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The royal romantic situation in Roumania seems a bit more complicated than ever tonight. The Associated Press has a cable to the effect that King Carol may marry Madam Lupescu. This is the lady who has been the King's companion in a sentimental entanglement that has become famous the world over.

This new report is all the more extraordinary because of the fact that King Carol has been objecting so strenuously to the marriage of his brother, Prince Nicholas, to a woman not of royal rank. The King has threatened the Prince with all sorts of penalties, unless he gives up his bride. The last reports are that Prince Nicholas is determined to stick by his marriage. He won't pay any attention to efforts on the part of the King to annul it, and he is even willing to renounce his royal rank.

With all that royal hullabaloo on account of the marriage of Prince
Nicholas to a commoner, why the report

that the King may marry Madam Lupescu seems suglity inconsistent, because Madam Lupescu is not of royal rank either.

But just the same, a few facts
that come drifting across the water do
seem to gave a strong hint of wedding
bells. One rumor is that Madam Lupescu
has abandoned the Jewish religion and
become a Christian, as a preliminary
to a royal marriage.)

Another account tells that she is living in a royal Palace, and that the people who surround her are already calling her "Your Majesty."

Well, these royal romantic ramifications in Roumania are certainly bewildering really rather rollicking.

In Berlin today was repeated the oft repeated word - Dictator.

The German Government has conferred dictatorial powers upon the man who governs prices, rent and wages in the Teutonic Republic. This price dictator is Dr. Carl Goerdler, Burgomaster of Leipsic.

In an effort to avert economic 10 disaster, the German Government has taken control of just about everything. It has cut wages down ten per cent it is reducing prices. The idea, explains the United Press, is to chart out a financial scheme of things from top to bottom, and force the sountry to live up to it. And the man who tells to how much wages your shall get, how much rent you he shall pay, and xxxxxxx how much beer and EXXXX sauerkraut with cost, you, why, he's that same price dictator, the Burgomaster of Leipsic.

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There are more rumors of a coalition government in Japan. The Associated Press has a cable that the Prime Minister at Tokio has called and urgent conference of Japanese party leaders. The idea is to talk over the possibility of the two principal political parties getting together and forming a coalition administration.

The League of Nations Council admourned today and won't meet again until January. Just before the adjournment there was a harmonious Chorus. The International News Service cables that both Japan and China put their O.K. on the League's plan for an adjustment of the trouble in Manchuria. The plan provides that Japan shall get her troops out of the disputed parts of the province as soon as possible, and that meanwhile both nations agree to stop fighting.

The main point in President Hoover's recommendations to Congress today on the subject of foreign relations concerns itself with the moratorium.

The President urged that Congress immediately xxxxxxxxx ratify the suspension of debt and of payments on international debts. This, in other words, is that same moratorium which the President put into effect this summer.

The President further hinted that 12 it might be well to go a bit further and do some more to ease up the war debt and 14 reparations situation. The United Press 15 quotes ** xxxx Mr. Hoover as declaring 16 that "it will be necessary in some cases to make still further temporary adjustments 16 So far as the present moratorium is 19 concerned, the Associated Press reminds us that leaders of both parties in Congress are already pledged to ratify 22 the President's actions.

However, on the subject of 24 fur ther concessions to the European powers that owe us money, well that may be

a different thing.

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Senator Reed Smoot submitted a joint resolution. It is subscribed to by both Republicans and Democrats. It's purpose is to ratify the moratorium. This will undoubtedly be passed.

Senator Borah chimes in the International News Service, immediately arose and declared that he was opposed to any extension of the moratorium beyond the one-year period.

Senator Watson, leader of the regular Republican forces, made a speech on the subject, and admitted that it might be difficult to persuade Congress to take the President's hint and agree to a further suspension of debt payments.

So the whole matter is left hanging in the air.

I've just been having a look at an interesting illustration in the new Literary Digest, that came out today.

It's a map of Canada - an unusual one.

Our Northern friend and neighbor has just completed a census which shows that during the past ten years Canada added nearly eighteen per cent to her population. The actual increase was over a million and a half, so that Canada now has some ten million three hundred thousand people.

Well, the most interesting part of it was to be found in the question: What sections of Canada are blossoming forth the most rapidly in population.

It has long been stated that the French Canadians are increasing more rapidly than the rest of the population.

And that is borne out by this vivid map in the new Literary Digest.

It shows that while the people of Canada as a whole have increased 17.82%, why, French Canadian Quebec has

Increased at the rate of over twentyone and a half per cent.

The immigration to Quebec is next to nothing. The increase is merely the natural rate of reproduction of the French Canadian people.

And that Literary Digest map
gives us a number of other facts which
we can put together. And these simply
paint the picture in more striking
colors. The Literary Digest calls is
the March of the Cradles, and quotes the
Ottowa Evening Journal as saying that
the new census is "a tremendous
demonstration of the virility of the
French Canadian Stock."

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The editors of the Literary Digest handed me a letter today from the United States Postoffice Department. The letter points out that during the holiday season the volume of mail increases 200 per cent. It is a physical impossibility to handle this great mass of mailmatter efficiently and promptly within a few days. Therefore, if you want to be sure of the delivery of your Christmas presents, cards and letters by Christmas Day,

Uncle Sam's mailman asks me to read to you the following notice: - So here goes: -

"At the request of the postoffice, and as a contribution from the Literary Digest to the Government, the radio audience is reminded to shop early and mail their Christmas presents and cards early. There will be no carrier deliveries on Christmas Day. Parcels and envelopes may be marked - DO NOT open Until CHRISTMAS." Those are limited Same worked mail man who

Last night, I told how Bossy Gillis, the once rambunctious Mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts, had been defeated for re-election, and was so disgusted that he had disappeared.

Well, I've received a telegram straight from Bossy's haven of political philosophy.

Not dejected - not disillusioned - haven't vanished - but listening to your broadcast at my home." Signed Bobby Gillis.

And that would make it seem as though His Honor, the Mayor os Newburyport, although defeated, is still among his admiring constituents.

Early today while the people of Cambridge, Massachusetts, were still in their beds, there was what appeared to be an unseemly disturbance. There was a terrific whistling. A railroad train thundering by was emitting ear-splitting, sleep-destroying blasts. The engineer was having a wild old time with the cord that blew the whistle. And there was one long minute of wild screeching.

I suppose the people wakened out of their sleep must have thought which it a case of some engineer suddenly gone looney. Then they saw the reason the why. engineer was blowing his whistle so hard. Flames were sweeping the home of Professor Francis J. Carney, of the Law Department of Boston College.

The Fire Department swung into action. Nobody was in the house. The Professor was away. Somebody phoned him. And that was when the Professor did some industrious talking into the telephone. In the burning house, relates the International News Service,

The headline of this next bit of news as printed in the New York World 3 Telegram, reads: Snoring thief awakens girl. and abound.

That does seem a bit complicated. 6 The United Press explains that at Chicago a burglar broke into the apartment of Mrs. Effie Martin. xx After he was through with his burglarizing he thought he'd 10 have a nap, and lay down on the bed. It was dark, and he couldn't see that Mrs. Martin was sleeping on the other side of 13 the bed.

The burglar dozed off and started to snore, and the next thing you know Mrs. Martin was awakened by that loud buzz-saw effect. She kept her head, and 18 sneaked out, with the burglar still snoring She called a copy, and the next thing you know the robber was in jail where he can snore his head off tonight.

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RETAKE Page /2

were a number of exceedingly valuable paintings and antiques. If they were burnt up it would be a calamity. And so the Professor, with his ear glued to the receiver, instructed the firemen. He told them where the paintings and the antiques were. He explained which were the most valuable. The firemen followed the telephoned instructions, and thousands of dollars worth of art objects were saved - all because the Professor had a telephone handy!

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Now come four ladies who loudly proclaim that they are not members of the Tall Story Club. They say this is utterly and absolutely true -- four perfect hands at bridge, and all at the same time.

The International News Service lays the scene by saying that Mrs. Carl Ohman of Cohoes, New York, entertained Mrs. Winfield Kendrick of Forest Hills, New York, and Mrs. William Page, Mrs. Fred White, and Mrs. Christian Beck of Cohoes. Mrs. Ohman played the hostess while her four guests sat down to play bridge. The cards were shuffled three times, and then were dealt. And the four hands were: 13 spades, 13 hearts, 13 diamonds, and 13 clubs.

Now you'd think there would be some

Nothing of the sort. What happened?
Why nothing at all. The ladies were so excited when each one looked at her perfect hand that not a one of them could speak. None of them thought of

exciting bidding in a case like that.

The ladies spent the rest of the afternoon talking about those four perfect hands.

Mrs. Ohman is going to have the cards framed. She vows up and down that it is not in any sense a tall story.

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Well, the great macaroni mystery is solved -- that is it was quite a mystery in the Italian section of Brooklyn, New York. The strange occurrence happened some time ago. A big truck loaded with cases of macaroni drove around xxx through the streets of Little Italy and the man aboard loud should of bravissimo.

Five hundred cases of the BRE favor ite Italian food were handed out gratis -- free of charge -- and wit hout any cost whatsoever, to the poor people of the district. They wondered whether Santa Claus had made a mistake and put in an appearance a couple of months early. Fid they like it? multa bene, si senor.

There was no explanation. for

The mysterious strangers having
distributed their load of free macaroni
--drove away. Today, however, the police
have under arrest three young Italians.
It was they who played Santa Claus, with
the macaroni.

The New York Evening Sun

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explains that they are charged with high-jacking a truck belonging to a macaroni manufacturing company. There was some labor trouble. They were connected with the Union. And so having a grudge against the company they proceeded to swipe a truckload of macaroni and give it away. In Brooklyn's Little Italy.

Announcer Howard Petry here at my elbow, has just passed me a note to the effect that he has something special to say tonight and for me to be sure and give him time.

Well, I know approximately what he has on his chest, so I'll set the stage for him with an anecdote - one K I heard this afternoon from an editor of the Literary Digest. It may be the original version of one of the classics of the book trade.

I've heard it in one form or another all over this country. In about half the book stores I have visited, a clerk has called me aside and said: Have you heard the one about the author who autographed a copy of his own book?

The present form of the story concerns the famous author, George Barr McCutcheon, and is said to have actually happened.

McCutcheon was riding on a train when a boy passed through selling

books. Among them was McCutcheon's sensational best seller of those days, Graustark. The author called the boy over and took a copy of Graustark and proceeded to autograph it.

"Say, Buddy", he said to the boy, "you can now sell this book for twice the regular price."

"Quit your kidding", responded the youth, "you've spoiled the book. And what's more boss, you've got to pay for it."

And George Barr McCutcheon had to dig down and buy the book. The joke was on him.

Yes, and the joke will be on me if I don't give Announcer Howard Petry time to have his say. So,
So long until tomorrow.

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