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I have a dispatch here which is sure to arouse an instant thrill of sympathy in us fellows who wear mustaches. We know what it is to take care of a mustache, how xxxxxxxxxx you've got to cultivate, and how you have to train it to keep it from wandering all over the lower part of the face, and how you have to clip it with great care so that it isn't altogether lopsided. Some of us with a rich and luxuriant growth have all kinds of trouble keeping thet old mustache from acquiring that walrus effect. Others have difficulty in getting as many as half a dozen hairs to sprout.

Anyway, Lieutenant Ernest Warburton, an army aviator, is in the hospital today. He is moaning and groaning Those flames, that fiery scorching blaze, "he moans and groans. "It burnt off my mustache." That's the lieutenant's principal xxxx complaint.

The United Press informs us that at Selfridge Field Lieutenant

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Warburton was flying around in the sky when his experimental plane took fire. The flames engulfed him and he was barely able to bail out in his parachute and float down to safety. He was taken to the hospital with severe burns on one arm and on his face, but he doesn't mind the pain. What grieves him is what happened to his mustache. He had been cultivating it lovingly and tenderly for three weeks. It looked like the familiar misplaced eyebrow at first. It was a mere ghost of a mustache. But it grew and sprouted and after three weeks was just beginning to look like something. "And then," the Lieutenant cries mournfully, 2that blooming plane had to catch fire and burn off my beautiful new mustache."

And now let's pay a tribute to a couple of other stout fliers:- Sam Taylor and Allen McDiarmin. Yesterday they were piloting a big tri-motored air liner on the regular run from Chicago to Cleveland. The big ship was near Elyria, Ohio, when two of the motors went dead, and the giant bus began a long slide down the gravity road toward the ground. There wasn't a decent parking place in sight, and the pilots knew they were in for trouble. They had to land that huge ship in a tangle of rocks, trees, buildings and telephone wires. And they had eight passengers aboard.

And that's where Sam Taylor and Allen McDiarmid showed that they were of the stuff of which the true aviator is made.

They were sliding down and down. Quite cooly they told the passengers to get their life belts on those belts that keep a passenger fastened to his seat so he won't go tumbling into one corner of the cabin in case of a mishap in taking off or landing.

and methodically the pilots made sure that each passenger had his belt on and 3 then Taylor brought the plane down to one of the toughest landings a flier ever 5 made.

According to the Associated 7 Press it was impossible to get clear 8 of the obstructions on the ground, and 9 as that big ship went zipping along 10 at high speed, one wing hit the top of the tree, and that whirled the plane around against a mass of telephone wires. It tore through them and crashed in a barnyard.

The two herois pilots were injured and are in a hospital, but the passengers were xxxx saved. Several had miner scratches and bruises - that's all.

And you can bet that those 20 passengers, all eight of them, are paying plenty of tribute to Sam Taylor and Allen McDiarmid. and that's the sort of flyers who handle the planes on our commercial lines. accidents seldom occur but usually 25 when one does the pilots are able to save the situation, and they do it without thought of their own safety.

The White House today resounded with the merry strains of music. No, it wasn't any grand piano nor \$100,000 Stradivarius fiddle that was playing. It was just a harmonica and how that harmonica chirped and warbled.

According to the United Press, the musician was Brian Untiedt, the boy-hero of the Colorado blizzard, who is a guest of President and Mrs. Hoover, at the White House.

The President learned that Brian is quite a musician. He plays a Miean harmonica and promptly at the Presidential command the concert was under way.

Political things are somewhat dead and quiet in Washington but musically it was a great day at the White House.

The King of Siam went to the hospital today, and the doctors told him - yes, he'd have to have that operation on his eye.

According to the International News Service the experts at Johns Hopkins, at Baltimore gave His Siamese Majesty a thorough examination and found that the left optic was so bady off kk with a cataract that an operation is absolutely necessary.

Well, the royal autocrat
of Siam came to the United States to
have an operation and he finds he
is going to get it all right. The diagnosis
made by his medical and surgical advisors
in siam has been found correct by the
leading eye authorities of america.

A strange story broke in the newspapers a couple of weeks ago. It was a story about spiritualism -- about a world-famous medium who had confessed. You may recall his name. It was Pecararo. He is an Italian who was known far and wide as a man possessed of psychic powers -- a medium who could materialize the spirits in an extraordinary way. In fact so extraordinary were his seances that important spiritualists -- Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and many others -- attended regularly.

But now this renowned medium has admite confessed that he is a fake. You probably saw the story of his confession in your local paper. He confessed that he never saw a ghost in his life, and he admitted that his psychic wonder working was all hokum -- just trickery.

Well, the reason I refer to this story is that in the new Digest, there's a fascinating article about that medium. The Digest editors give us more than the

mere facts of the story. They point out its significance, and what it means to people who believe in spiritualism and people who don't.

For example, the Digest probable article points out the dangers of trying to inquire into the future by giving us a line which the Philadelphia Public Ledger quotes from the great Roman poet, Horace:

CEASE TO INQUIRE WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE AND TAKE WHATEVER THE DAY BRINGS FORTH.

So wrote Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the poet known to fame as Horace.

On the other hand, the Digest quotes the Brooklyn Eagle as saying that the confession of Pecararo is NOT conclusive evidence against the doctrine of spiritualism.

Inst have a look at the whole story in the new Literary Digest and see what you think about it.

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Cheer up, folks - Utopia is at hand. The time we have all been waiting for is just around the corner, that is, it will be a Utopia for all automobile drivers, us fellows who are always having trouble in driving the old bus.

You know what a bother the gears are and the clutch and the differential? I mean on the old models, like mine? Well, it won't be long before an automobile will have neither gears nor clutch nor differential.

The New York Evening Post tells us that a Scottish engineer has invented a brand new type of transmission, which will be applied to all sorts of rolling stock, locomotives, steamships, airplanes, and automobiles. It will make the operation of vehicles much cheaper. It will save money, says the Scot, enthusiastically. It will also save a lot of bother - because it will be without gears, clutch or differentials.

And that's Utopia.

Or maybe it's just another pipe dream, or another Scotch joke.

The evil axx hand of disaster struck the republic of Brazil today. There was a terrible explosion in the naval laboratory across the bay from Rio de Janeiro.

In that naval laboratory was a torpedo loading room, where they *** pack high explosives into the deadly missiles of the sea.

According to the Associated Press the explosion is believed to have occurred in that torpedo loading room. Anyway, there was a terrific explosion and the entire plant was wrecked.

Four hundred men were working in the laboratory and half of them are believed to have been killed or injured.

Canary Islands tonight states that the big plane Dox plans to tump the status to Erazil tomorrow. She attantic to Erazil tomorrow. She has been held up in the Canaries for many weeks for many weeks

A veil of silence hangs over the Madeira Islands tonight - that is silence so far as news is concerned; otherwise there's

plenty of noise -- A thunder of guns and crash of exploding shells.

A strict censorship has been declared by the Portugese authorities. Ships and soldiers of the Lisbon Government have begun a decisive attack on rebels who are defending the town of Funchal. Fighting is going on. The Government warships are shelling the positions of the insurgents around the city. Some of the great projectiles landed plump in the middle of the beautiful old world town and exploded.

because the frightened inhabitants of Funchal had cleared out of their homes and fled to the open country. Soldiers landed on the beach 15 miles northeast of the capitol city. They landed while the guns of the ships covered them with a heavy curtain of shell fire and while sea-planes overhead dropped bombs.

And so the silent veil of censorship hangs over those beautiful islands in the South Atlantic -- a silence punctuated by the bombing of guns and wild din of battle.

Today in the City of Canton on the south coast of China a revolt was staged. There was no fighting, there are no casualties, it was a bloodless coup d'etat in which General Cheng Chitang seized the city and deposed the representatives of the Nationalists Government.

This is the beginning of what may be a new serious revolutionary movement against General Chang Kai Shek and the Nationalist regime.

other Chinese Generals, the old war-lords, have been watching and getting all set to jump into another grand free for all. The Nationalist Government has been keeping these war-lords in line in a precarious kind of way. And the various praxix generals in command of the great provinces of China are ready to unleash the dragons of war the moment the Nationalist Government seems ripe for a licking.

There is jubilation in France today. All because it seems as if the birthrate of the French republic is no longer declining.

For a generation France has been frightened by the fact that the lower birth rate kept going lower and lower.

People were having fewer and fewer children, and many were afraid that the French race was on the road to oblivion and would presently be as extinct as the dodo.

But today, according to the Associated Press, figures given out by the government at Paris indicate that during the past year there were one hundred thousand more births than deaths in France, and that's the best figure in a long time.

The Parisian newspapers are saying that the new figure indicates a trend, and that the declining birth rate is a thing of the past. So there is much joy and jubilation on the boulevards tonight

Now comes an old story, the one about Soviet dumping -how Bolshevik Russia is throwing its products on the world market
in huge quantities. Yes, its an old story -- but now it takes
the form of pointed and pertinent fact.

The New York Evening Post tells us that figures given out in London today show that for the first time Soviet Russia has jumped into first position as a seller of wheat to Great Britain.

During the first quarter of the present year Russia sold England more wheat then any other nation. Canada came second and the United States third.

And so that specter of Soviet competition in the world markets is given a sharp sense of reality.

The new Mayor of Chicago seems to be making a determined effort to solve the crime problems in his domain. Every city in the world has these problems and always will. No matter how a efficient the administration there will be occasional outbreaks.

For instance a moment ago word was flashed to me by the International

News Service that another shooting scrape occured in the downtown district of Chicago tonight. Police officer Anthony Ruthy, was killed, another officer probably fatally wounded and several pedestrians wounded. According to the news flash a bank robber did the shooting. The dispatch doesn't say whether the robber was caught or not.

The world of art and artists today has been talking about a scandal that is agitating the world-of-art-and-artists in London.

Reginald Eves, a prominent British painter has been spending a good deal of time today apologizing. He admits everything. He admits that three paintings which he submitted to an exhibition held by the Royal Academy were really not paintings at all. They were merely colored photographs. The well-known artist had merely taken large photographs and colored them up with a heavy application of oil paints.

According to the International News Service the painter declares that he was pressed for time and he had an attack of neuritis in his right hand. He wanted to hang three pictures in the Royal Academy exhibition and he couldn't get three new ones ready in time. So he took an easy way out by coloring up those photographs and sending them in as paintings.

ACCONDIX Well that's a curious story. It reminds one of other strange tales of art and artists. For example there was a futuristic painting not so long ago that won a prize, beforexit Then it was discovered that the picture had been hung the wrong way -- upside down. But it was very modern art and it didn't matter which way it was standing-on its head or on its feet.

Now step up girls and answer this question. Are you

LEPTOSAMES or are you PSYCHICES. And those words make me weak

in the knees. It seems that there are two kinds of women and the

two kinds are LEPTOSAMES and PSYCNICES. This, according to the

International News Service is the discovery of a German physician.

The <u>leptosames</u> are what the Doctor calls FATLESS women -in other words they are skinny and don't have to do any reducing.

The <u>psycnices</u> on the other hand, the Doctor calls the round type
of woman. Yes, that describes them - - round and plump.

The <u>leptosames</u> are not only thin but they are also clever, smart and independent. The <u>psynnices</u> on the other hand are not so clever. They are the home-loving types that make good mothers. In other words, girls, are you <u>leptosames</u> or are you <u>psycnices</u>?

The doctor doesn't say whether those two weird terms apply to men as well as women. But I suppose they do because some men are thin and some men are fat, portly, and paunchy, which leads me to say that this particular LEPTOSAME is homeward bound -- and,

SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.