$\qquad$ Good Evening, Everybody:-

The great East Texas oil fields re-opened today. Yes, the giant wells started pumping oil once more, but it was under strict military supervision.

Huge wells, many of them capable of yielding 40,000 barrels a day, are being kept down to 225 barrels.

The United Press calls that East the bottom dropped out of prices. Something had to be done to plug up that disastrous gush of oil.

We all recall how Alfalfa Bill Murray used military force in shutting down the excessive production of oil in Oklahoma. And in Texas Governor Sterling did the same thing.

The great East Texas oil field has been idle since August lith. The military forces of the state have been patrolling the great forest of derricks to see that the oil was kept under ground.

The idea seems to have worked. During the wild orgy of over-production oil from that East Texas field dropped to the incredible small price of 5 cents a barrel. Yould pay as much for a subway ride as you would for a barrel of oil. But with the shut-down the price did a neat climb. Today the price of that same oil is 68 cents a barrel.

Well, today the big East Texas oil field started pumping again, but the flow of oil is severely restricted.

Here's a veteran who sure came back in great style. Yes, Francis Brimet, won that bin golf towinament at Beverly Country chub, chicago. For the second time in tiu e long career, the united Press informs us, ouimet captured the National Amateur golf championship by beatimp Jack Wetland, 6 up and 5 to go. The nY. Eve. Post refers to Onimet as veteran of the veterans. He captured his first amateur golf tithe 18 years ago. Now he hae reascended the throne.

It＇s beginning to look bad for the bridges crossing the Rio Grande． Those bridges that reach from Texas into Mexico may become just about as useless as a river without any water in it．

The Mexicans have been protesting against the fact that the authorities on the American side have put through an order closing the American end of the bridges at nine o＇clock in the evening．The city of El Paso is trying to get the local bridge closed even at five o＇clock．

The Mexicans say this is all wrong and there is a movement asking the Mexican Government to retaliate．The retaliation suggested is that the Mexicans should close the bridges down dur ing the day，from early morning until nine oc lock at night．It＇s a sort of tit for tat idea．You close the bridges down at $n$ ight and we＇ll close down in the day time，which of course would make the bridges merely so much decoration．xめ凶文为

Another type of retaliation xxx being agitated among the Mexicans is that they are threatening to declare a boycott against the merchants of El Pasco. They want the Mexicans to agree not to buy anything from the business men in the American city.

The Associated Press gives us a bit of explanation about that bridge-closing controversy. The Americans say they are alosing the bridges because of the prevalence of open gambling in the Mexican towns. The Mexicans claim that the real reason is that merchants on the American side want to shut of the competition. They don't want people to go over to the Mexican city do the ir shopping.

The pe aceful news from Chile that we had last night didn't seem to work out. The Government at Santiago decided to make peace with the mutineer ing sailors in the Navy but it not only takes two to make a fight but it also takes two to make peace. The sailors refuse to accept the concessions.

And so this evening the situation in the South American republic is worse than ever.

The Associated Press reports that the Government forces are preparing to at 䭌品k the rebels. The army is scheduled to take control of the coast and shut off the food-supplies for the revolting sailors of the fleet. The idea is to starve them into surrender.

At the same time the air force of the republic is mobilizing, the government threatens to send the planes to bomb the rebels from the sky. Two naval bases, Talcahuano and Coquimbo are in the hands of mutineers. The squadrons of the air are to be sent against those

## QHILE_=_\#2

two strongholds.
It is feared that the mutinous warships may try to bombard the big cities on the coast. If they do the planes will bombard them with bombs from the sky. At least that's the program which the Government announces.

The International News Service reports that six large Junker bombing planes are ready to go into action and a large supply of huge air bombs have been made ready.

Meanwhile the word COMMUNISM sounds loud. The Communists are said to be making a serious effort to establish Bolshevism in Chile. The Government has ordered a roundup of all Communist le aders.
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Meanwhile in Spain the trouble is still going on. Rioting in
Barcelona. There was shooting all over the city $x$ throughout the $n i g h t$.
The Associated Press reports that the efforts to make peace have fallen flat.

The worst battle of the day occurred when a body of strikers barricaded themselves in the Syndicalist headquarters. They fortified themselves mad there and decided to fight it out. They had rifles and pistols and plenty of ammunition. The soldiers and police attacked the place but were beaten back. The fighting went on for six hours and only ended when the police brought up cannon, pieces of light artillery. They trained the threatening muzzles on the Syndicalist headquarters. And when the Reds inside saw the sight of artillery they didn't like it. They surrendered.

They are having a series of floods in the British Isles, and in both England end Ireland the waters of some of the rivers ere misbehaving themselves, especially in Ireland. In England, Yorkshire, Wales and the midlands report the worst floods in fifty years.

In Ireland hundreds of peonle are homeless and thousends of cattle have been drowned. The floods are the worst near Dublin. At Drumcondra two hundred houses are under water and at the town of Bray, says the International News Service, torrents of water surged through the streets and five hundred neonle are out of house end home. Also several sections of the city of Dublin were inundated also.

## MIMER WILKINS

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The great wilkins mystery is solved. A long wireless message has come through from Sir Hubert Wilkins and his party of adventurers up there in the Arctic. And one phrase seems to explain the silence which enshrouded the North-Pole-going submarine for days -"Our wiratio masts," radios sir Hubert Wilkins, "are upright once more, and we can now establish almost constant communication with the civilized world." So it would appear that the reason no word by wireless had been come heap from the adventurous party was the simple fact that the wireless masts, for some cause or other were down. Captain wilkins states that in her voyage through the floating ice the Nautilus frequently shoved her slim nose beneath floes of ice and lifted them, and the ice went cracking and slithering off the metal sides of the submarine. The wifeless dispatch from sir Hubert Wilkins which is printed in the Hearst newspapers today, tells us that
the Natilus did dive amid the icy perils of the North, she went beneath the ice nack.
"With our depth gege reading 33 feet," radios the modern Cantein Nemo, "we have looked out of the portholes, viewing the steel-like fangs of ice moving stealthily through the water.
"Startled small bleck fish about 6 inches long dash from the ice-holes, making lightning-like speed for a few feet. Then turning, they face us, end we watch their gills fluttering, their tails lashing furiously as they gaze at us through the portholes.
"The water chenges in color from blue to green, through the entire range of blues and greens."

That's the picture that is given us by the modern Cantain Nemo, who, like the famous hero of Jules Verne, has taken a diving submarine to explore the icy wonders of the polar Sea.

The New York Evening Post cerries a fascinating
distinguished American. This American is Silas H. Straw of Chicago. The dispatch states that Mr. Strewn, who is now at the head of the nation's largest association of business men, went to Chicago from an Illinois form, to work in a law office at "ten shining cartwheels a week." Now he is President of the Chamber of Commerce of the U. S., and one of the world's foremost lawyers, bankers and diplomats, and he constantly serves his country in important capacities without pay. An unusual man who does things quietly and without benefit of publicity.

I have a letter here which gives me a calling-down for leaving something out. It seems that in talking about school days 1 mentioned the old-time marbles and the old-time baseballs we used to make, but 1 forgot all about that prize implement of our boyhood days -- the big turnip, the watch we used to carry around. Remember how long it took to wind it? You'd have to work your fingers on the stem for long minutes. And wasn't it fun to investigate the works, with a hammer and chisel?

Well, those days have gone forever. One of those old-fashioned turnips would seem as much out of place in a modern school as the antediluvian slate. The school boys and girls nowadays are equipped with the snappiest sort of timepieces, those natty wrist watches, and small trim pocket watches. Yes, they all have them, because school days mean pride in the possession of a watch.

## SOHOOL_(4) - 2

And school days mean pride in the possession of a lot of things. This week's Literary Digest, inshowfing us how the opening of school boosts business., gives us a little scene which is higher illustrated the

The Literary Digest tells us that Mary walks up to Dad and says, "Dad, want you to buy a vacuum cleaner for Mother. We need one in this house." "Mary," replies Dad, "I doubt if we need a vacuum cleaner. Mother manages all right with a carpet beater."

But Mary is a star pupil in home economics at High School -- and she knows. Dad hasn't got a chance. Mary tells about germs, dirt, fatigue, and a lot of other things. Oh yes, she's well up in her studies.

In a few minutes Lad runs up the white flag, and the local dealer in electrical appliances has another customer. And pretty soon the neighbors grow interested in that new vacuum cleaner, and they turn into customers.

And let's don't forget that in a couple of years Mary gets married. She starts a home of her own, and she too is a customer.

Yes, this week's Literary Digest certainly does tell us in convincing manner just how the opening of our schools helps to build up general, nationwide prosperity.

The National Air Races out at Cleveland seem to be piling one thrill on another. Today, the United Press, tells how Ray More, a Sen Francisco ilot, shot across the field at such terrific speed that he was hardly more than a blur. He leaped straight into the face of the sun and in a moment was lost from view. Then a few minutes later he reappeared and observers estimated his speed at around 300 miles an hour. The engine of his mystery ship is made partly of magnesium and is unusually light. He is grooming it for the Thompson Speed Race at Cleveland on Labor Day. Jimmie Doolittle, who swept to more fame yesterday, when he smashed the record by jumping from Pacific to Atlantic, in eleven hours and 15 minutes, will be in that

Thompson Trophy Race, and the renorts are that Major Jim Dootlittle's tiny biplane cen split the wind at around $\mathbf{3 0 0}$. So the bie air carnival in Cleveland will end on Mondey with one grand burst of speed. Thet's sure.
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A house-to-house campaign is going on in St. Louis, Missouri. The men who are going from one house and then to another are sturdy chaps, no Broadway stylish cut to their clothes -. just plain open-country fellows. They're farmers. And at every house they go to they do a bit of talking. They explain the things to Mrs. House-Wife and her husband. They talk about milk.

A battle is on between missouri and Illinois Farmers and a big dairy company; the a price war. The farmers felt the middle-man wasn't doing right by them.

Well, usually the farmer just talks cant figure outhwhat he can do about it. But these Missouri and Illinois farmers gotinup on the ${ }^{\text {ir }}$ hind legs and exactly what were fighting for and let them be the judges," declared A. D. Lynch, the manager of the Farmers! Marketing organization.

And so the campaign is on, with
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the farmers pointing out to the customers how much the milk costs the consumer and what the farmers get for it. They've also got a few things to say about the dumping of milk which is said to have taken place in the course of the present price war.

The United Press adds that there have been outbreaks of trouble between the embattled farmers and the dairy company, and the state police are patrolling the roads to prevent fur thor outbreaks of $\bar{\lambda}$ iolence.

Well, I don't know anything about the $r$ ights or the wrongs of the controversy in Missouri, but I dabble a bit in farming myself, and 1 know that the boy behind the plow has a hard row to hoe.

## And ilt be nearing a yood cieat

about agriaultural matters over the wesk-end, beceuse $1^{\prime} \mathrm{m}$ çoing to attend Albert Akins barn=pariy in Huchess County, and that's always an occasion when there's plenty of talk about the

But anyway, there's one farmer who has been having a good time. He ate 37 ears of corn. And he established a record.

They had a corn-eating contest at urtonville, Minnesota. And a new corn-eating champion has been acclaimed. He is Edward Kottwitz. Ed is a farmer from Grant County, South Lakota, but he traveled over to Minnesota just to get

They ate and ate and ate, or as Doctor Vizetelly and the boys out in Minnesota would say -- they et and et and et. The sound of the eating could be heard for miles around, as tho se

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ad ran eleven pairs of jaws crunched the corn $r$ ight off the cob.

Pretty soon one man was observed to have a glassy look in his eyes. He had had too much corn -- I mean ears of corn. He dropped out. One by one others dropped out, but Ed Kottwitz just seemed to be getting into his stride. We getting in big bites. The way he could demolish an ear of corn would make a horse jealous.

Finally only two corn-eaters were left at the trough, and one was Ed Kottwitz. His competitor tried to keep up with him, but it was in vain. Ho wasn't a bad corn-eater, Ed's remaining competitor. He could chew up a mouth full of corn as well as most men. It was just his misfortune that he was up against the greatest corn-eater in the world. You know how a warrior's arm grows faint in battle, or how the presidential hand grows weary from shaking hands. Well, that's the way the poor fellow's jaws grew faint and

## CORD - 3

weary from trying to keep up with Ed Kottwitz at chewing corn. The next thing you know, he staggered away from the trough, just about ready to collapse. And Ed remained there in solitary glory, just having a few more bites of corn. He was the champion.

Well, after every great achievemont the hero usually makes a little speech. Maybe he says, "I did it for wifely and the kiddies." Ed didn't say exactly that. He sort of apologized for having eaten only 37 ears of corn.
"I could have done better," he explained, "only I ate corn for dinner. just two hours before ${ }_{A}$ contest started. in Anyway, I cant eat any more because I've got to hurry home. I've got 12 cows to milk this evening."

Yes, those are the words of a great man.

Well, that corn-eating contest certainly fits in with my state of mind this evening. $I^{\prime} m$ on my way to the farm, and over the weekend If m going to

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neighborhood bern-dance. Naybe they'll have corn too. But I don't exnect to break Ed. Kottwitz's record by putting away 37 ears. But I'll do my best, and -SO LONG UNTIL MONDAY.

