

In New York

Swan Knows His Lines, but When Broadcasting Over Radio—Well, He's a Good Newspaper Columnist

New York—For some time I've suspected that I'm no Rudy Vallee. Perhaps my voice would have had more of a croon in it had my mother been less casual about my whooping cough when I was five. But it's too late now. Somehow my radio tones have some sort of relationship to the frog family. It's just as well to know this before old age overtakes me and I acquire hopeless ambitions to be a great broadcaster.

Still and all, it had occurred to me that if Mons. Vallee could write a book perhaps I could do something on the air. At this moment, I have a notion that, recalling Vallee's book, the breaks may be about even when we get outside our particular lines.

All this is anent my appearance the other evening on the Columbia network (22 stations—count 'em, 22!) What—you didn't hear me? That may account for the inager amount of fan mail received. On the other hand it's probably just as well that some of the hearers didn't write in. They're probably being kind about it. Perhaps my best friends wouldn't tell me.

Being something in the nature of a maiden air speech, I made several mistakes—rather serious ones, I've been told.

For instance, when I entered the broadcasting room, a very charming young lady with a southern accent had just finished singing something about the birds and the bees. And she was urging her "unseen audience" of "you-alls" to write her letters. I should have taken a cue from that. But then, I have my pride to think of. I've always resented actors who pan-handled applause.

Later on, however, I learned that one's value around a broadcasting shop is rated largely on the number of sacks of mail received daily.

This may be all very well, but suppose that all the letter writers are penning notes of praise to Rudy and the rest of them at the very moment when wistful new performers, like myself, are stammering out our halting sentences?

If a fan pens three or four a day, she may miss a new program quite worth writing home about. Well, such is the custom of the air—and, if you don't like it, why don't you go back to your typewriter?

At any rate, my first great mistake lay in making gestures. Having attended two or three presidential conventions and followed orators around the country, I have cultivated a left hand swing aimed to hit all adverse arguments below the belt.

I forgot that a piano was at my immediate left—the same piano but recently abandoned by the charming southern lass. My notes were on the top of the piano. A breeze came playfully into the transom. My top papers turned upside down and danced over the piano top. Here I was at the very moment of opening and my elegantly planned opening sentence was flying away. What was worse, I couldn't remember it. I made a right hand swing for the papers and banged the piano top.

"That's all right," Bill Schudt, the announcer, later told me. "It merely sounded like a thunder storm to the listeners."

And then, while two frantic announcers held up fingers telling me how many minutes were left for talking purposes, I swung my cratorical left whamming the piano just about the midriff and causing what, according to my friend Bill, again might possibly have passed as a cyclone hitting Texas, once it went on the air.

And, oh yes, my notes blew away and I had to al lib, almost everything. My subject was to have been "Sagebrush to Subways," but I fear it spent most of its time in Flatbush.

New York—The stork becomes a careless bird in Manhattan. Ordinarily fairly meticulous in matters of special delivery, the birth symbol takes on many of the hectic customs and habits of the metropolis.

With the result that the large department stores, for instance, are equipped with emergency rooms for those many emergencies that arise.

One of the biggest of these fills something like a dozen cradles a week. Most of the "department store babies" are born to mothers who are frantically scrambling for bargains at the basement sales. And most of the mothers are those fruitful and hardy Europeans who think no more of an addition to the family than they do of the Monday washing or cooking up a tub of spaghetti.

They read of the basement sales in a morning tabloid—or have it read to them by one of their school-bred offspring—start out to save a few pennies and arrive home with another member of the family tucked under one arm.

Three in one day is the record of the most popular of the store nurseries.

Slightly amusing was the fact that upon this particular day, in a lecture room just a floor above, one of those forgotten ladies with Park Avenue accents was talking learnedly on the relationship of modern motherhood to the machine age, or something like that.

Just a few steps down the street, a birth control paper salesman is to be found about two hundred days out of the year.

About once a year, New York gets

Urges State Police.

From Pierre Dakotan. The recent bank robbery in Minnesota where the regular Chicago gangster methods with the machine gun equipment was used, has called out a protest in that state against the refusal of the legislature to provide a state police force to aid in the apprehension of such bandits. In this there are numerous complaints against maintaining a state sheriff, but the west river stockmen are lining up strongly for an increased state police force. The county method was all right in the old days when travel was slow, and local officers could have a chance.

hot and bothered about its traffic problems.

The streets seem to grow more and more clogged; the mounted police canter along the side streets; the traffic lights are changed; the old clock towers of Fifth Avenue come down, giving the fashion stem a peculiarly empty look; extra cops make their appearance on Broadway; mid-town turns are suddenly denied to motorists; the theater belt is treated to a revolutionary change in rules—

Yet, somehow, in the end, it seems to make very little difference. The "mad pace" one hears about is more chaotic than speedful.

At the moment, Manhattan has turned to Main street for its sermons. It has adopted the anti-paw-walking rule. The pedestrian cannot give further imitations of a treader dodging a bull. He must wait until the lights change. And so the pace of the city is slowed even more. The clogged arteries are now barred.

And the mob, as good natured as ever—and New York's masses are more good natured in the face of discomfort than any other in the world—stands by and smiles and wonders what the next stunt will be.

Which reminds me that for some weeks I have observed a group of young men gathered at the curbstones at Sixth avenue and Thirty Fourth street, clicking little instruments that looked something like speedometers.

It seems they have been counting the number of people that cross at that particular point in the course of a business day.

And that number, it develops, is 302,298 persons crossing Herald Square, which is more than 100,000 more than cross Times Square.

Federal FARM FACTS

Provisions for cold storage in the United States increased 60,748,280 cubic feet over the two years ending October, 1929, the department of agriculture reports. At that time 1,400 cold storage concerns operated buildings having about 728,594,833 cubic feet of space.

The department of agriculture has succeeded in standardizing more than 50 farm commodities in the last 15 years. This means that foods, feeds and fibers are graded according to quality through the use of standards supplied producers by the government. The standards meet the modern merchandising requirement of sorting commodities according to quality.

Soybean meal is becoming popular with poultrymen as a feed. This meal is valuable as a protein supplement for growth and egg production, according to the department of agriculture.

CHILLS.

And now those pests their innings have. Who to the front porch speed At intervals of half an hour, The mercury to read. If readings to themselves they'd keep. They'd not be social outcasts; But no! they've even must spread the news. In half a hundred broadcasts. "Well, folks, she's just a hundred now." This day will be the worst! I prophecy, before it's done, Thermometers will burst. Perhaps they get a kick from this, A wallop and a thrill; And since no other kind's on tap, Perhaps they get a chill. —Sam Page.

BLACK BREAD

I've often read 'twas but black bread Some poor folk had to eat, And always thought that making it Must need peculiar wheat. I could not understand why they Should never make it right; It seemed to me pure accident. Must sometimes make it white. But now I know just what they did To always make it black. For now the wife insists that I Shall run the toaster rack. —Sam Page.

FISH FURNISH VITAMINS

Washington — The United States bureau of chemistry and fisheries have discovered that fish oils are rich in vitamin D and that by using these oils in a mixture of cattle food, farmers can obtain a profitable feed. It is estimated that these oils can be obtained much cheaper than cod-liver oil and that they are more valuable as cattle feed than many of the mixtures now being used.

Q. Are the American egret and snowy heron increasing in numbers or are they dying out? T. I. P.

A. It is the opinion of the department of Agriculture that the American egret and the snowy heron are on the increase. Both are on the protected list throughout the year and are found in a number of refuges and protected rookeries. They have been seen as far north as Massachusetts.

But criminals take every advantage of modern methods in their work, and enforcement lags along the old lines. The only way to meet the activities of present day criminals is to use modern methods in their apprehension, and not try to adapt the methods all right years ago to cope with the criminal which is not hampered by legislative ideas in his work.

About Corn, Ears, South Dakota Sunshine, Etc.

The fellow with blistered ears just naturally has a lot more respect for the hardness of a field of South Dakota corn.—Yankton Press and Dakotan.

Girl of Golden West Foils Two Bandits



True to the traditions of the Western tales which she was reading, this Western lassie, Estella Owens, of Salt Lake City, Utah, faced a pair of masked and armed bandits with an ugly-looking revolver while she barked "Stick 'em up!" Her callers didn't even stop to "stick 'em up," but retired in haste.

(International Newsreel)

Barber to Envoy to Court of St. James



William F. Piehl, retired mail carrier of Evanston, home of Charles G. Dawes, and the only barber in Evanston who cuts Ambassador Dawes' hair. Among his treasures are several cablegrams received at various times advising him of contemplated visits of the Ambassador to Evanston.

(International Newsreel)

Fortune Smiles On Student's Wife



Mrs. Ruth Taylor Pontius, wife of a medical student at Northwestern University, whose home is Evanston, North Shore suburb of Chicago, Ill., has just fallen heir to \$5,000,000 of the \$15,000,000 estate of her great aunt, Mrs. Ida Fliegler, widow of the late Henry M. Fliegler, oil and railroad magnate.

(International Newsreel)

Flies to Bermuda And Back in 17 Hours



Harry E. Connor, one of America's foremost aviators, as he made a final check-up of one of his navigating instruments before his flight to Hamilton, Bermuda. Williams and his comrades completed the first non-stop flight from New York to Bermuda and back in 17 hours.

(International Newsreel)

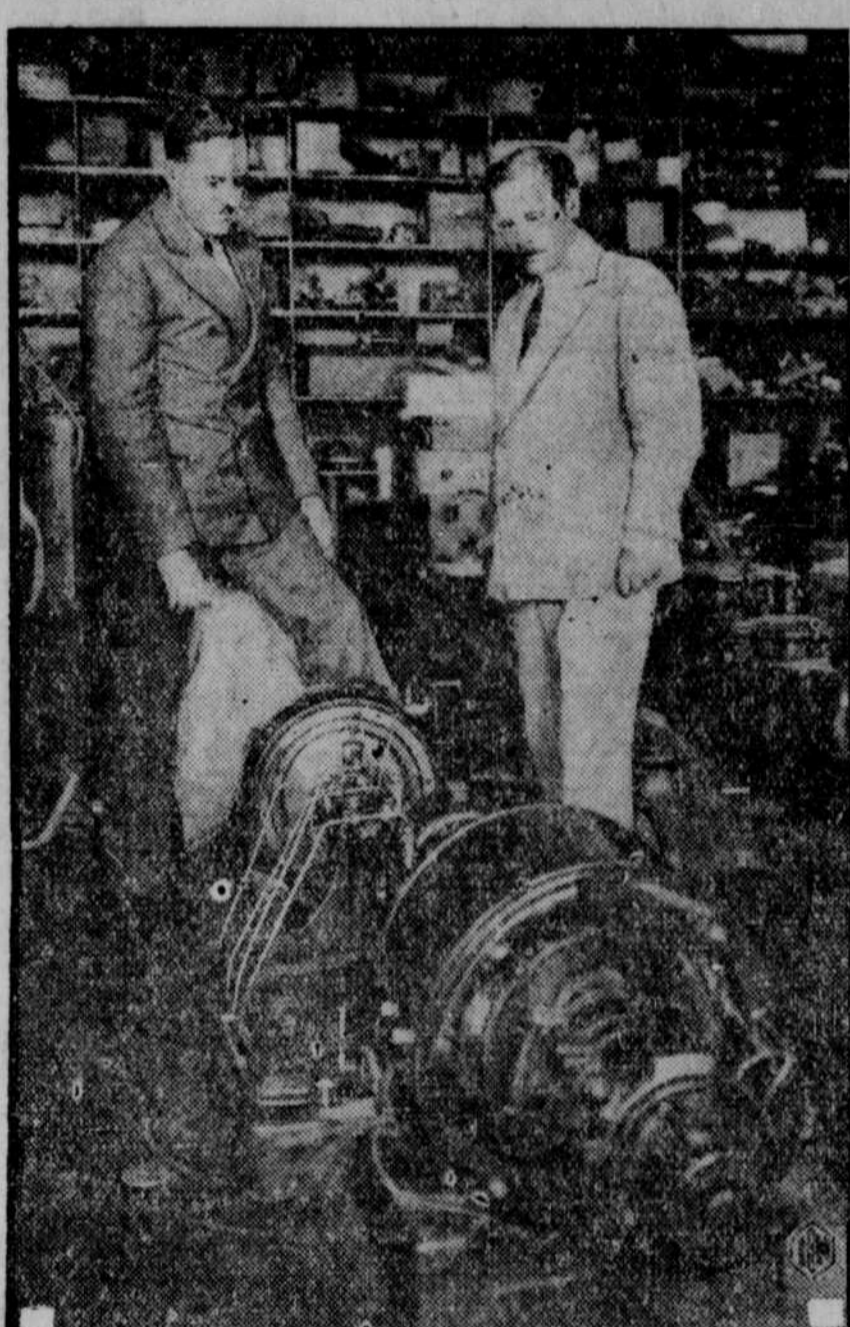
American Wins London Contest



Henry Earheart, 15-year-old American schoolboy, with his winning plane model and the trophy awarded to him in the international airplane model contest at Hulton A-cro-drome, London. Boys from all parts of Europe and America entered their models in the contest.

(International Newsreel)

Acorn of U. S. Radio Tree



The machine which gave the U. S. Radio Industry its start will join Henry Ford's collection of history-making devices in his museum at Dearborn. Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson (right), consulting engineer of General Electric Co., is pictured showing Clark Kinnaird, radio promotion manager of King Features Syndicate, the machine, the first high frequency alternator developed by Dr. Alexanderson.

(International Newsreel)

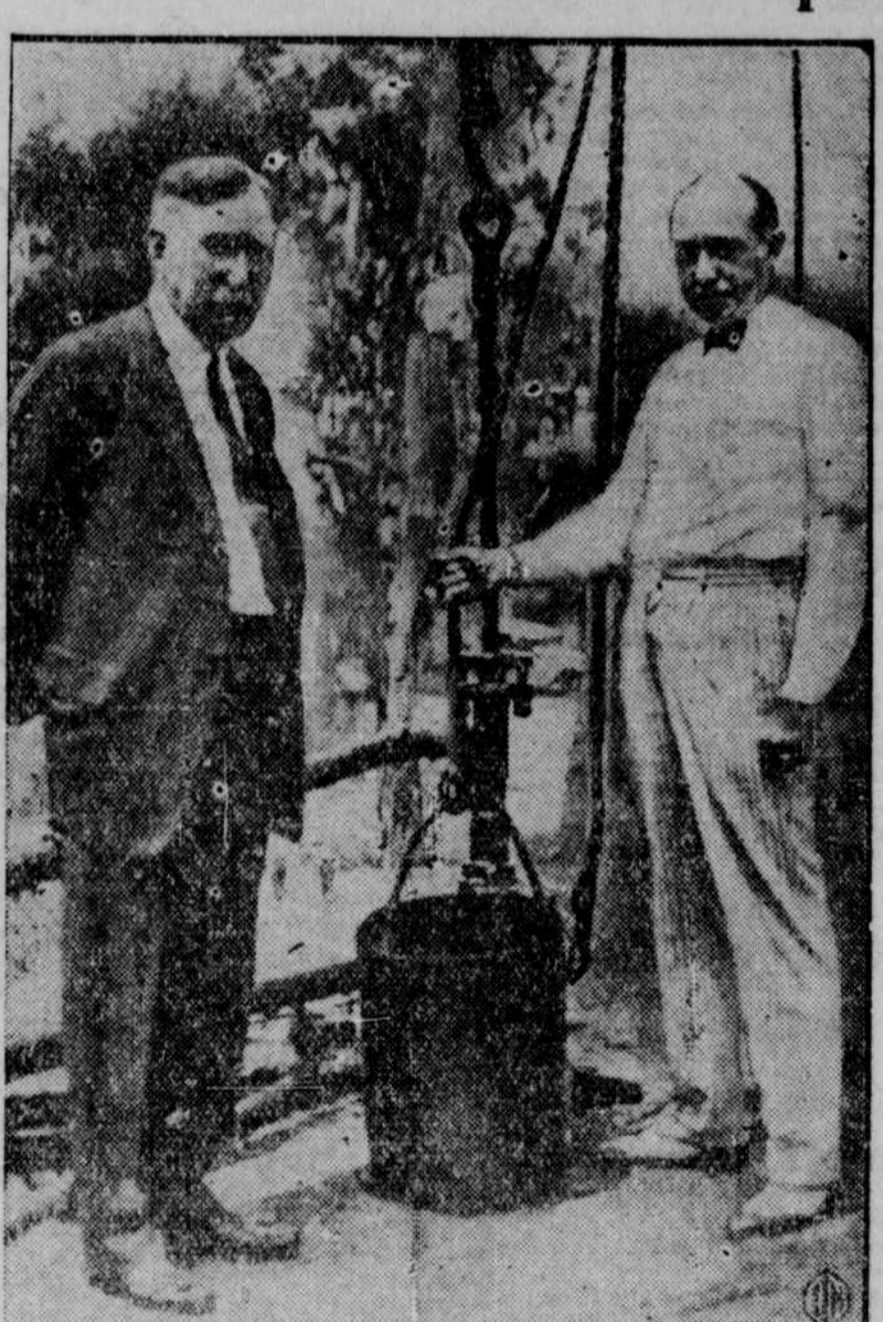
Boyish Prank Almost Fatal to Salem Boy



Francis Graham, 5, of Salem, Mass., who was near death from suffocation when four boys attacked him and forced a can of ether to his face. His mother found him unconscious. The oldest of his attackers was only 8.

(International Newsreel)

Back to Scenes of Triumph



(Left to right) Edward L. Doheny and Frank O. Canfield, oil kings of America, pictured at the site of the first oil well tapped in Southern California.

(International Newsreel)

Heads Conservative Group in Reichstag



Count Kung Von Westarp, who was for many years German National floor leader, and now leads a revolt from Dr. Hugenberg's party for the purpose of forming a new conservative party in the Reichstag. The break came as a result of dissatisfaction with Dr. Hugenberg's alleged affront to President Hindenburg.

(International Newsreel)