

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Four Aviators Make Flight Across Pacific Ocean in Three Big Hops.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

CALIFORNIA to Australia by air plane in three hops! For the first time the Pacific ocean has been traversed by the air route...

In constant communication with the mainland and with vessels by radio...

The worst part of the trip was the next hop, nearly 3,200 miles to the Fiji islands...

GEN. JOHN J. PERSHING made a rush trip from Paris to Cherbourg and jumped aboard the Leviathan for the United States...

MARSHAL CHANG TSO-LIN, Northern war lord, gave up his dictatorship and abandoned Peking to the Nationalists...

Passing upon two cases arising in the state of Washington, the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that evidence of prohibition violations...

In holding wire tapping did not amount to a search and seizure within the meaning of the fourth amendment to the Constitution...

UNCLE SAM proposes to get a lot of money from Henry M. Blackmer, the wealthy Denver oil operator who fled to France to avoid the Teapot Dome inquiry...

John D. Rockefeller Highest on Tax List. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has become the heaviest individual taxpayer in the United States...

These maps, opened for public inspection for the first time, show that Mr. Rockefeller is assessed for \$5,588,050 worth of property on the basis of an average rate of \$25 per thousand...

ion that Senator James Watson of Indiana or Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas would make a good vice presidential nominee...

Farmer crusaders of the regions surrounding Kansas City were preparing to move on the convention city in considerable numbers...

ACCORDING to the partial report of the senate campaign fund committee, total expenditures in behalf of the various Presidential candidates to date have been only \$731,067...

VIENNA received reports, seemingly authentic, that Ahmed Bey Zogu, President of Albania, was getting ready to proclaim a monarchy with himself as the king...

PREMIER MUSSOLINI took a good deal of wind out of the sails of his detractors by the restraint of his annual address before the Italian senate...

ATLANTIC CITY having abandoned its annual beauty contest, the "International pageant of pulchritude" held in Galveston attracted the attention of those who enjoy such affairs...

Town officials pointed out that Mr. Rockefeller had added during the last year more than 400 acres opposite the Rockwood Hall country club to his Pocantico Hills estate...

They also pointed out that the Rockefeller holdings were assessed at about one-third their market value if they were cut into plots for development...

The mansion built and occupied by John D. Rockefeller, Sr., is assessed for \$975,000 and the smallest parcel of land is assessed for \$250.

These two townships and the villages of Tarrytown and North Tarrytown about \$137,000.

New York federal courts. Also writs of attachment against any property held by or for Blackmer were filed with 22 companies or individuals...

Only a part of the tax, interest and penalties assessed against the oil man was understood to be for his alleged profits in the Continental Trading company, an adjunct of the Teapot Dome case.

LITHUANIA'S assertion, in her recently adopted new constitution, that Vilna is the capital of the country was denounced before the League of Nations council by Poland when the council opened its fiftieth session in Geneva...

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WENDS of the SPREEWALD



Wend Children on Way to School by Boat.

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

LONG ago, when the Goths laid waste to western Europe, a small band of half-wild fugitives hid for safety in the great swamps near the Oder—that low, flat, wooded region known now as the Spreewald...

many canals, look from a distance as if they were sliding curiously about the country driven by some unseen force.

In winter the whole waterway net of the Spreewald is frozen over and becomes a veritable spider web of icy lanes and avenues...

Eels and Cucumbers. Eels, cucumbers and cherry pies as big as prayer-rugs figure in all feasts in these Spreewald Swamps.

These giant cucumbers, deadly like scimitars, threaten you at every turn. Cucumbers in heaps on the river banks; punts piled high with cucumbers being poled to market at Burg or Cottbus...

Even the huge cherry pies, delicious as they are, fairly overwhelm you by their stupendous size. Throughout the region big, broad-mouthed clay ovens, built apart from the houses, are busy baking these pies...

Slaves still to some ancient superstitions, the Wends carve crude wood on figures of beasts, birds and fishes and mount them on the gables of their humble huts...

SILAS APPRECIATED HIS PAL

(By D. J. Walsh.)

SILAS ADOLPHUS PETERKIN, followed by his faithful, hungry-eyed wife, climbed slowly to the rocky slope leading to the most picturesque stream in their vicinity...

Belinda received his usual outburst in silence; somehow she didn't feel like talking today; it seemed so good to have Silas home again...

When they reached the brow of the slope Silas halted for a silent approval of the valley below. He loved these mountains and he wasn't ashamed of the sentiment he felt...

"Some day," Silas constantly told himself, "I'm going to take Belinda some place; I don't know where." As they climbed up and again hurried on he glanced toward her contentedly...

Belinda held up one foot as though loath to take another forward step. "Life is like this rocky road," she contributed.

"You ain't seen life," he hastened to console her. "I can't somehow ever get enough money to take you into it—the cities where there's music and folks smile because they know things."

Silas drew himself up in the strength of his spirit, his long, lithe body, the picture of the freedom he felt. "Me take an old-age tonic? Jerushy's kingdom! No-sir-ee," he cried as he caught her up in his arms and hurried on down the hill...

"There, now, I knew when you put on that red necktie this mornin' you'd keep on goin'!" she managed to exclaim. "Set me down this minute Silas Peterkin. You're too old to cut up like that, besides wearin' red ties like a boy..."

Silas' arms were flung out to the highest peak of the range. "Old Glory," he called that one. He had his own name for them all. Presently his arms crept down to Belinda's shoulders...

"You're a regular pal," he said, kindly, as they continued their walk down the hill. "I've been wantin' to ask why under the canopy of heaven did they call you Belinda, a mite of a woman like you?"

Belinda caught her breath. Silas was finding her amuse. He didn't like her name. She was a woman who loved peace and she wouldn't strike back at him...

"Aln't many wives know what it means to be a good pal," he praised her, as he made his way to the bank of the stream, which sparkled and danced along in a most inviting fashion...

you never yell when I slip and fall in."

"No, I don't yell. I don't suppose I'd make a fuss if the world should come to an end (which it ain't never goin' to do, in the way they say it will). I'd just sit and wait. Some good is bound to come to everybody if they'll just be sure to wait."

She was a pathetic figure as she sat in the center of the huge bowlder, her hands crossed placidly in her lap. Presently she pushed her straw bonnet back from her face...

He was a great man, they thought. Mebbe he was. She loved him, but she didn't know what a great man was like. He knew all about scenery, but she was plum tired of scenery...

Back in town they heard the big clock on the postoffice strike four. Silas put the last trout in the basket and wound up his reel. He was thinking of the home which he enjoyed to the fullest extent of his nature...

Belinda put on her bonnet as she saw him coming. She would lean on Silas' arm going home. Then tomorrow or the next day or mebbe the next some one would come for him and he would be gone again...

It was two days later that an oil magnate came. Did Silas know of a good cook, a woman of good appearance and worth. They were to start that very night for California...

"Would I be a woman of good appearance if I had on them beads?" she thought. "Would Silas let her go?" Seating herself in her rocker, she rocked back and forth...

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She Knew It. A little miss of four years was sitting on her aunt's lap, when suddenly the aunt leaned down and gave her a big hug, saying: "My, but you're sweet!"