Good Evening, Everybody:

He landed on Indian soil and received a turbulent welcome. In his first speech Gandhi said that he would not flinch in sacrificing the lives of a million people if necessary to purchase the liberty of India. A huge crowd of enthusiastic supporters were at the pier in Bombay to meet him.

But it wasn't all cheering and applause. There was plenty of trouble. The Associated Press describes the riot that ensued when the welcome home crowd was rushed by a flying wedge of Untouchables. We have all heard about these Untouchables, the pariahs, the outcasts of India, whose very shadow defiles the presence of the higher castes. Well, a number of those despised Untouchables gathered and carried black maxi flags. They were there to stage a demonstration against Gandhi.

They made a rush for the pier. There was a wild
skirmish and 12 people were hurt before the police could restore order.

The first person to greet Gandhi was his sixty-yearold wife; the second was a boy whom he has adopted as his son.
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1 Strangely enough that boy is an Untouchable, an outcast lad whom Gandhi has taken into his own home.

The Mahatma is in favor of bettering the condition of the Untouchables, but on the other hard he represents the general mass of Hindus who are conservative and are deeply attached to the old manners and customs of India.

Gandhi was received by throngs of women admirers who placed garlands of flaw ers around his neck, while others bowed reverential ly before him.

The huge crowd yelled its head off and when the Little Holy Man was driven through the city throngs of Indian Nationalists in the streets cheered and acclaimed him.

Meanwhile, disturbances are reported in many parts of India. The Mahatma has returned home to take part in affag
at a time when things looks mighty uncertain -m Hindustan.
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The word tonight is that there is not going to be any meeting between Prime Minister MacDonald and Premier Laval of France.

It had been expected that the two statesmen might get together and talk things over in preparation for that conference on reparations and international debts. The announcement is made that the. French Premier was not officially invited to go to London.

The New York Evening Post comments today that this is technically true, but that Prime Minister MacDonald did convey a broad hint that herd like to have Premier Laval drover to London for a chat.

The International News Service reports that the French don't see any particular good to be served by a meeting of the heads of the two governments, and so the proposed
 is off.

From Washington comes word that

1 the United states may take part in the reparations conference, that is, provided the big pow-wow doesn't I imit itself to German debts.

The United Press wires that if the conference is broadened out to include world financial problems in general, why, then the United States may send a delegate.

And lin the way toinglits' report to that the reparations conference will he held at Lausanne, Switzerland metal of at the Hague. bright eager al on eyed, youth a we see at universities all over this country. After his graduation he lived for many years in Cal ifornia. Hidtameis Lin Sen. He became acting president when General Chang Kali Shek stepped out of office and now he has been elected as the regular he ad of the Nationalist Government.

Well, it's a long time since
young Lincwas ablest that in America. The United Press he is 67 years old a veteran of chinese Revolutionary disturbances.

Well, Lin sen how occupies the highest office that his country can give. But just present 2.11 the unrest in China, and in the face of the agressions of Japan, the head of the Chinese Government has a axum** troublesome job to hold down.

## MANCHURIA

The Japanese are continuing their advance against

Chinchow. Three thousand soldiers of the Mikado are advancing in a carefully prepared offensive for the purpose of canturing that important town with the musical comedy name which hes been the object of world wide attention this winter. The Associated Press states that they are fighting in we ther that is 20 below. I have a dispatch here, cabled to the International News Service. Guess whom it's from. Well, it's from our old friend Floyd Gibbons who's doing a war correspondent's job out there along the frozen battle lines in the Far East.

Floyd in describing the warlike scenes tells of a rather amazing crossing which the Javanese troops made across the frozen Liao River, at a lace where it was about eight hundred yards wide.
"In some places the ice is only eight inches thick", he seys, "but nevertheless
the heaviest war equipment was successfully rolled over it. The reflection of a yellow moon made the ice appear like mother of pearl; as the Japanese troops carefully continued their hazardous, crossing."
 cloth over their helmets and knapsacks, as a camouflage to blend with the snowy background Thousands of Chinese coolies, hundreds of Chinese two wheel carts, and Mongolian ponies were used in the march. The transport of a cannon was picturesque, each piece being attached to a Chinese cart pulled by three ponies."

Well, that word picture from Floyd gives us a vivid idea of the winter campaign in bleak Manchuria.

Let's imagine a 7-year-old boy, a husky lad, not
tall for his age. He weighs 50 or 60 pounds. And then let's imagine this tiny chap holding on his shoulders the full bulky majesty of the 220 pound Sultan of swat Babe Ruth. If you don't believe it, just take a look at page 27 of this week's Literary Digest and you'll see little Sonny Walker taking Babe Ruth piggy back.

The Literary Digest goes on to tell us a bit of school gossip. The teacher didn't like the way the other boys were picking on one particular little chap.
"Sonny," said the teacher, "those other boys are taking advantage of you. Why don't you do something? You shouldn't let them pick on you like that."
"Well, what cen I do?" replied Sonny ruefully, "Ny father says I shouldn't hit a boy, because I don't know my own strength, and I'm liable to hurt somebody." Apparently the teacher dian't take this any too
seriously, because he said, "Sonny, I'm sure your father wouldn't want you to be a sissy, and you ought to make those boys stop pestering you." Sonny made no further reply, but recess came along and Sonny looked up some of the lads who had been punching him and it wesn't long afterward that an ambulance came clanging up to the school-ground. They took a boy, a stranning young fellow, to the hospital. He had a big lump on the side of his face, and it was a week beforethe swelling went down.

I guess we're all agreed that Sonny Walker is a pretty husky lad and that brings us to a remarkable story of Child rearing in the current Literary Digest.

George H. Walker is a citizen of Phoenix, Arizona. His friends cell him scotty. He's not a big man -- just middle sized, in fact, but he's pretty husky. When he was a small boy he
wanted to do stunts. He wanted to be a cowboy, a boxer, a wire-walker, an acrobat. But $h$ is parents said that was all foolish.

When Scotty Walker grew up and got married, however, he remembered all those thwarted ambitions of boyhood, and decided held give his children plenty of chance to do all tho se athletic things that his own parents had forbidden. So from infancy he trained them to bethletes. He developed them along the lines of certain physical ideas that he had formed.

Well, it all worked out quite successfully. The children, four of them, are all remarkable athletes -- not professionally, but just for the fun of it. The oldest two are girls. One of them is a tight-wire performer. The second is a tumbler and contortionist, and she's getting ready to enter next year's Olympic games as a mile-runner.

The boy, who held Babe Ruth on his shoulders and socked that kid in
school, is quite appropriately state amateur boxing champion. The youngest boy rides races as a jockey. $\mathbb{T}$ Re the headline on the Literary Digestreale: u 1 年 "Meet the Walkers, but Don't Make em Mad."

I don't know how important this next bit of news may be, but anyway, it's interesting.

It is now possible to take a
it's born and tell whether it is going to be right handed, or left handed. They do it with $X$-rays.

The International News Service describes the procedure.

You make an $X$ ray picture of your squawling darling.

The photograph shows that the bones of the arms and legs on one side are more dense and solid than the bones of the arms and legs on the other side. If the bones on the right are more dense, snookums will be right handed. If the bones on the left are more dense, the angle-child will be a southpaw.

This discovery was announced today at the opening of the 89th annual meeting of the American Association for the advancement of science, and I suppose parents will now be able to

BABY - 2
tell right off the bat whether they should buy the baby a left handed monkey wrench or not.

That same meeting also brought forward what is called the Arachnid d theory.

Now the Arachnid theory is something like a nightmare. It tells us about the origin of the human face.

Most of us just take the human face for granted. When somebody asks How did it get that way - we reply well, how could it be any different? But science goes deeper into things than that. In fact, it sometimes goes so deep it gets

Take the Arachnid theory, for example. We are told that the human face, your face, my face, the the that and its no md stipe,
Queen of shebat's face, 1 got its start from the face of an extinct fish closely related to ancient sea scorpions.
of course, I don't mean it would be wise for a fellow to say to a
beautiful girl - Your face is a cross between a fish and a scorpion. But just the same, Professor William Patten of Dartmouth College, today produced evidence to prove the truth of the Ar ${ }_{\Lambda}^{\text {chehnid }}$ theory.

The evidence that the Doctor brought forward consisted of a series of ancient fossils. No, it wouldn't be the ink right thing for a fellow to say to a beautiful girl - Your face reminds me of an ancient fossil.

But the Professor claims that if you study those fossils you will discover that the human face is just a variation of the face of a spider, or a scormion, or a horse shoe crab. (I hone the Professor isn't getting personal.)

But he insists that those beautiful faces that make hearts flutter, those pert, pretty noses, those rosebud lips, and those languorous blue eyes -- they're all in the fish that's just a scorpion. To which we say tut, tut, Professor. While we're on these scientific tonics, let's make it a really scientific evening by going $\mathbf{k x}$ on to another remarkable phenomenon of nature.

Some years ago the silver-tongued orator, William Jennings Bryan was out on a lecture tour. He was attacking the doctrine of evolution. One night the great commoner was confronted by the Reverend Arthur J. Brown, DD., LLD, of New York City.

Dr. Brown is a prominent
minister of the Presbyterian Church. With great dignity he addressed Bryan and told him of a remarkable inc ident which, quoth Dr. Brown, established the truth of evolution.

He told Bryan the story of a party of campers in the canadian woods who were aroused one night by a commotion in the tent where the supplies 18 were kept. They went to investigate and saw a large bear running away with a 20 syrup can over his head. same bear with that same syrup can over

They saw no more of the bear that season. The next year they went hun ing again in the same Canadian woods, and one day they came upon that
its ears like a tin plug hat. The big bear was followed by four little ones, and each cub had a smaller syrup can over its head.

And as he told that one, the Rev. Dr. Brown looked William Jennings Bryan square in the eye.

That historical whopoer is contributed tonight to the archives of the Tall Story Club by S. S. Smith, who manages a lime and stone comany at Nercer, Pennsylvania.

Which brings me to the hour when I put on my syrup cen end say,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

