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Alderman Dougherty, who is a native of Fredericton, is a practising barrister of ability. He is a good platform speaker and he has the interests of his native city at heart. He has worked hard in the city's interests during the years that he has been at the City Council board. If he should decide to run for mayor he would have strong support. It is understood that in any event he will not serve as an alderman another year. The different aldermen whose terms expire this year will probably decide to serve again for another term.

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SYRIAN GIRLS DROP CUSTOM

Syrian girls have cut up their veils to make silken lingerie.

They have become emancipated and the first thing to go was the veil, symbol of feminine subjugation. A wave of Western ideas has spread across the Syrian desert from Turkey, and is exercising a great influence on the manners of customs of the Syrians.

In the few offices in Aleppo girls who a few years ago would have led a life of seclusion in the "women's quarters" are now working as typists, with bobbed hair, rouged lips and the latest things in scanties. Some of them even chew gum. That is the effect of the movies, which have also influenced conversational styles.

Syrian women are reading translations of books which a few years ago they would not have dared to glance at.

SIR OLIVER LODGE PROPHECIES

For eight and a half minutes the other day Sir Oliver Lodge made a prophecy concerning the future of the world. He was filmed as he read it—but the reel is not for the public. It will be locked away in the archives after it has been shown in every engineering and scientific institute as one of a series of scientific prophecies of the day. Sir Oliver is their patriarch at the age of 83.

"The ether which surrounds us," said Sir Oliver, "is the one great reality. Invisible and leaving no impression on the senses, it is the substance which holds the universe together, in which the stars are imbedded and all other matter—that mere discontinuous collection of atoms.

"The present century, which has made many important discoveries in physics, seeks to discredit and deny the ether. But the twenty-first century will discover that it is the beginning and the end of all things, that which lies behind and, indeed, makes possible the existence of our physical life and mind."

What would be a useful way for a parole commissioner in Soviet Russia to fill in the time after 9:30 in the morning?

SNAPSHOTS

Civic politics are now coming to the boiling point. Will there be an election contest or not? Only a couple of days to decide the question for this year.

They may be able to settle the Electric Light tangle after all.

An Alderman states that the Chairman of the school board claims the law gives the board the power to spend the city's money as they wish without any dictation from any person. Some Law. It has Hitler skinned in many ways.

The council which puts up with giving so much power to any body of men or women is slower than the Otis train if there could be anything slower.

PRINCIPLE AT FOURPENCE

Probably no excuse in the world is offered so frequently as "It isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing" Barrowford, a Lancashire mill town, has provided an example that approaches the classic in design and content. A weaver in the Seed Hill mill while carrying a bolt of cloth to the warehouse knocked off a gas mantle over a loom. Upon reporting the accident he was told that he would have to pay foupence, the cost of a new mantle. He refused to do this.

The weavers' union took up the question. Negotiations began between the union and the owners of the mill. The upshot of the negotiations, according to the London Times, was that each side agreed to pay twopence toward a new gas mantle, but also agreed to make a further investigation of the matter. Pursuant to this further investigation the weavers notified the owners of the mill that they would strike if a new mantle were not put in at the expense of the company. The company refused to comply; the weavers struck. Both sides, faced with the loss of many pence, must have consoled themselves with principle.

Police Officials Suspended in B. C.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Jan. 4—Deputy Chief John Murdoch and 16 other members of the Vancouver police force were suspended today at a meeting of the police commissioners. The appointment of Col. W. W. Foster to succeed John Cameron, who resigned, as chief of police, was also recommended.

Inspector A. Grundy was recommended for promotion to deputy chief and Col. W. C. Bryan, former superintendent of Alberta provincial police, was named adviser to the police chief.

Still Unsatisfied Re Electric Rates

(Continued from page one)

that the capital structure and the cost of management is the cause of that spread.

Asked what he thought of the new schedule of rates, Prof. Stephens declared that he "was disappointed." He was confident, however, that the figure of \$13,000 of a saving as arranged by the Company was based on authentic calculation.

The Council as a whole concluded that even yet there was some discrepancy in the way the rates were adjudged and Ald. Dougherty wondered why they had "to complicate it so."

"We are all here in a daze, waiting for an interpreter," he said. Regarding the suggested larger power rate Dr. Stephens said that probably only a few users will be in such a position as to benefit by it. He thought, however, that the new rates as offered by the company were a slight advantage, a concession in comparison with their former rates.

Ald. Dr. H. S. Wright coincided with Mayor Clark declaring that "we are liable to grasp at a shadow and lose the bone." He believed the City should accept the new code and go back next year and ask for more. He didn't believe, however, that the City should tie the hands of its successors by making any agreements that it would later regret.

Col. and Mrs. Lindbergh Tell Their Tragic Story

(Continued from page one)

"I was there myself and my son, Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., Mrs. Elsie Wheatley, her husband, Oliver Wheatley, and later in the day, Betty Gow."

"So that the household," Wilentz said, "on that date consisted of yourself and also Colonel Lindbergh in the evening?"

"In the evening," Mrs. Lindbergh repeated, nodding her head as she invariably did in giving affirmative replies.

The birthday of the child, June 22, 1932, and his age, 20 months, were established.

Her Last Memories

Mrs. Lindbergh said she went for a short walk alone after Betty Gow, called from Englewood to care for the baby, arrived. The walk lasted perhaps 15 minutes, "perhaps half an hour."

"Now, during that day," Wilentz went on, "had you played with Charles, junior, or spent much time with him?"

"I had been with him all morning. I put him to sleep for his nap about one; and in the afternoon I played with him after he awoke from his nap."

Mrs. Lindbergh smiled.

"After I returned from my walk, I walked around from the driveway under his window and tried to look for him," she continued. "I attracted the attention of Miss Betty Gow (the baby's nurse) by throwing a pebble up to the window, and then she held the baby up to the window to let him see me."

She smiled again, quietly, and her eyes were faintly moist.

Wilentz brought out, through questions, the window Mrs. Lindbergh meant—the nursery window, out of which the baby was stolen that night.

At this point she rose from the chair and took from Wilentz a long pointer and standing before the court elm and girlish, directed the pointer to the floor plans of the Hopewell house, pinned on the wall.

Left Footprints

Wilentz by further questioning, established that Mrs. Lindbergh had left footprints in the muddy earth under the window. This was at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

"After my walk," Mrs. Lindbergh continued, "I went up into the baby's bedroom where I found Miss Betty Gow and Mrs. Wheatley. Then I went down again, I think, into the sitting room. About 5 o'clock I had the baby down in the sitting room playing with me. He left me to run into the kitchen. After that I did not see him until I went up into the nursery about 6.15 or after, when he had almost finished his supper.

"From that time on for about an hour or a little more than that, I was with the baby, helping to dress him and prepare him for bed."

Wilentz turned to the child's nature and appearance.

Mrs. Lindbergh smiled, leaned forward, and said:

"He was perfectly normal."

"Healthy?"

"He was very healthy," Mrs. Lindbergh answered. Again she smiled and nodded, then suddenly checked the smile and bit her lip. Colonel Lindbergh watched her intently.

"Playful?" Wilentz asked in a matter of fact manner.

"He was a great deal better than he had been the preceding two or three days when he had a cold, a slight cold."

"Was he able to talk yet?"

"He talked," Mrs. Lindbergh said. Wilentz wanted to know to what extent.

"I don't remember any particular conversation on that afternoon," she answered, "Of course, he called all the members of the household by name and he played about the floor with me in the living room."

Wilentz asked the color of the baby's hair.

"It was—" Mrs. Lindbergh hesitated, "light golden."

Wilentz showed her the photograph. She looked at it with no outward sign of emotion, and it was offered in evidence.

Dressed For Bed,

Wilentz led her, bit by bit with neatly framed questions, to the description of the nursery, the location of the room.

The baby was put to bed about 7.30 Mrs. Lindbergh said, Miss Gow and Mrs. Lindbergh dressed him for bed,

"He had next to his skin a home-made flannel shirt which Miss Gow cut out and sewed that night out of a flannel petticoat which I had since the child was an infant."

From the prosecution table Wilentz picked up a soiled little shirt. He carried it to Mrs. Lindbergh, asked her if that was the shirt.

She touched it, nodded, said "Yes."

There was an audible quickening of breath among the spectators, but Mrs. Lindbergh never flinched.

The shirt was offered in evidence.

Wilentz elicited the facts that Col. Lindbergh's arrival from New York, about their dinner together, and Mrs. Lindbergh's preparations to retire.

Baby Is Missed

"... After I had taken my bath Miss Betty Gow came in to see me through the hall door and asked me if I had the baby and hearing that I did not, asked me if my husband had the baby, and I sent her down-stairs.

"I then went in to the baby's room through the connecting passage. This was after 10 o'clock, shortly after 10 o'clock. I went into the baby's room through the connecting passage, looked hastily at the bed, found it to be empty, came back into my room, where I met my husband and Miss Betty Gow.

"My husband went into the closet to take out a rifle, and we all three went into the baby's bedroom and searched it I was still in the baby's bedroom when Mrs. Wheatley came upstairs, and I went with her back into my own bedroom and got dressed and we started to search the house."

The rest of her story was quickly told—how Mrs. Lindbergh and her husband realized their child had been kidnapped and made a radio appeal to the kidnappers to take care of the baby, how she never again saw him.

Wilentz called as the next witness the name of Betty Gow, the child's nurse, but immediately changed his mind and called Colonel Lindbergh.

The Father

The flier gazed over the courtroom as he settled into the witness chair. He described his arrival from New York on the night of March 1. He had dinner with Mrs. Lindbergh. Then they went upstairs and the colonel took a bath. Then he went downstairs and began reading in the library at the southeast corner of the house, directly under the nursery.

The desk where he sat was beside a window, Col. Lindbergh said. Shutters were open, there was no curtain on the window, and so far as the darkness permitted he could see outside. But he saw no object move past the window.

"Some time during that night did you hear some sort of a noise or crash?" Wilentz asked.

"Yes, I did," he replied.

The noise, Lindbergh said, sounded "like the top of—well, say, an orange box falling off a chair, which I assumed to be in the kitchen."

He paid little attention to the noise at the time, though he asked his wife what it was.

"Was it the sort of a noise that would come with the falling off a ladder?"

"Yes, it was, if the ladder was outside."

He told how his reading was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Gow, who asked in an excited voice if he had the baby. He hurried upstairs.

"And from the appearance of the room and from the appearance of the bed I realized that something had gone wrong," he said.

The condition of the bed, Lindbergh added, made him feel it was impossible for the baby to have got out himself. The bulging rise in the bed-clothing, caused by the child's body, still was noticeable. The covers still were pinned to the mattress.

First Ransom Note

The flier then told how he found the first ransom note, lying on the window sill in the southeast corner of the room. The window was closed.

The note, Lindbergh said, was in an envelope on top of the grating which forms the window sill, and through which heat comes from the radiator. The note asked that \$50,000 in bills be obtained and held ready for further instructions. It was read.


Called Attorney

He said that before he went out of the house he had called Col. Henry Breckenridge in New York, his personal friend and attorney. He had left instructions at the house to touch nothing in the nursery.

Police Chief Wolfe of Hopewell, arrived and they walked together round the side of the house. Chief Wolfe,

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the flier said, found the ladder.

"We found both footprints and the imprints of the end of the ladder approximately under the southeast window of the nursery," Col. Lindbergh said.

The footprints, he said, "were those of a man."

In answer to another question, Lindbergh said he received a second ransom note, addressed to the house in East Amwell Township, near Hopewell.

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