GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY: Well -

The Portuguese government has and announced that the rebellion in the Madeira Islands is at an end. The International News Service cables the report that the rebels in the city of Funchal base surrenderedtoday.

Covered by a bombardment from warships and by bombing raids from the air, the government troops drew a material net around the city and drove the rebels back into Funchal. broke the courage of the minsurgents, and they surrendered.

The news of the victory was given out by the president of Portugal, who congratulated everybody concerned. The president is in kind of a tight place himself. He and his ministers are conducting the affairs of government in a fortress surrounded by barbwire and bristling machine guns. They may be victorious in the farm off islands of Madeira, but they figure they need all the protection they can get right at home in Lisbon.

The Associated Press reports that, after the May Day disorders of yesterday, the city is in a state of ominous quiet. There are constant threats of revolution, and yesterday the riots were so bad that the president and his cabinet moved into the fort, behind all the barbwire and machine guns. Apparently they're going to stay there a while, until things quiet down a bit.

And now an age old problem has been solved. There are no more landlords in Ireland--at least not many.

For centuries the old land of Erin was torn and distracted by the landlord problem. The English took the tand fellow away from the Irish and held as landlords, usually absentee landlords who described in England and left overseers to collect the rents from the Irish tenants. There was endless hatred and agitation and violence. The Irish were bitter because they didn't own the tand that had been their fathers, but had to pay rents to foreign landlords.

Well, as time went on the old evils were softened and rectified to some extent. There were progressive movements which restored some of the land to the Irish peasants. This has been going on for some time. And now, according to a wireless to the New York Times, the final step has been taken.

Today 70,000 Irish tenant farmers

became absolute owners of the land they cultivate. The Cosgrave government has put a bill through the Dail which appropriates \$50,000,000 to pay off the landlords and give the peasants and farmers a free and clear title.

And this move is said to make a final mend to the landlord problem of Ireland. It makes that problem just another page of history. And thousands of people of Irish birth and descent throughout this country will raise a cheer upon learning of the final passing of the old evil which made their fathers so my sad and bitter.

I have an apt line for this next dispatch. It's about baldheaded men.

Tex O'Reilly, the famous old soldier of fortune, was in my office this afternoon. And when he heard about that baldheaded topic, he said:--

"YOU REMEMBER THE WITTY OLD LINE
OF BILL NYE'S? BILL NYE HAD A BALD
HEAD, AND HE USED TO EXPLAIN IT THIS
WAYN. SAID BILL; 'ONCE MY LOCKS WERE
LONG AND FLOWING, BUT NOW THEY' HAVE
FLED.'"

Yes, and over in Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun, the flowing locks have fled from a lot of highly polished bald heads. And those bald heads have formed an association, a society.

According to the Associated Press, business men in Japan who have money in their pockets and no hair on their heads, have amalgamated to form an organization to promote the business interests of baldheaded men. They have combined for their mutual benefit. They'll help each other commercially.

They intend to make the shiny-pated fellows the rulers of the land. And I suppose their slogan is -- the head that does the thinking if the head without the hair.

The leading spirit of the new society is Count Hideo Kodama, the Civil Governor of Korea. He's said to have the shiniest bald head in Japan. The Chief of Police of Tokyo runs him a close second. I suppose the Civil Governor of Korea has five hairs left, and the Chief of Police of Tokyo has six.

Anyway, the Chief of Police is not only baldheaded,
he's musical also. He has composed a national anthem for the
shiny-pated fellows. The composition is called -- The Bald Head
Warch.

At any rate, long may they shine.

press bulletins flashed out the news tonight of the passing of one of the greatest financiers of all time. Geo. F. Baker, died in his New York mansion, at the age of 91. He was striken with pneumonia on Thursday of this week. Mr. Baker was a great banker - one of America's financial giants. According

to the I.N.S. he leaves a fortune said to run into the hundreds of millions. He was also a great philanthropist - but what he did he did quietly and unostentatiously without the world hearing much about it.

There is nothing new about this next item -- nothing new except that it seems they are going to do something.

There has been a good deal of talk about establishing a line of landing fields on the ocean between here and Europe. The word now is that the project has reached the practical stage.

In this week's Literary Digest you will see a striking picture of one of those floating landing fields for airplanes, one of those synthetic islands. The picture is made from a model.

The Digest articles gives a comprehensive view of the whole large scheme of making trans-oceanic flying an every-day commonplace. The plan rather bewilders one with its magnitude. Louie Sherwin, the roving reporter of the New York Evening Post, interviewed Edward * Armstrong, the man who will build the synthetic island, and got a comprehensive account of the airports

that are to be strung across the ocean. And the Literary

Digest passes the facts on for the benefit of its readers.

The important point brought out by that Digest article is

that the synthetic island scheme is to be put through in a

real way. Planes, we are told, will be flying from one mid
ocean airport to another in about three years. The plan is

said to be well financed, - backed with plenty of money put up

by big industrial leaders of this country.

And that's always the steam that makes the locomotive go, or the hay that speeds up the horse -- I mean the money, the old Mazuma.

Anyhow its an article that makes one's imagination leap rather wildly. Yes, those who live for another decade or two will see some startling changes - and maybe soon we'll be hopping oceans from one synthetic island to another.

An important inter-collegiate boat race took place this afternoon between Yale, Penn., and Columbia for what is known as the Blackwell Cup. The race took place in the Harlem River,

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right in New York City. Columbia came in first, Yale second and Penn. third.

There also were three minor races and Yale all three.

It was announced today that the government at Washington has not changed its attitude on the subject of foreign debts. The New York Evening Post states that President Hoover's administration has made it clear that there will be no change in the debt situation. Foreign countries wise owe the United States money will be expected to pay.

The reason for the statement at this particular time is that next week the International Chamber of Commerce meets at Washington. It consists of business leaders all over the world. The United States will be represented by the American Chamber of Commerce, headed by Silas H. Strawn, of Chicago, Headed by Silas H. Strawn, of Chicago, Headed by Commerce and Chamber of Commerce, headed by Chicago, Headed by Chic

It is expected that the discussions at the meetings of the International Chamber of Commerce will take up the question of international debts. And the representatives of foreign countries

will talk mover their ideas about what the United States should do. These ideas are, of course, that we should cancel the war debts.

And so the administration at Washington wants to make it clear in advance that it will take the same old stand about the money coming to us, and that it won't be of any use to start any agitation to the contrary.

Mr. Strawn, as the head of the American Chamber of Commerce delegation, admits that the subject of war debts may very likely come up, and that foreign representatives may speak their minds on the subject. He adds the assurance, however, that the American viewpoint will be fully stated and defended by him and his fellow American delegates.

Bryan Untiedt, the lad from
22 Bryan Untiedt, the lad from
23 Lamar, Colo., left for home tonight. as
24 Le stood on the platform of the train in the
25 Wash. station he said: "See, It's as hard to
25 leave here as it was to leave home. It sure
26 leave here as it was to leave home. It sure
27 doesn't take long to get acquainted with
38 doesn't take long to get acquainted with
36 doesn't take long to get acquainted with

A flavor of old-time frontier days comes in a telegram from Otto Kulcher, editor of HUNTER, TRADER AND TRAPPER. Otto tells me that the old days have not disappeared entirely in this speedy, modern, rushing country of ours. Take fur trapping, for instance. That does seem to belong back in the eld years of Daniel Boone. Otto tells me that \$1000 fur-trapping prize was awarded today. Alababa It was given to the man who had trapped the finest fur in the United States for the past year.

Louis D. Powers of Asheville,
North Carolina, was the lucky winner.
He trapped a marvelous North Carolina
racoon. Thousands of pelts were
entered in the contest, but the pelt
of that North Carolina coon won the
prize.

One modernistic note is that the ladies are going in for fur trapping. Last year's prize winner was Miss Julia Magee. She trapped a notable

muskrat. The pelt didn't win the first prize but was high in the as a runners-up. Miss Magee is an industrious trapper. She caught 22,000 fur bearing animals during the past year. and that sounds like a typographical error in the telegram.

When I received that telegram work
this afternoon, the subject of fur
trapping put me in a mood of old
frontier days, of hunting and fishing
and of telling tall stories. So I
went browsing into the archives of
the Tall Story Club and picked out a
real good old-fashioned whopper.

It comes from a venerable member of the truthful brotherhood who lives at Tryon, North Carolina. And it goes on to say that back in old Kentucky in the days of the muzzle-loading rifle, length about six feet, a frontiersman was looking for deer. He stalked a noble buck and was in excellent position for a shot when he heard a "gobble gobble" overhead. It was a magnificent wild turkey on the branch of the tree above

him. He wanted both, but he knew if he shot the turkey, the deer would get away; and if he shot the deer, the turkey would get away.

This was a dilemma with which only the great American prowess of an old-time Kentucky frontiersman could cope. He dropped two bullets into the barrel of his gigantic muzzle-loader.

Aiming at the turkey overhead, he pulled the trigger, And then/swung his rifle down so swiftly for a bead on the deer that, firing only one shot, the first bullet killed the turkey and the second bullet killed the deer.

Iteaden pellet had passed clear through the animal and had penetrated a sweet gum tree and honey was cozing in out of the hole in the tree. As the frontiersman looked for the entrance to the bee hive, he stepped on a rabbit. He picked up the rabbit, intending to strike its head against a sapling and kill it. But the rabbit slipped from his hands and

flew skyward and hit a covey of quail. That brought down a dozen quail.

Well, the old frontiersman was so astonished that he fell over backwards. He landed in a creek, and when he crawled out his boots were full of fish.

Thus endeth the reading of the minutes of the Tall Story Club for tonight.

Any more news? Well --

In the bleak lands of the north busy activities are going on. Rescuers have mobilized by land, sea, and air to go to the aid of that young English millionaire who is marooned on the frozen desert of the great Greenland ice cap.

You may recall that he is Augustine Courtauld, who has been studying the weather at a meteorological station in the middle of Greenland. A few days ago a rumor came through that a wireless had been received from him, calling for help and stating that he was without food.

According to the Associated Press, Captain Ahrenberg, the Swedish airman who is flying to the rescue landed in Greene land today. He flew there from Norway via Iceland. He has already flown out over the vast Greenland ice field in search of the marconed explorer. But bad weather forced him back to the coast. A patrol boat has reached the Greenland ice barrier also and has unloaded another airplane. And this machine made a flight today. Also two sets of dog teams are said to be mushing across the frozen Greenland wastes.

It looks like a big and well concerted campaign to rescue the man who is isolated there on that tremendous frozen white plateau which covers the vast island continent of Greenland.

Yes, Mubedjel Hanem, you'll have to get fat. No straight-line boyishform figure for you".

Well, those, beautiful words, Mubedjel Hanem, mean Miss Turkey, who is to represent the Turkish Republic in an international beauty contest.

She was selected according to the old Turkish ideas of beauty. You know, that the terrible Turk likes them fat. Abdul thinks they ought to have a pleasing and pronounced plumpness. It's an old Oriental custom. It's the old standard of beauty that has come down from the times of the Prophet Mohammed, who had many writes and many hand maidene.

Mubedjel Hanem was selected in the neighborhood of old Stambul to represent Turkey, at the beauty competition.

And, naturally, they didn't select anybody skinny. And so Miss Turkey appeared in France, and the Parisian beauty experts gasped when they saw her. She was large. She had many curves. She had no angles at all.

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According to the United Press, the gasps of the French beauty experts caused Mubedjel Hanem to get an idea. Somebody told her about reducing, about the Hollywood diet.

At first, which Mubediel Hanem couldn't understand why anybody should want to get thin. But midme she heard the beauty experts gasp a few times more, and then she started to reduce. And she succeeded. She lost 24 pounds in no time at all. Her elbows were beginning to show.

But Mubedjel Hanem lost not only the 24 pounds, she lost her health also. Her lungs were affected. The doctors have told her to get busy and put those 24 pounds right back on, They told her to eat candy, and ice cream, and potatoes, and cake, and all the other things that people like. And that's what Miss Turkey is doing.

The beauty specialists are giving a few more gasps. But when Mubedjel Hanem gets back to old Stambul, old

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Abdul will stroke his beard and say:-"Bismillah! Allah is great and
merciful. His creation is wonderful.
Praise be to Allah, who has blessed
the true believers with a pearl worthy
of a sultan's harem!"

Well, Mubedjel Hanem's pleasing roundness seems to round off the news of the day. In fact, it's so pleasingly round that it rounds off the news of the week. So, so long until Monday.