GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY:

Well, indications are this evening that Germany and France will get together and arrange the big loan that Germany needs. News comes tonight that the International Bank in Switzerland is going to advance Germany the necessary money. The reports on Saturday night were that France was demanding terms to which Germany would not yield. But since then things have been happening in Germany.

One of the biggest banks in the country, .- the fourth largest -- has gone to the wall. There have been runs on other banks and a general financial collapse seems to be threatening. And the possibility of revolution is raising its ugly head.

The United Press phrases it this way: THE RUMBLE OF

REVOLUTIONARY DISCONTENT IS INGREASINGLY AUDIBLE AMONG THE PANICKY IMPOVERISHED MASSES.

And then in telling of the run on the banks the United
Press goes on to say that the excited depositors almost without exception werediscussing the chances of a communist uprising.

GERMANY_=_\#2_

And now come the latest report ts that in the face of menacing disaster the German Government is willing to yield to the demands of France. The French will not agree to advance the hundreds of millions that Germany needs unless Germany will make certain concessions.

They want the Germans to renounce that Customs Union with Austria and they demand that the Germans go easy on armament.

The International News Service tells us that in London this evening the feeling is optomistic because the rumor is circulated that Germany has decided to agree to give up that Customs Union and also to call of $f$ her plans for a fleet of those"pocket-battleships", which are the sensation among navy men all over the world.

Well, it may come hard for Fritz taxdx区x to make up his mind to accept these sacrifices-but all know how it is when $\underset{\sim}{c}$ But tonglts' news indicates
that a solution is going to be found atance.

The two aviators who started out from New York, this morning, for a nonstop flight to Mexico City were forced down. The International News Service reports that they crashed on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico near the town of Soto la Marina. Two Mexican airplanes took off from Tampico and took Seth Yerrington and Edward Maloney, the two flyers to Tampico. Meanwhile, the latest report on the two French flyers Who started out on a non-stop flight to Tokyo, is that they have been sighted over Russia. The United Press informs us that they were seen flying high over Moscow. If they get to Tokyo in one hop, they may try to make it on around the world in four hops. And then there are two Hungarian flyers who left Roosevelt Field on Long Island this afternoon. They took of for Newfoundland and expect to fly on across the Atlantic, all the way to Hungary.

## DIRIGIBLE

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To me the most vivid idea in this next bit of news is not what really happened -- but the thing that didn't happen. Suppose that big dirigible balloon had been filled with hydrogen instead of helium. We are all familiar with what aeronautical experts have been saying about helium versus hydrogen -that helium wo n't burn and a balloon filled with helium cant explode; while a hydrogen-filled balloon will blow up like a titanic cloth-covered bomb.

At Kansas City a 140-foot dirigible named the Mayflower, whose home port is Akron, Ohio, was tied up to a mooring mast. A storm started to blow, and the wind min whipped along so furiously that the Captain of the dirigible was afraid the moor ing mast would break. He ordered the crew to cast loose so that the big cigar-shaped vessel of the sky could drift along with the storm and $r i d e$ it out. But before the order could be put into effect a
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## DIRIGIBLE - 3

of the Mayflower, was badly burned. The others of the crew jumped out of the blazing ship. Not one of them was seriously hurt. But just imagine what would have happened if that airship had been filled with hydrogen. There would have been one vast sheet of flame, and searcety a man wouta have escaped alive.

Now for a baseball story. I found it in the middle of a lively article in the Literary Digest on baseball signals. You know the familiar picture of the runner tearing around the bases and the coach at third doing some wild gymnastics with his arms. No, tho se gymnastics are not just enthusiasm .they're signals. They may mean: STOP, THE SECOND-BASHMAN HAS THE BALL. Or on the other hand --TEAR FOR HOME, SLIDE FOR YOUR LIFE THE BALL IS ALMOST ON TOP OF YOU.

And many of us who were boys a few years ago can
remember how slick and smart the whole team felt when we got to the point where the catcher signaled to the pitcher with maybe one finger slapped in the mitt, or maybe two fingers, .- meaning an out or an in, or a fast one.

The Literary Digest quotes from an article in the

Baseball Magazine and tells us a whole raft of interesting

## DIGEST - 2

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things about signals. And the Digest editors, as usual, liven things up with an anecdote.

It's about Tim Hurst, the hardboiled old umpire of a few years ago. Tim, as every baseball man knows, was a tartar when he got riled up.

Well, Tim was umpiring a hot game. "Wild Bill" Donovan, the crack pitcher of the old Detroit Tigers was out there in the box buzzing across. Dutch Schmidt was catching, and he was one wise leather-neck Dutchman. In other words, it was hard-boiled baseball all around.

Donovan had two strikes on the batter, and then Schmidt slapped a few fingers in the catcher's mitt and gave the signal for a "pitch out" -- that is, a wild ball thrown nowhere ne ar the plate.

Out there in the pitcher's box "Wild Bill" Donovan was puzzled. You know what a pitch-out is for. Suppose there's a runner on first are and they have an idea the next time the pitcher throws the
ball that runner is going to make a break and steal second.
That's when the catcher sometimes signals the pitcher to
throw the ball side. The idea is that the batter won't get a chance to take a crack at the ball and the catcher will grab it quickly and paste it to second and head off the runner. Well, of course I don't have to explain these baseball technicalities to you ball players, but I'm trying to give the ladies a break admit them to the esoteric circle as it were.

Well, nobody was on base and so "Wild Bill" Donovan
was puzzled about why Dutch Schmidt kept signaling for a pitchout - a wild throw. Donovan went so far as to turn around and point to the bases to indicate that there was no danger of anybody stealing anything.

Schmidt called time for a moment and went out and talked to the pitcher.
"What do you want a pitch-out for?" demanded Donovan
in a low voice.
"Listen," replied Schmidt, "that bird at the plate has been giving the old umpire an argument, and you know how Tim is.

He's all riled up, and he told that baby at bat that for
being so fresh he was going to call the next ball that comes across a strike. Tim is going to call a strike on that bind no matter where the ball goes. So you just give me a wild one and let's see what happens."

Well, that was highly illuminating. Donovan took a windup and threw the ball 2 feet to the outside of the plate. "Strike three," yelled Tim, "you're out." And then pandemonium broke loose in the stands. Everybody could see that the ball was no strike. But hard-boiled 0 ld Tim had said it was going to be strike three -- and strike three it was.

A curious turn ot affairs is reported in the famous old opera house in Vienna.

As long as anybody can remember, the vienna opera house has had a large and noisy claque. In fact, pretty nearly every opera house has a claque - that is, a band of professional handclappers and applause makers. It is a common thing to hear opera goers complaining about the nuisance of the claque, how the paid cheering section is obnoxious with its impudent drumming up of applause.

In vienna be claque became so bad that the management of the opera House issued a drastic order intending to put the hired hand clappers out of business. A rule was passed that anybody who starts beating his palms together or yelling bravo at any time during an opera except at the end of an act, pula be put outs chucked into the street.

The International News Service tells us that this new order has root hequy put into effect. The people in the audience were warned not to applaud until the end of an act. And the order was obeyed. If any members of the claque were there they kept silent. There was not a single handclap or a si hg le shout of bravo - bravisimo - that is, until the end of the act. Then the audience broke into a storm of applause. The performance had been good and the people blistered their palms and $x$ cheered their heads of $f$.

And now is when the curious thing developed. The audience howled for the singers to appear before the curtain and take their bows, but no singers showed up. They absolutely refused to make an appearance.

The orders of the management about applause had been obeyed. The claque had been squelched, but now it was the singers that kicked over the applecart. Apparently they were in revolt against the abolition of the applause which customarily followed each

## CLAQUE - 3

Well, the professional applauders in an opera house are a curious problem. I heard a funny story once told by Fortune Gallo, who was the impresario of the San Carlos Opera Company which toured the country from coast to coast. \&xxkakx Gallo is a whimsical story teller and he relates how the paid applause-makers used to travel around

## CLAQUE - 4

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on their own account and planned a campaign. The singers were afraid that the claque might hiss them, give them the raspberries, but nothing like that happened.

At the next performance the claque drummed up an ovation for an obscure small-part-tenor who had about six notes to sing, who never was slated to get any applause and who never paid the claque. The professional handclappers raised the Roof every time he sang $x$ a note and whipped up the enthusiasm of the audience until that small part singer was the hit of the show.

The principal singers were given to understand that xx if they did not kick in the claque would make every performance an ovation for that small part tenor, and he would eclipse them all.

So the singers molly pocketbooks and went on shelling out money the claque as usual. They were licked.

> I suppose I ought to tell this next bit of news
with words that run in alphabetical order -- that is a word beginning with "A", followed by a word beginning with "B", followed by a wo rd beginning with "C", and so on, just as in those four red books the Literary Digest is presenting to its subscribers.

Thus, I might say: ALPHABET BABIES CONSTITUTE DOTING

ENTIRE FAMILY, but that gets to be a little difficult. To put it in more simple language:- Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ginn, of Bowman, Georgia, have 16 children; and they've named their sixteen hopefuls not Bill and $J i m$ and Susie. No they 'te named them according to an alphabetical system. The letters beginning the names of the successive sixteen go right along in accordance with the succession of the alphabet, with the exception of "A". The first of the Gin children has a name beginning with "B", and then the 16 go right on down the alphabet.

The Associated Press lists their names as BRODIE, CORBIN, DORCAS, ELMIRA, FEZZAN, GREGOR, HASSIE, ITHMAR, JESSIE, KESTER, LISBON, MANSON, NELSON, ORNICE, PASCAL AND QUAVER. Evidently

Quaver, the sixteenth, just barely made the grade.
Mr. and Mrs. Gin declare that even with sixteen
children you won't get confused about their names or ages if their names go right down the alphabet. Well, that sounds like a noble idea. If I ever have sixteen maybe I'll try it.

## NAME

This next brevity is about ha ales. Uh at shall Frank ${ }_{3}$ Peddilina, or Albert Peddilina? I cant \&be sure which it is -- Frank or Albert. ${ }_{5} \mathrm{~Pa}$ says it's Frank, but Ma says it's ${ }_{6}$ Albert -- and that's how the fight began. The Associated Press conveys the ${ }_{8}$ information that the Peddilina family has appeared in court at Belleville, New 10 Jersey. Mrs. Peddilina charges that [ 11 Mr . Peddilina was both rude and violent. ${ }_{12}$ They had a spat about what name they ${ }_{13}$ should give their young son. Mr. ${ }_{14}$ Peddilina said the boy should be called ${ }_{15}$ Frank, and Mrs. Peddilina held out for ${ }_{16}$ Albert. And they demanded that the ${ }^{17}$ recorder of the court should decide, but ${ }^{18}$ he passed the buck and said it was all the ${ }_{19}$ same to him.
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Well, Frank is a good name. And ${ }^{21}$ as for Albert -- well, a lot of fellows
 and Mrs. Peddilina cant agree, they ${ }^{24}$ might compromise and call the boy Egbert ${ }_{25}$ or Athanasius.

One of my colleagues at the Literary Digest, a head
of one of the Funk and Wagnalls departments, handed me a
clipping this afternoon from a periodical called "Postage and the Mail Bag." The clipping gives us a nitty line. It tells us what the little chorus girl said to the millionaire as they shook hands in parting.
"So long," she twittered girlishly, "I'll sue you
tomorrow."

As for me, a simple guileless chap --all I can say is -

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

