What may turn out to be not her thrilling tale of adventure in the North is suggested by a dispatch that has come through from Anchorage, Alaska.

Father Hubbard, known as the "padre of the glaciers" is missing tonight. And with him are two aviators, Harry Blunt and Al Monsen. The Father and two pilots are attempting to explore the little interior of the great Alaskan peninsula by airplane. Their pr incipal object is to study the mysteries of the smoldering volcanoes of that region.

Their friends and colleagues in Alaska expected them to return to Anchorage by plane, today. But no word has come from them. They have simply vanished.

If no news comes from them by tomorrow morning a number of ot her planes will take off from cities of $\&$ Southern Alaska and scour the wilderness
for the "padre of the glaciers" and his companions.

The Alaskan Peninsula is a region of sudden violent storms, as well as a region of active volcanoes. It is inhabited by a few Indians who fish for salmon along the coast. And occasionally a white prospector penetrates deep into the mountains. Otherwise it is inhabited only by wild animals--principally the giant Kodiak bear, the largest bear in the world.

On the U. S. Army Round the World Flight in 1924, Major Martin, who was in command of the right, los $t$ his way in a snowstorm while flying over this same Alaskan Peninsula. Martin's plane, crashed into a mountain and the Major and his mechanic wander9through the snows for twelve days before they found their way to a salmon cannery on the bleak coast of Bering Sea.

Father Hubbard picked one of the most uncertain regions in the world in which to do his exploring and his flying.

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The Alaskan Peninsula runs right down to the Aleutian $1 s l a n d s$, and they in turn extend almost to the nor then islarids of Japan.

And in Japan tonight the people in several villages are a bit uneasy. These villages are scattered near the foot of a mountain called Yakedake. And that mountain, as the international News Service informs us, is a volcano.

Those folks over there in Japan have been hearing loud rumbling noises coming from the mountain. And the fiery summit has started to belch forth clouds of smoke and ashes.

Maybe there's a big eruption coming. And the people in the villages nearby are getting ready to abandon their homesin case red hot molten lava starts coming down the slopes of Yakedake.

Somebody has borrowed twenty-one million dollars, and that somebody is the Republic of Austria.

The
reminds us that the Austrian government has been in financial difficulties. The Austrian cabinet has resigned and for the last couple of days the Republic on the Danube has been without ministers to carry on the government. But now the Bank of England has come forward and said to Vienna: Yes, I think 1 can spare a little loose change for a while.

In other words, Austria has borrowed that twenty-one million from the Bank of England, and that seems to put an end to the financial crises in Vienna, at least for a while.

a sympathize with Secretary of the
3 Treasury Mellon. He doesn't seem to be able to convince people over in 5 Europe that his trip abroad doesn't 6 mean anything.
7 The Secretary of the Treasury 8 keeps on repeating that it's only fun, s and nothing else. He's just on a 10 pleasure trip, with everything entirely 11 unofficial. But the folks in Europe 12 just cant help thinking that the 13 Secretary of the Treasury of the United 14 States has gone abroad to talk over 15 the serious and secret matters of 16 international politics and finance. story hollered "wolf".

The Associated Press tells of pleasant chats that Mr . Mellon has had with Prime Minister McDonald and Foreign Secretary Henderson of Great Britain, and then goes on to quote the Secretary of the Treasury as saying once more: "I came over here purely on a pleasure trip."

Mr. Mellon has a son in the At least the Germans think so. that the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary will return the call which the German chancellor and Foreign Minister paid to London recently．The United Press informs us that the two British ministers will go to Berlin to discuss the question of reparations and war debt．

Simultaneously from Berlin comes the announcement，passed along by the International News Service，that the Germans will not make any move to cut down their reparations payments until after the visit of the British ministers and also the visit of Secretary of State Stimson．They apparently want to have a grand confab，with the American Secretary of 殔珓te included，before they do anything about that troublesome reparations business．

A tragic story comes from Paris of two sisters who were inseparable-yes, inseparable to the end.

They were named Alice and Odile. One was ten years older than the other. And the elder had taken care of the younger as a child. They were inseparable during girlhood.

The elder didn't marry until the younger had reached womanhood. And still they remained inseparable. They were married to two brothers, and, as the International News Service tells us, they lived together in a double apartment.

They had sworn that only death would separate them. aBut even death couldn't draw them apart.

The news of the day tells us how the two inseparable sisters were walking together. They crossed a railroad I inc.-- A train!-an accident! United in life, they were also united in death.

Now comes something that I've been waiting for -somebody to come forward in defense of Latin.

The study of the classical languages is becoming less and less popular in American universities. And now Yale, long a fountain-head of classical studies, has passed a new regulation, according to which Latin is no longer necessary.

Well, I myself was one of tho se smart, up-to-date young fellows who didn't take musty old Latin seriously. And ever since I've been regretting that I didn't spend more time getting on intimate terms with Caesar and Horace and Livy and all the rest of them.

Anyway, in this week's literary Digest the old study of Latin has a staunch defender. He declares that he studied Latin in college and found it a bore. He thought it was just so much time wasted. Later in life, when he had become wiser, he realized the most precious thing he had ever studied was Latin. Lit.
The Digest quotes this classicist as saying, in the New York Sun, that to be the master of one's mother tongue, one must possess a critical knowledge of the evolution of its words. Well, the bulk of the English vocabulary is derived from the classical languages, Latin in particular. Many thousand ${ }_{x}^{5}$ Latin words are now a part of the English language. And the best way to know English well is to study those words in their original Lat in form.

This defender of the study of Latin ends with the sound remark- "that to reject the study of Latin is to deprive one of a good working knowledge of English."

And the Digest quotes an editorial in the New York Sun which considers this same question. Here's the way the editorial writer in the Sun looks at it:
"The boy who never has caught the drumbeat of Virgil's marching verses; who never has gone adventuring with wise

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old Ulysses: or heard the shouts of Hector coming down the wind; who never has made love to Lalage; or fought with the Tenth Legion; or marched with the Ten Thousand; or debated with Socrates, may become a useful American citizen, an ornament to society, and a comfort to his dependents. But he has missed something in youth for which no material gain ever can compensate him.
"No doubt these experiences can be gained in part through English translations. But no translation can take over fully the boom and surge of majestic classical meters."

Well, to that ringing proclamation I'Il just give three rousing cheers, three Latin cheers, something like this: AMD, AMAS, ANAT! A series of fights occurred today between strikers and guards at the mines in Belmont County. One man was seriously hurt, and three were arrested.

At a mine near Martin's Ferry, the guards used tear bombs against the strikers.

The United Press reports that a mass meeting of strikers has been called. the Mining tssoulation And they're talking about a, strike of miners all over the country.

## BUSINESS

The convention of the Advertising Credit Association got under way today. I have a dispatch here which states that over a thousand advertising men from all over the country are in session. That St. Louis convention includes big, open-hearted, generous credit-men from iviaine, from Alabama and from California; credit men from Kalamazoo, Pot tsville and Bellows Falls.

Well, I can use a little credit myself-right now.

The National Retail Credit Association has conducted a survey of business conditions. Approximately 180,000 retail merchants were consulted. Reports have been received from Canada, Mexico, Europe and the orient.

The survey shows that retail sales are holding up all over, and in many places are increasing. straight from St. Lonia. Collections have been improving yes, collections - you know, when the bill collector comes around .a They have some mighty efficient collectors in this country, especially up in butches County

New York, where I live. Anyway, all over the country the boys have been paying up in fine style. In fact the National Credit Men's survey shows that we're all eater for the first of the month to come around. How's that for a Tall Story?

That survey also covers agriculture. It tells us that especially good prospects are shown by tobacco, fruit and berries; with emphasis on the berries. In other words we are about ready to give Old Man Depression the razzberries, and a swift kick. We are also informed that good rains have stimulated grazing and livestock, meaning, I suppose, that the livestock are grazing with a heartier appetite than ever. I myself can report that the cows on my farm are showing an excellent appetite and are eating their heads off as usual. However, that doesn't keep me from being all pepped up by that meeting of the credit men in St. Louis. I wish them all the success in the world, and here's hoping they keep right on giving more and more credit.

I telephoned this afternoon to Count Luckner, the jolly, yarn-spinning Sea Devil. I thought I could find him on $h$ is luxurious yacht, The Mopelia-- I mean that big old four-masted schooner on which he sails the Seven Seas.

I wanted to tell the jovial Sea Dog about a dispatch
that came along with the rest of the news today. It was something that certainly would have interested him. I'm sure held pick it as the News Item of the Day, any day!

But the rollicking old sailor wasn't at home.

Of course, if the Count were here held start in by
saying, "By Joe".

Well, by Joe, those old sea dogs of the British Admiralty they say no more fo'c'sles." They think a sailor shouldn't live in a fo'c'sle. Well, by Joe, where should a sailor live except in the fo'c'sle?

You know why people say "fo'c'sle" and "before the mast"? It's just the way this International News Service dispatch says. Since the old days when men began to sail in ships, the sailors had their quarters in the fore part of the vessel, before the mast.

That's the fo'c'sle. The officers live in the after part of the ship.

The fore part of the ship is the worst part, and that's for the sailors. People said:- anything is too good for a sailor. The best thing for a sailor is a kick.

But now it's all going to be different. The British Admiralty says so. They say that the fo'c'sle, up in the bow of the ship, is unsanitary, unventilated, and uncomfortable. And, by Joe, it is! But, just the same, the fo'c'sle is about the only home the old time sailor knows.

And the British Admiralty says that the crews in the future must have quarters in the after part of the ship. They must have cabins with four men to a cabin. By Joe, that will be wonderful: Who ever heard of a silo in a cabin, except to go to the captain's quarters to get a bawling out?

Well, maybe it will be better for the sailors. Maybe it will make their lives easier. But you want hear any more about eek the fo'c'sle and you wont hear that a man sails before
the mast. Tho se words have a meaning. They have a great meaning for every sailor. They were always a part of a life at sea.

And many an old Jack Tar will be sad when he hears that there are no more fo'c'sles, and that men don't sail before the mast any more.

Well, in a remote way that's how my breezy friend Count Luckner would tell it. And I hope he's listening tonight. No matter where he is, Ill bet hell start right in now, telling tales of the old life in the fo'c'sle, and the days when he sailed before the mast.

But as for me, I cant tell any adventures of my own as an old Jack Tar on a windjammer. I never sailed before the mast. A dingy, smelly old fo'c'sle was never my home. I never trimmed the mainsail, and never got a cussing from a salt-bitten, barnacle-encrusted old skipper. And so, all I can say is -avast there, my hearties: and, SO LONG UNTIL TOMORROW.

