Good Evening, Everybody:
An important geographical
discovery was reported today. The headwaters of the ${ }_{\wedge} 0$ inoco River have been found. The Orinoco is an immense stream, next to the largest in. South America - second only to the Amazon. The sources of the Orinoco have always been a mystery. The stream is long and difficult. It has mighty rapids and cataracts and winds through some of the wildest jungle spaces in the wo Id, the equatorial forests of Times how an expedition under Doctor Herbert S. Dickey started up the Orinoco with boats and canoes. And they just kept going and going. Arrived at of of stroxim They traveled 312 miles beyond a village which is the last civilized point on the river. They traveled 100 miles farther than anybody on record has traveled before.

After a strenuous and adventurous trip they came to the Parima range of mountains. The explorers stood on the

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top of a peak and looked down on a whole network of streams and brooks which join up and become the beginning of the Orinoco. The immense $r$ iver is but a pigmy at that point. It's only about 20 feet in width as it tumbles through a deep gorge and then emerges to wander on its long winding way through the jungle as one of the world's greatest rivers.

And thus Dr. Dickey filled in another of he white spaces on the map. Another geographical mystery has hen solved by a bald explorer.

Right up until this evening there had been mighty little news about those two planes that set out yesterday from New York, one bound for Moscow and the other for Constantinople. Nearly all day no sign of the two planes was seen either by people on ships at sea or by people on land. The first significant report came from Valencia. No, not the Valentia in Sain. I mean Valentia in Ireland. People there heard the hum of motors in the sky, but it was too foggy to see anything. The United Press reports the drone of motors being heard twice this afternoon, at intervals of two hours apart. It was believed that two airplanes somewhere aw above the Irish clouds were Pangborn and Hernden, bound for Moscow and Boaraman and Polando, bound for Constantinople. But late this afternoon the International News Service received a dispatch. Pangborn and Hernden had landed at Moylegrove, Pembrokeshire, Wales, near the town of Cardigan. So they got across alright. But I wonder what has happened to the plane bound for Constantinople. They should be in the vicinity of the Golden Horn by now - or perhaps they are down in the Balkans. The two boys who landed in Wales
were driven down by fog. They landed on a farm. And the folks who came out to greet them spoke to them in Welsh. Tomorrow
they intend to fly on to London and Moscow.

And then there has been only a little information from
the Graf Zeppelin. She, of course, carries full wireless
equinment, but thet flying laboratory isn't wasting much time in sending wireless messages. Presumably the scientists are too
busy making their far-northern studies.

But what word there is from the Graf Zeppelin is positive
and definite. The International News Service passes along a
radio from the Graf in which she states that she is over Nova

Zembla, far in the Arctic, and is on her way back. She's steering south for home, and apparently is not going on to the pole.

Another later bulletin from the United Press states that she has already mxx passed over the city of Archangel, Russia, on her way South.

One amazing report was printed in the New York Times this morning. It tells us that the scientists aboard the big dirigible have discovered that the group of far-northern islands known as Franz Josef Land is really not a group of islands at all, but part of a huge neninsula. And that certainly sounds very strange. If you will glance at your Literary Digest Atlas you will see that Franz Josef Land is a great
distance away from any nearby mainland. And if it really is a peninsula it means that there are thousands of miles of land there in the Arctic which have hitherto escaped the attention of the geographers and the explorers. The report from the Graf Zeppelin states that the icy country thereabouts has been entirely mis-charted. Well, it certainly must have been mis-charted plenty if Franz*Josef*Land is a peninsula.

And another mamanamaviation item comes in the progress of Amy Johnson, the British woman aviator who's making a flight from England to Japan. She left Moscow today. The word was that she would fly on into Siberia, but the International News Service reports that she landed this afternoon at the city of Kazan, which is in eastern European Russia, something more than half way between Moscow and the borders of Siberia.

Here's an announcement of some new regulations to increase the safety of passenger air-travel. The United Press gives us the list and declares that the new rules will be announced by the Department of Commerce within a few days.

One regulation decrees that only planes equipped with 2-way radios -that is, receiving and sending -- will be allowed to fly above clouds and fog banks.

And then pilots of passenger planes are forbidden to work more than 8 hours a day, or 30 hours a week. Between flights lasting more than 6 hours a pilot must be given a long period of rest. The idea, of course, is to cut out fatigue as a possible cause of mistakes by pilots.

If one of those $b$ in multi-motored passenger planes flies more than 6 hours in a day it will have to carry 2 pilots, so that they can change off. Otherwise, only one pilot will be necessary. As it stands now all those big ships are supposed to have 2 pilots, but the

Along about now $I$ seem to see a vision of a baseball game and a man tearing along the base paths. Holy Smoke! How fast that chap can runt burnatith what smoothness, grace and power of movement. And now he hurls himself into a swift breath-taking slide, with spikes flashing in the sunlight. Yes, you know who I mean -- Ty Cobb, the old time dashing, fighting, flaming out-fielder of the Detroit Tigers.

Well, l'll tell you what started me thinking about old Tyrus Raymond Cobb. Somebody has conducted a sort of poll among the principal baseball men of the day on this question -- WHO WAS THE GREAJEST BASEBALL PLAYER? Since The The results are reported in the new Literary Digest, the one that will come out tomorrow. It was C. William Duncan of the Philadelphia PublicLedger who gathered the opinions of baseball men, and as the Literary Digest tells us, Ty Cobb came out first. The next on the list as the
second greatest baseball player was old Honus Wagner, the burly bow-legged Dutchman who played in the infield for the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Third comes our present-day
immortal;-the walloping, fence-busting, home-run slugging Babe Ruth, the old Sultan t Swat in Person Literary Digest, continuing to quote baseball-writer Duncan, tells a few sparkling incidents about Ty Cobb when he was in his prime.

Detroit was having a hot game with Washington one afternoon, and Cobb was on third base. The man at bat took a hefty swing but merely lifted a high infield fly -- and George McBride, the Washington shortstop, was under it. The ball plopped into McBride's glove, and the moment it did Cobb astonished everybody by starting lickety-split for the home plate. McBride raised his arm to throw the ball to the catcher. Cobb stopped suddenly. The shortstop lowered his arm for a fraction of a second, and that fraction of a second was

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just long enough for Cobb. He tore for the home plate again and slid in safely.

The catcher in that particular game was Gabby Street, who for years was Walter Johnson's battery mate. Street is the authority for that story of Ty Cobb's quickness of mind --

And he also tells another:-
In one game the Washington regular third baseman was sick or injured or something and they had to play a second baseman at third. In the game that followed Ty Cobb made 5 consecutive hits, and each time he cut the ball down along third base.

After the game the Washington catcher asked him about it.
"Oh, that's easy," explained Cobb. "that fellow at third was out of position. He's a sec and baseman, and I figured herd play out of position at third. And so $I$ just kept shooting the ball down hast him."

Yes sir, old Ty ${ }^{\sim}$ Cobb had a

90-horsepower baseball brain. And what a scrapper he was.

Just the other day I heard a story from an old baseball man about Cobb's cocky hot-tempered disposition. He hadn't been long in the maid big leagues, and he was strutting around ready to fight at the drop of the hat. He got into one fight after another -and he was pretty good. Held fight like one of his na tive Georgia wildcats. And after Cobb had got in a few punches the other fellow would drop.

Cobb had a team-mate on the Detroit Now Dutch Schmidt was a quiet phlegmatic Dutchman. He never looked for trouble, but he was in fact one of the heftiest battlers in baseball.

It would seem that Cobb's cockiness and $h i s$ succession of pugalistic victories must have got on Dutch Schmidt's nerves. One day after a game he walked up to Ty and said:
"Cobb, put up your hes."

Well, Ty always enjoyed putting up his hands. The scrap that followed, from the way was told to me, was certainly lively. Schmidt landed a haymaker and knocked Cobb down. And then he proceeded to flatten Ty out a few times more. And thar $t$ was that.

A couple of days later the spirit seemed to move Dutch Schmidt once more. He again casually walked up to Ty and said:
"Cobb, put up your duper,"."
Cobb put up his hands and took another awful

After it was over Schmidt said:
"Cobb, if you need another licking I'll give it to you, but l think you've had enough. I think it's made a better man and a better baseball player out of you."

After that Cobb and Schmidt were the best of friends. The Georgia Peach was a real man and knew how to value a worthy antagonist.

And talking about scrappy page
1 gentlemen, Mussolini had his ears pulled 2 today. In fact, he had his ears pulled dictator of Italy was 48 years old today. He didn't receive any birthday presents. He doesn't like birthday presents. And there wasn't much of any ceremony, except that Mussolini got $h$ is ears pulled.

The International News Service tells us that it's an Italian birthday custom that children are entitled to pull their father's ears as many times as the years in the father's age. Mussolini's two youngest children -- a boy of 4 and a girl of 2 -- got the job. And l'll bet they enjoyed it. Anyway, it ought to be a rare sight to see the formidible leader of the Fascists getting his ears pulled 96 times; -- 48 times by each of the two children.

IHREE_MUSKEIEERS

In the old world city of Such the capital of the quaint French province of Gastony, a statue has been unveiled. it is a figure in old time costume, with a sword.- Of course, there must be a sword. The face is decorated with pair of fierce mustachios, and a gay, proud look.
Yes, it's D'Artagnan, the swaggering swordsman of that immortal romance, The Three Musketeers.

## Well, it's more than two

 centuries and a half since D'Artagnan took his way to the skies along with his memorable companions, the giant, jolly Porthos, witty Aramis, and the melancholy Athos - the three Musketeers. But today a statue stands in honor of D!Artagnan in the town where he was born.For D'Artagnan was a real
person. The New York Evening Post explains that dumas romanticized his hero tremendously, and it is difficult to get at the real facts of D'Ardagnan's

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life．But he did live and in the wars．He was a Gascon born at Auch． He was xx叉x队xx义 the captain of the King＇s Musketeers，and was killed at the siege of Maestricht in 1673.

But there isn＇t much importance in the real facts about U＇Artagnan when he lived－he still lives．The romance is perhaps truer than life，and D＇Artagnan rema ins a swaggering gallant who with Aramis，Porthos，and Athos fought age the cardinal and defended the queen and achieved marvelous prodigies．

This next dispatch tells us that reverberations are expected. Yes, I suppose there may be a reverberation or two.

Most of the reverberations are expected to proceed from the general direction of the University of Michigan, because the gentleman who has touched of $f$ the big blast is Doctor Clarence Cook Little, former president of the University of Michigan.

Doctor Little has come out with a list of the chief evils of American colleges. The International News Service gives us a list of the evils which Doctor Little condemns. The chief evil -- I suppose you'd call it College Evil Number One -- is co-education. The idea is that the girls in a college don't help the boys to keep the ir minds on their studies. And the boys in a college do not give the girls any particular assistance in keep ing their $m$ ind on their studies.

Doctor Little declares that he

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