Good Evening, Everybody:
Tonight of $f$ the North Atlantic coast a drama of the sea is being enacted. The story has in brief, vivid wireless messages.

There was a collision between an American destroyer and a tank-steamer. In dense fog 25 miles off Montauk Point, New York, the coast-guard destroyer Herndon, was rammed by the tanker LemuelBurrows. The fog was so dense that men on look-out could see for only a distance of a few The two ships loomed in the white blanket. They were too close to each other to avoid a collision. The bow of the tank-steamer crashed into the forward part of the coast-guard destroyer. Wireless calls for help were immediately flashed. The United Press reports that vessels are hurrying to the scene of the accident. Meanwhile, the tanker was taking the injured destroyer in tow. Lines Were passed from one vessel to the

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other, and the tanker started to haul the destroyer to port.

Then came another wireless message from the midst of the dense fog that is mam hanging over the ocean. It stated that the towline had broken. The two vessels drifted apart, and the tanker lost the destroyer in the mint At last reports wireless dispatches were coming from various ships which tell how they steaming through the white he ge, groping

## VIZEIELLY

$\qquad$
Well, you egg! Are you so hot?
You done me wrong!
Excuse me, folks, for speaking in
Shakespearean terms. Yep, thatite funny part they ARE Shakespearean. We are told by than the learned Doctor Vizetelly, editor of Funk and Wagnalls!
New Standard Dictionary.
Last night we heard how a Professor at Columbia University denounced the current American habit of using slang.
He raked us over the coals for not
${ }^{13}$ speaking classic English.
Well, the New
up the matter Vizetelly, the erudite sage who is the editor ot that criterion of good English,A Nut New Standard Dictionary. And the Doctor steps forward as a defender of American slang. He points out that slang is language in the ${ }^{22}$ making. He adds that Shakespeare used plenty of slang, some of which has since become the best of English. And just to make the matter clear, the Doctor points

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out a few instances in which the Bard of Avon used expressions that still exist as slang today. In one ama case Shakespeare writes the classical phrase, "You egg." And in another case, the great poet asked the question, "Are you so hot?" He is also responsible for the line, "You done me wrong." And that does sound very American. In fact, it inevitably brings to mind that classic line from FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE -- "He was her man, but he done her wrong."

## Well, it looks as if Al won't be

 ${ }_{2}$ stampeded. Last night at a meeting in ${ }_{3}$ Boston, there was a loud demand calling ${ }_{4}$ for Af red E. Smith to be the Democratic ${ }_{5}$ nominee for the Presidency.Govemor Smith has been keeping a ${ }_{7}$ policy of silence and last $n i$ ht he did ${ }_{8}$ a neat piece of sidestepping.

- Massachusetts Democrats were gathered at a Vic tory Dinner, just as some 27,000 Democrats gathered at $V$ ictory dinners
${ }_{12}$ in 75 other cities throughout the count ry. ${ }_{13}$ Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt a addressed ${ }_{14}$ the one in New York, which was attended ${ }^{15}$ by 3000 Democratic le aders. Ex-Governor
${ }_{16}$ Smith spoke at the Boston banquet.
17 One of $B$ os ton's Democratic le aders ${ }_{18}$ jumped to a chair and shouted "AI, the ${ }^{19}$ Party is going to draft you".

How did former Governor Smith answer that?

Well, he just smiled and said "I am ${ }_{23}$ Over the draft age." He dodged with the wise crack that he was too old to be
${ }^{24}$ drafted and in that way refused to commit ${ }_{25}$ himself. the So, as the Associated Press comments, the famous smith silence remains unbroken.

QIGESI

In the neighborhood of Baltimore the farmers are considerably annoyed. And you can't blame them. A farmer will get up in the morning and go out to feed his chickens and will! observe a quantity of feathers scattered around. And those feathers are all that remains of a few fine chickens or turkeys. Some pestilential critter has been raiding the hen-house, and you know how that makes a farmer feel.

This sort of thing has been going on quite a bit, and in addition to the
${ }_{14}$ indignation there has been a good deal of 15 mystery. Who was the thief? What sort ${ }^{16}$ of animal was raising all the havoc?

This week's Literary Digest tells us how early one morning a farmer and his 19. Wife were driving along near Baltimore.
${ }^{20}$ They saw a slender, gray form slink past ${ }^{21}$ them and make off like a streak in the
${ }^{22}$ bushes. The farmer couldn't figure just What the animal was, but he was certain of one thing -- it wasn't a dog. Some people had been blaming chicken-killing

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on a dog gone wrong.
The farmer organized a hunting party and proceeded to run down the animal. They shot it -- a gray wolf-like creature. They couldn't identify it, so they sent the skin to the biological survey at Washington. The reply came back that it was a coyote -- an old-time, Western coyote, so familiar in the land of the prairies. Well, what was a coyote doing among the green hills of Maryland?

The answer makes a curious story,
which the Literary Digest tells us. It ${ }_{14}$ would appear that coyotes - cunning,
15 mean, and destructive -- been article by Lucy Salamanca in the Baltimore Sun, which gives a few odd facts about the coming of the coyote to the Eastern seaboard states.
cases Easterners traveling in the West have been attracted by those cute little

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${ }_{1}$ pups, coyote pups. The tourist thinks:"wouldn't it be nice to have one of these cunning little fellows as a pet." $S_{o}$ the coyote puppies brought East. Presently he grows into an onery, thieving burglar. Perhaps he escapes, and the next thing you know the farmers of the countryside are driven to their wits! end by the depredations of Old Boy Coyote.

The Literary Digest goes on to add thar $t$ in the Eastern and Southern states
12 fox-hunting is quite a sport. The men that $r i d e$ to the hounds often procure ${ }_{14}$ young foxes and turn them loose. In some 25 Cases the sportsmen have had pups shipped from the Western ranges. In almost every case the supposed fox was ${ }^{18}$ not a fox at all. It was really a
${ }^{19}$ coyote. The sportsmen couldn't tell the ${ }_{20}$ difference and turned the puppy ${ }^{3}$ loose.
${ }^{21}$ And then it isn't long before a pack of coyotes are raiding the chicken coops and poultry yards, and also killing sheep and cattle.

At Clayton, Alabama, the fox-

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hunters turned loose twenty coyotes, thinking they were foxes. And nov the county has a coyote plague.

The Literary Digest reprints a letter which an angry Georgia farmer wrote to a forest ranger. The letter is written in rich Georgiacracker venacular. The indignant farmer has his own ideas on the subject of coyotes. He declares that the foxhunters find their sport impeded by the farmers' sheep. That's why they introduced the they were releasing foxes at all. They deliberately turned the coyotes loose so that the critters might kill off ow s sheep, a And that would improve the foxhunting for the sportsmen.

The story sounds a bit tall. ut you know what an ang M, georgia ${ }_{21}^{21}$ farmer is liable to think when his ${ }_{23}^{23}$ hen comps are being raided.
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Today in Chicago the will of the late Julius Rosenwald was filed in the ${ }_{3}$ Probate Court．It shows that the great 4 philanthropist leaves an estate of 5 Twenty Million Dollars and of this more than half is given to charities．

Nine million is divided equally
8 among five children．Eleven million goes to the Rosenwald family association 10 which is charged to spend all of that ${ }_{11}$ money on xx＊叉风仅风 philanthropies and 12 various good work ks an twenty－five years．

Julius Rosenwald had one fixed principle in his life of giving．He dx didn＇t bel ieve in endowments that are left to accumulate．He didn＇t beliese，as the Associated Press reports，in placing

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 that it he peed pp with at 25 years－not only interest，but principal also．

Among the institutions that are to be benefitted，is the Museum of Science

ROSENHALD_=_\#2
and Industry, which Julius Rosenwald ourself founded.

Well, the filing of the will today sets a final seal to the philanthropies of one of the most benevolent and well-beloved of Amer icans, one of the great men of hi- time. He lgegan at the very bot tom--built up a immense success, accumulated a huge for tune, and found his greatest happiness in giving--in devoting his wealth to the benefit of human progress.

Rind now for doings in Moscow. In the Soviet capital of course the sacred color is Red, the flaming red of revolution.

It appears that there is a loud and uproarious row under way in the world of Red art--revolutionary art--the art of the proletariat. The Bolshevics are strong for giving the masses the righting-. that is the --red--kind of theatrical entertainment.

And that of cour se includes the Rus ian ballet.

The favorite dancer in Moscow just now is Victorina Krieger, who has gean given the dight rank of "people's artist". nd has been having a scrap with the Soviet Theatrical Director, B. S. Arkan'ov--an artistic disagreement. now given by the Associated Press--of how just the other day the quarrel came to a truly Red climax. There was a meeting of officials and artists to talk things
over．In the course of the conversation the director made a few remarks which were not entirely complimentary to the way the dancer tripped and cavorted around the stage．

She promptly
biched up her heels：－ ＂Don＇t you forget，＂she cried magnificently，
8 ＂l am
people＇s artist in．
＂Yes，you are－－by $m$ is take＂，
10 W世 retorted the aretarinctor．And that＇s when things did grow red．

The dancer seized an ink－stand． It was xxx full of Soviet ink－－is Red ink．And she crashed the container of Red ink on the Dir ector＇s head．And right then and there the Dir ector Arkanov was colored in xi true Communistic fashion．Streams f Red rap dow $n$ his face and in his ears，and down his neck． He was a Red revolutionary al I right．

This incident shook artistic Mos cow to its foundations The bal lerina was instantly fired，even though she was ae ＂people＇s 烟姆 artist＂．That caused a flood of protests on the part of the
theater-goers. The outcry was so loud that the ballerina was put back on the job and made the people's artist once more, and presumably given the right to throw all the red ink she wishes. And the dir ector? Ha , he was fired---tossed right out into the cold Moscow night on his ear. And tonight the topic of the hour in the Red Capital is Red art and Red ink.

Hey, Pedro. go down to the furnace an few shovelfuls of coffee on the fire.

Pedro hotfoots it to the furnace and shovels ${ }_{\lambda}$ coffee. All of which means that at the town of Santos in Brazil they are using coffee instead of coal.

Santos is in the heart of the great Brazilian coffee district. There's been an immense over-production of the breakfast beverage. More than a million stacks of coffee are heaped up at Santos, and there's no place to sell them.

So the city fathers of the town, the International News Service, decided to use coffee instead of coal in firing up for the town's lighting system. They're going to use million sacks of x coffee for plain fuel. or you'd call it fancy fueto

So go ahead, Pedro, and heave a few shovelfuls of mocoa into the fire

Let's take off our hats to Mrs. M. Zilch. She certainly is one popular lady. In fact, she has just made a wonderful showing in a popularity contest.

Ordinarily those various beauty contests, popularity contests, mad charm contests, and what-not, are too numerous to be singled out for mention in the news. But this one staged at River Grove, a suburb of Chicago, is somewhat out of the usual -- yes, somewhat.

The Associated Press tells the story of how Mrs. Zilch got 440 votes in that contest, and that was a mighty good showing. The Judges wondered, because they had never heard of Mrs. Zilch. So they decided to investigate and see who this very popular lady might be. Was it her beauty, her charm, her intelligence, that was making her so popular?

A committee of the Judges went to
25 the address given to congratulate her.

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They found the address was a stable attached to a graveyard.
"Does Mrs. Zilch live here?" asked the committeemen.
"Oh yes," was the response, "right there in the stall." And they pointed out a mare. And they say that literally and accurately it was ane old gray mare. It would appear that somebody was playing a joke on the popularity contest and went around drumming up votes for Mrs. M. Zilch, which is the name of the old gray mare that works at the graveyard.

The dispatch makes the observation that the laugh was on the popularity contest, in fact, a horse laugh.

Well, giadap thru ziteh, its tine mes to start to the form' and soong until Monday.

