This evening Pittsburgh is straightening itself up a bit after the big storm. Wind and rain hit the smoky city this morning and did so much damage that the $P$ ittsburgh Sun-Telegraph is giving two pages to the story.

A deluge of $r$ ain flooded down, and a wind of 50 or 60 miles an hour came howling. There was a terrific display of lightning with an incessant cannonade of thunder.

The lightning struck a huge oil tank, and 9,000 barrels of oil went up in an immense blaze. Houses were flooded. Tunnels and streets were flooded. Automobiles were stalled in water up to their headlights.

An airplane was up in the middle of the storm. The wind beat the plane to earth. The pilot describes the tempest with one vivid line:
"Old Nick was riding the wind," he said.

Pittsburgh wAl be talking for some time about the storm that hit the city this morning. reports that about noon today a wind,
 city, and rain deluged down, in drenching torrents - $x$ almost a water spout.

The weather has been blazing hot, and I suppose these storms are just one result.

A weird story comes from Paris. It tells us that Joan of Arc has had a nervous breakdown.

She is the Norman girl who took the part of Joan of Arc in a grand pageant which depicted the life and final tragedy of the Maid of Orleans.

This Norman girl from the old city of Rouen, the capital of Mm Normandy, seems to have taken her part of Joan of Arc very seriously. She went through the action with an emotional fervor.

Then came the last scene, when Joan of Arc is burned at the stake. The Norman girl was tied to a post amid *e the story from a prominent Parisian

JOAN - 2

FRANCE
$\qquad$

Let's see what's happening to President Hoover's plan for helping the world get its financial affairs straightened out.

In Washington the government seems willing to discuss matters patiently with France. The Associated Press quotes Secretary-of-State Stimson as saying that the French didn't quite agree with the Hoover plan, but that a bit of good natured discussion would undoubtedly straighten things out.

In Paris, Secretary-of-theTreasury Mellon is talking things over with the heads of the French government. The United Press tells us that the Secretary-of-the-Treasury will have a series of conferences with various members of the French ministry.

The subject of the Hoover plan came up in the French Chamber of Deputies this afternoon, and the international News Service dosopibes the scene as a lively one- Secretary Mellon was in the galleries listening to the debate, and

FRANCE_- 2
he heard some fiery things said in fiery French. Some of the deputies made sharp criticisms of President Hoover and his plan. Several of the French lawmakers declared they thought that even if the French accepted the Hoover plan, why, the American Congress would turn it down. The general belief is, however, that the French will fall in line, and that President Hoover's scheme of a suspension of reparations and war debts will go through. And that someone like mare good news.

Now comes a sad wailing cry -THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE. It comes from ${ }_{3}$ golfers all over the country -- good golfers, medium golfers, bad golfers -all those golfers who have been driving and putting for years, and have never made a hole-in-one.

Mrs. Estelle Steinweg, of New York, as the Associated Press informs 10 us, is just a beginner at golf. She's time, and her teacher was showing her how. She hit the ball a smack with a spoon. The ball went sailing toward the cup 138 yards away. It landed near the cup and rolled right in.

And so Estelle Steinweg had made a hole-in-one with her first stroke on a golf course.

No sir, there ain't no justice.

1 (L.T.) I think I've spoken about McClelland Barclay before--1 mean McClelland Barclay the artist, who paints those marvelous pictures of beautiful girls for magazine covers. You've seen her--that lovely creature, with the gorgeous red hair. Well, her name is Helene--and McClelland Barclay married her.

Tonight, they are both here Where are they now? Do tell us!
$\qquad$
Those two adventurous aviators, Post and Gat ty? he le in Siberia this evening. They made a 2000 mile hop from Moscow, across the Ural Mountains and landed at Novo Sibirsk this afternoon. And this means that they have accomplished the astonishing feat of flying half way around the world in four days. And that's sure going some! Ooh Uh!

According to the itinerary
they've blocked out they have a total of $14,000 \mathrm{miles}$ to go. At midnight, tonight they expect to take off for Irkutsk, the famous city of Central Siberia, about 1000 miles farther east.

There ambition is to make it around the globe, that is around the top of the globe, in ten days. The present record is just under 22 days, held by the Graf Zeppelin. But at their present gait Post and Gatty may zip around the old globe in eight days.

The two Danish transatlantic
fliers have completed the ir transatlantic trip to Copenhagen. After they had been

AYYAIION._ - 2
forced to 1 and in Germany, they continued their way to Copenhagen where today they met a tremendous reception. Fifteen Danish military planes went out and escorted them to the flying field. A crowd of 20,000 people cheered them as they $I$ anded. The mob sang the Danish national anthem and waved Danish and American flags as the two triumphant aviators were carried across the field. Houris, the avimtor of the two, was taken to a microphone and the United Press tells us that he uttered this highly original line: "This is the greatest, biggest moment of my life," said the vane for the benefit of thousands of loud speakers.
Yes, sir, it certainly was an
original line - maybe. And by the way, this same flier is said to have trained three weeks for the flight. He trained I ike a prize fighter. I wonder how Jimmie Doolittle or Al Williams trained. But at any rate, there was great excitement in copenhagen.

Now comes a health warning--it's 2 a warning against health warning. We who are supposed to get fat, and they tell her that takes a special diet. And then there is herself, and she's supposed to get thin--and than takes a
25 couple of special diets. Then along

## DIGEST－ 2.

comes friend husband who doesn＇t care whether he gets fat or thin，but he＇s liable to get indigestion．

The whole business of these scientific theories about food gets so bewildering that the poor housewife might as well get herself a crossword puzzle to find something simple and easy．

All these health fade cause her so much worry that pretty soon she＇s Fable not to have any health to look after．

In that Digest article we are told that raising a baby these days is a complex undertaking if the mother believes all she hears．The health cranks expect her to do so many things that sherd have to be a Ph．D．to understand it all．But as lady Ph．D．＇s don＇t go in for children，why that leaves the man problem all the more tangled．

In conclusion，the Digest editors join the Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association in a ringing cry for just 田四亩 some plain common sense． the theory that if you lined up all the men who sit in cabs and wait for fares, why you'd find among them almost every underworld boss in Berlin.

It was explained that among the

BERLIN－ 2.

1 taxi drivers of Berlin you would find 2 one time noblemen，professors who have ${ }^{3}$ gone to the dogs，soldiers，and also 4 ex－convicts．The police haven＇t been $5_{5}$ keeping any close supervision over taxis，and the result has been a league between the drivers and the crooks，in which the drivers have been able to get command of gangs of crooks．

But now，say the Berlin police，由的包 that will all be changed．A lot of those criminal lords who drive taxi ${ }^{13}$ cabs are going to berating their sauerkraut in jail．

IRADER_HORN_

This evening on an adventurous trail to some dim far off valley of spirit land, a slender, bald headed, long bearded old man is trudging his way. He is making his last trek to a misty paradise in the sky, where, let us hope, there are lands of big game and wild tribes, jungle filled valleys and broad rivers.

Trader Horn is dead.
He was born Alfred Aloysius Smith. Then during a strange long time in Africa he was called Zambesi Jack. Later, at the end ot. his days, he was celebrated in a famous best selling book as Trader Horn.

He was one of the oddest of characters, a droll, whimsical old man whose life had spanned an almost infinite variety of events and places.

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The New York World -Telegram, in a la, telling of Trader Horn, says, that he had yawned in the face of death, and peddled tinware at back doors. He chummed with cannibals, chased butterflies
and murderers, sought for the bones of mastodons, shot it out with the Indians of Utah, and winked and wise cracked his way through New York.

The better part of his life was spent in Africa where his career ranged all the way from reigning as a white king among black tribes, to peddling tinware at the back doors of farm houses in it. was while he was a vagrant peddearer, that an English woman writer became interested
in the odd old fellow, and collaborated with him in writing a strange story of his life, which was printed as Trader Horn.
"I'm a bit of a rogue elephant". he is quoted as saying, "something of a rascal elephant. I've always been out of the herd."

He was a rare story teller with his shrewd smile and wise wink. Held begin with authentic happenings in the tropical jungle or on the South African belt, and he would have his audiences fascinated. Then he would

1 a muse himself by gradually making his a stories wilkder and wilder until finally 3 with a most serious face, he would tell 4 a tall one of the most shameless sort.
sudden laughter of the crowd.
And so the Tall Story Club is in mouming this evening for one of its most talented members, *x\& Alfred Aloysius Smith, Zambesi Jack, Trader Horn, who has taken his way to new game lands, new secluded corners of another wilderness, away ont there beyond the stare - "beyond the inmost purple rim."

ISL STORY

This evening we have a bit of news 2 from an African paper. It's a weekly 3 called "East Africa", and it's the only journal of news for the people of Kenya, friend Carveth Wells. He was a bit hot under the collar.
"Look here!" he cried. "Read this and tell me if $I^{\prime} m$ a member of your Tall Story CI Lb."

Well, Carveth Wells is an explorer and a writer. And some people think he's a member of the Tall Story Club. But this he utterly denies. What he tells about his adventures is really the truth, but he is known as a man who has the faculty for making the truth sound just like a lie.
"You know," he told me, "every so often 1 tell a crowd of people about my (Trip to the mountains of the moon. And among other things I explain to them that

ISL STORY - 2.

1 at Jingo, in Uganda near the sources of ${ }_{2}$ the Nile, is a golf club. But 1 add that ${ }^{3}$ I never played golf on that course because number of hippopotami al ways wandering around the greens, and I was afraid they might bother me, cart of cramp my style.
"And people mede call that tale of hippopotami on the golf course nothing but a tall story. And so, look here, Read this b it of news, old chap," said Carveth,
And in that copy of "Naclef Afr ica" I read a news item which had an exceedingly English headline. The headline read: SAVAGED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The article went on to tell that Mr. R. T. Wickham, an agriculture officer in Uganda, while walking across the ding golf course with his dog, was attacked by a ferocious hippopotamus. The hippopotamus killed the dog and injured Mr. Wickham before it was driven off.

After I had read the article, Carveth Wells asked once more:
"Now, do you think I'm a member of the Tall Story

Club?
"Why, do you know," he continued, "one evening after J.
had told that story about hippopotami on the golf course, a man came up to me and asked if I was the discoverer of the fatuliva bird.
"'And what is the fatuliva bird'' I asked.
"'Oh,' he replied, 'that's the bird that lays square
eggs and says 'ouch!'"

Well, I had to sympathize with Carveth Wells, the man who can make the truth seem like a lie. And I guess well have to end this eve hings proceedings by erasing his name, temporarily, I hope, from the membership roll of the Tall Story Club - only temporarily -.

And with that, SO LONG UNT IL TOMORROW.

