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Good Evening, Everybody:-
Here's an old, old story, a favorite theme for sentimental and high-flown romance -- a Prince of ancient noble family and an American heiress. But 1 see mention here of what seems to be a most unseemly name. The name is Ellis Island. We are told that some people are trying to have the Prince held, detained, or otherwise kept, in captivity at Ellis Island.

The nobleman is Prince Geronimo Rospigliosi, member of one of the most ancient houses of Italy, a family that has been famous for centuries.

The heiress is the former Marian Snowden, of Minneapolis. Bride and bridegroom are on shipboard now, coming to the United States, and it's the bride's family that wants the Princely bridegroom held at Ellis Island. They want the government to refuse him entrance to the country.

The United Press tells the romantic tale of a secret wedding in November. It was an elopement. Marian Snowden was in

1 Italy. Prince Rospigliosi courted her. ${ }^{2}$ Her family was bitterly opposed. They say that the girl escaped from her relatives and was taken away by the Prince. The young couple was married in a small village where the local chapel a part of the estates of the Rospigliosi family. But the wealthy Snowdens of 9 Minneapolis not reconciled. And now while the young couple are on their way to the United States efforts are being made to have Prince Rospigliosi held at Ellis Island. The reason as given concerns money, that familiar root of all evil. There is mention that the American girl is now an Italian subject, and that according to Italian I aw a woman is responsible for her husband's debts. And there is mention of debts amounting to half-a-million dollars. Into the story enter the executors who are in charge of the Snowden estate, and the bank that holds the Princess' share of the large inheritance.

These financial details may or may
not be true, but anyway the discordant name of Ellis Island enters into the romance of the Prince of ancient family and the American heiress.
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A man was arrested at Bayshore, Long Island, today, and he said he was on his way to Heaven.

The arrest was made in connection with the killing of Mrs. Agnes IIsley and her maid, who were found beaten to death five days ago at Middleburg,
8 Virginia. A negro chauffeur named George - Crawford is suspected, and is being sought by the police. The man arrested today is a negro who answers the description of the chauffeur.

The New York Sun relates how he was hitch-hiking his way along, picking up rides in automobiles, when the police picked him up, and he told them he was on his way to Heaven.

What he meant by Heaven was the home of a local prophet in Sayville, ${ }^{2}$. This ${ }^{20}$ prophet is called the Negro Messiah, and he is said to be the leader of a large group whose wild and woolly religious activities have been threatening to cause trouble.

In any event, that IIsley murder

NEGRO - 2
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case takes a curious turn with the entrance of a strange cult, and the place called Heaven, and the prophet who bears the exalted $n$ mme of the Negro Messiah.

President Hoover announced today that Ambassador Charles $G$. Dawes will be the head of the 2-billion-dollar reconstruction finance corporation. The Associated Press adds that Ambassador Dawes will retire as head of the American delegation to the Geneva Arms Conference. Secretary-of-State Stimson will
represent Uncle Sam at the big disarmament pow-wow. This is the most important news from Washington today, in addition to which come tidings that the Senate has appropriated 15,000 dollars to finance an investigation into the state of affairs in Hawaii. The Department of Justice will do the investigating, and try to find out what's at the bottom of the trouble in the Paradise of the Pacific.

Senator Borah introduced a bill in the Senate today, the purpose of which is to cut all government salaries are 5,000 dollars a year. The Associated Press quotes the Senator as estimating that the cut would save the taxpayers more than 200 million dollars a year.

In Paris today Premier Laval told the Chamber of Deputies authoritatively that France will not consent to the cancellation of German reparations. That is, France won't consent to a reduction of reparations unless her own creditors will consent to take less money too, and that means the United States for one. uncles What France means to say is that if uncles am 'ont out the debt that France owes us, France won't cut the debt that Germany owes her.

The Associated Press adds that the President of the Chamber of Deputies made the same sort of declaration.

Now comes a riot staged by followers of Mahatma Gandhi. But I电 happened in Tokio. That's right - not Bombay 4 or Calcutta in Tokio.

It appears that a number of
6 natives of India live in the Japanese
${ }_{7}$ capital, and many of them are enthusiastic
8 over the ideas of the Mahatma. They
9 tried to pay a visit to the British Embassy in the Japanese capital, and have a talk with the British ambassador. When they were refused admission, they proceeded to stage a I ively riot. They
smashed the windows of the Embassy. Aud then, cables the Associated Press, they forced their way into the building.

There was a lively rumpus
18 until the Japanese police restored order, 19 and took four of the disturbers away to jail.

Let's take an informal excursion -- no, not to Africa, Asia, or the South Seas. Our adventurous jaunt is stranger than that. Let's take an informal excursion into the era of the 2 -hour working day. That's the way this week's Literary Digest describes it. It's also the way Doctor C. C. Furnas of Yale describes it.

Han wait a minute, let's get this clear. because the learned Yale Professor is right here beside me, and I might offend his logical faculties.

The Literary Digest tells us of a rather startling new book called "America's Tomorrow." It is by Doctor Furnas. The author describes really adventurous volume as an informal excursion into the era of the 2-hour working day.

Now we've got it straight. Isn't that so, Doctor Furnas? Yes, that'sight, folks, for 1 see the erudite Doctor smiling and nodding his academic approval.

## DIGEST - 2

The Literary Digest goes on to tell us something about "America's Tomorrow." I mean, it tells us about the book, and also about the tomorrow that America is going to have. I must keep these things straight, or the Doctor is liable to give me an academic frown.

Let's take the question: Where is the Machine Age leading us? Well, Doctor Furnas gazes into the future with a prophetic eye and gives us an answer. He isn't against machines -- he's for them. He thinks the Machine Age is going to bring us to a better and happier condition of life. There will be many problems, he admits, difficult problems, and he shows them to us. But in the end Mankind, with constantly increasing machines, will arrive at what is mighty near the millenium -- the 2-hour working day.


I wish l could explain these matters the way Doctor Furnas does. You know what a delight it is to come across those deep scientific things that ordinarily

## DIGEST - 3

scare us find them written in a way that carries you along with plenty of human simplicity and lots of humor. In fact, Doctor Furnas' book has a unique way of telling the story, and I wonder how he happened to hit upon it. I suppose in the middle of his scientific researches he found some way to -- but wait a minute, what's the use of my getting all wound up and trying to figure it out. Here's the genial scientist himself. Why shoulan't he explain ti f Come on, Doctor, give a fellow a hand. Tell us how you came to write your book "Amer ica's Tomorrow," in that lively and informal way.

## I amprather lazy by temperament

 so 1 wrote ${ }_{\text {a }}$ in the easiest way possible that is, informally. I pretended all the time that some of my friends were sitting across the table from me and that we were talking about the debatable point in our present social system. I $\ddot{A}$ fact one of my best friends, my wife, often was the re to contribute worth-while feat cures of the work and to keep the pencil sharpened. A great many of the items actually are rewritten conversations with working-men, with bridge partners, and, with professors with and without beards. These conversations spoiled a good many pool games. caused my friends to miss punting the eighth ball in the corner pocket and have even caused us more than once to order a second drink--of coffee.

Not long ago $I$ went to a lecture advertised as learned. I thought it would do me good. I hadn't been there five minutes before 1 wished that 1 were absent. The well-fed spell-binder
certainly did lay down the law to us scientists and engineers. We were told in no uncertain terms that machines were driving the world to the dogs and that we engineers were responsible. After three hours of that, I began to believe that he must be right, and 1 came out with my collar loose and so convinced of the depravity of my calling that 1 decided to ditch the whole engineering profession and buy myself a spinning wheel, or take up basket weaving or some other form of household art.

But just as 1 was leaving, I saw the esteemed lecturer $r i d e$ away in the finest taxi-cab in town! The old hypocrite!!! I suppose he thought that taxi-cab was like an ox-cart, with hand labor.

Well, anyway, 1 immediately recovered my self-esteem, and decided to put off my basket-weaving for a while.

Did you ever stop to realize how much of your existence really depends on the
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machine. If our machine age is a crime then every one of you is a criminal for you are listening to me with a device which science and the machine has given us.

We are going to solve our troubles by having more machines, not fewer. I am not exaggerate ing when 1 say that in the future most of the drudgery of the world will be done by two or three hours of work per day, per person (this does not include college professors). And the standard of living will be higher than at present.

I forgot myself. I thought I was starting on a two hour lecture and I had some other things 1 wanted to say about the problems of leisure. But 1 see that Mr. Thomas is giving me one of those "Time-Up" frowns.

But, just remember the great fundamental principle that man would rather ride than walk. I have bits of news here from various parts of the country, and they're all about the same sort of thing automobile shows.

This is the open season for those

Manager bringing loud cheers from Ralph Ebbert. Ralph end he, by the way, is
Rover an old time newspaper man. He used to be makeup man on the Philadelphia Public Ledger. And the way that Brooklyn show is going this year doesn't make Ralph regret one bit that he left the city room for the industrythats' on wheels.

Well, that Brooklyn show and the automobile exhibitions that are being held in your neighborhood, are all vivid pictures of the almost miraculous
progress that the mach age hg achieved. are achieving

Dr. Furnas has just told me of a machine in Milwaukee that turns out most of the automobile frames in the country. And that machine is geared up to such efficiency that it turns out one complete automobile frame in every eight seconds.

And while were on the free wheeling subject, let's go along to what must be the most unusual alibi on record. In fact, it was a startling alibi.

This story ought to go well with the boys over in the Brooklyn Automobile Show. You see it happened in Brooklyn.

> The New York Evening Post tells tonight of a remarkable
occurrence. Stephen Connolly, driving along Flatbush Avenue, ran into a lot of things, including a trolley car and the fenders of two other automobiles. And then he nearly ran into Patrolman Michael Finnegan. The cop jumped on the running board to find out why all the free and indiscriminate wheeling. Whereupon Connolly knocked the officer of the law into the street by running into an elevated pillar. When the wild and woolly gent at the wheel was duly arrested, he came forth with the following alibi:- He said held never driven an auto before. He didn't even know how to ${ }^{*}$ start the fool contraption.

AUTOMOBILE - 2

1 Some friends of his pushed the car to get it going. Then Connolly stepped on "something" and he was off on his wild ride. He was taken to a hospital to get a few cuts patched up, and then to jail.

End that Doctor is some more of this Machine Roe. Dit, yours quite night. Wed rather ride than wale so leta nide, and $Q-l-u-t o-m$.

