

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Senate May Keep Tax Cut Down to 200 Millions—Week in Politics.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY MELLON presented to the senate finance committee his new program of tax reduction, and the Republican members of the committee, together with Senator King of Utah, Democrat, gave the plan their tentative approval in its general features. The result will be that the bill presented to the senate will provide for a tax cut amounting to about \$200,000,000. Instead of the \$290,000,000 reduction called for in the house measure.

Mr. Mellon asserted that the prospective \$252,000,000 surplus for the fiscal year 1929 already has been shaved to \$212,000,000 and that if congress appropriates \$30,000,000 for flood protection during that year the surplus will be further reduced to \$182,000,000. On the basis of these figures he scaled down the administration tax cut maximum, which he placed at \$225,000,000 last fall, to \$200,000,000 without allowance for food control and to less than \$182,000,000 if the expected appropriation for this purpose is made.

By a vote of 13 to 6 the committee formally approved a reduction in the tax on corporation earnings from 13 1/4 to 12 per cent, meaning a reduction in revenue of \$123,000,000; and it also approved the repeal of the estate tax, which will cut the revenue \$7,000,000 more. In apportioning the remaining \$70,000,000 it was necessary to decide whether to approve the scaling down of intermediate surtax rates proposed by Secretary Mellon, involving a loss in revenue of \$50,000,000, or whether to use this amount in the reduction or repeal of the automobile and other miscellaneous taxes which Secretary Mellon believes should be retained. It was expected the committee would approve an increase in the exemption for small corporations as in the house bill.

CHARLES E. HUGHES having declined the job, the Republican national committee selected Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio as temporary chairman and "keynote" of the Kansas City convention. There was no opposition to this choice, as Senator Fess is able and eloquent and has at all times been a loyal supporter of the policies of President Coolidge and of the Republican party. His name remained on the Ohio ballot as one of the Willis candidates for delegate at large, but he announced that if he were elected he would have no declared first choice for President. His second choice, as indicated under the requirements of the Ohio law, is Senator Curtis of Kansas. But it is known that he really favors Hoover if the drafting of Coolidge cannot be put through. The other Willis candidates for delegate also decided that they would go to the convention without first choice. Their second choice pledges, which are to stand, are 34 for Lowden, 8 for Curtis and 9 for Col Charles Fisher of Wilmington, Ohio. If the name of Charles G. Dawes is placed before the convention he will have the support of those delegates. All of which is contingent on their election in the primaries.

New York Republicans elected 90 uninstructed delegates, of whom the Hooverites claim at least 47. Among those chosen was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, wet leader, who defeated an avowed dry. In the Wisconsin Republican primary the La Follette forces received the first serious setback they have had in years. According to incomplete returns the total delegation at Kansas City will be made up of 15 La Follette men, pledged to Senator Norris, and 11 anti-La Follette men, most of whom are uninstructed. Hoover was the only announced candidate in the Michigan primary and will have that state's 33 votes.

After winning 30 Michigan delegates without contest, Al Smith next day captured 124 more votes in three states. These included 86 from New York, 12 from Maine and 26 from Wisconsin. In the Badger state the Walsh

candidates were snowed under by the state of delegates sponsored by National Committeeman J. M. Callahan and pledged to Smith. The voters, however, in marking their Presidential preference ballots gave Senator Reed of Missouri a three-to-one majority over the governor of New York. Smith's name had to be written in the ballot.

Reverting to the Republican situation, attention should be called to the action of the corn belt committee in Des Moines. Claiming to represent more than a million organized farmers, the committee adopted a resolution opposing the election of Hoover should he be nominated by the Republican convention. In that event the committee plans to throw its voting strength to the Democratic nominee.

GOVERNOR GREEN of Michigan appointed Arthur H. Vanderberg to fill out the unexpired term of the late United States Senator W. N. Ferris. The appointment is good only until next December, but Mr. Vanderberg announced that he will be a candidate for election to the senate in the fall. The new senator is editor of the Grand Rapids Herald and is a student and writer on American history and the Constitution. He is only forty-four years old.

Cyrus Locher, a Democrat, was named to fill out the term of the late Senator Willis of Ohio by Governor Donaher. Mr. Locher is the state director of commerce and resides in Cleveland.

ALBERT B. FALL, in his testimony taken at El Paso for use in the trial of Harry Sinclair, said three Republican leaders—a former cabinet member now in Europe, a senator and a former senator—advised him to write the famous McLean letter to the senate Teapot Dome committee in 1923 in an effort to conceal a loan of \$100,000 from Edward Doheny, oil magnate. In Washington it was stated the men named by Fall were Will Hays, Senator Reed Smoot of Utah and ex-Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin. Both Smoot and Lenroot branded Fall's story as utterly false. Lenroot said Fall told him he got the money from McLean and he then had every reason to believe Fall was telling the truth.

GENIAL, optimistic, picturesque old Chauncey M. Depew has passed away at the age of ninety-four years. The former senator from New York and chairman of the board of directors of the New York Central railroad succumbed to pneumonia at his residence in the metropolis only a few days after his return from a trip to Florida. Born in Peekskill in 1834, Mr. Depew was educated at Yale and then was admitted to the bar. He was active in politics all his life from his twenty-first year and attended every Republican national convention as a delegate since 1888 with the exception of that of 1924. At the 1888 convention he received 99 votes for the Presidential nomination. He served two terms as United States senator, from 1880 to 1911. In 1886 he entered the service of the Vanderbilt railroad system and remained with it until his death. For 13 years he was president of the New York Central. He was especially well known for his public addresses and his after-dinner speeches. He attributed his longevity to his "refusal to worry."

GREAT BRITAIN'S plan to keep up the price of rubber by restricting the exports, known as the Stevenson scheme, has failed. Prime Minister Baldwin announced to the house of commons that the government had decided that all restrictions on the export of rubber from Malaya and Ceylon would be removed beginning November 1, 1928. According to the Stevenson plan the exportable percentage of production was determined at the beginning of each quarter by the average price during the preceding quarter. It was attacked especially by American users as an attempt by Great Britain to monopolize rubber, and was successful for a time. But Dutch competition in Sumatra, American conservation, German synthetic rubber and new planting projects doomed the scheme to failure. During recent months the price of rubber has steadily declined, and experts predict that it will stay low, despite the abandonment of the British plan.

The measure called for an outlay of \$1,071,000 at Albrook field, Panama, and \$884,000 at France field in the Canal zone. This would provide new hangars, improvement in the landing fields and other incidentals to an efficient air defense station.

Pointing out that the air defenses of Hawaii are of great importance to the national defense, James proposed that \$397,000 be spent there.

Bolling field at Washington, is allotted \$277,000, chiefly for hangars and improvement of the landing field.

until the inefficient producers are driven out.

THE house committee on flood control accepted the senate's bill on that matter and all looked rosy until Tuesday, when President Coolidge advised the house leaders that he was not satisfied with the compromise effected and feared the protecting measure would involve huge expenditures in excess of the \$325,000,000 authorized. He still wished the appointment of an economic commission to study the question of local contributions, and favored a number of other amendments. The Republican house leaders therefore decided the bill should not be called up before the latter part of this week. The house committee also fears an adequate flood protection program will cost more than is provided for in the senate bill. In its report the committee contends that the cost of flood control works and rights of way under the Jadwin plan would be \$205,000,000, which is exclusive of \$111,000,000 for improving navigation. The Mississippi river commission's plan, which under the terms of the Jones bill may be adopted if desired in cases where it conflicts with the Jadwin plan, would cost \$425,000,000 for flood control works and rights of way. Both of these apply only to the lower Mississippi river.

MINISTER MACMURRAY went from Peking down to Shanghai to settle with the Chinese Nationalist government the row over the Nanking outrages of March, 1927, and settle it he did, to the satisfaction of Washington, without yielding to the arrogance of the Chinese or sacrificing the prestige of the United States. The British press in Hongkong was astonished by Mr. MacMurray's success where the British minister had failed, and jeered at the settlement as one of expediency due to the approaching elections in America.

PREMIER MUSSOLINI and the pope seem both to be determined not to continue the controversy over the education of the youth of Italy. The Vatican organ in a conciliatory editorial declared the Holy See had no intention of projecting itself into the affairs of the Italian state, and the duke sternly notified the Italian press that this must be considered as absolutely closing the incident. It is understood that though there is to be no rescinding of the decree against Catholic boy scout organizations, a flexible formula for procedure will be found whereby the decree disbanding them in most places will be avoided.

SMYRNA, the unfortunate Asia Minor seaport, was shattered by a series of earthquake shocks extending through several days and affecting also a number of near-by villages. The fatalities were numerous and a great many buildings were destroyed, among them being some of the fine structures erected since the great conflagration of 1922. The first tremors were preceded by a terrifying display of celestial electricity.

FRANCE'S latest note to America concerning the Washington proposal for an unqualified multilateral treaty to end war accepts the plan with reservations, and leads Secretary of State Kellogg to believe a real step has been taken toward abolishing armed conflict. It is understood the next move will be to extend the negotiations to include England, Germany, Italy and Japan. Briand has abandoned his contention that the term "aggressive war" be substituted for "all war," but he makes it perfectly clear that the French government cannot allow the proposed treaty to interfere with French obligations under the league. The foreign minister also declares that the inclusion of all powers in the league is absolutely necessary to the interests of world peace.

PEACE negotiations between Poland and Lithuania, held in Koeningberg, Germany, fell through mainly because Premier Waldemars would not yield on the question of Vilna. He knew if he did, his government would be overthrown, for the Lithuanians the city Poland grabbed must be restored to them. The conference may be resumed later, for three commissions were named to study questions of economics, security and nationalities.

Chanute field, Ill., is given \$422,000; Crissey field, Calif., \$96,000; Duncan field, Texas, \$323,000; Fairfield, Ohio, \$243,000, and Fort Sam Houston, Texas, \$206,000. Other allotments are: Mitchell field, N. Y., \$131,000; Rockwell field air depot, Rockwell field, \$743,000; Selfridge field, Mich., \$146,000, and the San Antonio primary training school, \$861,000, chiefly for hangars.

Ultra-violet rays were used for treating the sick as early as 1893.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

(By D. J. Walsh.)

GWEN was "up on her ear again," as Doug Gordon would have read his wife's thoughts. But this time she was keeping them to herself—hard as it was to keep anything from Doug.

It all came from a little phrase that was ever on the tip of Doug's tongue. Coming four times in close succession, it had angered Gwen to a stern resolution.

First there was the mouse. Of course it was foolish for a grown person to scream and grasp Doug's arm when the tiny creature scurried from behind the broom.

"If that isn't just like a woman!" Doug had shouted between bursts of laughter.

That could have been forgiven. But when they settled down for the evening, Gwen with a piece of embroidery, Doug with the paper from which he read occasional bits, he mentioned Keats, and Gwen, intent on the red rose she was embroidering, had said absent-mindedly, "What in the world are Keats?"

He had doubled over with laughter and when he could speak he had said, "If that isn't just like a woman!"

She was hurt and angry and wished she need not ask him for the money she must have if she were to go shopping as she had planned the next day. But at last she smothered her resentment and made her request.

Doug was neither poor nor stingy, but he was old-fashioned, and there were certain formalities to be gone through with before he parted with half a hundred.

"Why, I gave you 50 last week," he exclaimed. "You never blew that all in on one dress, did you? If that isn't just like a woman!"

Gwen set her work basket on the table with some ungentleness and flounced out of the room, slamming the door behind her, but she did not get out quite soon enough to escape Doug's comment on this pet of hers: "Well, if that isn't just like a woman! Flying off the handle at nothing at all!"

On one thing Gwen was determined. She would never again be like a woman! She stood before her mirror, studying the slight, girlish figure reflected therein.

"Easy enough to look at," she commented, "in spite of near-red hair, a tip-tilted nose with a smudge of freckles, reddish-brown eyes, et cetera. As a whole you're not so bad for anybody who likes them that way, but you're femininity from the toes up. And you've got to become anything but 'just like a woman' to keep your own self-respect and Doug's. Heavens above, how he hates them! And yet he married one!"

Doug breakfasted and lunched downtown, so Gwen had the day to plan her new role.

She had found \$50 under her dresser tray that morning and had seized it with delight at the prospect of a morning's shopping—but then the thought intruded: "Just as any woman would be." So she tucked the \$50 into an envelope, wrote on the back of it, "Thanks, but I don't need it after all. I don't care to go shopping," and put it on Doug's chiffonier.

She stifled a sigh as she turned away, but she also smiled with satisfaction as she thought: "At any rate that isn't just what any woman would do with \$50."

That evening Doug came out of his room, a blank look on his broad, ruddy face, the envelope in his hand. He was in search of Gwen—she had not met him at the door as usual. (That was what all women did—met their husbands at the door, Gwen had reflected.) He found her in the kitchen. Just as he opened the door—as though at a signal—the mouse ran across the floor. Then he saw an amazing thing. Instead of screaming and running to him for protection, Gwen coolly went after the mouse in a fashion that was uncanny to him. He could not know that she was hoping it would get away and wondering whether she would drop dead if she had to pick it up. She had the little creature inconspicuously cornered, as she could not have done in a week of trying had she actually wanted to catch it. Blindly she seized it by the tail, ran to the outside door and hurried the warm, furry thing from her. She was sick to the very pit of her stomach, but she refused to acknowledge any such womanish reaction. With head high she walked to the sink, washed her hands and began dishing up the supper.

Doug had dropped into a chair speechless, and sat staring at her, the envelope with the rejected money clutched forgotten in his great hand.

"You'll have to excuse me from eating dinner with you tonight, Doug," said Gwen, after the last dish had been placed upon the carefully set table. "I'm going to a lecture on the

English poets. By the way, I've joined an afternoon class at the university."

Doug said nothing. The women he knew always presided at the dinner table when the man of the house returned from his business. And they did not go to evening lectures without asking their husbands to go along. And they, being married, did not start to school again. His world had fallen to pieces.

"When Gwen returned late in the evening, rosy-cheeked and starry-eyed, Doug, with a something wistful in his blue eyes and a pathetic sag to his jolly mouth, held out the envelope with the fifty dollars to Gwen.

"I want you to take this, Gwen, even if you don't need it just now. It'll come in handy later. I'd like for you to have it."

Gwen stifled a yawn. "I doubt that I'll be needing it. While I was out this evening I stopped in at the Fantasy cafe. I'm going to do a cabaret stunt there every evening. I've not forgotten my singing nor my fancy dancing. And I'll get well paid for it."

"Gwen." There was exasperation as well as anguish in Doug's deep voice. "You're my wife."

"Pity 'tis, 'tis true," said Gwen. She had cherished this quotation from the lecture, knowing well that Doug would recognize it, and Shakespeare would even her up on the Keats break.

"Do you mean that?" blurted out Doug, his ruddy face paling.

Gwen merely shrugged her shoulders and walked out of the room.

Going up the stairs she giggled. One day of her life had passed without hearing the hateful phrase.

That day followed. Hardening herself, Gwen did everything that she hated and had not been accustomed to doing, while she denied herself every one of the soft, dainty, feminine ways that she delighted in. There were moments when Gwen craved with every fiber of her being to be "just a woman," doing all the delightful, sometimes foolish things that she had done before the reformation. Yet surely this course must change Doug's attitude toward women and must win his respect—and Doug's respect was worth something.

She came from the cabaret one evening sick of soul. Two men had visually appraised her, and she wanted her good, devoted, honest Doug as she had never wanted him before. Just to be his wife seemed enough pay for this world and the world to come.

She paused on the porch for a moment and looked into the living room, a charming room that was a reflection of her best home-loving self. But her thoughts were instantly diverted from the beauty of the room. There was Doug crouched in the big chair with his head resting on the table. She had never before seen her upstanding husband in a dejected posture. She went to him quietly.

"Are you sick, Doug?" she asked tenderly.

He turned to her a face that confirmed her fears. It had lost its roundness, the eyes were tired and bleared.

"Yes, I am. Sick to the very heart of me," said Doug. "I can't figure out the trick state has turned me. I married the most womanly bit of a girl I knew—the only kind I could admire or love, and here all in a flash she turns out to be exactly the other sort—the kind I can't stand—hard like a man—makes her own living, I want a real woman that depends on her man and lets him do things for her."

Gwen, sinking with laughter, sank into the big chair beside Doug.

"Then why did you always say so scornfully, 'If that isn't just like a woman!—as if a woman were fit only to be spat on. I could have bowled every time you said it. And I got so sick of being just like a woman that I made up my mind to be anything but—"

"Then unmake your mind and be my own old girl again!" shouted Doug, drawing Gwen into the shelter of his arms. "I'll never say that again if it bothers you, but from me it's a sort of compliment, for you can't be too much of a woman to suit me. That's what I like about them—their little foibles. What life be without them? I like the feeling that you're leaning hard on me. You're not just like a woman—you're just the woman for me."

Just Like Grown-Ups

Her mother was very proud of Betty's inclinations to save her pennies by piling them in a small bank on her dressing table. One day when a neighbor gave Betty a nickel, the mother said, in a self-conscious tone: "Tell Mrs. Taylor what you do with your money, dear."

"Well," said young Betty, with a disarming smile, "sometimes I lose it."

Modern Republican Party

The newly organized party assumed giant proportions in the fall of 1893, and was called the Republican party. That party nominated John C. Fremont of California for President. He was defeated by James Buchanan, but the party still increased in power and in 1860 elected its candidate—Abraham Lincoln.

The Journey to Teheran



How Persian Women Dress for a Journey.

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

PERSIA'S northern doorway, through her Caspian sea port of Enzali, furnishes the quickest route for reaching the country's capital, Teheran, when the passage through the Transcaucasus states of Russia is open. When the approach is along this sea route the first appearance of Persia is disconcerting, because it does not look like Persia. It agrees very well with what one might expect of Mindoro or Sumatra, but the standard requirements for the "Land of the Lion and the Sun" are conspicuous by their absence.

Soon after the uncertain haze to the south has resolved itself into shorelines, comes one's first impressionistic glimpse—the thatched or red-tiled roofs of the low-lying town; then a wealth of wide-branched trees, the outposts of a dark, enveloping mass of jungle; and behind this, and rising swiftly to unbelievable height, the fussy, cloud-nantled mountain range which bars entrance to the desert hinterland, the real Persia.

If the exotic luxuriance of vegetation and the careless primitiveness of the thatched huts and rustic booths of the inhabitants disturb your preconceived visions of the country, you will find them fading with shocking suddenness at your first introduction to its population, when the boat ties up at the pier and an ill-smelling rabble of ragged, half-naked villains swarms on board to wrangle about getting your luggage ashore.

A courteous, frock-coated Persian official, conventionally crowned with what appears to be a cross-section of an opera hat, passes you through the "Bremenites" of the customhouse, and in a brief space of time you are rolling inland in a Persianized Russian brosky, near fragrant orange groves, past lily-padded lagoons, and through flower-carpeted jungles alive with an endless variety of semi-tropical song-birds and waterfowl.

The sixty inches of annual rainfall, which have made the surrounding "odyssey" a Garden of Eden, have conspired with man's inventive genius to turn this town of 60,000 inhabitants, with its sodden roofs, narrow, slimy alleys, and crumbling walls, into an odorous, undrained mudhole, a veritable Slough of Despond to anyone with such lofty illusions of Persia as those of a certain disgusted American "raiever who had gone all the way to Arnold's "majestic Oxus stream" only to find it muddy.

Teheran is only 70 miles south of the Caspian, but the road must climb and twist for 240 miles in order to arrive there.

Like a Peddler's Van.

At the posthouse your means of transportation awaits you. You clamber gingerly into the debris of what may have been in a long-forgotten era a very elegant and commodious coupe, yet which now, with your variegated assortment of luggage lashed to every available projection, approximates more closely an itinerant peddler's van than anything else.

Theoretically, if one travels day and night, the trip requires a day and a half; actually, about twice that long. From the oppressive humidity of the region of the rice fields, the road gradually ascends to the shade of the deep forest belt, whose labyrinth of

close-growing trees and interwoven giant creepers forms a dark, silent lane, with impenetrable green walls, into which the carriage intrudes with its ceaseless rumble of heavy-tired wheels and the constant jingle of the pony bells.

The abruptness of the ascent increases; the forest area is left behind; thriving vineyards, bearing luscious seedless and skinless fruit, cover the hillside; occasional clumps of olive trees appear, and frequent groups of tattered peasants stare curiously at the inland invader in the passing carriage.

The aspect of the country now changes rapidly. All signs of habitation, except a few wretched dugouts, disappear, and the old coach climbs heavily, over barren rocks, to the bleak summit of the pass, 7,000 feet above the sea.

After a rapid descent through barren gullies comes a sweeping view of actual Persia.

Broad, brown, rolling plains extend beyond the limit of vision, even in the clear, thin air of the plateau, and the naked southern scarp of the mountains shows not a vestige of green. At lower levels irrigating ditches which seem to flow uphill, sluggishly follow the curving hillsides; orchards and mud-walled gardens begin to appear; and before long the turquoise domes and crenelated walls of the city of Kasvin come in sight.

Passing through a gaudily tiled gateway, the route leads along a wide avenue shaded by beautiful trees to a pretentious and much-ornamented building, which is nothing more nor less than the posthouse and hotel, where one may actually occupy a spring bed or eat a passable attempt at a European dinner.

Monotonous Waste.

A large portion of the last ninety miles between Kasvin and Teheran is a monotony of drab, stone-covered waste, of which the road itself is an almost indistinguishable part.

The route is level and parallels the great northern mountain rim of the plateau. The only sign of approach to an important city is the increasing traffic on the road, not only of the leisurely mule and camel caravans, but of primitive prairie schooners, with wild-looking, shaggy-batted drivers, and bare-legged villagers driving strings of heavily laden little donkeys to market.

Passes through the Elburz from the Caspian sea converge upon Teheran from the east and west; and water, whose presence is of such supreme importance in the location of a Persian city, is here in abundance.

Although occupying an ancient site, Teheran is a very modern city. It has been the capital of Persia only a little more than a century, and has been an important metropolis for a much shorter time than that. Rhages, or Rel, its predecessor in this district, was a populous city of ancient Media, thrived in the Middle Ages, is said to have had a population of 1,500,000, and to have been the largest city east of Babylon, but found itself too centrally located for its own permanence and continued prosperity, when the Mongols swept through western Asia.

Millions Asked for Nation's Air Fields

Expenditure of \$1,705,000 for improving the aircraft defenses of the Panama canal is called for in a bill Representative James (Rep.) of Michigan has filed in the house of representatives.

His measure authorizes an expenditure of \$6,490,500, at various aviation fields during 1930 to keep pace with the government's aircraft expansion program.