

## DOINGS OF THE WEEK

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### Lindbergh Is on Way Home—Flood Control Conference in Chicago.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

CAPTAIN LINDBERGH is on his way home, due to receive a welcome that will throw into the shade even the remarkable ovations given him in Paris, Brussels and London. Sailing from Cherbourg, he is a passenger on the United States cruiser Memphis at the express invitation of President Coolidge and will go direct to Washington to be the President's guest and to receive the Distinguished Flying cross and to be promoted, presumably to the rank of colonel. The young aviator's mother was invited to visit in the temporary White House at the same time. The President appointed Secretary of War Davis, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, Secretary of State Kellogg, and Secretary of Commerce Hoover a cabinet committee in charge of the welcoming arrangements, but details were turned over to the District of Columbia commissioners.

One of the plans already agreed upon includes the gathering of the largest group of aircraft ever assembled to greet a distinguished visitor to Washington, which will meet the Memphis at a point about fifty miles at sea and convey the ship to Washington. As the cruiser enters Chesapeake bay the escort will be joined by nine navy torpedo, bombing, and scouting planes, and further up the Potomac more than a score of army planes from Langley Field, Va., as well as sea-planes from Hampton Roads and the naval air station, will be added.

After a day in Washington, Lindbergh will fly to Staten Island and put himself in the hands of the New Yorkers, who have planned a tremendous reception.

The international political importance attached to Lindbergh's flight was responsible in part for his speedy return. He earnestly desired to visit a lot of countries in Europe, feeling that it might be a long time before he got over there again. But it became evident that the nations he did not visit would feel slighted, and he was persuaded to give up his plans. Besides, President Coolidge was desirous of receiving the air hero before leaving for his vacation in the Black Hills of South Dakota, his departure for that place being scheduled for June 13.

Lindbergh flew from Paris to Brussels, where he was received in state by King Albert, who made him a Chevalier of the Royal Order of Leopold. Then he flew over to Croynon, England, where a mob of hundreds of thousands welcomed him so vigorously that he and his plane barely escaped serious damage. In London Ambassador Houghton presented him to King George and other notables and the king awarded him the air force cross. He attended various banquets and other functions and went to the Derby as the guest of Lord Lonsdale. Meanwhile his plane was being dismantled for shipment to America, so he borrowed a plane and flew back to Paris to say farewell to the French people and to Ambassador Herrick, whose tactful guidance meant so much to the aviator during his stay in France.

Five leading American engineering societies last week gave to Lindbergh, Orville Wright and his late brother, Wilbur Wright, the Washington award for outstanding engineering accomplishment. Lindbergh's plane was equipped with a Wright motor.

THOUSANDS of prominent men, answering the call of the mayors of Chicago, New Orleans and St. Louis, gathered in Chicago to discuss the great Mississippi valley floods and to try to devise methods of preventing the recurrence of the disaster. The participants in the conference included United States senators and congressmen, governors, mayors and other officials, business men of all varieties, engineers and labor leaders. Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi as chair-

man of the organization committee called the assemblage to order and Secretary of War Davis delivered a message from President Coolidge. Among the other speakers were Secretary of Labor J. J. Davis, Maj. Gen. Edgar Jadwin, chief of army engineers; Senator W. L. Jones and Representative Frank R. Jones, chairmen of the congressional flood control committees, and Speaker Nicholas Longworth. Before leaving Washington for Chicago, Mr. Longworth had a conference with President Coolidge and said afterward that flood control legislation, together with tax reduction would be given the right of way by the house when congress meets in December.

Conditions in the flood area improved slowly, but the "sugar bowl" parishes of Louisiana were being converted into a huge lake as the blanket of water moved gradually to the Gulf outlet.

MARSHAL CHANG TSO-LIN'S northern Chinese armies met with great defeats in Honan province, through the forces of both the Han-kow and Nanking factions of the Nationalists advancing in the campaign against Peking. The northerners retreated to the north of the Yellow river and Chang prepared for desperate resistance at Paotingfu and Tehchow. The peril of foreigners in the Peking area was so imminent that nearly two thousand American marines were sent there from Shanghai and about as many more were en route there from the Philippines. This will make a force of more than 4,000 Americans in Peking and Tientsin. The British and Japanese also were sending large numbers of troops there, together with many planes to patrol the railway between the two cities. Japan also landed considerable forces at Tsingtao, which action provoked both the northern and the Nationalist authorities.

The diplomatic corps in Peking determined on plans for the defense of the legation quarter in the event of a crisis, but dispatches from Washington say President Coolidge decided that if disorders occurred Minister MacMurray and the American legation should be moved to Tientsin or possibly Shanghai, the navy believing it will be much easier to defend Americans at those points than at Peking. Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut, who has been traveling in China, was caught in the disorders resulting from the rout of Chang's troops in Honan. He escaped unhurt but he and his party were robbed of all their valuables.

SOVIET RUSSIA, extremely sore over the break with Great Britain, is determined to keep the Chinese situation as bad as it can. The executive committee of the Third Internationale decided to make a more intensive campaign in support of the Chinese revolution and to appeal to the workers of the world to assist soviet Russia to sabotage other nations in the coming "inevitable war."

Alexis Rykov, president of the council of people's commissars, addressing a plenary session of the Moscow soviet, declared that the British rupture with Russia was a prelude to war. The international situation therefore, was threatened with grave complications. The British government, he asserted, wished to improve its position by provoking war, in which it hoped to play a leading part, leaving "the dirty part of the work" to other peoples, who, being thereby weakened, would be subordinated to Great Britain. To this danger the soviet union opposed a steady policy of peace.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE in his Memorial day address at Arlington told his audience that the United States must maintain armed forces sufficient to protect it from attacks, or expose itself to aggression and destruction. He added to this warning a pledge of his leadership in an effort to end war through international agreements. But while he spoke of the country's desire to discard the element of force and deal with other powers on the basis of understanding and good will, he cautioned that "we could no more dispense with our military forces than we could dispense with our police forces."

Ambassador Herrick, speaking in France, created something of a sensation by making a strong attack on

soviet Russia for its attempts to undermine other governments.

FIFTEEN balloons started from Akron, Ohio, in the annual elimination race, and the three winners all landed in Maine. W. T. Van Orman with the Goodyear entry won first place with 727 miles; E. J. Hill with the Detroit Flying club's balloon was second with 665 miles, and Capt. W. W. Kepner, pilot of the U. S. Army No. 3, took third place with 602 miles to his credit. Not an accident of any sort marred the event.

RIOUS mobs in Tampa, Fla., made three determined attacks on the jail with the intention of lynching a prisoner who had confessed to murdering five members of a family. The crowds were repulsed first by the police and then by members of the National Guard; the soldiers were forced to fire on the attackers and killed four persons.

GOVERNOR FULLER of Massachusetts, who is studying the Sacco-Vanzetti case, has appointed an advisory committee to aid him in determining his course in that puzzling matter. Its members are President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, President Samuel W. Stratton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Judge Robert Grant.

CHARLES P. TAFT, publisher of the Cincinnati Times-Star, and Mrs. Taft have given their valuable art collection, their residence and \$1,000,000 to the people of Cincinnati. Announcement of the gift, made at a meeting of the Cincinnati Institute of Fine Arts, said it was given for the advancement of "the artistic and musical education and enjoyment of the people of Cincinnati."

EGYPT is in danger of losing her independence again. The government, under the influence of the Wafd nationalists, a wealthy Moslem organization, announced plans to reorganize the army without consulting the British and to refuse credits for the British sirdar. The British government sent a prompt warning against such action, accompanied by threats and reinforced the latter by dispatching three battleships to Alexandria and Port Said. Sir Austen Chamberlain, British foreign secretary, explained to the house of commons that if the Wafd politicians got control of the army it would become a potential hostile force and would complicate Great Britain's task of defending the Suez canal.

BELGIUM and Italy are on the verge of a quarrel, the trouble starting with the attitude of the Belgian foreign minister, Vanderveelde, who is a Socialist, toward Fascism. His attacks were brought on by Italy's demand that Belgium expel Italian political refugees. Mussolini recalled the Italian ambassador, Marquis Cambiaso, leaving the embassy to a charge d'affaires indefinitely. Vanderveelde refused to modify his attitude and was supported by the Socialist deputies.

OPENING of the sale of liquor in Ontario province under government control attracted crowds of thirsty Americans to Windsor and Toronto, and they, together with equally thirsty Canadians, almost mobbed the liquor stores. The demand for bottled booze and for the permits without which it could not be purchased was so great that some places had to close until more supplies could be obtained.

PRIMO DE RIVERA, premier-dictator of Spain, has called a national assembly to meet September 13 for the purpose of drafting a new constitution and a new electoral law giving universal suffrage and absolute freedom of the ballot.

GEORGE SOUDERS of Lafayette won the 500-mile automobile race at Indianapolis on Memorial day, driving his little Duesenberg car at an average speed of 97.54 miles an hour and going the whole route without relief.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S selection of the Black hills as his vacation place gave great joy to South Dakota. He will occupy the state game lodge near Rapid City, and the executive offices will be established in the new engineering building of the State School of Mines in Rapid City,

which reversed Judge Stanton. In this decision it was held that the child was competent to inherit the property under the will, because her father and mother, his brother, Clarence, and his sister, Mrs. Jones. Colonel Holloway died in California in 1925 and left his entire estate to the "love child." Legal action was at once instituted to break the will. Judge Stanton of the Maryland Circuit court decided against the child, holding that, under the laws of Maryland, she was illegitimate. The case land, she was illegitimate. The case was taken to the Court of Appeals,

## Luxor to Khartoum



Group of Natives of Sudan.

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

A TRIP from central Egypt to Khartoum, disclosing life along the Nile and in the desert, is described by a recent traveler. "We traveled south," he writes, "in a little white train, with blue glass windows to lessen the shock of the rushing sunshine."

"Before we were a mile from the station at Luxor the desert began to assert itself. The temperature in the coach climbed to almost unbearable heights; yet when we opened the window for what we thought would be a breath of fresh air, the glare of the sun struck us like a blow in the face. We had never conceived of such violent sunshine."

"Late in the afternoon we reached Shellal and transferred to a boat on the Nile for Halfa, whence stretches the railway to Khartoum, completed by Kitchener between 1897 and 1899, when he made war on the forces of Mohammed Ahmed, the 'Mad Mahdi,' concentrated at Omdurman. "The Nile trip from Shellal to Halfa lasted from five o'clock one afternoon to noon of the second day. The boat was too small to permit the passengers to move about. There was nothing to do but sleep and eat, read and talk."

"For half the distance to Halfa the desert was saffron-colored, sienna, burnt orange; in the high light of noon it was golden. Most of us think of the Sahara as composed of white or gray sand. To the contrary, it is colorful. Often the sand is broken ridges, and there are many ledges and swells. "The desert Arabs live in desperate squalor, on the fringe. On what they subsist is more or less a mystery. The Nile flows close by, but it is not used for bathing. Half the inhabitants seem to have sore eyes, and the sightless ones are everywhere."

Sunrise Over the Desert. "The heat in the cabins of the small boat was almost unendurable, so we turned out at daybreak and went on deck to breathe. "We saw the sun rise over the desert. A huge brass disk slid into place with astonishing rapidity. One moment there was a soft haze; the next, a bright, hot sun assailed the land."

"Along the shore small palm trees grew delicately out of the water itself and gently waved green branches at us. Off toward the horizon were hummocks and pyramids of crumbly rock. Near at hand an Arab mud village slept soundly and odorously. Swarms of wispy gnats moved down from nowhere to settle in our hair for additional warmth. "The steersman, a Mohammedan, came out of the little deckhouse to say his prayers on the roof of the lower deck. It was the season of the Feast of Ramadan. He faced Mecca. He stood. He lifted both hands. He dropped his hands. He bowed. He knelt. He prostrated himself. He laid his forehead to the deck. "The only animals we saw in the desert were lean white camels. They browsed and grazed, apparently on nothing, or reclined on shadeless sands hot enough to burn the skin from one's hands. "History Along the Nile. "The banks of the Nile are a panorama of history. We passed Philae, the ancient shrine of Isis, which since

the building of the Aswan dam is submerged almost half the year. We passed a Roman fort high on a rocky and desert shore, set there to watch over the barbarians while Antony's romance with Cleopatra flourished. We passed a temple supposedly erected by Cleopatra herself—in a fit of remorse, we presumed—to think.

"When we came to a Temple of the Sun, carved out of rock, we were given an opportunity to land, and we entered its cavernous depths at night with torches that threw weird shadows. "We passed Kitchener's camp, where the great British soldier spent something like three years equipping an army with machine guns and artillery to go into the Sudan to subdue a religious zealot and his fanatical followers."

"The train from Halfa to Khartoum was scheduled to leave at 1:30 p. m. one day and to arrive at Khartoum at 4 the next afternoon. We arrived at our destination 18 hours late, having been marooned an afternoon and a night in the desert with masses of sand hurting over and around us. "We did not dare to go forward, for when these desert storms swirl, often they blow the roadbed out from under the crossings and leave the rails suspended in the air, like bright steel ribbons. Eventually, before the full train was permitted to proceed, a hand-car had to be sent ahead as a scout to see if all were well. It was late in the afternoon when the full force of the sirocco struck us, turning the daylight to darkness. "Khartoum was a welcome sight! Luxor, Aswan, Halfa, Omdurman and Khartoum are river-bank villages. Because of their fame, one thinks of them as cities. Khartoum plays at being the capital of the Sudan; Omdurman, just across the Nile, is an all-mud native village covering a vast area. "Khartoum is 1,000 miles south of Cairo. This was the frontier, the end of civilization. "In and About Khartoum. "Late afternoons we rode donkeys along the Nile, past the palace of the governor general, where Gordon was killed by the Mad Mahdi's men, toward the statue of Gordon sitting on a camel, looking out across the desert. "The Gordon hotel, where we stayed, faced on the public square, perhaps a hundred yards across. There was no grass. There was only sand. Step out into this square under the midday sun without one's pith helmet and one may have a sunstroke before he takes a hundred steps. A short time before our arrival a Greek trader attempted to cross the square at noon on a rush errand, without his topee. He was stricken and died before he reached his destination. "With evening came relief. A gentle breeze blew from the Nile and we sat on the earth terrace in front of the hotel from dinner until midnight, drinking lemon squashes and whiskys-and-sodas. Off across the square, tom-toms beat perpetually and white figures of dervishes danced to the wild music. During Ramadan, every day is a fast and every night a festival. "A delegation went over to watch the show. Three musicians shuffled backward in a perpetual circle. They thrummed tom-toms—shallow hoops with skin stretched taut across. They sang; they chanted."

## HE WAS MRS. NYE'S HUSBAND

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MRS. NYE was a small, energetic, pink-faced woman, with bright gray hair. She lived in a large gray house and drove a large gray car. She could play cards expertly and she loved to go about and gossip in a way that was something more than spicy. Neighbors and acquaintances had Mrs. Nye, but only one friend. That friend was Mrs. Soper, the elderly, good-looking widow who lived next door. In fact, Mrs. Soper was the only woman in the neighborhood or out of it for that matter, who had not had at one time or other an altercation with Mrs. Nye. For Mrs. Nye went about stepping on folks' toes and some there were who did more than just gasp with pain.

There lived in Mrs. Nye's house a tall, stooped, dark-eyed man with grizzled hair, ten years younger than herself, who was away all day at work and in the evening was so unobtrusive that Mrs. Nye's guests often forgot that he existed. His name was Edward and he was Mrs. Nye's husband. Most people wondered how such a bright, shrewd little woman as Mrs. Nye ever came to marry such a silent, odd creature as Edward. Of course, he earned a good salary and let Mrs. Nye spend it. That was the only thing that recommended him to one's notice. A great reader was Mr. Nye. Miss Slocum, the librarian, said he had read every book of importance on the historical and travel shelves of the little public library. Miss Slocum was an old maid, slender and gentle and obliging. She wore glasses and did her brown hair wound in a simple knot. Outside her office Miss Slocum was little known. She had no home of her own. She kept to herself a great deal.

Mrs. Soper one evening was inspired to look in at the library just after she had seen Mr. Nye hurry in that direction with a couple of books under his arm. She found him standing at the desk talking to the librarian. Miss Slocum and Mr. Nye were exchanging opinions on a book he had in his hands. Mrs. Soper approached the desk smiling. "What a great reader you are, Edward!" she cried. "What's that book you have now?" She peeped. "You travel a lot by the way of literature, don't you?" she laughed. "Edward's grave face flushed. "Some day," he said in a low tone, "I mean to do some real traveling." It was the most he had ever said to Mrs. Soper at one time and she was startled. What a strange man dear Mrs. Nye had chosen for a husband. She told Mrs. Nye about it and Mrs. Nye pursed her lips.

"I've noticed Edward was going to the library a good deal," she said. "I wonder." She laid her hand on Mrs. Soper's arm. "Flora, I want you to promise me one thing," she requested earnestly. "Anything, dear," Mrs. Soper laid her hand on her friend's. "Anything," she repeated, looking straight into Mrs. Nye's eyes. "If anything happens to me I want you to marry Edward," Mrs. Nye said. "But, my dear! What is going to happen to you?" gasped Mrs. Soper. "Nothing, I hope. Yet you never can tell. Here today and gone tomorrow. Such is life," Mrs. Nye laughed.

Three weeks later Mrs. Nye was injured in a motor accident. Just before she died she reminded Mrs. Soper of her promise. "Take Edward and do by him just as I have always done. Edward needs a firm hand. Don't let him read novels and see that he doesn't wear red neckties." From that point Mrs. Soper looked upon Edward as her property, especially when she found that Mrs. Nye had made a will leaving him everything in case he married her dearest friend. If he did not marry Mrs. Soper the property would go to a charitable institution.

Mrs. Soper did her best and for a time it looked as if Edward were going to succumb. He lived alone in his home and tried pathetically to do a woman's work as well as a man's. He said nothing but he looked troubled when Mrs. Soper brought him pies and cakes and salad. "I wish you wouldn't, Flora," he would say, "I'm grateful—but it makes you a lot of trouble."

"Not at all, Edward," Mrs. Soper would reply. "You know dear Nettie wanted me to look after you a bit. One day Edward was not seen in his house and when Mrs. Soper made an investigation she found that he had gone away. He was boarding in another street. Mrs. Soper was shocked. It was not so easy to see Edward now, so she called him up on the telephone and asked him to supper. He came, but he seemed most uncom-

fortable and he went away without proposing.

"Edward is so timid," Mrs. Soper said, gazing at her large pink face in the glass. "I don't know but what I shall have to propose to him myself."

But several months passed before she saw Edward again. She had to admit to herself that he avoided her. This would not do. Mrs. Soper meant to have Edward and the house and all Mrs. Nye's goodly store of linen and china and silverware, and especially did she long for the big gray car. Recently one of her investments had failed and she was a determined woman.

She began to go to the library evenings after books, although she seldom read them. She tried to find out from little Miss Slocum what Edward was reading.

"Why, he reads a good many novels now," answered Miss Slocum. "Novels!" Mrs. Soper looked aghast. "Novels!"

She again asked Edward to her house to Sunday dinner and he declined. She invited him three times before she could believe that he was not coming.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" wailed Mrs. Soper to herself.

One rainy evening she was pondering this very subject when the door-bell rang and in walked Edward. He wore a new suit and a new tie—a red tie. But Mrs. Soper did not blame him for liking the color, it was so becoming. It made him look actually young. She flushed and fluttered, for, of course, she knew what Edward wanted.

"Flora," said Edward. "I've got something I want to—to say to you. You know what Nettie's will said?" "Yes, Edward," Mrs. Soper looked down. Wasn't she glad she was wearing her new blue crepe! "Well, I've—I'm going to let it all go."

Mrs. Soper looked up. She turned pale. "Edward Nye! Hark your noise! What do you mean?"

"I mean—I'm going to marry Delia Slocum."

Mrs. Soper shut her eyes. She felt faint. "You don't mean it. You don't dare!" she moaned.

"Yes, I do. I am going to marry Delia and start in all over again. I'm only forty-eight," Edward lifted his head. "We've got a good many years in which to be happy together." His face shone as he spoke.

Mrs. Soper looked at him bitterly. Her lips tightened. Perhaps at that moment she understood Nettie Nye thoroughly for the first time.

"You're the biggest fool I ever heard of," she snapped, as a vision of the big gray car went rolling out of her life. The loss of Edward was insignificant beside it.

Edward laughed. It was a laugh of release. He straightened his bent shoulders. He had ceased to be Mrs. Nye's husband.

### His Feeling

"I was driving to town yesterday with my wife and two of the girls in the back seat of the car to make it ride easier," said Farmer Fumblegate. "We stopped at a gasoline filling station by and by, and the women got out to get a drink of water. After having the tank filled I drove off. I kept hearing a yelling somewhere for quite a spell, and felt in my pockets to see if I had failed to pay the man at the station. But, no; I'd paid him, all right. I drove on for about five miles, when I happened to look back and found I'd absent-mindedly driven off and left the women."

"My cats," ejaculated Farmer Funder. "What made you do that?" "I don't know, unless I got to absent-mindedly thinking I was a college professor."

### Most Popular Book

Mrs. Anna Steese Richardson, good citizenship editor of the Woman's Home Companion, strikes a blow at the "fearsome patent medicine almanac which hung near the kitchen clock in former generations." But it is hanging there yet in many an American home, pink or green string, telling when the moon and sun do things, and the weather, and historical dates, and funny stories, and a thousand other things. The most interesting volume of its size in the world!

### Just Theoretically

"So you're Mr. Blank's secretary?" "No, his private secretary." "What's the difference?" "A private secretary knows more and tells less."

### Pious Plant

A "praying plant" has been discovered in India that each evening prostrates itself about the hour that the temple bells call the people to prayer.

### Consistent

Jean—What is the difference between a fort and a fortress? Jerry—The fortress is harder to sit down.

### "Love Child" Awarded Dead Father's Estate

Grace Suzanne Holloway, thirteen, born out of wedlock to the late Col. John E. Holloway of Berkeley, Calif., has won the \$300,000 estate of her father. A decision by the United States Supreme court finally ends the fight waged over the fortune, and the trustees of the estate must now turn over the \$300,000 to the child. In this strange legal battle, Mile.