

## HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### Schemes Against U. S. Leadership Are Likely to Fail in Havana.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

LATIN-AMERICAN statesmen who planned to undermine the leadership of the United States on the Western hemisphere during the Pan-American conference in Havana are not likely to accomplish much in that way, and may even abandon the attempt for the present. Their cause was greatly weakened by President Coolidge's visit to Havana and his diplomatic though firm address, and by the strength of the United States delegation headed by Charles Evans Hughes. During their two days in Cuba Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge quite won the hearts of the people of that republic and the President's speech at the formal opening of the conference was admittedly effective in bringing closer together the United States and the smaller republics of the New World. The address was broadcast throughout this country by radio.

Mr. Hughes and the other American delegates were discreet and tactful when the conference was organized for work on Wednesday, but it was evident they were watching every move and that they were ready to head off any action condemnatory of the policies of the United States and to justify our government's course in Nicaragua and elsewhere if the necessity arose. Mr. Hughes made one move which seemed significant. At his suggestion Dr. Antonio de Bustamante of Cuba, president of the conference, was made an ex-officio member of all committees. He is in full sympathy with American policies in the Caribbean and agrees with Mr. Hughes on questions of international law that will come under discussion.

In Italy the Coolidge address and the firm attitude of the American delegates aroused much bitter comment in the newspapers, for Mussolini has been planning a union of all Latin countries to be headed by Italy, and the failure of this scheme is seen if the United States maintains and extends its hegemony on the Western continent.

President Coolidge and his party returned to Washington Thursday after a swift rail trip from Key West that was broken only by a stop of an hour in Jacksonville, Fla.

DOWN in Nicaragua the marines under direct command of General Lejeune seemed to be making marked progress in the dispersal of the Sandino band of rebels. On Wednesday there were reports in Managua, unconfirmed but credible, that Sandino himself had been killed or seriously wounded during the bombing operations of the marine aviators under Maj. R. F. Rowell, who attacked El Chipote, the mountain stronghold of the rebels. Aviators who flew over San Rafael Tuesday saw what was evidently a large funeral procession. Next day the marine air patrols reported that El Chipote had been abandoned.

TWO days of speechmaking was needed before the senate got around to declaring vacant the seat of Senator-elect Frank L. Smith of Illinois. The outcome was never in doubt, but various senators wanted to be heard, some in favor of the Reed committee's resolution and others in opposition. The language of the resolution as reported was changed so that the measure read that Smith's credentials were tainted with fraud and corruption and that as a consequence he was not entitled to membership in the senate and that a vacancy exists in the Illinois representation. The statement eliminated by the alteration was that Smith was not entitled to the oath of office because of the nature of the contributions to his campaign fund.

SENATOR HEFLIN of Alabama is convinced that the Roman Catholic church is determined to destroy him because of his attacks on the

Knights of Columbus, and on Wednesday he broke out in one of his customary tirades against the Catholics. He attributed the publication of the discredited Hearst Mexican documents to a Catholic conspiracy against him, bringing in the name of Mrs. Hearst as a member of that church. When Senator Robinson of Arkansas, a member of the committee that investigated the documents, denied that the Catholic church had anything to do with them, Hefflin in a rage demanded that Robinson be deposed as minority leader. The debate between these two Democrats then became extremely bitter and personal and was listened to by the Republicans with deep interest. Hefflin took occasion to waffle his fellow Democrats against nominating Gov. Al Smith for the Presidency, asserting they should "hang their heads in shame" at the Smith candidacy. "If the Democrats should nominate Smith for the Presidency," he shouted, "the Republicans can defeat him with anybody from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 votes. The American people, knowing what the Roman Catholic political machine is doing, are not going to put him in the White House just now. Any leader in the South who supports Al Smith will never come back to this capitol."

Robinson said he had heard Hefflin's anti-Catholic speech a dozen times during the last year and was sick and tired of it. He went on: "It is illustrative how a good man can go wrong and how far wrong he can go and what a fool he can make of himself when he does go wrong. The senator from Alabama takes himself so seriously that he thinks he can dictate to the whole Democratic party."

The Democratic senators in caucus later gave Robinson a vote of confidence and support.

APPEARING before the house naval committee, Admiral Hughes, chief of naval operations, said that if the United States is to have a really adequate fleet it will have to spend a billion dollars, rather than the \$740,000,000 called for by the present construction program. He held it would be necessary to add at least 25 per cent more ships to the present program, which calls for the completion within the next eight years of 25 cruisers, 35 submarines, 9 destroyer leaders and 5 aircraft carriers.

Our battleships, the admiral asserted, are "woefully behind" those of Great Britain in gun power, range, speed and effectiveness, and in reply to questions he disputed the theory of Admiral Sims that the battleship would be displaced by the aircraft carrier as the backbone of the fleet in the next war and that aircraft and submarines would be dominant factors.

Word comes from London that the British government has further reduced its naval building program, abandoning another cruiser, which makes a total of three dropped since the Geneva naval conference. The saving will be about \$27,500,000.

GREAT BRITAIN is extremely cautious in the matter of security agreements. In a note to the subcommittee on security of the preparatory committee on disarmament which meets in Geneva in February, the government emphatically reasserts its belief in localized agreements as opposed to generalized schemes.

The note points out that the strength of an arbitration treaty depends entirely on the willingness of the people to support decisions unfavorable to themselves, which creates limits "beyond which a state cannot go in accepting binding obligations to arbitrate."

It observes that the time is not ripe for any general system of sanctions for the enforcement of arbitration treaties, and doubts that any nation which is strong enough to use force effectively would at present undertake any such general obligations to use force against a party to a dispute which refused to submit to arbitration.

FOR several weeks a Japanese delegation headed by Viscount Goto has been in Moscow trying to negotiate with the soviet government for large colonization concessions in the Amur valley of Siberia. Also, Baron Tanaka, the Japanese premier, has been moving for a Russo-Japanese alliance. Both these plans may fail

through, the former because the Russian government is determined the Japanese shall not get a strong foothold in Siberia, and the latter because of the marked disapproval of Great Britain. As a sign of this disapproval the British government suddenly decided to send five 10,000-ton cruisers to China.

Conditions throughout China are becoming more chaotic daily, if that is possible, and brigandage and piracy are increasing. The Peking and Hunan factions are fighting near Tungling lake, three army corps being involved, and the forces of Gen. Feng Yu-hsiang and Marshal Chang Tso-lin are at it again in southern Chihli and northern Honan.

TROTSKY, former Russian war commissar, has been exiled to a village on the border between Turkistan and China, and his fellow leaders of the opposition have been sent to remote posts to report. In published letters Trotsky explains that his quarrel with Dictator Stalin is due to Stalin's determination that the Communist party shall dictate the policies of communism and the communist international, while the former war commissar says the international, the more important body of the two, should control the Russian Communist party.

The split in the Russian Communist party has had an echo in France, where many communists who adhered to Trotsky have been removed from the party pay roll and forbidden to enter the meetings.

THAT lovely peace dove that hovered over Pilsudski and Waldemars at Geneva hasn't found a place to light yet. Poland opened negotiations for a settlement but Lithuania in her reply outlined conditions so unacceptable to the Poles that a stern protest was sent from Warsaw to Kovno. The Lithuanians are further annoying the Poles by tearing up the Lithuanian portion of the railroad which formerly connected Kovno with Vilna.

TWELVE radical Republicans joined with the Democrats in the senate early in the week and brought about the adoption of a resolution recommending a downward revision of the tariff on industrial products. The vote was 54 to 34. The resolution read:

"Resolved, that many of the rates in the existing tariff schedules are excessive, that the senate favors immediate revision downward of such excessive rates, establishing a closer parity between agriculture and industry, believing it will result to the general benefit of all;

"Resolved, further, that such tariff revision should be considered and enacted during the present session of congress;

"Resolved, further, that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the house of representatives."

That was fine as far as it went, but next day the house, by a vote of 133 to 104 tabled the resolution, after an attempt to have it referred to the ways and means committee. As in the senate, the radical Republicans of the house voted with the Democrats, against shelving the measure.

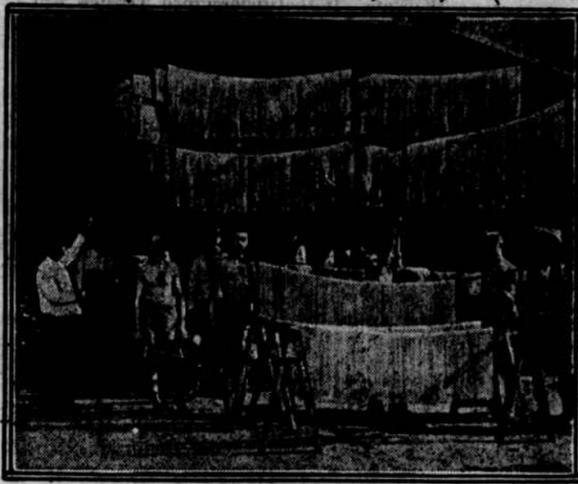
COMPLYING with the wishes of the administration, the senate finance committee postponed consideration of the tax bill passed by the house until March 15, when, according to Senator Smoot, it will be possible to determine more accurately the amount of revenues and expenditures during the coming year. Democratic members vainly insisted on immediate action.

MERELY to clear up the question of Herbert Hoover's regularity as a Republican, former Senator Calder, president of the National Republican club, issued a statement that Mr. Hoover has been a member of that club since 1900 and that a condition of membership is membership in the Republican party. Members of the treasury staff in Washington already are actively at work in the interests of the Hoover boom, though Secretary Mellon remains noncommittal on his own preference. In the senate Senator Shortridge predicted that Hoover would be the next President, and being questioned by Democrats, he added: "He will continue the policies of this administration."

costumes. For a number of years very little real money has been in actual circulation here, and the retail business of the country has been based on barter, the value of a horse or an ox being expressed in terms of American sheetings.

The Abyssinians believe themselves to be the possessors of the original Mosaic tables of the law, which passed into the possession of the first Emperor Menelik, said to be the son of the queen of Sheba and Solomon, reared at Solomon's court.

## NAPLES



Macaroni Factory in Naples.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

NAPLES, Italy's largest southern city, cannot boast the architectural beauty of the northern cities, but its people, whether rich or poor, are strikingly beautiful physically. From the storied heights that sweep in a magnificent amphitheater around the brilliant bay the old city struggles downward in a picturesque huddle of densely packed houses and other buildings, tortuous streets full of color and bubbling with the nervous activity of the South, black canyons of stone stairs, often slippery with damp and dirt, across which the teeming houses gossip and quarrel in neighborly wise.

Nowhere are fisherfolk more picturesque in habit and costume; nowhere is there so salty a dialect, spiced with such quaint and startling phrases and exclamations. Bare and brown of leg, dressed in ragged, parti-colored motley, a stout canvas band about each sinewy body for hauling in the net without cutting the hands to pieces, they bring ashore their shimmering silver quarry right along the widest, finest promenade in the city—the handsome Via Caracciolo. Across that broad street the charming Villa Nazionale, not a house, but a public park, wholly conventional in design, contains an aquarium which may fairly be considered the most remarkable in the world for both the variety and interest of its funny and monstrous exhibits and the thoroughness of its scientific work. To it many of the great universities of the world contribute annually for the privilege of sending special investigators in zoology.

The commercial activity of this second seaport of Italy clings close about the skirts of the enormous royal palace—800 feet long on the bay side and 95 feet high—and the naval basin and dockyard. Every smell and sound of a thriving seaport may be smelled and heard, multiplied generously; every flag seen on the ships that ride at anchor near the stone wharves.

On the streets men of every race mingle tongues and costumes and manners; Babel itself was only mildly confused compared with this jumble of Naples; and throughout all the throng play the street musician, the macaroni eater—that is a trade, and satisfying one, apparently—the pirate cabman, the guide, and the baggage smasher—all seeking whom they may plunder with a gracious twinkle of humid black eyes.

Street Singers Are Numerous. Street singing is an especially Neapolitan institution, and when for the first time one hears beneath his window the more often than not off-key versions of the snappy, lilting, inexpressibly infectious Neapolitan songs, he is enchanted, and throws pennies freely. After a week or so of it as a steady diet, day and night, he inclines much more toward heavy crockery.

The entire Neapolitan littoral is volcanic, from Vesuvius on the east to the storied tufa heights of Cumae on the west. Between Cumae's ruins and Naples lie those famed and mystic Phlegraean fields of our school days, which nobody remembers anything about. They have always been a theater of tremendous volcanic activity, but the disturbances here have no connection, curiously enough, with Vesuvius; also, the two areas are wholly different in geological character and formation.

Dominated by Vesuvius. The spongy nature of the rock of the Phlegraean fields allowed the internal steam and gases to escape with relatively little resistance at numerous points; so, instead of one tremendous peak being formed, as in the case of Vesuvius, many little craters wart the ground.

On the east Vesuvius dominates the

whole splendid region. He is the Cyclops standing, blind and massive and treacherous, in the midst of his rich vineyards, olive groves, and vegetable gardens; for, though he spreads destruction in his blind rages, the fact is that this entire plain is the marvelously fertile soil that disintegrated lava and volcanic ashes make. It bears huge crops, far greater and finer than ordinary good soil can produce. Among other things, it yields the grapes whose spicy juices are so precious their wine is termed *Lacrima Christi*—Tears of Christ.

After the great eruption of A. D. 79 there were occasional eruptions which varied in intensity, until 1500, when the volcano became quiescent. The crater walls grew up thick with trees and scrub, while cattle and wild boars roamed the grassy plain inside—all but an ominous lower level of ashes and pools of hot, gaseous water. Then, in December of 1631, the whole interior was blown violently out, and 18,000 people are said to have perished. Since then Vesuvius has never been entirely quiet.

It was horrible hot mud that overwhelmed fashionable Herculaneum in 79, belched from the crater as torrents of steam, boiling water, and scoriae. Herculaneum is a rich and tempting bait to the archeologists, for from a single one of the ruins came most of those exquisite bronzes in the Naples museum, and 3,000 rolls of papyrus, part of the owner's private library.

What a contrast is Pompeii, destroyed at the same time, but by ashes! Though these gradually hardened into something like cement, they are much more easily removed than the stone at Herculaneum, and most of what we know of the details of ancient Latin life we have learned from the stark, scarred, roofless lower stories spread out before us in deathly panorama within the old city walls.

Stabiae and Capri.

Where the pretty little modern watering place of Castellammare di Stabia, with its cooling sea baths and strong mineral waters, lies snugly in a little light on the neck of the Sorrentine peninsula, Stabiae once stood. It is one of the very loveliest parts of Italy, a region of tumbled hills clothed with luxuriant groves of orange and lemon, whose golden fruit adds luster to the gleaming foliage. Enticing roads of milky white wind and wind, now between high-walled grove and vineyard; now along open, skyey heights, with the blue sea as a background hundreds of feet below, and the beetling cliff rising straight behind; now beside villa gardens, where every brilliant color on nature's palette seems to have been poured out with prodigal fullness. The air is perfumed, the skies are soft and balmy, the roads superb.

Capri, a great, twin-humped camel of an island, kneels in the blue just off the tip of the peninsula. From the sway-backed huddle of white, pink, blue, cream, and drab houses along the large harbor, up the breakneck road to the fascinating town nestling among the hills, white-roofed and Moorish, and on, still higher, by the winding road or up the nearly perpendicular flights of rock stairs, which furrow the frowning crag with their sharp zigzag outlines, to Anacapri, 500 feet or so above, every step of the way breathes the pride and splendor and degradation of the island's greater days.

Here a cyclopean mass of shattered masonry in the warm emerald water tells of a Roman emperor's bath; yonder on a chinneylike cliff the sinister ruins of a stout castle-keep whisper of ancient garrisons and pirates, not armed with automatic rifles or high powered artillery; and here, overlooking the sea, the vast ruins of a villa recall "that hairy old goat" Tiberius and his wastrel voluptuousness that turned fair Capri into *myrdom*.

### STUFFY'S WISH TO BE ADOPTED

(By D. J. Walsh.)

STUFFY HAYMOND lunched himself closer against his newsstand in an effort to secure all the shelter its scant width afforded. Rain beat down with cold persistence upon his thinny clad shoulders, seeping through his worn slicker and sending cold rivulets trickling down his spine. Stuffy's duty consisted in keeping dry his supply of evening newspapers and magazines and in consequence his own frail body suffered unduly.

Yet Stuffy did not complain. Greater misfortune than a cool drenching were frequent happenings during his fifteen years on this earth and he accepted this mild rebuff of Mother Nature's with stoical fortitude.

Perhaps had Stuffy's mind been unoccupied the misery of the present moment might have caused him to shiver, but as it was a weighty reflection and an enticing flight of imagination rendered him oblivious to his discomforts. A headline in one of his newspapers had set him to thinking. "MILLIONAIRE ADOPTS POOR ORPHAN GIRL."

"A millionaire!" he soliloquized. "A million dollars!—and I haven't a cent! Not a single dollar and I don't have to buy newspapers or food or some thin' with." He sighed philosophically.

"Suppose'n I was that kid he adopted," he fancied. "I'm an orphan. Gee! All the automobiles and baseballs I'd have!"

He paused, sighing deeply. "Suppose'n," he thought, "suppose'n I was to meet a guy like that, who'd adopt me an' everything."

He turned so that he could watch the hurrying pedestrians and automobilists who were rushing homeward through the fall rain. They were well-dressed people, most of them, who lived in the immediate vicinity of Stuffy's stand, which stood on a busy corner in a well-to-do neighborhood.

A great car swirled up the misty street, splashing high geysers of dirty water. Stuffy eyed the car longingly. "Suppose'n," he went on, "the guy in that big car wanted a boy like me—and would give me—"

His reflection was broken off short by a sudden swerving of the automobile. He glanced up quickly and saw a little girl in the middle of the street. As the driver attempted to stop the car skidded. Despite his efforts the heavy machine swayed straight toward the girl and toward Stuffy's stand. In another instant she would have been crushed between the car and the newsstand.

Stuffy acted quickly. Flinging his little body into the street, with one arm he swept up the girl and swung her upon the sidewalk. As he did so the car skidded closer; the fender struck his retreating form and bent him sprawling in a heap upon the sidewalk.

With a laugh Stuffy arose. Except for a painful bruise across the small of his back he was unharmed. The girl was on her feet also, crying hysterically, but unharmed.

The sedan paused for an instant, and the driver, seeing the two on their feet, sped away. Two onlookers rushed toward the pair, but already Stuffy was consoling the child.

"Don't cry," he said, "it's all over now. You didn't get hurt." He placed his arm around her and patted her head.

"Here, I've got the number of the car," said one of the onlookers, handing Stuffy a slip of paper.

"Huh?" he grunted. "Oh, I don't want it. But wait, maybe the tyke wants it. I don't think she was hurt, but she might be."

He thanked the men and led the child into a nearby store. Her tears had ceased to flow by this time, and in a plaintive little voice she told her story.

"My name's Annie Rusbiove an' my mother's name's Povlona 'cause she got married to my stepfather. He don't bring her no money, and we can't eat and she had to go to work and get sick and couldn't go."

The girl spoke in a dreary monotone, pausing now and then to sniffle. "I live down on Al'port street, but I come up here," she went on. "A girl in our block was adopted by a millionaire so I came up here where they's a lotta 'mill'ionaires so I could be adopted, too, and give my mother lots o' money."

As the girl spoke Stuffy's face reddened. She wanted to be adopted so she could help her mother; he wanted adoption so he could buy automobiles and baseballs. He saw in an instant the futility and selfishness of his dreams.

He clasped her little red hand in his, called to the proprietor of the store to watch his stand and started to Annie's home.

He found her mother, a tired-looking, middle-aged Polish woman, in a tiny flat over the rear of a grocery store. She was overjoyed at recognizing her daughter and thanked Stuffy profusely. Annie told, in her childish treble, the story of the rescue.

Stuffy carefully scrutinized the small, poorly furnished room that served as parlor and bedroom. His own room was as large as the one which comprised this dingy flat. It was light and airy, compared with the Povlona home, and he shuddered at the idea of Annie's sick mother dwelling in so mean a place.

"I ask you stay for supper," said Mrs. Povlona, "but no got nothing good to eat."

"Nothing to eat," commented Stuffy to himself. He never went hungry, for all the pinching and denying he did.

"Just a minute," he said, and cursing himself, he dashed out of the door. He returned a few minutes later with a great armful of groceries.

"Now," he said, "we can have a swell supper!"

The grateful woman wept loudly and thanked him over and over again. She apologized for not having food.

"You see Pete Povlona he not come back. He bum all time. Last week he shot man and now he in jail. I work but get seck. Now no can do."

Next morning Stuffy was back at his stand early. A tender aura of well-being poured through him, mingled with it was a poignant feeling of hopelessness. The plight of Mrs. Povlona and Annie had touched him deeply and he made a vow to aid them. His own meager circumstances, however, depreciated his chances, but a silent determination to devise some means of helping them came to him.

As the rich, morning parade of motor cars filed past him, Stuffy felt a sudden return of the desire that had come to him the preceding day.

"Suppose'n one o' these guys really would adopt me," he mused. "Gee, what I couldn't do for Annie!"

"But, shucks," he added a moment later, "that's just junk dreamin'. I gotta get busy and do somethin'."

He cast a spiteful glance at the flow of automobiles.

"Huh?" he grunted. "If you guys knew what a swell kid Annie is an' how much they need your dough."

But the great river of motor cars sped on heedlessly. Some grim realization of the irony of existence came to Stuffy as he watched.

"All these guys with loads o' money, an' I had to be the one to find Annie an' her mother. Why couldn't I be rich?"

There was a trace of bitterness in his thoughts—a bitterness unusual in Stuffy. In spite of himself he fell to dreaming again.

"Gosh! What if I was rich! What if one of those guys did adopt me! Or just give me a little money so I could help Annie!"

A large sedan drew up at the curb and, Stuffy seized a paper and thrust it into the outstretched hand. The exchange was quickly made, paper for money, and the car rolled on its way. But instead of the usual pennies, a roll of crisp bills lay in the newsboy's hand and instead of the usual "Good morning," the hearty voice cried: "Well done last night, my boy. I'll meet you here at four this afternoon."

Stuffy stared in unbelieving surprise for an instant, then glanced up at the motor car. The license bore the same number the onlooker had given him the previous evening. A smile slowly spread over Stuffy's face until it became a broad grin. The passing motor cars seemed to purr in benevolent unison as he pictured Annie's small face wrapped in happy smiles.

**Funny Combats**

In the Far East, combats between fighting fish are held before huge audiences, fortunes being won and lost over the issue. Such damage is inflicted by the combatants that it is seldom a fish fights more than once. But the victor cannot be said to have won "on points" for, unlike our own little "light-weight champion"—the stickleback—the Sianese fighting fish has no spines to use as weapons.—London Tit-Bits.

**Often Enough**

Little James was kneeling beside his bed, saying his prayers. When about half way through the Lord's Prayer he stopped.

"James, what's the matter? Why don't you say the rest of the prayer?" said his mother.

"Oh, mother, I am so tired and sleepy, and I have said the Lord's Prayer often enough. He knows as well as I do. Please let me go to bed."

**Hallojahn Victory**

The Hallojahn victory was gained by the British vessel named Picta and some of the crew, English, Scotch, and Irish, who were on board when she was captured from the Danes.

### Abyssinia Will Have United States Envoy

Abyssinia, African empire, where American bed sheedings, are used as a medium of trade in place of money, again is to have a diplomatic representative accredited to her from the United States.

The appointment of Addison E. Southard as minister, resident of the United States in Abyssinia is taken to mark the beginning of a definite and probably permanent representa-

tion of the United States in that picturesque corner of the world. The new appointee was consul general at Singapore.

During Theodore Roosevelt's Presidency the United States had a minister for a short time, and at other times the United States has been represented by a "consul" general.

The chief commercial interests of the United States in the country consist of the sale of cotton sheetings, which the Abyssinians get almost entirely for the manufacture of their