ELECTION

That loud and raucous noise is the braying of the

Democratic Donkey. The venerable animal has had to do its braying sad and low on more than one occasion, but this time it's a triumphant, ear splitting heehaw. No wonder. It was a Democratic landslide all right. Right now there is still some doubt about whether the Democrats will have control of the lower House of Congress or not, but in any case they are mighty near to it. With a few discontented Republican votes they will be able to swing either the Senate or the House.
One thing that stands out is the way the South
returned to its old Democratic faith. The South is certainly solid once more. And the camel of prohibition got a hard prod in the ribs. That hardy animal is still strong and defiant, but a large section of the public exhibited a strong desire to send the dromedary trekking back to Arabia. On the other hand, Pennsylvania has gone both Republican and dry, and Morrow ot course went in with a huge vote in New Jersey.

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the House of Representatives to hinge largely on the result in Kentucky, and the Kentucky returns are late. They have an Honest Election Law out there, and the ballots are sealed up on election night, and then counted the next day. They've been counting all day, and the results arentin yet.

A few minutes ago 1 talked to the editorial offices of the New York World,
a staunch Democratic organ, ane what they told me the World will say editorially tomorrow morning:
"It is impossible to find any exception to the statement that the Hoover administration has suffered a disastrous defeat,' "The more closely one examines the returns, the more it appears how directly the voters aimed their ballots at the administration."

The New York Evening Post, on the other hand, is Republican, and it carries an editorial this afternoon, which states:
"We do not believe that the

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Democratic landslide must necessarily be a bad thing for business. In fact, it seems to us that a change may be, as an important New York banker said 'a healthy thing.'"

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It was a lively election day. But they're probably
going to have a livelier one over in Central Europe, in Austria.
The general elections over there will take place next Sunday,
and evidently the police are afraid the Socislists are cookine
up some schemes to make things hot. So they have raided
Socialist headquarters and clubs all over Austria, and are
seizing firearms right and left. The Associated Press says
they have collected 40 machine guns, 4,000 rifles and revolvers,
and a half million zx cartridges.
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In Italy, on the other hand, the dove of peace seems
to be preening its feathers.

That dispute about naval parity between French and Italians seems on the way to adjustment. Hugh Gibson, American Ambassador to Belgium, has been taking a hand in negotiations between the French and Italian governments, and he seems to be smoothing things out. The New York Herald Tribune says the Italians have handed Ambassador Gibson an olive branch to extend to the French.

France and Italy have had an agreement in force binding them not to start any ship building competition. But that agreement expires on December first of this year, and then the naval competition may begin. But it looks as though Ambassador Gibson may save the day because Italy offers to extend that naval holiday.

The mention of Italy reminds me of a gorgeous Italian
scene I saw today, - a picture. It had the brilliance of sunlight in it, a wall with an arching gateway, and a twowheeled wagon drawn by a donkey, a peasant in the wagon, and an old peasant woman at the donkey's head. Even the shadows are golden. It's the cover of the new Literary Digest which

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will be on the stands all over the country tomorrow morning.
    In the "letters and Art" section of the new Digest
is an article of vivid and timely interest. It tells how
some remarkable ancient ruins, which were recently unearthed,
bring a strong light to bear on our contemporary American
civilization.
Anyway, it's an interesting thing to see a German
archeeologist looking at some ancient ruins and finding out
things about us.
That's all very well, but I want to say right here
the Chinese have got to stop shooting at the Luzon.
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That American gunboat, the Luxon, has been fired on
again. She is patrolling along the Yangtse River, and as I mentioned last week she ran a gauntlet of shell fire from Chinese bandit batteries on shore. And now she has been dodging shot and shell again. No damage.

In the new Literary Digest is a very important
article on China. It tackles a question that many people have been thinking about. You will recall that the President of China has been converted to Christianity. He has become a Methodist. Well, how will that effect the future of Christianity and the Christian missions in China. The Digest goes into the question rather thoroughly, and shows you how people are answering it out in China.

Here's a flash, a telegram: It reads: Dr. Grenfell's original hospital Battle Harbor Labrador burning. Details lacking. Well, Dr. Grenfell is the man who for years has been doing such marvelous medical missionary work among the isolated people on the storm beaten shore of the Labrador. And if his original mission burns down, that will be a famous and historic landmark removed. But if it burned it will be rebuilt. $r$. Grenfell would never let a fire hold up his work for long.

MINE

And a late dispatch tells of another mine disaster. A terrific explosion took place this aftemoon in the Sunday Creek coal mine near Athens, Ohio. The latest dispatch from the International News Service says that 150 men are trapped in the mine. One of them is W. E. Titus, president of the company, who was making a tour of inspection when the explosion happened. A wall of flame hemmed in the miners, and rescue workers are having a hard time fighting their way through the intense heat and suffocating smore and coal gases. One unidentified bosy has been brought out of the mine. Well, it's been raining all day here in New York, and
there's a howling gale off the Atlantic coast.

Radio dispatches to the Associated Press say that the

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steamer Aquitania, one of the biggest ships on the seven
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seas, has been hit by one of the worst storms its officers
have seen in years.

Well, you know the saying about the ill wind. That
gale is bothering ships on the sea, but it is giving a helping
hand to ships of the air, provided of course they are going
in the right direction. With a tail wind to help it, one
flew from Philadelphia to Washington at 192 miles an hour,
and another one whizzed from Baltimore to Washington at 233
miles an hour.

We hope one of those tail winds will help that big

German plane the Do-X along.

The DO-X has started at last on that long delayed
trip from Germany to America. A late news dispatch from the International News says that the big flying boat finished the first leg of the flight this afternoon at the Dutch naval airdrome near Amsten am, Holland. It had sixteen passengers on board, altho it can carry 150. The Germans are mighty busy in aviation these days. Among other things they are making their big airships safer.

The Zeppelins of the future are going to use helium gas. The Associated Press, says this is made possible by the United States, which controls the world's supply of helium. Helium is not inflammable, and if it had been used in the R-101 -- the British airship which crashed in France last month -- every man on board might have been saved. Well, men fly in the air and navigate under the sea, which brings me to a note about one of the most daring projects of our time.

A man sailed for Europe today on a romantic mission. He is Captain Dananhower, formerly a submarine officer in the U. S. Navy. You all have heard how Sir Hubert Wilkins, the famous Arctic explorer, is going to make a trip to the North Pole in a submarine. Well, the under-sea boat on that amazing voyage. He is on his way to Europe now to arrange for the baptism of the North-Pole-going-submarine. He will invite the grand-daughter of Jules Verne to be the sponsor at the christening.
of a voyage, just like the one which Sir Hubert Wilkins is going to make. Most of us, I suppose, have read Iwenty Thousand Leagues under the See, and will recall how the mysterious Captain Nemo took his submarine, the Nautilus, under the ice to the North Pole. That story, written more than fifty years ago, is so I ike what Sir Hubert Wilkins intends to do, that it takes one's breath away.

## WILKINS - 2.

Sir Hubert, by the way, is going to name his craft the Nautilus, after that original strange boat of the mysterious Captain Memo.

And here's another transatlantic flight.

The Nobel Prize for Literature this year has come
drifting across the Atlantic. A dispatch from the Associated

Press states that it has been awarded to Sinclair Lewis. Well,

Main Street and Babbitt made a lot of stir a few years ago as sensational best sellers, and the committee which awards the Nobel Prize have pined the big medal on Sinclair Lewis' realistic and satirical pictures of humdrum American life. And here's a typical Americanism which is not so hum-d rum.

The governor's mansion in Texas is almost a hundred yea s old, and like all old buildings, it's something of a happy hunting around for rats. The United Press says that every governor who has lived there has tried to exterminate tho se rats. But no luck. Now Dan Moody, the present governor, is tackling the problem. He is out with blood in his eye, and he bought himself an airgun. He's shooting the rats with that air gun. And Dan is a good shot. The rats are getting scarcer and scarcer. That's rough on the rats, but there's
good news tor all of
you who＇ve been worrying about those poor homeless turtles out in chicago． The field ivuseum is going to take them in，says the International News Service， and then establish them in a pleasant little colony on Lake Michigan．But where they came from and who painted the pretty 奴风めx orange stripes on their backs，is still a mystery．
$I$ doit know what hic
next one has to do with turtles－but

## DETROIT

They've abolished the speed limit in Detroit. That doesn't mean you can tear through the main street with the throttle wide open. According to the new or dinance, you must' drive at a carefull and prudent speed not greater nor less than is reasonable and proper." In other words, you don't say"good morning judge unless you are unreasonable, or unless you hit something.

## LIEN OE THE DAY

## Page

Here's a thriller from down the Florida way. It was sent on to me by Harold Larkin of Miami. He's the United Press correspondent down there. Well, Mr. Larkin nominates the story of the News Item of the Day, and it's got so much hair-raising adventure in it that 1 am going to let his selection stand. It's about an aviator named Robert Moore, and he has just been appointed manager of the Curtiss-Wright flying base at Miami. Moore was an automobile racer in the old days, a speed demon along with Barney Oldfield and Eddie Rickenbacker, and during the World War he became a sky fighter in the famous Lafayette Flying Corps. In July of 1918 he was shot down in flames, and officially reported "killed in action". But Moore had not been killed. He drifted to earth in his blazing plane, with the flames enveloping and choking him. He was so terribly burned that he was in the hospital for six months.

Then in 1922 Moore ran into a second

## DIEM RE THE DAY - 2.

blood-curdling adventure. Down in Florida he was flying a sea plane called Miss Miami. One day, with six passengers in the plane, he had to make a forced landing in the Gulf of Mexico. Miss Miami drifted for 72 hours. They had neither food nor water, and the passengers went mad. They tried to kill themselves, but Moore stopped them. Then he watched them die of thirst, one by one, until only he was left. He slashed his hands, and drank his own blood. And then he became unconscious. Well, a ship picked him up. His tongue, swollen to three times its normal size, was clenched between his teeth.

And now, the Curtiss-Wright Company, wanting a man of courage for its Miami Base, has picked Moore for the job. And they've certainly picked a stout-hearted chap.

Here's a feather in the cap of us poor downtrodden men. In an interview with a United Press correspondent, Miss Greta Wolf, a domestic science teacher of bes Koines, says that boys are better cooks than girls. And she ought to know because she has 23 of them in her cooking classes. She goes on to say they're not only better cooks, but they a neater in the kitchen.

Well, maybe. But the most of us will gladly continue to trust our fate to the women when it comes to cooking. No matter what the experts say, I'ra a real doubting Thomas on that point. And now that I have summarized the news I am going ta where I can get the best meal in the world - and it will be cooked by a woman. I wish you could all join me. Goodnight.

