Good Evening, Everybody:
might be on the doorstep.

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a bit of puzzlement until, as the International News

Service relates, an explanation came along that what seemed to be snow was really cat-tails, just the familiar old-fashioned cat-tails.

The Palisades across the Hudson are a favorite habitat for the genus cat-tail. These fuzzy stalks grow over there in profusion and a brisk west wind blew quantities of the cotton like fleece high and wide -- all the woy across the river. And that accounts for the fall of feathery white particles that looked like snow.

The returns on that British election which all
the world has been watching, indicate a tremendous victory for the present government. Prime Minister Ramsay McDonald and his cooperative cabinet of Conservatives and Liberals look like triumphant victors. The Labor party seems to have slumped heavily in the voting today. The Associated Press reports that even Arthur Henderson, leader of the Labor party, was defeated for the House of Commons.) The Evening News of London states that the present National Government will emerge with a total majority of two hundred and twenty-five out of the six hundred and fifteen Parliamentary seats contested. The Universal Service adds that the voters went to the polls in what is believed to be the greatest turnout in all British history.

The British voters went to the poles today with a lilting song ringing in the ir ears - that is, it rang in their ears whenever there were any conservative campaigners around. The conservative elements in favor of a tariff to keep out foreign goods and promote British manufactures, why, they pressed home their point with a snappy song. Here's how it goes:

This hat, it appears, was made in Algiers.
These shirts are a product of Greece. And these elegant shoes were made in Toulouse,
This jersey was knitted in Nice.
I've NO British tape; I've NO British crepe.
I've hardly one British-made gown.
Yes, the things we let in from the
Lett and the Finn
Will finish by letting us down.
The International News Service
24 explains that the ditty was written for Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader, by a London banker who seems to have a talent for song writing. Set any rate it was

President Hoover today made a statement on a subject that's been up for Presidential attention on and off for more than 30 years, and that subject is the Philippine $\mid s l a n d s$.

The Associated Press reminds us that the independence of the Far Eastern archipelago, at some time or other, either directly or indirectly has been promised by every President from the time the United States acquired the Phillipines until the present day.

Well, the matter was discussed at the max meeting of the $c a b i n e t$ in Washington today. And following that the President made the announcement that if the Islands were given the ir independence at once it would only mean disaster to the people out there. The K.P. A Philippines will have to wait until the present world crisis is over and until economic stability can be established for them. If they were cut. loose from the United States right now, why it would only mean that they would be involved in hard times, business troubles, and general economic chaos.

The Bountiful Lady called Prosperity seems to be favoring the city of Pittsburgh with a pleasant smile.

The Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph
 of the Homestead Steel Works opened up after having been shut down for some time. Hundreds of workmen have been called back on the job. Some have been idle as long as eighteen months.

The steel business has increased recently from three to ten per cent. We all know that Pittsburgh is the city of steel and when the big mills show better business, why, that means, that more 'Miss Prosperity is smiling on the smoky city.

Today before the LaFollette Senate Committee the Reverend Doctor John A. Ryan, a well-known economist, proposed a giant plan for unemployment relief. He thought that the United States government should raise 5 billion dollars by selling bonds and by taxation. That 5 billion dollars, thinks the Reverend Doctor Ryan, should be spent in an enormous program of public works -road building, the elimination of danger ous grade-crossings, flood control. and other needed public improvements.

But the most important point, as the International News Service comments, is that this huge plan which is proposed would do a tremendous lot to relieve the unemployment situation. It would provide jobs for thousands and thousands of men.

Well, the next session of Congress is approaching, and that wfllbe perfeason sessfon for all $k$ inds of projects for curtalifing the industrial malady of the country.

## DIGESI_SIAMPS_

It looks as if one of the commonest expressions of our daily life may be on its way $1 t^{\prime}$ 's one of those terms of speech that have become a part of our daily existence. I mean the familiar old expression TWO-CENT STAMP. Yes, 1 guess we've all heard those rumors that the price of postage may be raised, but let's look at some of the cold facts of the postal situation - 1 mean let's look at an article in this week's Literary Digest headed:"IS THE TWO-CENT STAMP DOOMED? ${ }^{1 \%}$

The Literary Digest reminds us that the biggest business organization in the world is in the red. That gigantic busness organization is the United States Postoffice.

Well, there's nothing new about that, declares the Literary Digest, quoting an article in the New York Times. The United States Postoffice Department has not paid its own way since about 1851, and its annual deficit in the last five years has been increasing so fast that now it is ber first. And there have been increases
on other kinds of foreign mail.
These increases do not seem to be enough. So the attack is now directed against the $2 \phi$ stamp.

The Literary Digest points out that there is some opposition to the proposal. There is, of course, a sentimental objectlion to eliminating the good old $2 \not \subset$ stamp from our lives. Another argument points out that the rates on first-class mail shouldn't be changed, because it isn't first-class mail that loses the money. The letter sent with a $2 \phi$ stamp pays its way. It's on second-class and other categories of mail that the big mail-man in Washington piles up his huge deficit.
definitely
It was announced today that West Point is not going to call off its football schedule for the rest of the year. Right after the unfortunate accident which resulted in the death of Richard B. Sheridan, the report was that 25- ares the Army might not play out its football schedule. This, however, rest the kited Treas, was international News services was officially contradicted today. The Army will play the remainder of its games.

I received a telephone call hay from a man who tells me 1 was wrong in one detail in the account 1 gave last night of the accident at the Yale-Army game. He is Arnold M. Lehman, ho hes a football player and a ref free and coach. $\mathbb{H} \mathrm{He}$ declares that nobody fell on top of Cadet Sher idan. ${ }^{\text {He }}$ explains that he was sitting in the second row of seats at the 15 -yard line, and was watching the play closely. He saw Cadet Sheridan try to

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tackle the Yale ball-carrier. The Army player went into the Yale man head first and struck him not with $h$ is shoulder but with his head. The Yale man was checked for an instant, but then went on and was tackled and brought down immediately afterward.

Mr. Lehman said he noticed Cadet Sheridan particularly because it seemed that he had been badly hurt. He is quite sure that nobody was near the cadet as he fell to the ground. It was a wide-open field play, and there was no chance for any piling up.

Sparta witters seem to be a bit confrued about thin. They had their eyes on the man with the ball.

The Tall Story Club this evening takes the opportunity to salute our great sister commonwealth, the Dominion of Canada. The truth-telling brothers desire to present to a waiting world an example of the Great Canadian Whopper.

It comes from Talbot Holland of Rhode Island, who heard it from an uncle of his who was a timber estimator for a large Canadian paper company.
"One day," writes Mr. Holland, "my uncle put in at a logging camp on the Touladi River, in Canada. While there he overheard a boast by a French-Canadian woodchopper named Joe. Joe bragged that he could chop down six hundred trees between sunrise and sunset. My uncle felt that such an extravagant boast should not go unchallenged. So a bet was posted.
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"Early the next morning the entire camp
assembled, and as the first rosy
$\qquad$
flush spread over the forest and steeped the distant hills in crimson, Joe, the mighty French-Canadian woodchopper, grasped $h$ is axe and stood at attention.
"'Crack!' sounded the starting gun as the sun peeped over the hill, and away went Joe in a shower of chips. Pausing only long enough to bolt down a few sides of bacon and gulp down a few gallons of coffee, Joe kept at his killing pace, accompanied by the crashing and booming of mighty monarchs as they yielded to the force of his Nor did Joe pause for an instant until the gun announced that Old Sol had dipped below the western horizon.
"A committee was then appointed to make the official count. After a time a report was made. 'How Many?! queried Joe.
"'Five hundred and ninety-five,' was the report.
"'Sacre blu,' exclaimed Joe. 'My reputation, she is gone. You have made
mistake.'
"'No,' said the committee chairman,
'count them yourself.'
"'Come,' said my Uncle to Joe,
'we will check and double-check.'
"So Uncle and Joe went back to the starting point, and started to count.
"'Number one,' said Uncle. 'But
what is this in the stump?!
"'Sacre blew,' cried Joe, 'it is the head of my axe! No wonder I have chop only 595 trees. I have lose zee head of re axe in zee first tree. I have chop wiz zee axe-handle. Kat is why l lose re bet. Sacre blu!'" THLSo, chopped dow r 594 trees with an axe-handle. T an of the Great Canadian Whopper. -1, MeH!
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${ }^{\text {the suggestion was made to me }}$ that l ought to explain how the book ＂Tall stories＂may be had．Well，that hila ions volume，dedicated to the glorification of the Great American Whopper is on sale at bookstoreverywhore． All you have to do is to walk in and ask the bookseller for it．

The tall－story book may also be had from the publishers－－that is，from the publishers of the Literary Digest， Funk \＆Wagnalls．Just write in and give your order．

## Under -

Down in the southern continent of Australia, in the city of Sydney, court was in session. the judge was on the bench in all his dignity. A learned array of lawyers was there. The court room was crowded, because it was a sensational case. A man was suing his uncle for alienation of affections. He claimed that his uncle stole his wife's love.

Yes, that kind of law suit attracts a lot of attention anywhere in the world. And it was one of the local sensations in Australia.

The testimony was about to begin when the defendant, the love pirate uncle, arose and pointed at the jury. "Look", he shouted. "Look." And that was when the judge's eyes grew wide. He gasped and his dignified British judicial wig nearly fell off his head. Consernation reigned in the courtroom - because there among the jurymen, ready to try the case, was the plaintiff. Yes, he was sitting

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on the jury that was to give a decision in his own lawsuit.

There had been a slight mix-up when the jury
had been selected. The name of the plaintiff had accidentally been included among those of the jurors called to serve. And that chap didn't seem to mind it at all. He went right through the proceedings, ready to render a decision -presumably in favor of himself. And the slip wasn't noticed until the jury filed in and the love pirate uncle saw his nephew, big and bold, among the twelve men good and true. Whereupon the nephew did the Australian crawl out of the jury box -- just as I am doing an American crawl away from this mike --

