her suit, Superior Court Both husbant and wife -h. andbees ore numbers of two powerful Judge Guy F. Bush, shortened the jail sentence to six months and tongs, the Hip Sing tong, on his side, the Pour Sentites Tong on cut the restitution payment to five thousand dollars. Recently, LeGrand, having served his sentence, was set free. At the same time, Mrs. LeGrand's divorce became official and she too was freed. She said her husband mistracted her, and returned to her parents. What of the judge? Is he also free? Figure that out for yourself. He is now on a honeymoon with Mrs. LeGrand. He cut the husband's Le Grand gesture sentence and married the wife. It's an unusual story, to which would have meant only one I'll add the wood end = SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

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discussion, the leaders of the sough, tustoud of geffice but the

old Chinese wardent hatchet, did a faing unneard of bafore. They

said - That us have white man settle the dispute for us. " So

each cancillations angule am Aportean lawyer. The two extereors are

In the far away heavens of their ancestors, there's many an old time tong leader of Chinatown, San Francisco and New York, who would bow his head and roll his hands in his sleeves if he could hear this story - the Los Angeles Chinatown story of Lee Gee and his little wife, Fong Choy. Lee Gee is forty-eight, Fong Choy is the Both husband and wife and their families are members of two powerful tongs, the Hip Sing tong, on his side, the Four-Families Tong on hers.

She said her husband mistreated her, and returned to her parents.

**REMENTALEMENTALEMENT Lee Gee went to the parents and demanded that the return Fong Choy to him. They refused. In the old days that would have meant only one thing - a tong war. But times are changing. Even the Chinese are changing. The tongs are growing soft. When axeanse the case of Lee Gee and Fong Choy came up for discussion, the leaders of the tongs, instead of getting out the old Chinese axeanse hatchet, did a thing unheard of before. They said - "Let us have the white man settle the dispute for us." So each decided to engage an American lawyer, The two attorneys are

Yes, those old time tong leaders in the wa heavens of their ancestors, would bow their heads and roll their hands in their sleeves, to hear of that.

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PERMANENT SHOE SHINES FOR THE WORLD

Do your shoes always look scuffed? Have they mud, and gravy, and dust on them? Is your wife always scolding you and telling you to stop and get a shine? Ah, here is the solution to all your worries.

The famous Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, scientific research laboratory where learned men of science devote their lives to the great problems of mankind, just ra turned towering intellects to a study of permanent shoe shines. Yes sir, and they have developed a leather that stays shiny for a lifetime. Even if you plow through a sea of sand for ten miles, at the end of the expedition your shoes will look as though just ready to step out on the ballroom floor at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, or the Copley Plaza in Boston.

A special session of the Japanese Diet has been called to consider the trouble of the national diet. The Diet of government will consider the diet the people eat. Yes, Japan has diet trouble, though it's too serious for gags and jokes.

The Land of the Rising Sun is facing the leanest winter in There have been droughts, floods, unseasonable cold, and to top it off black clouds of insects have descended on the crops. In many provinces, devouring, destroying. The government is taking urgent steps to meet the food crises. Thousands of bales of rice have been relieved to areas where famine is threateneing. But thousands of bales are a mere bowl of rice for Japan's freding needy population. Hundreds of school sak children have been released from studies to KEXEK gather roots and bark - yes, roots and bark for food. In one district alone more than six hundred young girls have on loone, bound out, been given to serve as Geisha girls, as security for loans their neceived. parents had mades That's a familiar custom in Japan - girls becoming Geisha as security for loans. The tragedy is that the loans are seldom repaid, and the girls stay Geishas, in a kind of servitude.

In London the Japanese admirals are demanding the right to

spend millions of yen on battlefleets. In Tokyo they are trying to raise millions of yen to provide food for the hungry.

There are two bits of news from Spain today. And the two dispatches have quite a significant relation to each other.

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One is an official survey of the havoc caused by the recent
Red revolt in the Province of Asturias. This is merely one small
province, a mining center, but the damage was terrific. The list of
people killed, runs way up in the thousands. The civil guards of
the province were almost wiped out and even their wives and children
killed by the revolutionists. The Reds shot down public officials
and especially the local clergy. Throughout the province the
insurgents wrecked convents and monasteries.

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In the provincial capital of Oviedo, the rebels seized the

Bank of Spain, blew open the safe with dynamite, and looted three

and a half million dollars. They sacked the stores thoughout the

Then made a little resistance against the Boremust trope
city, Ovieda was devastated by artillery fire. Scores of buildings

were destroyed in the battle, including the city hall, two hotels,

and the University of Oviedo. Complaints have come drifting across

the cables of outrages by the soldiers in suppressing the

revolt, particularly on the part of the legion from Moreocco.

Regiments from Morth Africa were thrown into the fight, and this they are said to have raged and rampaged with barbaric fury.

That official survey of the truth about the revolt, hitherto kept dark by censorship, is today's first bit of news from Spain. The second tells us that another revolt in Asturias is ready to flare up. The revolutionary elements among the miners, beaten down by military force, insist they are not crushed. They are preparing for another revolt and this - say the reports, may flare up three weeks. The report is in fact, that Midden embers of the revolutionary outbreak are still blowing fiercely, in concealment. The rebels are still holding prisoners, the rebels hidden away in the mountains keeping their captives in hidden lairs and lurking places. The military forces are digging them out as fast as they can, and meating meting out the vengeful justice of swift court martial and the firing squad.

So the twofold news from Spain gives a catalogue of the havor done, and adds that it may be done all over again.

ANDORRA

In the midst of Spain's grave major troubles we find one minor political trouble that is a mere blithesome whom by contrast. It concerns King Boris - not the real King Boris of Bulgaria, the fake King Boris of Andorra. He's in a Spanish jail now.

His royal robes are a pair of blue overalls, Spain's gift to every prisoner. The only kingly article left to him is his monocle. And he wears it incessantly. He keeps that eyeglass in his eye with a supercilious expression. But his lawyer is making pathetic appeals to the Spanish courts.

"May it please your Honor", he told the judge - "My client's only offense is a mania for notoriety."

Well, this isn't the first time a mania for notoriety % has got a notorious person in jail.

The Olympic games have one traditional custom; which is of peculiar interest for us Americans this time. At each Olympic, the country which is the host of the athletes, invites one of the foreign nations who participate to give a demonstration of one of its own national sports. With the next Olympic tournament, scheduled for Berlin in Nineteen thirty-six, the German xxxxxxxx athletic authorities have picked the United States for the national game exhibition and what game will it be? Why, the national game baseball. Yes, the series on the diamond will be a feature at the Olympics for the first time. An American team will be recruited. Who will they play against? Another American team? Not at all. We aren't the only nation that plays baseball. Cuba does - and Japan. And Japan will provide the opposition.

So in the summer of Nineteen thirty-six an American line nine will match hits, runs and errors with a Japanese nine, on a German diamond before an international assemblage. They'll howl for a home-run in a score of languages.

The Germans may call it a "runds-lauf."

The French may shout "coup d'autour."

2/4

The Italians may say "colpo di rondo."

While the English will adjust a sedate monocle and exclaim:- "Oh, I say there, do let's have a circuit of the stations."

One approhensive thought is this they're always having umpire trouble at the Olympic games, and umpire trouble is common in American baseball. It would be an alarming thing if the Olympic baseball series were to emulate that lofty ideal of sportsmanship displayed at the last World Series game in Detroit.

And that brings me to the end of my news circuit of the stations --(or maybe I didn't even get to First Base.) and solong until tomorrow.

9/2