## Chile

Good Evening, Everybody:
If you have any property in Chile, there's no need for you to be al armed. The authority for this statement is no less than Señior Carlos Davila, himself. Yes, the man who overthrew the Chilean who established a socialist regime.

Mr. Davila made this statement to a United Press correspondent, as report ted in the New York Sun. The new Socialist Government of chile will not molest the private property of either Chileños or of for eigners.

It may be interesting to know that American and British investments in that republic amount to more than a billion dollars.

For a while this afternoon it looked as though the new socialist government might be upset by a counter revolution. But according to the latest
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advices military police and troops squelched all manifestation ${ }^{s}$. The ry appear to have the situati on in control. At the same time the guards around the presidential palace were reinforced. The city was filled with rumors and the streets are full effed crowds. sousing Thy clapped on a strick censorship. estatistredr

The Davila government made one other important announcement to the United Press today. They will issue a decree dissolving all the religious orders such as the Franciscans, Jesuits and Dominicans.

Señor Davila, by the way, is better known in the United States than any other Chileno. When he was ambassador to the United States he was one of the hardest working diplomats who ever came to Washington. Instead of playing around with the rest of the diplomatic set, he went touring all over the United States trying to find out things. He would do such for instance, as
traveling the ahautauquarcinte, lecturing and talking to people. He played a big part in engineering President Hoover's swing around South America. While he was in the United States he made no secret of his interest in Soviet Russia. It was more than a hobby with him. It was a serious study.

In Washington, D. C. of ficial circles are flabbergasted by the turn of events in Chile. They feel there is no way of knowing which way the Chilean cat is going to jump next. First she seems to bo going in the Ways of Mussolini, then she takes a step in the direction of stalin and the post of Soviet Russia.

know that american property is safe there for tho time being.

## BERLIN

There's an interesting interpretation by a United Press correspondent in the New York World-Telegra today, of the latest political events in Germany. What the new Cabinet means is that the German Reich is now in the hands of the same crowd that dominated it in the days of Kaiser Wilhelm the 2 nd .

It is in effect a coalition of the big Junker Prussian land lar ids, of captains of industry in the Ruhr district, of militarists, and of the Fascist followers of Handsome Adolf Hitler.

Latest reports have it that Doctor Bruening, the Chancellor who was overthrown by this camarilla was freely *uk doublecrossed by men whom he believed to be his own loyal supporters. So much so that his downfall astounded a great many people.

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And one reaction from the present state of affairs in Germany is already to be observed in France．The gain $n$ in pow er made by the Handsome Adolf has compel led the new French Premier区如风又 Eduoard Herriot to make some rapid overnight changes in his policy． x\＆xax xix According to Raymond Carroll，in the New York Evening Post， France already begins to hear the figurative TRAMP，TRAMP，TRANP of heavy armored boots across the Rhine．

In accordance with this sentiment Mr．Herriot is rewriting the declaration of his policy which he will submit to the French Parliament tomor row．And those who have seen advance sheets of this declaration describe it as a superb example of political tightrope walking．

I've just heard of something remarkable - a thrifty poet - and he's no less than the Poet Laureate of England. As a matter of fact, he happens to be a very fine poet even though he is the Laureate. He is John Masefield who is not unknown in this clime.

Now the thing about Mr. Masefield is that as Poet Laureate he is entitled to an annual salary that's slightly jocular. It is 350 pounds a year in English money which - well it figures out not much more than a thousand dollars today.

But the Poet Laureate is also entitled to a butt of sack. That's Elizabethan English for a barrel of wine. But Mr. Masefield scorns a/butt of sack, and prefers to have the money instead. So instead of the wine he's going to draw \$135. Maybe he suspects the wine wouldn't be very good. visiting France is unthinkable, so says a valuable article in the current issue of the Literary Digest, the annual summer travel number.

France, say the editors of the Digest, is a country that caters superbly to every taste, grave or gay. Through every gateway you plungeinto exquisite scenes. If you step ashore at Cherbourg of LoHavre, youmust not forget that you are already in Normand next door to it is picturesque Brittany.

The Digest quotes a writer for the French Line, who remarks: France is a xxx favored land in the matter of resorts. Every whim or personal preference is met by a girdle of pleasure, health, historic interest, and physical enchantment.

There are other articles which described the fascination of mellow England and Scotland; also the multitude of sights in Italy,

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Germany, Norway, Sweden, It' fact of all Europe. You will also find in this issue of the Digest useful information about railways and hotels.

And, talking about travels and Ils, I had a talk today with a tleman who is in a way the biggest el man in the world. He has only hotel of his own, but he has enough ar hotels on his mind to house all armies of the world, and maybe *w navies too. He is Mr. Thomas ireen, President of the American al Association of the United States Canada.

Mr. Green, will you tell the is some of the things you told me $y$ ?

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And, talking about travels and hotels, I had a talk today with a gentleman who is in a way the biggest hotel man in the world. He has only one hotel of his own, but he has enough other hotels on his mind to house all the armies t of the world, and maybe a few navies too. He is Mr. Thomas D. Green, President of the American Hotel Association of the United States and Canada.

Mr. Green, will you tell the folks some of the things you told me today?

## Lowell

Thank you, Mr. Thomas. I am delighted to have this opportunity of addressing the great Literary Digest audience.

I speak in behalf of the 25,000 hotels in this country and Canada, over 7,000 of which are members of the American Hotel Association of the United States and Canada. Ours is an important industry. Possibly you folks, out there, who patronize hotels have never stopped to think of the immensity of the business. In the United States, alone, our invested capital exceeds five billion dollars. Taking the 18,195 hotels which are listed in the new Hotel Red Book, we are able to offer a total of $1,800,000$ guest rooms. That ought to be reassuring to those who are contemplating a trip this summer -- nearly two million hotel rooms to choose from. And, let me whisper a little secret to you, while I am about it -- hotel rates haven't been as low as they are these days in many year. So, you see, every cloud has its
silver lining. The roads are wonderful; motor cars are easily bought these days. The railroads are offering the greatest bargains in summer rates. Hotels are ready to make you feel at home. Now is the time to take the family on that summer trip you have been promising them. Let me say, incidentally, that 1 - cannot too highly commend the Literary

True are the words "we all have
24 our little troubles." There is no use
25 trying to dodge the fact. Hotelmen have
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them, like everybody else, possibly more so. We not only have to bear with the general business depression, but while we are striving honestly and patriotically, to respect and live up to the law in our hotels, we suffer enormously at the hands of those who have no respect at all for the law. In our large cities we are confronted with a situation wherein the hotel restaurant business is dwindling away, day by day, while, across the street, our illegitimate competitor, the speakeasy, reaps the reward of our loyalty to the law of the land. We are forbidden from dispensing certain "extras" with meals while the other fellow is forbidden nothing. He has No responsibilities. He just sails merrily along, ignoring the law, paying no taxes on his business, and waxing fat while we grow thinner and thinner.

Some of us now are wearing belts that look more like a bracelet for a wristwatch.

Well, let us be cheerful about it,

EOB_MR- GREEN - 4
anyway. That is one stock in trade that we cannot afford to be without -- cheerfulness. No matter how it hurts, the hotelman must always keep smiling. Nobody wants to stay in a hotel where the proprietor is a congenital grouch.

The Hotel is a responsible institution. In this country, alone, we employ over five hundred thousand people. The ladies will be particularly interested to know that 45 per cent of this great army are women, and more than 25 per cent of our hotel managers are women. That is as it should be.

I am very happy to have this opportunity of talking to you, for my own sake, and also as President of our Association. The last word I would like to pass along to you is, adopt the slogan which since time immemorial has served as a tradition of good hotel-keeping -BE CHEERFUL.

California has been blowing herself to another earthquake. From Eureka, a town you have read of in Bret Hart and Mark Twain, comes the news that one person is killed and several are injured.
Four shocks struck the town about one oc lock this morning.

Many homes were shaken down. Eureka is almost without windows today. And the Highway from Eureka to San Francisco is blocked.

Earthquake experts at Harvard believe that these shocks in California were after-shocks from the severe quake that occurred in Mexico last week. According to latest reports from Mexico City, the total of people killed last Friday in the State of Jalisco was 22. One town was so badly damaged that the citizens decided to build an new town.

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when me hex, Mr. Green, letter be cheerfully, even The United States Senate this afternoon passed the billion-dollar tax bill. Of course this has been a foregone conclusion for several days. But there was a last-minute fight on it by reason of the difference of opinion among the Senators over, a tax on electric Buthoter., The bill, accordingly, goes to President Hoover for his signature. becomes graver every day. We learn from a United Press dispatch in the Cincinnati Post that there are 2500 veterans now encamped on the banks of the Potomac, and at least 5,000 others are marching on Washington.)

One of the contingents on the way created a serious state of affairs in Pennsylvania. All the east bound trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were tied up. The state police were called out.

We learn by a special story in the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph this afternoon that the railroad officials have announced they would not run any freight trains from Connelsville, Pennsylvania, until the marchers have left. There are between five and six hundred veterans stranded in that town. They are camped in quiet aid orderly fashion on the banks of the youghiogheny River. Their numbers will probably be increased by a delegation of 300 from

## BQNUS - a

The police of Washington, D. C. have withdrawn their threats to drive the veterans away as soon as their food supply runs out. But the boys are getting consignments of forage and money from home.

At tho heir equse seems tess; The veterans are determined to wait until the House votes on their Ex demand.

I have a new candidate for the Tall Story Club. What makes him more interesting is that he is science teacher in the High School of Rochester, New York. His name is Doctor Howard Minchin. And here's the yarn:

A despondent man wanted to commit suicide. Now don't be alarmed -- the story hasn't got a tragic ending. He collected a revolver, some mai poison, a rope, some gasoline, and a match. He soaked his clothes in the gasoline, and took the poison. Then he climbed a tree with a branch an over a deep river. He tied the rope around his neck and, the branch of the tree. Then he lit the match and set fire to his gasoline-soaked clothes. After that he shot off the revolver. Evidently his aim wasn't good, because the bullet instead of killing him e cut the rope. The man fell into the river. The water put out the fire. In $h$ is excitement he swallowed so much of the
river that it provided an antidote to the poison. A fisherman pulled him out of the river, and he went back home not on li a five ant man injured, but That ought to be tall enough for you. It sure the for me. And $s-l-u-t-m$.

