

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Italy Also Rejects Anglo-French Navy Agreement—Smith Invades South.

BY EDWARD W. PICKARD

ITALY, like the United States, has rejected the Anglo-French agreement as a basis for future naval limitation. Premier Mussolini's note is not so abrupt as Secretary Kellogg's, but is just as specific in its objections to naval limitation by categories, and undoubtedly completes the destruction of the agreement.

The note reaffirms Premier Mussolini's declaration in the Italian senate last June, when he said, "Italy is ready to accept as the limit of armaments any figure, even the lowest, provided it is not exceeded by any other continental European power," meaning, of course, France. It insists, however, on consideration of all branches of arms, land, naval, and air, in any discussion of disarmament.

The Fascist note launches into a lengthy explanation of why it favors limitation of global tonnage for navies instead of limitation by categories. The argument is identical with that advanced by the American delegation at the tripartite naval conferences at Geneva a year ago, and repeated in the American reply to the French-British memorandum.

"Each state must be left free to use its tonnage quota the way it believes it best answers its particular needs, both as regards the type of ships and its armament," Mussolini explains.

France, which admittedly would be the chief beneficiary of the agreement with England, is mighty touchy on the subject. Last week the authorities in Paris seized the person of Harold Horan, correspondent of the Universal Service, because he had cabled to New York a letter Foreign Minister Briand had sent to French ambassadors regarding the interpretation of the pact, and compelled him to agree to leave the country. Mr. Horan's explanation was that his employer, William Randolph Hearst, had handed him the document with instructions to send it to America.

The British cabinet voted to make public all the documents and correspondence in connection with the agreement "as soon as practicable." It was necessary first to get the consent of all the nations concerned. Sir Austen Chamberlain, British foreign secretary, who is now in California in search of health and a rest, declined to discuss this subject or any other affairs of state. He is suffering from neuritis in his left arm but is said to be getting better and gaining weight.

GEN. CHIANG KAI-SHEK, generalissimo of the Chinese Nationalist armies, was elected first President of the Nationalist government of the country, including Manchuria, and was inaugurated on the seventeenth anniversary of the revolt against the emperor on October 10, 1921. Chiang, who is only forty-one years old, actually is only President of the government state council, but as he is also chairman of the Kowmintang central executive committee, which controls the government, he is the dominant figure in China. The United States, Germany, France and the Netherlands were the only foreign governments that cabled congratulations to General Chiang.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, chairman of the China famine relief organization in New York, has received from a mission in Kansu a letter telling of terrible conditions in that remote province. Last year's earthquake killed 35,000 and reduced 100,000 to dire poverty; this year's crops were ruined by drought and famine conditions prevail already; and to cap the climax the Moslems, who form a third of the population are in revolt and have massacred at least 200,000 persons.

GOV. AL SMITH was almost quietest the first part of last week, so far as the campaign was concerned, but Wednesday night he left New

York for a visit to the solid South. He passed through part of North Carolina and Tennessee, making no set speeches but appearing frequently on the rear platform of his car and stopping at Chattanooga for a conference with party leaders. Then he proceeded to Louisville, where he delivered an address on Saturday. His schedule called for a week of campaigning from Missouri to Ohio with a speech in Chicago October 19; then a brief rest in Albany followed by a final tour of two weeks in Atlantic seaboard cities. Gov. Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland opened the Democratic campaign in Chicago with a rousing speech, most of which was devoted to the religious issue and a vigorous attack on intolerance. The rest of the time he spoke on prohibition, which he doesn't like. Ritchie was followed in Chicago by Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York.

Herbert Hoover, whose appearance in Elizabethton, Tenn., was declared by his supporters to have been a great success in the way of winning votes, put in much time preparing for his Boston address. He also conferred with New York state Republican leaders and told them the result there was up to them. They appeared fairly confident but do not underestimate the battle that confronts them.

H. O. Hansbrough, once a Republican senator from North Dakota and now a supporter of Al Smith, put forth the charge last week in a Minneapolis speech that Hoover "is credited" with owning oil and mining properties in Colombia and Mexico, and demanded that he withdraw from the campaign and permit the selection of a Republican candidate "who cannot be influenced in handling our foreign relations."

Henry J. Allen, director of Republican publicity, learning that Hansbrough was to make the accusation, wired him that there was no foundation for the statement and that it could only be uttered for the purpose of gaining votes by deliberate lies. Hansbrough, however, delivered his address and made the charges, which he insisted were "based on facts."

SAN ANTONIO surrendered absolutely to the American Legion and the former service men had a fine time at their convention in the Texas city. General Pershing delivered an address on the opening day devoted mainly to a plea to the Legion to create an interest in good government that would impel voters to go to the polls on election day. Lord Allenby of England was given a great ovation when he was presented with the Legion's distinguished service cross. Wednesday the big parade was staged, with about 10,000 members of the Legion and its auxiliary in line and numerous bands filling the air with melody. The procession was more than four hours passing the Alamo where it was reviewed by various dignitaries. Louisville was awarded next year's convention, and Paul V. McNutt, dean of Indiana university law school, was elected national commander.

UNITED SPANISH WAR VETERANS held their annual convention in Havana, Cuba, where more than 7,000 members and their friends were welcomed by President Machado. Col. William L. Grayson of Savannah, Ga., was elected commander in chief almost unanimously; and Otto Batha of Minnesota senior vice commander and Frank B. Shea of Connecticut junior vice commander. The parade, which was held on the anniversary of Cuba's ten-year revolt, was participated in by Cuban army contingents and officers and men from the battleship Texas. The Maine memorial was officially dedicated with impressive ceremonies.

THE American navy's big dirigible Los Angeles successfully made the round trip from Lakehurst to San Antonio and back for the purpose of visiting the Texas city at the time of the American Legion convention. One night air mail flyer made complaint that he narrowly escaped collision with the airship because of its lack of lights.

COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD is finally on his way to the Antarctic, for, with members of his party, he set sail from San Pedro, Calif., in the zeppelin C. A. Larsen, the flagship of his expedition. The other three

zeppelins will be met in New Zealand and the expedition will go thence to Ross sea. Byrd expects to make an airplane flight over the South pole, but this will be only an incident, for the commander's chief purpose is to make a long and intensive study of the Antarctic regions.

CLERGY and lay members of the Episcopal church in large numbers gathered in Washington for the forty-ninth triennial general convention of the church. The opening service was held in the natural amphitheater on Mount St. Alban, and President Coolidge delivered an address in which he emphasized religion as the underpinning of all government and of all society. In the first session of the house of deputies Dr. Ze Barney Phillips of Washington was elected chairman.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE learned the other day that a score of ministers to foreign countries who graduated to their present positions from the foreign service of the Department of State had tentatively agreed to try to hold on to their jobs by withholding their resignations when Mr. Coolidge retires next March. The President thereupon made it known that the future of these "career" diplomats would rest wholly in the hands of his successor who will have full power to remove them.

President Coolidge has appointed an unusually large number of career men to the highest diplomatic posts. While sympathetic toward as permanent a foreign service as it is possible to attain, the President fears the present reported move on the part of the ministers is simply another manifestation of a disposition by some government services to attempt to organize themselves into self-perpetuating bodies.

EVIDENCE against dry law offenders obtained by tapping wires is still admissible in federal courts regardless of state laws making wire tapping a crime, for the United States Supreme court has refused to review its decision so holding. Justice Holmes dissented in the original case, denouncing the government for willfully breaking one law to enforce another. New York was aroused by the discovery that about thirty persons had died there within a few days supposedly from drinking alcohol that had been poisoned by government agents to make it nonpotable. The police promptly closed a lot of speakeasies in the lower East side section where most of the alcohol was obtained.

FOR the second consecutive time the New York Yankees of the American league won the world series, defeating the St. Louis Cardinals of the National league in four straight games. The final game was remarkable for the number of home runs. Babe Ruth closed the season in a blaze of glory by making three. As their share of the gate receipts the Yanks received \$5,531 each, and the Cards \$4,197 each.

TEXTILE workers of New Bedford, Mass., have called off their strike that had lasted 25 weeks and accepted a compromise under which wages will be reduced 5 per cent instead of 10, and the manufacturers will hereafter give the workers 30 days' notice of any proposed wage cut.

GRAF ZEPPELIN, the huge German dirigible, the first to cross the Atlantic carrying paid passengers, started from Friedrichshafen Thursday morning on its memorable flight and landed at Lakehurst, N. J., where the navy air station had made all preparations to ground land house the airship. There were but three paying passengers, two of whom were Americans. Press representatives numbered four. The official guests included Commander Charles E. Rosendahl of the United States navy, representatives of the German and Spanish governments, Lady Grace Drummond Hay and Count Brandstein-Zepelin, the inventor's son-in-law. Dr. Hugo Eckener, commander of the dirigible, was also its chief pilot. A large quantity of mail was brought over on the airship.

It was expected the Graf Zeppelin would remain in the United States about ten days and then return to Germany.

daily total mileage, in poundage carried, the United States by far outclassed its European rivals, assisted by Reynolds.

William P. MacCracken, assistant secretary, Department of Commerce, spoke on the safety of flying. No means of travel was without hazard, he said. As proof of the safety factor in flying, he held up as an example the record of one air transport company which had operated planes over a distance of 3,000,000 miles with but two fatalities.

BAKED BEANS FOR DINNER

(By D. J. Walsh.)

CHESTER TRENTON III of Boston put more time on that weekly letter to his mother than usual. It was an important letter. He closed his ears to the sound of revelry on the campus below as the boys prepared to go to the field for football practice. He did not answer the repeated raps at his door as his classmates went by. He did not even stop to fill his fountain pen when it went dry, but dipped it into the ink bottle on his desk. It was a long letter—that letter to Mrs. Chester Archibald Trenton II, and when he finished, he reread parts of it aloud, changing a word here and there and adding several underlinings to bring out important points.

"I certainly am glad that you are going to meet Virginia at last, mother. She wrote home and asked her mother, after I told her you wanted her to come to Boston for the weekend, and it is all right with her folks. Cecile Manning is coming with us.

"She is sure a peach and you will all like her. She said she had heard of our house through the Murrays in Detroit—you remember the Murrays—well, they live next to Virginia's folks in Detroit—Virginia's dad is an automobile manufacturer, but she isn't one of those newly rich—not by a long shot—she is the real stuff.

"I'll leave all the fixings to you, mother, because you know how to do it. We'll leave here after lunch and will be at the house around 6:30. I suppose Benjamin will meet us. It might be a good idea to have two or three in—how about Dave Laidlaw or Cecile?—I'll leave that to Sis—and we can run out to the club to dance.

"I know everything will be all fine—you know how to do it, mother, and I know you will like Virginia."

Benjamin, the Trenton chauffeur, austere in his green livery, was at the station to meet Chester and the two young ladies. Chester and Benjamin had been very close friends for years, ever since the days when Chester III sat on the front seat with Benjamin when he was driven to and from grammar school. Benjamin was on the alert for the usual effusive greeting that Chester, in a most dignified manner, much the same as that used by Chester II, said: "How do you do, Benjamin?" Benjamin smiled broadly over the wheel as the car left the station. Young Mr. Trenton was certainly grown up nowadays but just wait until the young ladies were not around. The big car rolled through the massive stone gateway of the Trenton estate and followed a winding boulevard through well-kept lawns and shrubbery. Back on a terrace elevation stood the Trenton house, as it had stood for more than half a century, since Chester I of New York and England had built it there. Massive, imposing, an architecture of an American past and magnificent in its simplicity, the Trenton house was one of the show places of New England.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" exclaimed Virginia Butler of Detroit. "Just beautiful! It looks like an old painting—we have beautiful houses in Detroit, too, but they are all so new and so extravagantly done—I have never seen one like this."

Chester III was very happy. So happy that when Benjamin stood at the car door and assisted the young ladies to alight, he winked at him, which the chauffeur knew meant a confidential chat later in the garage, over cigarettes. Benjamin unsmilingly winked back.

"How do you do, James," said Chester III to the dignified butler who opened the door. "Is my mother down?"

"No, Mr. Chester, that is—she, is coming now, Mr. Chester—I will send the luggage up, sir."

Mrs. Chester Archibald Trenton II was very charming. She kissed her son's two pretty cheeks and took them, herself, to their rooms. Chester's debutante sister met them on the stairs, very lovely in her peach-colored dress, her sunny hair bound with a band of silver.

"You have met all the family but grandmother," said Alice as she went with them. "Grandmother never comes down until dinner-time. We will have four guests—Betty Ann Lee and Dick Travers, David Laidlaw and Robert Burnham, my fiancée. We are going to the Country club after dinner for dancing. We would have gone for dinner but grandmother is so old-fashioned—a creature of habit, and she insists on the family being together on Saturday night. An old New England custom of hers and you can't change grandmother."

Cecile and Virginia whispered over their dressing.

"I am positively afraid to meet the grandmother," said Virginia. "The Murrays say she is a regular dowager

—rules the whole family with an iron hand. Fearfully proud of her family, traces her ancestry back to Sir Walter Raleigh. In fact, her name was Caroline Raleigh before she married Chester Trenton I."

Chester III was waiting for them at the bottom of the stairs and led them to the drawing room where before the fireplace sat a little, old gray-haired lady, in black silk and cream lace. She looked like a Sargent portrait just stepped from its frame.

"Grandmother, this is Miss Virginia Butler from Detroit, Mich., and Miss Cecile Manning from New Haven. My grandmother, Mrs. Caroline Raleigh Trenton."

The Sargent portrait looked at them carefully through her gold lorgnette. Then she nodded as though in approval.

"I am pleased to welcome you, young ladies, into our home," she said in a voice that was modulated, formal, exacting, "and I trust your sojourn under its roof will be pleasant. Dinner will be announced in seven minutes."

"I claim Miss Virginia as my dinner partner," said Chester Trenton II, handsome and distinguished in his dinner clothes. "I want to hear all about dynamic Detroit and that new model her father is going to put out this fall."

Chester III glowed with pride as his father offered his arm to his pretty guest; he knew the family approved and now it would be much easier to tell them that he and Virginia—well, she was wearing his frat pin. He was proud of his distinguished father and his charming, dashing mother; Sis was a nice little thing, too, and grandmother—well, she was all right as far as grandmothers go, although he did wish she would relax a bit and forget she was a kin to Sir Walter Raleigh. For the first time Chester III felt a real glow of pride in his beautiful home; he had always lived there and had taken it as a matter of course; but it sure was a corking place—perfect—every detail. He looked around at the great room in which they were standing. Then he looked up at the framed painting of his grandmother's famous relative over the fireplace and grinned. Sir Walter refused to grin back.

The butler announced dinner and they started for the dining room; ahead he could see the soft glow of a candle-lit room; an expanse of glistening linen, silver, flowers. Dinners in the house of Trenton were works of art and he knew that Virginia was accustomed to the best. Just wait until she puts those pretty white teeth into some of the delectable viands prepared by Oscar, the French chef.

And then James came in, bearing a familiar big silver dish; a serving dish of huge proportions. He set it down in front of Chester II and removed the cover of silver. Chester III looked—closed his eyes—opened them and looked again: Baked beans! Baked beans! It was Saturday night. He had forgotten! Baked beans! Oh, the irony of it!

He was dancing with Virginia of Detroit a few hours later.

"I'm having a beautiful time, Chester—just gorgeous."

He held her closer. He knew it was bad form to apologize but she sure had an apology coming about that dinner.

"I'm decidedly sorry about the baked beans, Ginny. You see, I had forgotten about Saturday night—and grandmother—New England custom—Oh, the irony of it!"

The music stopped and Virginia slipped her hand through his arm.

"Apologize! Why, I would have been terribly disappointed if it hadn't been baked beans in New England on Saturday night—and Chester, dear, if you meant what you said at the prom the other night and—and—well, you can make up your mind it is baked beans on Saturday nights—always!"

Remains of Columbus

Columbus died May 20, 1506, and was interred at Seville, Spain. In 1542 the body was exhumed and placed in the cathedral of San Domingo. In 1795 or 1796, upon the cessation of San Domingo to France, the remains of Columbus were re-exhumed and transferred to the cathedral of Havana, Cuba. After the Spanish-American war, as the result of which Spain lost Cuba, the relics of Columbus were removed to Seville where they still remain.—Pathfinder.

Unfortunate Fido

Strange duties fall to the lot of humane society agents, and about the strangest was the visit of a Pittsburgh agent to East Liberty, Pa., for the purpose of informing a housewife that the proper way to scrub Fido, the pup, was not to dump him into the electric washer and turn on the juice.

Greenland Journalism

Greenland not only has a newspaper, but the paper is free to every inhabitant. The "Atasagollitit" is printed in the native Eskimo language and the expense of its publication is met by the South Greenland state treasury.

In Normandy



Bretons in Holiday Attire.

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

FRANCE, rich in many ways geographically, curiously enough has few lakes and no important ones. Lake Geneva, which for more than thirty miles forms a part of the French border, is Swiss. Really, the only large lake in all France is Grand-Lieu, just south of Nantes, in Brittany, and it measures only 17,300 acres in extent. Another curious geographical feature is that, the length of coast considered, France is inadequately supplied with true seaports or harbors capable of receiving and sheltering large vessels. But the river ports make good that deficiency to a considerable degree, and not only serve invaluable thereby, but add greatly to the picturesqueness of the country.

The geography of France has affected the people as well as the climate and the architecture. Though the old provincial boundaries are gone long ago, the characteristics of the people of those former divisions imbibed from the soil remain the same, and in each lives a pride of locality second to none, with idiosyncrasies of speech and custom and costume easily traced back to regional conditions and peculiarities. In architecture we find the explanation of some of the most remarkable buildings of the country in the geographical conditions of their locations.

Spring in Normandy. Just as the visitor to a picture gallery retains a much stronger impression of the merits of different painters by seeing the works of only one at a visit, so the beauty and charm of France are best remembered by considering her provinces one at a time. Almost every one of the older divisions of the country has some feature distinctly its own that fixes it indelibly in mind.

Brittany is always the "Land of Pardons," a bleak, wind-swept peninsula full of silent, undemonstrative folk who live by the harvest of the sea. Dauphine, whose Alpine sierras saw the horizon with their snowy teeth, burns with glorious sunsets that fire its savage grandeur; Burgundy, of the wine; Champagne, of the "liquid sunshine"; Auvergne, of the dead volcanoes, like giant beehives, and Touraine, that was and still is the playground of France, are all characteristic and easily remembered.

Not less so is Normandy, with its shimmering streams and its wide-spread orchards of cider apples—acres and clouds of pink and white and green in the tender spring—the air quick with the thin, sweet, subtle fragrance. And spring is not only "apple-blossom time in Normandy." By every farm, about the railroad stations, along the roads, and in private estates bristly hedges of scented haws vie with the purple and the white clusters of great chestnuts, the long festoons of the towering aceracias (locusts), and other flowers innumerable.

What an air the many mud houses have, with their great thatched roofs! The walls are built of a sticky, clayey soil, that dries rock-hard in the sun. The roofs are a joy, simply thick rolls of straw laid close by the farmer and cemented together by nature in a few months with moss and flowers. They overhang the sunny wall and shelter the vines—sometimes they are trees, trained like vines—that border door and window and the whole place radiates a spirit of solid prosperity and comfort, as well as beauty and charm.

The beauties of Normandy are as varied as they are striking, and a single day among them brings a sympathetic understanding of the struggles of centuries to hold such a lovely province.

Bayeux and Its Tapestry. One of the greatest of these struggles began with the Normans

away back in the Ninth century. Their strange, dragon-prowed galleys swooped down upon the French coasts, and the frollicsome vikings came inland, killing, burning, and destroying in true pirate fashion. It took them about a century to secure more than a mere toehold; but then King Charlemagne the Simple did a wise thing and made the pirates welcome. They settled thickly along the lower reaches of the Seine and made Rouen their capital. And the Norsemen were no mere freebooters. Under Rollo the Ganger they fathered the Normans, who conquered England in 1066, and gave their name to this rich and desirable region.

The story of their conquest of England reposes safely under glass today, after a somewhat stormy career, in the placid little city of Bayeux, one of William the Conqueror's towns. Bayeux's quaint old houses cling about the handsome cathedral as barnacles grow upon a rock, and through the meadows all about meanders a sleepy little stream gemmed with lilies.

But it is the "tapestry" in the museum that makes Bayeux a magnet. No more original or curious history of a war was ever wrought than this seamless strip of plain lines—not tapestry at all—230 feet long, by 20 inches wide, covered with vivid sketches in worsted embroidery of eight colors. Clearly and in great detail the 58 scenes tell the story of the preparation of William the Conqueror's fleet and the Battle of Hastings. The needle sketches are rude and simple, hardly more than mere artistic shorthand suggestions; but they were done with such fidelity to the facts and such dash that they move us even yet as no mere written account can.

Duke William's favorite town was Caen, where he and his duchess, Matilda, who defied the canon law by marrying within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, did royal penance by building two great abbeys, whose churches of St. Etienne (St. Stephen) and La Trinite contribute so greatly to Caen's beauty today.

On the Lovely Orne. Below the town lies the lovely little Orne, a sleepy stream, at sunset a dream river, running noiselessly by broad, grassy, tree-hedged promenades and lush meadows, where gray and brown nets overhang the walls and the multi-colored rowboats glow like strange jewels upon the river's placid breast. Queer little rickety bridges bar its shining length as it slips northward out of the city, and away through the lovely Norman country of great, rolling fields, golden with grain and dotted with farm houses and apple orchards, toward the gleaming white sand dunes that fringe the bay of the Seine with iridescence.

Big and little steamers ply slowly up and down the canalized waters of the Orne. You can almost shake hands from deck to deck as the vessels pass between the endless lines of poplars.

Across the bay from the mouth of the Orne are the mouth of the Seine and the great ship-building and commercial port of Le Havre. The glorious river that leads from Havre to Rouen and on to Paris is a stream of delights, winding tortuously among little towns, farms, the ghostly ruins of former grandeur like Jumieges, and between chalky cliffs now and again, that rise hundreds of feet above the river, or, low and beetling, shelter astonishing cave communities, whose homes are bored right into the solid rock.

Splendid wooded peninsulas jut out into the stream, that widens below Rouen into as majestic a flood as the Hudson; and then the ancient pirate stronghold itself comes into view, strewn with the rubble of its fortifications and busy with the activities which have taken the place of the activities of a thousand years.