

Trotsky Had Odd Career

After Living in Poverty Most of His Life, He Died With Evidence of Affluence

By CHARLES P. STEWART
Central Press Columnist
Washington, Aug. 27.—Where Leon Trotsky got the money to maintain the style he appears to have been maintaining at the time he was assassinated in Mexico a few days ago, is quite a puzzle to persons who used to know him during his several years' residence in New York considerably earlier in his career.

He certainly had next to nothing as a Russian revolutionary in czarist days. After his escape from Siberia, before that era was past, he lived as a practically penniless exile in various European countries. I first met him in Spain about half a decade prior to the first World War. A comparatively young man then, he was supporting himself meagerly as a writer for various radical publications. When I met him in Gotham, quite awhile later, he told me he was semi-existing on a \$15 weekly stipend as a reporter for a Red paper there.

It's true, he also turned out some books, but they can't have had a sufficient sale to net him much. Nevertheless, Trotsky, this real name was Bronstein, wrote well. He talked well, too. His average reader could hear, unless a "bug" like himself needed to shut his eyes and ears against Leon's politico-socio-economic texts and conversation. To one who could do that, however, he was a vastly entertaining chap. He'd had adventures worth telling about, and he told them admirably. Moreover, he was an exquisitely witty raconteur.

Trotsky No Communist.

Trotsky never ought to have been classed as a Communist. He was an Anarchist.

An Anarchist would be a Jeffersonian if he didn't envy his theory so far. Jefferson's thesis was that "the best government is the best government." The Anarchist goes to the extreme of contending that the best government is no government at all. Trotsky subscribed to this doctrine.

Communism is government up to the Nth power. It's even more so than Fascism or Nazism. It and anarchy are poles apart.

When the czar was overthrown and Russia's Kerensky regime ensued, it took the form of a pretty violent democracy, but it wasn't violent enough for Trotsky, who never was very popular with it—his democracy was too "ultra" for Kerensky himself.

Still, Kerensky-ism did let Leon get back from exile into Russia. There he hooked up with Nicolai Lenin. It isn't very clear just why, because Lenin was communistic (although less so than Josef Stalin has been) rather than anarchistic. Anyway, Leon took to Lenin. Maybe they liked one another personally.

Well, Lenin upstaged Kerensky and Leon became the latter's lieutenant. But Leon's Lenin died, and Stalin grabbed his job ahead of Trotsky, maybe because he was an efficient totalitarian and Leon was an impractical Anarchist. What followed was what might have been expected. Leon shortly was in exile again. After some wandering he brought up in Mexico.

Yet he arrived there, this time, apparently in very good financial circumstances. He was assassinated in what's described as his fortress-like chateau in Mexico City's outskirts. He had a private secretary, a bodyguard and the best of medical attention as he lay dying.

Who Had Him Bumped Off?

And who had him bumped off? With his last breath he's said to have blamed Stalin. It isn't an unlikely guess. Reports are that there was a deal of anti-Stalin sentiment in Russia while the Moscow government was having trouble kicking Finland aside a year ago, and that there was talk of getting Leon back home to head a revolt against Josef. It's con-

Train Death Probed



Alice Johnson von Herman
California police are investigating the possibility that Mrs. Alice Johnson von Herman, of Chicago, was pushed to her death from a speeding eastbound train near Redlands, Calif. Her children told a coroner's jury she had no reason to commit suicide and that they suspected murder. Her baggage is missing.

Beauty Fights Death



Jessica Reed
Once Flo Zierfeld's most "glorified" beauty, but now destitute, Jessica Reed, 43, is reported convalescing in Chicago Hospital from a streptococcus infection, following a large series of blood transfusions. Mrs. Reed has been on relief several times in recent years.

conceivable that Stalin might have deemed it desirable to dispose of his rival right now.

But there's another surmise. Leon has been most friendly to President Cardenas' Mexican government. It's whispered that he was the inspiration of the Cardenas administration's expropriation of foreign oil properties in Mexico.

In Candidate Almazan's presidential fall in Mexico, though, the Cardenas administration has had bitter opposition. This opposition is accused of having erased Leon, as a Cardenas adviser, whom it emphatically doesn't like.

It's an odd international puzzle. But, whatever the answer, how did Trotsky get all the money he had been living on in Mexico? Did he snoop it out of Russia, to his own foreign credit, during the brief period while he was a boss commissioner at home? It must have been hard to scrape up, in that short time, in a poverty-stricken country—and to export it without attracting attention.

Nevertheless, he died with every evidence of having left a substantial bankroll.

Sampson County Has Bloody Week

Dunn, Aug. 27.—Local and county officers today counted 16 injured in automobile accidents, one train fatality, a murder and one attack victim as the result of one of the most violent weeks ever experienced by this section.

Three automobile accidents claimed the greatest number of injuries, and six persons were still confined to hospitals today, with one expected to die.

The murder was that of Eugene McNeill, 36, Erwin negro, who was stabbed to death. A coroner's jury ordered Agnes McAllister, young negro, held for the grand jury.

Joseph Howard Easley, 33, who was struck and killed by a freight train near Coats, was the accident victim.

Doro Lee, 62, Sampson farmer, is in a serious condition as the result of being knocked in the head late Sunday night. He is given an even chance to recover. Henry Denning, was named by officers as his assailant.

Among those injured was Rev. J. I. Moore, of Pine's Creek, pastor and superintendent of buildings and grounds at Campbell college.

Harnett has had 11 highway fatalities this year and Beasley's death was the third serious railroad accident.

Trustees Debate Airport Question

Raleigh, A. S. 27.—(AP)—Outcome of an invest, tie into whether State college should buy or build an airport as an aviation training center may hinge on certain legislation now pending in Congress, members of a special committee commented after a session here yesterday.

Problems concerning the construction of a new air field on the purchase of the Raleigh airport were discussed by the group appointed by Governor Hoyt from University of North Carolina trustees.

The committee decided to postpone making concrete recommendations until additional data can be secured. No date was set for the next meeting.

Facilities of the Raleigh airport now are being used for the flight training program provided by the federal government through the civil aeronautics authority.

2,500 REFUGEES TO NEED ASSISTANCE

Raleigh, Aug. 27.—(AP)—Approximately 2,500 persons in flood-ravaged areas of North Carolina will need relief assistance for "at least a month," A. E. Langston, director of surplus commodities distribution, estimated today.

Many will have to be fed and clothed until they can make a crop next spring, Langston added.

More than 1,500 of those in need of relief live in eastern North Carolina along the banks of the Roanoke, Tar and Cashie rivers, according to Langston's estimates, and the remainder are in the northwestern section of the state.

Langston, who has visited both western and eastern flood areas in "probing" the distribution of 160,000 pounds of food, submitted his figures to Mrs. W. T. Bost, commissioner of public welfare.

BEFORE THE BLITZKRIEG

REPRODUCED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

READ THIS FIRST
Gun Cotton, famous agent of Scotland Yard, arrives in London and delivers a mysterious small packet to his superior, known as X. Despite several attempts which have been made to take it from him, he is still in possession of the packet. He is a man of mystery, and his superior is a man of mystery. He is a man of mystery, and his superior is a man of mystery.

CHAPTER FOUR
"I SHOULD HARDLY have thought," said Gun, in a pleasantly conversational tone, "that my friend—or acquaintance, rather—Mr. Pullinger, who went through just before me, would have been in need of treatment of this kind. It seems to be pretty strong and healthy."

"Oh, yes," said the doctor. "Mr. Pullinger—there is not much wrong with him. Just a little nervous, and a trifle of adipose tissue. . . . But he is finding the baths of great benefit. But he is sticking to them with great regularity—every morning at the same time he comes. By the way, was it he who introduced you here?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Gun, hastily. "I have not known him very long. We met here quite by accident. It was a friend named Lord Fairgrove, who recommended me to come here."

"Fairgrove? Ah, yes, I remember him. A very bright, high-spirited young man, but a little inclined to—well, shall we say, hit the high spots, eh? Now, if you will pardon me, please remember to keep the tinted glasses on all the time, otherwise the rays may trouble the eyes. Thank you, I shall hope to see you here again."

"Oh, of course!" responded Gun, with an entirely assumed enthusiasm.

An attendant ushered him out of an inner door, and into a small anteroom beyond an individual who looked a cross between a mezzuzim and Merlin the astrologer, but who spoke with a broad Scots accent, dived him deftly with a pair of darkened glasses.

Next Gun found himself in a large room, the floor of which was covered with green baize, and the roof painted blue to represent the sky. It was ablaze with artificial sunlight, and as warm as the tropics.

An instructor, wearing only a loincloth, was putting a class of a dozen through fairly strenuous physical jerks, while the perspiration literally rolled off them. Gun got some amusement from watching one or two obese old gentlemen who were strongly reminiscent of Colonel Blimp, and who seemed to be suffering exceedingly.

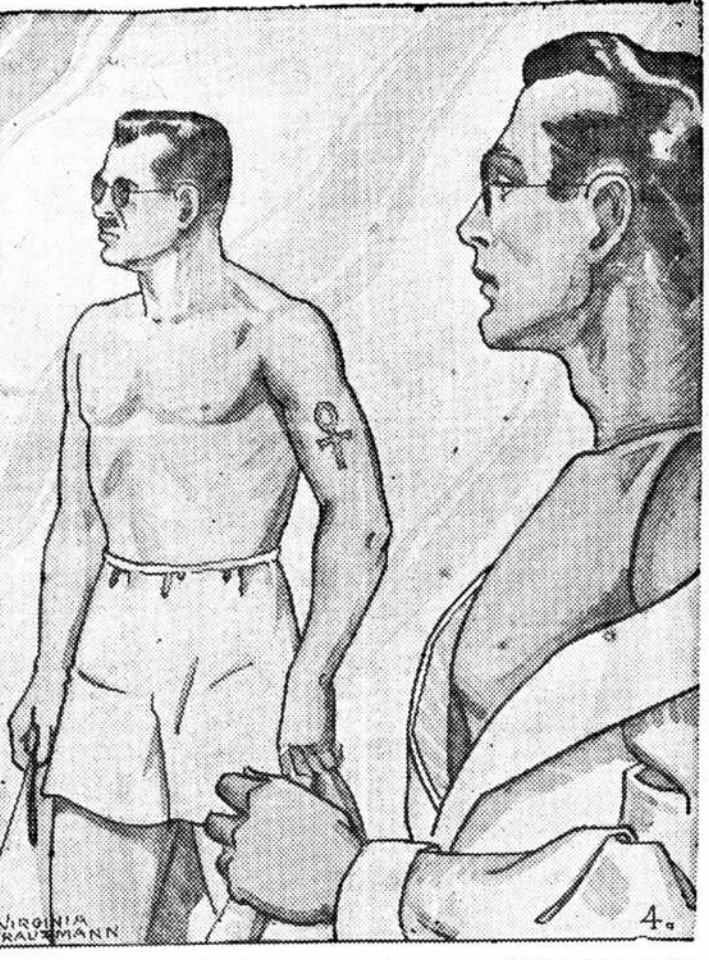
On seats around the walls another group awaited the attention of the P. T. instructor—among them the mysterious foreigner, Mr. Pullinger, who glanced at Gun as he entered, and then hastily averted his gaze.

A moment or two later the instructor dismissed his class, ushered by an attendant in a djibbah through a farther door, gasping and panting.

"You will please remove your gowns, gentlemen," the instructor directed. He was evidently a genuine name of sorts, though not, Gun imagined, an Egyptian.

As they slipped off their robes, Gun eyed Pullinger, and immediately noted one or two things. In the first place, he was a man of magnificent physique. If he had a fault at all, it was that he might have been a trifle too thickly and stockily built, with legs a fraction too long for his torso. In the second, the tan of his face extended no farther than a V-shaped patch at the neck, which showed that he had been used to living a lot in the open air, wearing mostly an open-neck shirt. And in the third the almost feminine whiteness of his body skin was marred only by a tattoo mark on the left upper arm.

This latter rather intrigued



The whiteness of his skin was marred only by a tattoo mark on his left arm.

Gun. It was a symbol he never had seen tattooed on anyone before, looking at first glance something like a key, but being actually the Cruz Ansata, or looped cross—the Egyptian symbol of life, and of the goddess Isis.

Rather curious, Gun thought. The only tattoo mark he had, and an Egyptian symbol, in that place.

Gun was in good enough condition, and the physical jerks did not disturb him overmuch. Nevertheless, in the heat of that artificial sunlight, he found himself perspiring pretty freely.

Five minutes of strenuous exercise, and then the instructor called out:

"That will do, gentlemen. Remove your gowns and pass along, please."

Apparently he dealt with them in dozens, and another dozen was not yet assembled. That meant a rest for him, which he probably needed.

The next chamber was smaller—and more oriental. A rubbing down with rough, warm towels, and a welcome rest on a narrow divan, with light rays playing upon his body all the time. Rather to his surprise, Gun found himself feeling distinctly better, if a trifle lethargic, and came near to dropping off to sleep on his divan. But the sharp clang of an electric gong roused him, and he passed on with the others into the next room.

He noted that Pullinger now seemed more at his ease. The same party of 12 people kept together, and Gun guessed that, now that there was no hope—or fear—of meeting whoever it was he anticipated he might meet, Mr. Pullinger felt more comfortable in his mind. Gun was careful not to speak to him again—did not want to arouse any suspicions in the man's mind.

He had a word with one or two of the others. As they passed out of the rest room one of them glanced at him and made a grimace.

"Now for the sweat box!" said he.

"What the devil's that?" Gun asked.

"Your first go, eh? Oh, well, you'll soon see. It's pretty stiff, but it does you a world of good, this tank. Finest thing for the

5-Alarm Fire at 'Frisco Fair



Towering billows of smoke soar over the San Francisco Golden Gate International Exposition as a spectacular five-alarm fire consumes the California Building. More than \$1,000,000 worth of art objects were safely removed.

Poor Ginning Service Costs Tar Heel Cotton Growers Half-Million Dollars Yearly

Daily Dispatch Bureau.
In the Sir Walter Hotel
Raleigh, Aug. 27.—Imperfections of the ginning system in North Carolina cost the cotton farmers approximately half a million dollars a year, Fred P. Johnson, gin inspector of the state Department of Agriculture, said today.

"It is almost universally conceded that if the ginning industry would make service and efficiency its objective, this amount would be saved the producer, and, at the same time, permit an equitable income for the ginner," he said.

"This is no indictment of the men engaged in ginning cotton. They are powerless to bring about new customs and usages in the industry unless they have the cooperation of each other and of their customers."

Mr. Johnson pointed out the loss in ginning as one of the factors which make the present plight of the cotton farmer the No. 1 problem of our agricultural economy.

The situation challenges every individual and business in any way connected with cotton to see how much of the cotton dollar can be passed back to the farmer, Johnson said.

Seed marketing presents an important problem as improved ginning service, he said.

"This problem accounts for many of the business problems in the ginning industry," Johnson declared. "The present system was developed under circumstances that no longer exist and today lends itself to such a variety of business practices, many of them discriminatory, that the ginning industry as a whole takes on a chaotic appearance. The solution of this problem depends upon the degree of cooperation that may be developed between producers, ginners and seed-crushers."

Capital Gossip

By HENRY AVERILL

Raleigh, Aug. 27.—There are some indications that J. M. Broughton, who will be the next governor even if G. O. P. Nominee McNeill won't admit it, is being pulled several different ways by political supporters who want him to make a clean sweep in many of the State departments.

His Wake county lieutenants (of widely differing political stripe) John Hindsdale and Wilbur Bunn, and some of the state officials who backed him, are said to be urging him to oust incumbent officials and employees right and left.

But they are unanimous only that far. Each lieutenant has a "friend" of his own for each job which would be made open, and thus there is no part of agreement on the vital matter of who shall replace whom.

So far Mr. Broughton has done one of the best jobs on record in the matter of keeping quiet in all known languages about his intentions toward those present officials and employees who did not support him in the primary.

As a result, such wrong-guessers as Cutlar Moore of the ABC board, Dudley Bagley of the State REA, Bob Thompson of the State News Bureau and Lloyd Griffin of the School Commission are still completely in the dark as to their future as Tar Heel officials.

It seems that Person county still wants prohibition—but doesn't want it much. Two ABC elections, twice dry by less than 75 votes.

Commissioner of Agriculture W. Kerr Scott must not know that the primary is over. At least he has arranged a program for himself this week which looks for all the world like the itinerary of a candidate.

Last night he was at Woodland Lake, where Fred Brinkman of the National Grange spoke. Tomorrow he will talk at Ayden. Thursday morning he will address a farmers' cooperative at Durham; Thursday night he will attend a ginners' meeting at Goldsboro and Friday he will meet with Grangers at Orange Grove in Orange county.

Sixteen Carolina youths, all but one from North Carolina, will report to New York for the third training cruise for Class V-7, United States Naval Reserve, beginning September 30. Those who show aptitude will be given further training for commissions as ensigns in the Naval Reserve.

The sixteen are Philip Blumenthal, Franklin; James Everette Bryan, Pittsboro; Andrew Plumer Burgess, Summerton, S. C.; Robert Brent Harrell, Scotland Neck; Willard Bryan Hill, Winterville; Henry Ellis Hollingsworth, Whiteville; Norman Gray Lancaster, Castalia; Donald Whitfield McCoy, Laurinburg; Cornelius Clark Murphy, Jr., Red Springs; Jean Thomas Myers, Laurinburg; Alexander Preston Nisbet, Wilmington; Wil-

TAMIROFF TURNS TABLES IN 'THE GREAT McGINTY'

Paramount's "The Great McGinty," opening Wednesday at the State Theatre, will reveal the real Tamiroff for the first time on any screen.

In all previous pictures, the celebrated character actor has allowed himself with whiskers, mustache and various putty facial distortions. For "The Great McGinty," however, Tamiroff reversed the usual procedure. To enact the part of a political boss who is having Brian Deacon, he had to shave off a mustache.

TOBACCO

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