The New Year seems to be starting out in the right way.

At any rate the old Stock Market must have made a good New

Year's resolution.

When trading began this morning, after the holiday, things soon got going, and prices rose steadily all afternoon; there was a turnover of two million shares. That's no record -- says

Mr. Couzens of the I.N.S., but the main thing was that the market was steadily and strongly on the upgrade, which is the way we hope it will keep going all through the New Year.

Down in Washington nothing seems to remain fixed for suggested long except perhaps the Washington Monument. It is/that Senator

Fess of Ohio may resign as Chairman of the National Republican

Committee. Yes, and there seems to be a lot of talk as to who will succeed him. The United Press informs us that if Senator

Fess retires General Charles G. Dawes may step into his shoes. A group of the younger Republican senators are reported to be backing the former Vice-President for the job.

Well, there's one copy of the Literary Digest that's going on an adventurous trip. It's in the cockpit of a plane that is scheduled to take off at dawn tomorrow for a Trans-Atlantic flight. The plane is the "Trade Wind" and the fliers are Captain William MacLaren and a pretty girl named Beryl Hart. There is one thing brand new about this flight. It's a big plane and it will be loaded with cargo. In fact it's the first cargo laden plane to attempt to fly across the ocean, and along with the cargo goes that copy of the Literary Digest. There will be plenty of reading matter in it to entertain Captain MacLaren and Beryl Hart during the long hours of the flight, that is, if they find they have a lot of spare time on their hands.

One of the questions of the hour seems to be:- "What does the onion have to say?

half-hour before the break of the New Year, Edward Benesch, a shoemaker out in Marshfield, Wisconsin, gets an imm onion. He takes it into his shoemaking shop and cuts it in two. Then he goes into a seance and studies the layers of the onion. They tell him what the weather is going to be; and this year, says the shoemaker, it's going to be cold. The onion forecasts that the rest of the winter down here is going to be about the same as it is up at the North Pole. And as the shoemaker made this discovery he looked still more intently at the onion and tears came into his eyes.

Out in St. Louis two fathers got together, one a while man and one a negro and that brought to an end the big New Year's kidnapping sensation. The thirteen-year-old great-grandson of the wealthy brewer, Adolphus Busch, was kidnapped by a young colored man. Then he was returned unharmed. An International News Service dispatch now reveals that the father of the kidnapper persuaded his son to give up the boy, and then got in touch with the boy's father. The two fathers settled it between themselves.

A town in Pennsylvania blew up today, anyway, a whole block in the business section did. There were four deafening blasts in the town of Monessen - one right after another.

Buildings were shattered and some rose right up into the air.

According to the United Press the blast is believed to have been caused by leaking gas. The gas just kept leaking and accumulated and then went boom. Only one person was injured. But, the International News Service informs us that many people were driven from their homes, and the damage is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars.

Well, I hope I won't have any canaries or whiskers while I tell you about this one. An Associated Press dispatch states that a glossary of motion picture slang has just come out. It gives all the new words and phrases that are being used in the studios where they make the talkies.

Canary is one of the new terms. Canaries are the squeaky noises that get into the reproduction of the voice. By whiskers they mean the fuzzy waves that sometimes appear in the voice. This motion picture glossary tells us a lot of things about the English 1 mguage that we didn't know before. A baby for example is a small spotlight. A mother means something in connection with a sound record. An apple is a certain kind of vacuum tube. Baffle blankets are sheets of felt to deaden sound. Dynamite is an open connection box that is dangerous if stepped upon. Mikestew is outside sounds heard by the fellow who is controlling the reproduction. There are also a few two dollar words like "potentiometer."

As you no doubt know, this month will see things stirring in the automobile industry. The New York automobile show opens tomorrow at Grand Central Palace, and then the Chicago show follows at the end of the month.

Well, I was reminded this afternoon of what an enormous thing the automobile business is. The editors of the Literary Digest gave me some figures and I am going to pass them on to you.

The motor industry is now the largest manufacturing enterprise in the world. It gives employment to one out of every ten people in this country who work at jobs. It is the largest user of steel, rubber, gasoline, plate glass, and various other products. There are 23,122,300 automobiles in the United States. And here's an amazing thing. There are more automobiles than there are telephones.

And every time a telephone rings an automobile has traveled six miles.

The autombile show, they say, is going to usher in a big year. Let's hope so, because if there's a big year in the motor trade, it means a big thing for business in general.

One of the Digest editors told me that the State Superintendent of motor vehicles in Pennsylvania declares that there
are many thousands of cars running around in Pennsylvania that are
not worth twenty-five bucks apiece, and are a public menace. Well,
those owners of twenty-five dollar cars ought to take in the New
York auto show.

Now for some news from the Spanish Main. The President of Panama has handed in his resignation - or rather he has handed it out. You see, he's in jail. This is a result of a quick snappy revolution, in which the government was overthrown. According to the United Press the revolutionists gathered swiftly and unexpectedly and stormed the presidential palace. There were bursts of machine gun fire. The rebels entered the palace from the rear and seized the president. They put him in jail. The leader of the revolt was Dr. Arias, who has now been declared president. The International News Service informs us that an American newspaper correspondent was shot and gravely wounded in the street fighting.

Across a few miles of jungle, in Nicaragua, the Marines seem to be up against another tough job. They are driving through the underbrush and climbing hills looking for the rebels who ambushed and killed eight of their comrades yesterday. Associated Press dispatches tell us more about that skirmish of yesterday. A patrol of ten marines xx was repairing a telephone line and they were ambushed by a party of rebels believed to have been commanded by Sandino or one of his lieutenants. The patrol was nearly wiped out. Only two men were left alive, and they were wounded. The Marines as usual put up a hot fight. The battle lasted for two and a half hours, and a number of the rebels were killed. But in the end nearly the whole Marine Patrol was cut down. Eight were killed: one tried to get through the Rebel lines and was wounded; and the last man left standing was shot down but crawled into a cornfield and eluded the Nicaraguans.

The other night I told you about the Literary Digest
All American football team.

The article remarks that a year ago the Digest suggested that the experts who pick these All-American teams at the end of the regular football season might do well to wait until the post season games are played, because the post-season games often throw a new light on the abilities of various players. Well, the Digest apparently was right.

But first I'll read off this year's Digest team of teams again:-

Ends - Fesler of Ohio State and Dalrymple of Tulane.

Tackles - Sington of Alabama and Price of Army.

Guards - Woodworth of Northwestern and Wisniewski of

Fordham.

Center - Ticknor of Harvard.

Quarter-back - Carideo of Notre Dame.

Half-backs - Schwartz of Notre Dame and Pinckert of Southern California.

Full-back - Macaluso of Colgate.

In many of the lists picked by one expert or another this year, players of Washington State University were featured prominently. In fact, there were more Washington State stars on those lists than there were Alabama players. Well, you know what happened in that game in the Rose Bowl out at Pasadena yesterday. Alabama just walked all over Washington State, and that makes the preponderance of Washington State over Alabama in those various All-American suggestions seem just a big funny doesn't it? The Digest was right. If the experts had waited until after yesterday's game they would have put a little more of Alabama's crimson tide in the picture, and paid less attention to the Cougars from Washington State. A fascinating story goes with the article about the All-American team in this week's. Literary Digest.

Over in London they are saying 1 that Prime Minister Ramsay McDonald, 2 head of the Labor Government, is going 3 go have good luck during 1931. There 4 is an old Scotch superstition about footing, and That means the xxx first personx who comes into your house after the break of New Year. If he is a dark man you'll have good luck for the year. Well, age, according to the 10 Associated Press, the first man to cross 11 Prime Minister McDonald's threshold 12 shortly after midnight of the New Year 13 was the Maharajah of Alwar. He brought 14 the Prime Minister a gift of Scotch 15 short bread. Now the Maharajah is a 16 tall and very dark man. So they say 17 that's a big break of luck for McDonald. 18 19 20 21 22 23

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Although I'm neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, my next news item is about a prophet. No, I don't mean a prophet who is going to tell us what's going to happen during the New Year.

This prophet dwells in Mexico, in a village about 50 miles from the capital. He foretold all sorts of things, and among other things he told the people to abandon their sinful ways because the Day of Judgment was at hand.

Like some of the prophets and holy men of India, he had a prejudice against wearing clothes and did his prophesying in a costume that shocked some people.

Anyway, the police got after him, and then the Mexican cops were mobbed by the followers of the prophet. Nearly everybody seemed to believe in him. The mob threw everything at the police, from bricks to hot tamales. After quite a scuffle the prophet was taken away, and then he was identified. He had escaped from a lunatic asylum.

I was in a restaurant today having luncheon with several of the editors of the Literary Digest when a man rushed in breathless and dishevelled. I recognized him as none other than my old friend, Max Shuster, the publisher. "Holy smoke", he gasped, "I print books of cross word puzzles, but here's something that's too much of a puzzle even for me. See if you can figure it out?"

Then we both had a laugh over an Associated Press clipping that he handed me. It certainly is about the oddest thing I've seen this year. But here I'm forgetting that the year is only two days old.

Over in Berlin a German threw thirty-nine rocks at the windows of a police headquarters. His aim was perfect. Each rock smashed a window. The police swarmed out and captured him. The man admitted that he had been responsible for the bombardment, and said he did it simply because he was tired of life.

"Any Cross-word puzzle" said Max, "is easy beside that one." I couldn't solve it for him. So I'm passing it on to you.

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I've kept a Scotch story until the last. In a way, it isn't a Scotch story. It really concerns a revolt against Scotch stories. A lot of Braw Scotts are denouncing our old friend Sir Harry Lauder.

They say that Harry has done more than any living man to lower and vulgarise the popular conception of Scotland. It all started when an author named xxxxx Andrew Bigg wrote a book, in which he denounced Harry Lauder for giving the world a low carrioature of Scottish life. And thousands of Scotemmen rose and agreed with Author Bigg. In fact these dour kilted laddies declare that the familiar Scote man made famous by Harry Lauder doesn't exist. They object to his giving the impression that Scotehmen are little fellows with bandy legs, and red hair who wear tammoshanter and carry knotted sticks.

They also say that the Scotch dialect which Lauder talks is not the

real language of the educated Scotsman.

So the bagpipes are skirling and the boys are singing and the Campbells are coming.

What does Harry think about it?
He says: "Hoot mon, it's a grand idea
because it gives me so much free
advertising." He says that anything free
always has his hearty approval.

Well, I am just an innocent bystander so far as this Scottish controversy is concerned. I'm not going to say whether Harry Lauder, on the stage, represents the real Scotesman or

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1 not. Anyhow, I'm all for Harry. He 2 has done a lot to brighten up this old 3 world. In fact when he insists it's 4 a braw, bricht moonlicht nicht tonicht 5 it's all richt with me.

I wish I could tell you goodnight 7 like a Highlander now, but my Scotch 8 is not so hot, so I'll just say Solong 9 until tomorrow nicht, and let it go 10 at that.

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