LINDBERGH

The decision between New York and New Jersey in the

Lindbergh case is settled. Hauptmann will be tried for murder in

New Jersey. This was made certain today when Governor Lehman of

New York announced that he would yield to the request of the New

Jersey Governor, and would sign extradition papers ordering Hauptmann to be sent across the river to answer the murder charge.

lawyer announced that he would not fight extradition. This is the reverse of what he had previously announced. A few days ago the attorney for the defense declared he would battle to the end to keep his client from being taken to New Jersey. But now he changed have "no" to "yes". He will make no move to block the mander that the mander than the man

Legal sharks are saying that this is good strategy for the defense, because the New Jersey authorities do not seem to have as much evidence to convict Hauptmann of the kidnapping and killing of baby Lindbergh, as New York has to pin on him the charge of extortion, of having been the receiver of the ransom money. One angle is that if New York tried him first and convicted him of extortion, that might strengthen the murder case

in New Jersey. Maybe that's why the defending attorney is willing to have Hauptmann face the Jersey courts first.

Presumably if the murder trial fails to convict him, the prisoner will be brought back to face the extortion indictment in New York.

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The of fate and Nemesis is sounded in a story that clears up the circumstances surrounding a hold-up and shooting match in New York. Three bandits, with pistol in hand, raided a bar. Nemesis made its first appearance in the person of a policeman in plain clothes who was sitting among the customers. He reached for his pistol. One of the men shot him. The policeman fell, seriously wounded, but still was able to fire one shot. He drilled the robber through the chest, dropping him in tracks.

Two other gunmen, seeing their companion fall, went on a rampage, smashing up the place, hurling bottles and glasses, knocking out lights, smashing the windows. In the darkness and the Bedlam they got away, carrying the limp figure of their companion, and then raced in an automobile. When they found their pal was dead, they jumped out - abandoning the car and the body.

Hurrying along, they we hailed a taxi - and that was when Nemesis closed down a second time. They did not notice anything significant about the driver, but he noticed them. He recognized

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them as two thieves who had held him up and robbed him a few days before. Out of ten thousand taxicabs in New York City, it was the gangsters' the luck to hail just the one they had robbed shortly before. The taxi man drove them along until he came to a policeman. He attracted the attention of the cop, and mix motioned to the men inside. The cop arrested the two gunmen, and they were quickly identified as having taken part in the barroom hold-up and shooting.

So there is one crime that was swiftly solved, by a strange of chance - Nemesis.

The Convention of the American Federation of Labor at San Francisco is having a lot of disputes and controversies, with personal remarks flying around. But all the debate is due, inevitably, to center on one vital and critical question - the horizontal union versus the vertical union.

horizontal and the vertical in union matters. The horizontal idea is for labor to be organized according to trades:- All the machinists in various industries, all in on machinists union. Men of certain trade organized irrespective of what industry employs them.

The vertical scheme is the reverse. It calls for all the employees of a certain industry to be organized together no matter what their trades may be. Thus, in the automobile industry, the machinist would belong to the same union as the painter, the

electrician and every other kind of worker who helps to build automobiles.

American unions have usually been on the horizontal plan, although the mine unions include all kinds of workers in the mines and are vertical. Nowadays there is an increasing argument in favor of the industrial or vertical union. Both sides of the controversy are vigorously represented at the A.F. of L. Convention. President Green is an advocate of the horizontal theory. He wants the men to be unionized by trades. But John L. Lewis of the line workers is strongly in favor of the vertical organization, of which his union is an example. And he is backed up by Francis J. Gorman of the textile workers, who advocates having his own textile outfit unionized, vertically - the whole industry.

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Convention are narrowing down.—Shall labor be organized horizontally according to trades? Or vertically, according to industries?

Which will be the trend of American labor in the future?

the November election - the President's wife against five wives of former Presidents. The present First Lady of the Land, of course, will do her bit for the Roosevelt Administration, while on the Republican side are lined five former First Ladies of the Land. They are Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., Mrs. William Howard Taft, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. Each weed to preside as the mistress of the White House, wives of Republican presidents, and now they are campaigning for the Republican cause.

The sports writers are telling a writer story about the dazzling Deans. Dizzy and Daffy. It seems that the two ball blazing brothers have quite a life atory of adventure, travel and all sorts of color.

The Dean family, when Dizzy and Daffy were boys, trekked southward to Texas. There were quite a few Deans and they traveled in two old battered automobiles. The two cars went rolling on to Texas. They came to a railroad track and the car in advance had just got across when a freight train came along. The car in the rear stopped. The freight train got between them, separated them. It was a long freight train, and it separated them plenty! The two sections of the Dean family did not see each other again for three years.

Then the parents heard of a fellow named Dean who was pitching great ball for an infantry regiment at a Texas army post. They thought it might be part of the family that separated by that freight train and looked him up - and so it was - Dizzy himself! After the freight train episode he had drifted around and risen to the rank of a buck private in the army, and had turned into the best pitcher that ever wore Uncle Sam's khaki.

METHODIST CHURCH

Centennial of the Methodist Church. It was just a hundred and fifty years ago that the first Methodist Congregation was established in the City that Lord Baltimore built. So now a four-day commemoration is being staged, with special big doings on Friday, October 12th, Columbus Day.

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

The capital city of Buenos Aires was a riot of resplendent

pageantry. The Eucharistic Congress opened today, down there
below the Equator, the worldwide rally of Catholics to held

every two years. The City is jammed with people from all over
this earth, thousands of them dressed in this header costumes,
and the scarlet of cardinals, and Episcopal purple flashed with a

stately climax of color in the metropolis of the Argentine.

The latest escape story from the Caribbean Sea brings to mind an almost forgotten man in France.

Ten men tonight are desperately rowing in a little skiff, fighting their way through the turbulent sea along the South American shore. They are escapers from the French penal colony of Cayenne, a tropical prison on the mainland, not so far from Devils Island. It's just another Devils Island in fact.

The almost forgotten man in France is now celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday. He is the greatest hero in the story of all tropical prisons, the legendary victim of Devils Island - Alfred Dreyfuss.

I suppose most of us are surprised to know that the far-famed principal of the Dreyfuss case is still alive. He seems more like a page of history, not an actual person - the French officer who as the prisoner of Devils Island raised such stormy controversy many years ago. It was the most renowned and sensational of all court trials - the conviction of the Jewish officer for selling French secrets to Germany, and then the long stirring fight, with scandals and suicides, and the final victory of Dreyfuss.

His name jumped into print again a few years later when a

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French Royalist shot at him. Then during the World War he served in the front line trenches with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

His son, Captain Dreyfuss, was killed in action. And France decorated the former prisoner of Devils Island with the Legion of Honor.

Since then he has lived in obscurity, Some say he has been writing his memoirs, which he will not allow to be published until after his death. Now he is celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday, almost blind, physically feeble, but with a bright unconquered spirit, they say.

A whole set of contradictory reports from France resolve themselves into the term "Mystery man." Who was the assassin of King Alexander? He is dead. But who was he? That's what is bothering police and political chancellorys to-The most important points concerning him are negative, things doubted, things proved to be false. He carried a passport supposedly issued by the government of Czechoslovakia and supposedly countersigned at the city of Zagreb, in the Jugoslav province of Croatia. The passport gives the assassin's supposed name as -- Petrus Kalemen. It was immediately thought that he was a member of the Croatian terrorist organization plotting against the Yugoslav government. On the assassin's arm was found a tatoo mark, symbol of a Macedonian terrorist group, which would indicate that he was acting in behalf of Macedonian revolutionists.

strike as a malcontent Croatian or Macedonian? Or both? Or neither? Maybe some or all of the clues to his identity are merely a blind devised by conspirators to throw the police on the wrong track. But just the same, the best guess still remains what it was last night -- that the assassination was the work of Croatian terrorism. That seems to be the opinion in the kingdom of the dead King. Word from Cachoslovakia is that the Croatians are afraid of reprisals, vengeance on the part of the government.

Meanwhile, the little boy King, is preparing to ascend the throne he has so suddenly and tragically inherited. The story comes how, in the English school where he is a pupil, they kept the word from him of the doom that had befallen his father. The boys were at supper in the dining room of the Sandroyd School in Sussex. The lads were waiting for the radio to be turned on. They were arrests accustomed to a suppertime news broadcast every evening. But the radio was still, shut off. They thought it strange -- no radio tonight? But the boys made no inquiry.

In an English school thre is no questioning the decision of the headmaster. And taxt least inquisitive ax of all was the tall pale tousel-haired lad of eleven. He ate his supper and didn't seem to care whether the radio news broadcast was turned on or not. He had no idea that the mightly news was shut off so that he might not hear the news of the assassination of his father.

They kept the word from him until his Grandmother,

Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania, came to tell him herself.

boarded a train and a cross-channel boat on their way to the kingdom of which the lad now becomes the train. The small monarch was heavily guarded by cohorts of Scotland Yards Men. The British Government was making sure that the assassination of the father should not be followed by any harm to the son.

Here's what seems to me - the prize news oddity of the week. A candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize, Field Marshall Pilsudski. Yes, the Polish Dictator mentioned as a possible winner of the peaceful honors.

The gruff old fellow with the walrus mustache has a most belligerent renown as a revolutionary, and warrish the harmonic began as a Polish patriot and a Socialist fighting the Russian Imperial government. An attempt to assassinate the Czar was discovered and Pilsudski was among the conspirators sent to Siberia. The Russo-Japanese War he made his way to Tokyo to get Japanese backing for a Polish revolution.

The Russian Imperial Police got their hands on him again.

He pretended to go insane, was transferred to a past hospital, and escaped. When the Russian Revolution broke out, he fought for the Bolsheviks. When Poland became a nation, he turned against the Communists and commanded the Polish army in a spectacular war with the Soviets. When the Socialists accused him of being a traitor to Socialism, he explained his action in picturesque terms: "We all rode together in a street car called 'Socialism'", he elucidated "then came to a street corner marked 'Independent Poland.' and I

PILSUDSKI - 2

got off."

As a war hero and chief Polish militarist, he has been a virtual dictator, though he now holds only the rank of Minister of War.

Pilsudski for the peace prize would sound as logical as to nominate Alexander or Napoleon. And you might as well elect a Tom Cat to be president of the association for the protection of rats and mice. But then, it may be that the grand old warrior of Warsaw is now doing enough in behalf of world friendship to entitle him to a bushel of peace prizes for all I know.

for a number of seasons with the famous thespian, Robert

Been telling me at the Wallord the great

Mantell, has just teld me something curious about mantell.

For years, when we was touring up and down America, mantell.

laid down to sleep -- not once. The man who brought Shakes
peare to most of the cities and towns of this country always

slept sitting up. And when he went to bed at night, he

would sit and in bed, smoking his pipe, and wearing his

Derby hat.

In his later years, suffering terribly from an injured knee, the pain was so great that sometimes he would forget his lines. But he would go right on and mumble his way through. He could actually mumble in Shakespearian meter. The audience would never know the difference and they would cheer his best mumbles wildly. When he would forget his lines Mantell would call it:- "Blowing a fuse."

Now it's time for me to blow a fuse and mumble that sample old line from Skakespearer line;

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