Here's one to mark down in our scrap-book of curious happenings:-

The widow of a motion picture theater magnate was at a dance in a New York Hotel. She is Mrs. Jules Mastbaum, and she wore a bracelet studded with 300 diamonds, an expensive bauble worth $\$ 16,000$. When the festivities were over she missed her bracelet. It had vanished, los $t$ or stolen.

The International News Service continued the story by relating that on that same $n$ iq ht a Philadelphia girl attended a theater on Broadway. Suddenly she felt something drop in her lap. A man on his way out seemingly had tossed that glittering something into her lap. And it was a magnificent bracelet studded wit $h$ diamonds.

On her return to Philadelphia, the girl told her father. He made inquiries of the police in New York am found that the bracelet was the very same one that had been lost by the wealthy widow in New York. And now the Police are trying to figure out the how and the why of
this strange sequence of events.

We have been hearing the loud controversy about the dangers of football. On one side the great intercollegiate sport $x$ x has been denounced as nothing short of manaloughter and on the other is the opinion that football is a rough, --a man's sport, and that the vigor and bodily training it provides are worth the price.

Between the se two extremes sensible people are pointing to the sad and undeniable fact that the football $\alpha$ casualties this year are between thirty five and forty and they are demanding that something be done, the rules amended, at any rate something to decrease the danger. And no doubt there will be a serious effort on the part of the minds that govern the game to change the style of play, and make it less hazardous.

This brings me to a calm and reasoned article in Literary Digest, --an art outer which containing a set

EOOIBALL_ニ_迆
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of figures which exaxyxadx every lover of football will do well to scan.

The Digest takes a backward look into those old days of the bone-crushing mass formation and the pulverizing flying wedges. This type of play passed into the limbo of history because it was though ht too dangerous.

But take this piece of football philosophy which the Literary Digest quotes from Damon Runyan in the New York Amer ican. "Way back yon der" "xx, "in the days when football was considered a very deadly game indeed a couple of deaths a season had editorial writers taking pens in hand. Four or five fatalities would have had Congress passing laws. Today 25 casualties get no more than a brief mention in the public prints." That the way Damon Rung on puts it.

This year, how ever, there's pLenty mon
a loud hullabaloo. ks

Well, how do football fatalities this compare with former years, since the abolition of the old $x$ watarak

EOOLBALL_=_華 bone-crushing days.

That's where that series of figures in the new Literary Digest comes in. We are given the number of foot ball casualties for the past twenty-five ye ars as listed in the New York Evening Post. I will sax just summarize one point. The smallest number of casualties was in 1926 when nine players were the victims of grid-iron injuries. The highest number until this year was twenty, in each of two seasons.

Well, well hear plenty more about this. And those who are interested in the grid-iron game will appreciate that article in this week's Literary Digest as a background for all the arguments that are going the rounds.

DAVY

And now let's go along to what the Associated Press calls "the boldest declaration yet issued from an official Navy source."

The declarer of the bold declaration is Rear Admiral Upham, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and one of the most highly placed of all the Admirals of the American fleet.

Admiral Upham makes an attack on President Hoover's naval policy. He declares that the economy plans emanating from the White House constitute "a serious impairment of the strength. of the Navy as an arm of the national defense.

The Admiral argues that if we save money now by cutting down our fighting forces on the seas, why it will only mean that later on when an emergency comes, we will have to spend far more than we have saved.

Now let's summon a picture of Mr. American citizen $\boldsymbol{x}_{\boldsymbol{*}}$ digging down in his pocket. From the expression on his face, he doesn't enjoy the operation, but at the same time he knows he's got . to bear it, so he grind, whey, and gee nos $\begin{gathered}\text { of } \quad \text { money } \\ \text { The }\end{gathered}$ meaning of this picture is taxation. (President Hoover presented to Congress today a proposal to raise taxes all up and down the line. The government is facing an estimated deficit of over two billion one hundred million dollars. And the President wants to wipe out three hundred and ninety million dollars of this deficit by increase taxation. plan, worked out by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, calls first of all for a boost in the income tax. The ideal is to bey with incomes -of as large 28 throe thousand a your on which at present no taxes are

CONGRESS - 2
seven hundred thousand pe ople, who Wx*xaxis do not pay inc om tax now, will have to tor the panty share to the government.
(People with a four thousand dollar a year income, who now pay one dollar and thirteen cents, will have to fork over sixteen dollars and fifty cents. The new increased tax rate will range from two per cent. at the bottom, to a forty per cent, tax on incomes of over five hundred thousand dollars a year. The Aosolated Press acts that corporation income taxes x are to bo inoroasod from twelve to twelve and a half pop addie the Cosec. Presa,

Then, there will be taxes on tobacco, a stamp tax of two cents on bank checks, a tax on theatre tickets, another on automobiles. There are to be taxes on telephone, cable, and radio messages that cost as much as fourteen cents. The word tax is the general theme song of the whole revenue raising project.

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The United Press summarizes the situation this way:

The administration tax program would affect every person who smokes cigarets, writes check, attends a or other theatre, makes a call costing more than 14 cents, or buys an automobile, radio or phonograph.

Almost every single person earning more than $\$ 20$ a week and every married person earning more than $\$ 50$ a week would pay income tax.

Well, this new budget is something for the members of congress to ponder of.

The International News
Service reports that the themograts are already xx\&xxixgxxxxx finding: tow tor ns to balance, they dislike the idea of a sales tax, with the government collecting on articles sold across the counter in stores. $\mathrm{al}_{9}$ the idea of taxing smaller incomes is twxaux sure to provoke a


The Progressive Republicans believe that the
government should hit the big incomes and let the little fellows alone.

The newspapers are analyzing the situation keenly. For details about the new program of taxation, you'll find it explained in your favorite evening paper right now, or in your morning paper tomorrow. The papers are all telling just what it means to each individual. One thing is sure, we are going to have increased
taxes. We'll have to grin and bear it.

But now let's go on to a story that's a real lesson
in how to bear the ills of life.

Day after day we have stories of new records
that are being made, records of speed, strength, endurance, and what not.

Well, we now have a man claiming a record, an odd record, but he claims it as cheerily and joyously as if he had flown faster than Frank Hawks, or run faster than Charley Paddock. He gaily tells the whole world that he has established an endurance record for lying paralyzed in bed with a broken back.

Twenty years ago Tom Shinners of Jersey City, was a strapping young fellow of twenty-nine. He was six feet tall and as strong as a lion. He was a great fellow for iceskating and also for long distance swimming. By trade he was an iron worker. You know, those fellows that make you dizzy by the way they work way up there on beams hundreds of feet above the level of the street. He had an young Irish wife and a little girl.

Well, one day the boom of a 2 derrick snapped, and the heavy weight 3 fell on top of the young iron worker.

23 He has a portable typewriter beside his bed and pecks away at it with one finger. It broke his arms, his legs, his fingers, his toes, and his back. He was taken to the hospital, a pitiful wreck, and the doctors said he had only a few hours to live. Twenty years have passed and Tom Shinners is in that same hospital, st. Wary's $\mathbb{Z}$ The worst trouble a man has to face in a situation like that is not the mere physical. It's the black, murderous despair that engulfs him. And that's where Tom Shinners has performed a real miracle. He has made himself an apostle of happiness. He says he's a business man now, and it's his trade to bring cheer to people who need it.

He has educated himself. The He writes letters to people whom he thinks
need cheer and comfort. He turns out letters at the rate of three thousand a year, and receives more than five thousand in return.

They say that Tom is a great fellow for jokes, and a chief source of quips and whimsies is his own physical condition. "I cant sit up", he laughs, "I haven't wiggled a toe in twenty years. But if you put a twenty dollar bill on the other side of the room, lId probably go after it faster than Ty Cobb sliding into second base."

Such is the man who claims to have lived longer with a broken back, than any other human being alive. They call him a monument of cheerfulness.

And now let's get back to politics.

It appears that in Washington there's a boss presiding over the House of Representatives. That boss is John N. Garner of Texas, the new speaker. But it seems to be a case not of a political boss, but of a domestic one. At least so says Mrs. Garner.

Mrs. Garner was her husband's secretary years ago, and still is.

Says Mrs. Garner "Every now and then my husband tries to make out that I'm the boss, but when a man tries to do that, you know he's the boss."

Oh yes, and here's a brevity about the only lady
member in the Senate, which the International News Service sends along. She's the widow of Senator Caraway of Arkansas named to take her husband's place.

She was asked whether she wanted to be called Senator or

Mrs. Caroway.
"Just call me Mrs. Caroway, she replied, "I don't want any better name."

Well, it looks like curtains for Bossy Gillis. They say that tonight the bad boy of Newburyport, Massachusetts, has disappeared. Presumably he has ducked away somewhere in disgust. For Bossy Gillis, the political wonder of Newburyport, has sustained a severe political defeat.

On and off the people of
this broad country have been apprized of the oddities and singularities of Newburyport's political
Gillis was just a lively young chap attached to an automobile filling station. A few years ago he ran for Mayor, and to the aston ishment of everybody, was elected. And the next time election day came around the voters put him into the Mayor's office once more. But now he has run for a third term, and has been beaten by the large majority of 1123 votes. That's a large majority for Newburyport. When the election return ${ }^{5}$ came
Bossy was profoundly dejected.

## NEWBURYPORT - 2

He just issued a statement. He said: "I'm going to watch the coming administration, and if anything isn't going exactly right, I'm going to get my gang together and I'm going max to see about it."

With these brief and going words Bossy himself got going and disappeared.

The Associated Press adds the detail that he didn't
even wait to get out an edition of his weekly newspaper, which is called Asbestos. So that isn't going, and -SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

