Good Evening, Everybodyl

It looked for a while as though there might be a compromise down in Washington in that big battle over drought relief--but that compromise seems to be all off now. President Hoover won't stand for it. He won't budge an inch.

Democrat and Republican leaders in the Senate got together and worked out a compromise agreement. According to which money would be put up to buy food for the drought sufferers, but it would be placed at the President's disposal. and would only be used if the Red Cross didn't have enough funds. to feed the hungry in the drought stricken sections. The Republican leaders thought the President ought to accept this proposal and put an end to the deadlock.

According to the New York Evening Post, he maintains that if government money is ready for the Red Cross to use, why then the public will not be so ready to hand over money to the Red Cross. The

1 President **\$ee**hs that if he compromised at all he would be backing down.

And so the deadlock is unbroken 4 and the fighting majority in the Senate, 5 consisting of Democrats and insurgent 6 Republicans, seem's to be determined to force an extra session. They will hey 8 refuse to put through bills which are necessary to run the government, unless the President backs down.

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And that drought, which is causing all the political trouble, seems to be stiff drying things up.

Down in Kentucky they're having a shortage of water. That shortage began a year ago, and was a blistering drought during last summer -- and still they haven't had enough rain. The Associated Press states that several Kentucky cities are feeling the mm pinch acutely.

Shelbyville has been on reduced rations since summer, and water is being hauled to the city in tank cars. At Richmond, the city reservoirs contain only 10,000,000 gallons of water, and they(re holding that in m reserve in case of fire. Water for ordinary consumption is being hauled in. Lexington has been forced to lay a six inch pipe line to the Kentucky River to get water.

What they need down there in Kentucky is rain, and plenty of it. In fact some follows say they wish it would rain for forty days - or for forty nights or forty hours might do.

One of the worst storms in recent years has just swept over Southern California, around Los Angeles. The rain poured down in sheets.

Families are marooned in their houses. Streams are raging torrents. The sea is pounding wildly, and the United Press reports that the tide is running unusually high. It's a storm, they say, that Southern California will remember.

matter is in the news again - or still in the news of 1 should say, The United Press today telegraphs a story which insists that Mussolini did run down a child. It has been told around that the story which General Smedley B. Butler originated with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. He's the young Vanderbilt who has figured in m various interesting episodes and is now a newspaper man. This is now confirmed by a letter which young Vanderbilt is said to have written a friend. In it Vanderbilt gives an account of the incident, but with this account is said to be somewhat different from the story General Butler told.

According to the letter attributed to Vanderbilt, Mussolini's car struck the child, but it was no case of hit and run. There were two official cars traveling together, and the child was cared for by the occupants of the second car. There is no mention of the phrase which General Butler attributed to Mussolini--that the welfare of the state was worth more than the life of any person.

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It is added that Vanderbilt told the story at a gathering at which General Butler was present -- and he told it under a seal of secrecy. That is what young Cornelius Vanderbilt is reported to explain.

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Yes, sir, I can sympathize with Mr. James Rahl. Well I should smile!

None of us would enjoy an argument with a heavy-weight champion of the world if the champion was feeling annoyed.

James Rahl, it seems, is going to bring suit for \$30,000 against Max Schmeling, the heavy-weight champ. Rahl is a process-server, and he handed a legal paper to Schmeling. He claims that Schmeling pitched him down a flight of stairs.

Rahl, according to his doctor. is suffering from a concussion of the brain, possible fracture of the skull, contusions of the elbow, contusions of the shoulder and water on the knee. Also woundedxxxx feelings.

The New York Sun adds the detail that Rahl's father is going to try to have Schmeling deported for tossing his son down those stairs.

Now comes a curious item. Enrico Caruso, Jr., Son of the Great Caruso, intends to become a tenor, like his father. The Associated Press informs us that he is studying singing in Los Angeles, and his teacher is Adolfo de la Huerta, Former Minister of Finance in the Mexican Government, who headed a revolution a few years ago that didn't get very far. De la Huerta the himself, before he became Minister of the Mexican Cabinet, was a singer.

A weird story comes from Chicago. George Witbrod, a crippled salesman, was found today, alive, in a rough wooden coffin which lay by the roadside.

And he told an almost incredible story. He said that hoodlums had beaten him and then taken him to a cemetery and hanged him to a cross. They took him down and put him into a box for a coffin, intending to bury him alive.

They tried to bury him in a half dug grave but they changed their minds, and tied the coffin, with the man inside, to the car and drove away. They started off at a fast clip and then cut the coffin loose, and it rolled into a ditch. There the man was found, weak from exhaustion, buises and terror.

The United Press tells us that Withrod explains the fantastic incident by saying that the hoodlums were playing a practical joke, although a sense of humor like that does seem to be almost beyond belief to most on the second s

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Did you hear a groan just then? 2 Well, I was groaning at the thought of all the repairs needed on my house.

I don't know how it is with you, but as for me I am one of those householders who are always finding something that needs to be done around the place -- a new roof, new gutters, new blinds, rooms that need reflooring stairs that creak and so on.

I have to groan every time I think of the amount of money I've spent in recent vears, on repairs to my house. But I've enjoyed it all just the same -- all except paying the bills.

Well, what I'm leading up to is this:

I've just encountered a marvelous mine of information on one of those most fascinating subjects known to man, the building and repairing and altering of houses. I found out a lot about the new materials and gadgets, and systems of construction and all the latest building wrinkles.

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I found this mine of information about building and altering houses in the new Literary Bigest, the one that will be out tomorrow.

After reading through this new building number of The Digest with all that information I couldn't help thinking about the weird and strange homes that I have seen in various parts of the world.

For instance in remote tropical 10 India I came across some primitive outcast 11 peoples, descendants of the Aboriginees of India, who still live in trees. 13

In wild Afghanistan our hosts lived in mud castles, each house a bristling fort 16 with thick walls, and a tall lookout tower, 17 from which the fierce Afghan snipes at his 18 nextdoor neighbor during a feud.

Among the most magnificent homes 19 20 I have ever seen are a group of building 21 that are unoccupied. just at present. They are in a dead city, a city in the 23 midst of the Indian desert. There hasn't 24 been anyone living there for over tour 25 hundred years, but the buildings as they

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stand now are exactly as they were when they were constructed. These homes are in the Red City of Fatiphur Sikhri.

This city was built by one of the magnificent Moguls, the Emperor Akhbar, the Great. Akhbar wanted to have a city that he could call all his own so he took several hundred thousand of his followers into the desert and built a city six miles square, surrounded with immense walls of red sandstone.

The palaces of the city are all of this same red sandstone and they are very exquisitely carved both within and without, than any other buildings in the Orient.

Akhbar and his courtiers left this city. No one knows exactly why. At any rate, there it stands in the midst of the desert, deserted, and on the road to nowhere, inhabited only by jackals and bats.

In an old monastery, way over in Bulgaria an aged man is doing penance. He prays incessantly and inflicts on himself the most rigorous punishment. He wants to be forgiven for the ruin of Russia. He is an old and venerable Russian archbishop, and the evil he did was to introduce the notorious monk Rasputin to the Czar.

The old archbishop thinks that the influence of Rasputin caused the downfall of the Czar and the triumph of the Bolsheviks. He believes that if he had never made the mistake of being deluded by Rasputin's pretended piety, and if he hadn't taken Rasputin to the Czar--that when Nicholas II would still be reigning in St. Petersburg.

And so the archbishop, a guest at the Bulgarian monastery, does penance. The New York Sun tells us he eats only break and water, barely enough to keep himself alive. He remains in solitary confinement in a cell without heat. He sleeps on a bare bed, and he has shackled

himself to it with a chain.

He thinks that if he punishes then perhaps himself severely enough he will be forgiven for the ruin of Russia.

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Today was a bit exciting down in
Havana. A big strike was on. Workers
all the way from Stevedores to linotype
operators dropped work as a protest
against the government and what they
regarded as the strong handed way President
Machado is running things.

As a result of the strike, none of
the Spanish language newspapers in Havana
appeared this morning. It was planned
that the strike should last for only one
day. The International News Service
informs us that representatives of the
labor unions are debating as to whether the
strike shall continue longer or not.

There is a promise of more trouble over in Xxxxx Spain. The leaders of the Spanish Socialist party have been holding secret meetings of late and they decided to make a determined effort to overthoow the government.

The Central Committee of the Spanish Socialist party has distributed a manifesto among socialists **x**** of all countries asserting that force is necessary.

According to the Associated Press those manifestos state that the socialist party in Spain will use every means possible including violence to overthrow the Spanish monarchy.

a few more sleepless mighta shead of him.

A giant seaplane blew up today off the coast of England. When Air maneuvers were being held, and people were lined along the white chalk cliffs of Plymouth, watching the airplanes wheel and dart in the sky.

Then came the explosion aboard a giant Royal Air Force seaplane, and it fell like a rock and plunged into the sea. Coast Guard booats immediately dashed to the rescue. A dozen men were aboard, and, according to the International News Service, 8 are missing and 4 were rescued.

Ho, Ho! Here's one that should make a hit with the married men. The new Digest that comes out tomorrow remarks that marriage brings a lot of change into a man's life -- and adds that it takes a lot of change out of it. The Digest Quotes that one from the Humorist. And then goes on with this line out of Punch: AN AUSTRIAN MUSICIAN HAS INVENTED A SAXOPHONE WHICH CAN BE PLAYED BY MACHINE. WORLD PEACE SEEMS FARTHER OFF THEN EVER.

Financial aftairs are discussed on the Topics in Brief

page of the new Digest in a smart saying from the Weston Leader:

A DONKEY DISCOVERED A MINE THAT HAS PAID \$43,000,000. And other

donkeys have put ten times as much into mines that have paid nothing.

Another one is about marriage. "A WEEK AFTER THEIR WEDDING THEY WERE THROWING CROCKERY AT EACH OTHER, said a landlady in court recently. It is not every couple that settles down to

married life so quickly."

The Digest takes that one from the Humorist, and continues with a political note from the Toledo Blade:

MMM MMM IT WILL BE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT A RED MOVEMENT IN THIS COUNTRY WHEN THE PARTICIPANTS HAVE AMERICAN NAMES.

And then there's a dig at the flappers. The Digest quotes the Publishers Syndicate as saying: YOU CAN'T INSULT A FLAPPER BY SAYING SHE HASN'T A THIMBLEFUL OF BRAINS. SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT A THIMBLE IS.

Grover Miller, of Red Line, Pennsylvania writes me a letter in which he remarks: "Every evening you say so long until tomorrow--but tomorrow never comes."

In other words, Grover tells me that I'm wrong--because when tomorrow gets here, it isn't tomorrow any longer. It's today. Well, that is a puzzler, all right, and it reminds me of an old Greek story.

A wise and clever fellow was proving to the great philosopher

Diogenes, I mean Diogenes who carried the lantern, that motion was impossible. He reeled off a lot of subtle paradoxes to show that it was really impossible for anything to move. Diogenes sat and listened, and then he proved that it was possible for something to move. He just got up and walked across the room! I've often thought the Greeks could have made that story better if Diogenes had proved the possibility of motion by crowning his friend with the historic lantern.

Well, if I must be a Diogenes tonight in order to prove to Grover that tomorrow does come, how about those bills that I'm going to get tomorrow?

Tomorrow will come, just as sure as shooting -- and so will those bills.

And thus I arrive at the conclusion that I am quite right in saying

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW!