

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Florida, Porto Rico, Swept by a Terrific Hurricane—News of the Campaign.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

ON THE second anniversary of the great Miami hurricane the tropical storm that already had devastated Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands and some islands of the Lesser Antilles struck the east coast of Florida in the Palm Beach region and swept through the center of the state, turning again to the northeast and continuing its destructive course along the Atlantic coast. Reports coming through shattered lines of communication showed this hurricane was one of the worst disasters of recent years. The total number of deaths may reach 2,000, and many thousands are homeless and without food and clothing. It is impossible now to make a reasonable estimate of the tremendous property losses.

In Porto Rico late reports place the dead at 175 or more; in Guadeloupe, a French island, nearly 700 were killed; the known dead in Florida number at least 700 and may be many more. The city of West Palm Beach was practically wrecked, and the fatalities were many and the destruction great in the Lake Okeechobee area which was inundated. Palm Beach, too, suffered severely, many fine residences and business buildings being destroyed. Florida National Guardsmen were called out promptly to prevent looting and to aid the sufferers.

The American Red Cross responded immediately to the calls for help from Porto Rico and Florida and supplies and physicians and nurses were hurried to the stricken regions. Generous citizens answered appeals for monetary aid with large subscriptions. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., heading the list in New York with \$25,000. Relief Director Baker of the Red Cross went at once to Porto Rico to take charge of the task of restoration on the devastated island.

As the hurricane moved up the seaboard the winds and tremendous seas wrought vast damage. Many vessels were sunk or driven ashore, and seaside communities were driven from their homes by the waters.

HERBERT HOOVER and Governor Smith both started their personal speaking campaigns. The Republican candidate spent two days in New Jersey, and the apparent results of the trip were highly encouraging to his manager. His chief address was delivered in Newark and was directed especially to labor. He declared himself specifically in favor of high wages, free collective bargaining, restrictions on the use of injunctions in labor disputes, tariff schedules protective of American labor, continuance of immigration restriction, further expansion of our foreign export trade, and governmental assistance to the depressed textile and bituminous coal industries.

Democratic Chairman Raskob's report was that Hoover's speech was the beginning of a Republican campaign to misrepresent the Democratic attitude on the tariff and on immigration. Hoover's plans at present contemplate only a speech at Elizabethtown, Tenn., on October 6, and addresses in New York and Boston, before returning to California to vote. However considerable pressure is being brought on him to speak also in Chicago and in Texas on his trip across the continent.

Al Smith on his invasion of the Middle West was greeted everywhere by huge and enthusiastic throngs of supporters and also by thousands of agriculturists and their wives who were eager to know what he proposed in the way of farm relief legislation. His first address was in Omaha and was mainly devoted to a discussion of the farm problem. He again declared himself in favor of the essence of the McNary-Haugen bill but neither up-

held specifically nor repudiated the equalization fee. Here are his words defining his stand:

"As I read the McNary-Haugen bill, its fundamental purpose is to establish an effective control of the sale of exportable surplus with the cost imposed upon the commodity benefited. For that principle the Democratic platform squarely stands, and for that principle I stand. Mr. Hoover stands squarely opposed to this principle by which the farmer could get the benefit of the tariff. What remains of the McNary-Haugen bill is a mere matter of method, and I do not limit myself to the exact mechanics and method embodied in that bill."

Smith's personal popularity among the workers he met in Omaha, Lincoln, Oklahoma City and elsewhere in the Middle West, pleased him immensely. While in Omaha a bunch of Indians made him a member of the Omaha tribe as "Chief Happy Warrior" and gave him a war bonnet.

Senator Borah started a series of speeches in eight states for the purpose of counteracting the effects of Smith's tour.

UP IN Wisconsin, where the political situation has been so puzzling, the conservative Republican forces, led by Kohler, nominee for governor, bested the La Follette crowd in the state convention by gaining control of the resolutions committee and having the convention endorse Hoover and Curtis and the national platform. The radicals, however, won the chairmanship of the state central committee, the place going to Herman L. Ekern, a devoted follower of La Follette.

Leaders of both parties were satisfied with the results of the primaries in Massachusetts. Benjamin Loring Young, former speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives and the choice of Herbert Hoover's advisers, was returned a victor over Eben S. Draper, former state senator and choice of the Republican wet faction, as the Republican nominee for United States senator. He will oppose Senator David I. Walsh in November. On the Democratic side, Gen. Charles H. Cole, one of the original Smith-for-President men, won an overwhelming victory over John J. Cummings in the contest for the gubernatorial nomination.

WHILE various religious and prohibition organizations were taking wallops at Al Smith for his attitude on the liquor question, the wet Republicans of the East, who are rather numerous, hailed with delight a letter from Otto Kahn, New York banker, to Vice President Dawes, in which the writer said:

"Knowing Mr. Hoover as both able and courageous, I have no doubt that, if elected, his experience in the actual administration of the Volstead act will lead him to recommend to congress suitable changes in its provisions. And I am convinced that such changes will be—and to be effective must be—not in the direction of increased stringency, but of increased liberality."

SEVERAL notable events in aeronautics marked the week. Juan de la Cierva, Spanish inventor, gave his novel "autogyro" its first severe test by flying across the English channel, and then demonstrated it again in flights at Paris. The machine rises and descends almost vertically by means of a windmill propeller and the wings are nearly negligible, being used only to keep the plane horizontal. It was said the British air force had ordered several of the machines and that France might buy one.

In Detroit the Packard Motor company announced successful completion of test flights with an airplane powered by an oil-burning motor, the first Diesel type, aircraft engine ever built. The motor is of a radial air-cooled type and develops 200 horse power. With the use of the Diesel principle of oil for fuel the engine does away with gasoline, ignition systems, spark plugs, and other trouble "bugs." Elimination of those parts, officials said, results from the firing from compression in the cylinders, the Diesel action that has been applied up to this time

but explained it was the action of individuals. The Soviet authorities were greatly perturbed by the revelations, and the Moscow newspaper *Izvestia* was cited as stating the authorities had dispatched a special commission to investigate.

For three successive nights Trotsky's cottage at Atma-Ata, Turkestan, was asserted to have been besieged by sharpshooters. They hid behind trees and fired while Trotsky's son defended the home with two sporting rifles. All of Trotsky's appeals for

help to the local Soviet authorities were disregarded.

After the sharpshooters failed to kill the former commissar for war, persons described as local enemies were stated to have blockaded Trotsky. For many days he and his family were not allowed to obtain food. Only the kindness of friends saved them from starvation. Medical assistance, lights, newspapers were denied him.

The paper claimed that evidence of the plot was furnished by Trotsky himself.

ILLINOIS miners ratified the new scale and the mines at once reopened. But so large a minority of the men are opposed to the resulting reduction in their wages that there were several "wildcat" strikes of considerable moment. Officials of the Mine Workers' union believed the situation would adjust itself in a short time.

The federal mediation board announced that it had failed to adjust the wage differences between 55 Western railroads and their 70,000 trainmen and conductors and had abandoned its efforts. It is now up to the President to create a fact-finding commission if he deems it advisable. The men have voted for a strike but officials said the unions would take no definite action until after October 1.

Charles G. Eagle, New York silk manufacturer, who committed suicide recently, provided in his will for a trust fund of approximately \$1,250,000 to purchase hotels and apartments in which worthy working girls live and to aid them in their careers.

HERBERT HOOVER'S name was brought into the federal trade commission's probe of public utility propaganda methods, when it was disclosed that the National Electric Light association purchased 40,500 copies of an address made by the then secretary of commerce in 1925 before the annual convention of the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissions.

Among other vouchers produced before the commission was one indicating that William Allen White, nationally known editor, recently in controversy with Governor Smith, the Democratic Presidential nominee, over the latter's legislative record, was paid \$500 for an address he made before the Electric Light association's convention in 1926.

NEARLY two thousand men who fought for the Union in the Civil war took part in the parade that marked the opening of the sixty-second encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, in Denver. To the music of the drum and life they marched almost a mile, and few were forced to drop out of line. Commander Elbridge Hawk of Sacramento, Calif., reviewed the parade and opened the formal sessions of the encampment.

D. R. LOUDEN, president of the League of Nations, created something of a sensation in Geneva by announcing to the league that he intended to call what would amount to a conference of the five great maritime powers, the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, for the purpose of agreeing on some plan for decreasing their naval armaments. Lord Coshendun, British delegate, immediately declared he was sure the proposal would not please his government, and the reaction to it in Washington was decidedly unfavorable. Japan alone openly favored the scheme.

The powers are still stewing over that mysterious Franco-British compromise agreement for limiting auxiliary naval craft. In Washington especially it is the subject of serious consideration by the President and his advisers, who have not made up their minds whether to disapprove of it officially or disregard it for the time being in the hope that it will be dropped. Neither the British nor the French foreign office has submitted more than a summary of the naval section of the agreement.

After the sharpshooters failed to kill the former commissar for war, persons described as local enemies were stated to have blockaded Trotsky. For many days he and his family were not allowed to obtain food. Only the kindness of friends saved them from starvation. Medical assistance, lights, newspapers were denied him.

The paper claimed that evidence of the plot was furnished by Trotsky himself.

MARTHA'S OLD LEGHORN HAT

(By D. J. Walsh.)

THE mirror was exactly opposite the opening door and as Martha Lane entered her room she was faced by her own reflection. She paused, and the opinion she had been forming all that afternoon was instantly confirmed.

It had been an agonizing afternoon. All the other women at Mrs. Sheffield's had come out in charming new attire. Cynthia Haven had been positively radiant, although Mrs. Thompson had worn the more expensive apparel, Cynthia had convinced all comers that a woman's charm is coherent with the shoes she puts on her feet, the dress she clothes herself in, the hat that covers her head. That hat! Oh!

Martha moved forward to the mirror and sat down before it. The closer view did just what she knew it would—brought her hat into greater prominence. She sat looking at it with despair in her eyes.

It was a leghorn hat, one of those durable, flexible weaves that will last forever and permit endless shapings. This hat had gone through every possible variation of its style. It had begun by being floppy with a wreath, but that was long ago, the year Martha was sixteen. She had worn it so for two summers. Then the wreath had fallen in service and so something was done with ribbon—blue ribbon; she was still young enough for floppy hats with blue sashes. Two summers more passed. And now she had bent the brim and fastened it with knots of pale roses. Gordon had thought she had a new hat and she had laughed. "Really? Didn't he recognize it?" "No, only the fact that she looked very nice." In her thoughts she had blessed the old hat, not Gordon's lack of observation. People were beginning to ask when she was going to be married and what she was doing with her hope chest and she shook her head sadly. All in Gordon's good time. She was, of course, ready any time he spoke, but not impatient. She had changed the old hat again by covering the crown with green leaves when Gordon went away. He had got a job out West. And still they were not engaged. She had half hoped that he would say something definite before they parted, but he said nothing, save the old friendly things. And Martha kept her pride right on top till he was gone, then nothing mattered for a long time. Still she did not know then as she knew now that he had simply walked out of her life and shut the door behind him. And a woman, however yearning, does not open the door a man has shut in this way.

She went on wearing the leghorn hat summer after summer, but now she did not care. What did she care about what she wore or who saw her now that Gordon was gone? The old hat did very very well tricked out with black velvet with a new twist to the brim. It was growing limp and yellow and the last blocking had not been very successful. But the fact remained she must wear it because she could not afford another one.

Times had gone wrong with them. Her mother, a gentle silling woman, had been caught in the glamor of a misrepresented investment and had lost most of what her father had left to them. Martha's music pupils left her almost in a body to go into the classes of young Professor Weston. She kept her church position, but that was not much. It was all she could do to keep up the expenses of the tiny house and pay her mother's doctor bills. There was absolutely nothing for new clothes.

Yet this afternoon she had felt with sudden poignance the truth of that axiom: "Nothing succeeds like success." Surely nobody could have looked more unsuccessful than herself, wearing that old hat with its fresh disguise of color and ribbon. She had been ill at ease and had played badly. Her fingers had tripped over the familiar passages of the Peer Gynt suite, which she had given as an accompaniment to Mrs. Thompson's Greg essay. Yes, she had failed miserably. The hat had given her away. It had done more than that, it had revealed to her as nothing else could the fact that she was too old for floppy brims and blue ribbon. She was twenty-four and her cares had matured her, in time would age her. The girlish freshness of sixteen, the charm that had almost won Gordon Elbridge had vanished. She was thin and tired and close to despair.

And the hat—she would never wear it again after today. She would go straight way to Miss Parker, the milliner, and buy a wise little black cloche for \$2.98. She could afford that. And it would be suitable for one who looked as old as she did.

"Where are you going, dear?" asked pale, ineffectual Mrs. Lane as Martha passed through the room. "I'll be back in twenty minutes, mother—in time to make the tea if you will put on the teakettle." Five minutes to Mrs. Parker's—ten minutes to buy the black cloche—then home.

Miss Parker was stout and jolly. "Well, there, Martha," she said. "I am glad you've come to me for a hat at last." "I want a black cloche." "You want no such thing. Sit down before that glass and let me show you what you do want."

She fairly pushed Martha into the chair before the big glass. With her own hands she removed the leghorn. "Shut your eyes," she said, and she might have added: "Open your mouth," for that was exactly what Martha did a moment later.

Was this she—this delicately lovely young person whose dark eyes sparkled from under an alluring, henna brim over which softly fell the flues of an uncurled ostrich plume? Color rushed to Martha's face and made her still more unbelievably attractive to the sight.

"Take it off," she gasped "and bring me that black cloche."

Miss Parker laughed.

"No! The hat is yours, Martha. I've traded even for your leghorn—now don't say a word! I won't listen. There comes Mrs. Lacey and I'm in for a bad half-hour. Take your hat and run. Shoo!"

"Miss Parker—" Martha tried to protest. But Miss Parker had her by the shoulders and was shoving her toward the door. "Go—go, I say, and Martha, if you should meet—" She stopped as if she had said something she did not want to, and turned her attention to the entering customer.

Dazedly Martha left the shop. At another time she would have it out with Miss Parker and pay her properly even though it took her last cent.

Then suddenly she lifted her eyes and saw coming toward her a man whose first look was inquiring, whose next encompassed glad recognition.

"Martha!" he exclaimed.

But for the new hat and the consciousness of what it did to her Martha could never have passed through the ordeal of meeting Gordon Elbridge like this. As she looked at him she saw that he had changed from the careless boy to a subdued serious man—a man who showed prosperity and the press of many affairs.

"I'm salesmanager for the K. M. people and in town overnight," he explained. "I'm going to dine with Miss Parker, my cousin, you know. But can I see you afterward—at your home this evening?"

"Yes," Martha said merely.

Many things were illuminated for her as she went on home—why Miss Parker had made her take that hat. Of course! She had known she must meet Gordon. Bless Miss Parker for a thoughtful, middle-aged angel!

Gordon had come back into her life to stay although Martha did not know this. Her thoughts, concerned with the glorifying present, contained one dark thread. Suppose she had been wearing the old leghorn!

Cafe in Rome Where Goethe Met Friends

Among the excavations being carried out at Rome now is the work round the Roman theater of Marcellus, which involves the pulling down of many old dwellings so that the main entrance to the Roman theater may be freed. Among these was a tall medieval house where, in a corner on the ground floor, was the little-known "Osteria della Catena" frequented by the workmen who daily passed through the street in this busy part of Rome. On the wall of the coffee house King Ludwig of Bavaria had a marble tablet raised to commemorate (in pigeon Latin) the fact that Goethe, on a visit to Rome, used to meet Faustina, a young Roman girl, here among a small circle of literary friends who frequented the cafe during the second half of the Eighteenth century.

Nature's Laws Saved Fish From Extinction

The productivity of the dwellers in sea and river is one of the marvels of the ages, and from the most primitive days, fish has been one of the staple food articles of man.

But for this tremendous power of productivity, and the providential provision of sufficient living room for the ever propagating population, the finny tribe as a whole would long since have suffered extinction, owing to man's incessant warfare against it. Every conceivable weapon, from the simplest to the most ingenious, has been invented and leveled against the swimmers of the sea; birds and even animals not only prey upon them, but are included in this formidable array for the destruction and capture of fish for the use and benefit of man.

Never Too Old to Marry

Marriage statistics issued by the Union of South Africa record the wedding of one centenarian and four other men each more than ninety-five years of age. Three hundred bridegrooms of eighty-five or over are also mentioned, and three centenarian brides.

Uneasy Arabia



An Oasis in Kingdom of Hedjaz.

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

ARABIA has become the scene of one of the world's latest threats of war. In the past few years the desert Bedouins, under the leadership of the sultan of Nejd, have gained control of all central Arabia, as well as Mecca and its state of Hedjaz, Asir, and large areas of eastern and southern Arabia. Now they are threatening to push their operations northward into Iraq and northwestward into Trans-Jordan. The seriousness of the latter threats lies in the fact that Iraq and Trans-Jordan are both mandates of Great Britain. Between them lies Syria, a mandate of France.

Arabia has been figuring in world affairs since the curtain rose on the first act in history, and yet it has large areas about which we know practically nothing. Because of the huge bulk of Asia, its numerous peninsulas are somewhat dwarfed, and one may fall into the error of classing Arabia with peninsulas nearer home, such as Florida. But 60 Floridas would be lost in this great Asian projection; it is, in fact, a third as large as the entire United States.

Tremendous desert wastes are not alone responsible for the fact that the outside world is ignorant of the Nejd in the heart of Arabia. That country—if the area over which the Nejdian nomads roam may be called a country—has one of the most effective exclusion laws known: the exclusion law of the sword. These people do not care to go into the outside world, and they want no visits from Western traders, diplomats, military experts, or missionaries—especially missionaries. They are blood-thirsty fanatics on the subject of religious simplicity. As Wahabites they are perhaps better known to the world than as Nejdians, for the former name they owe to their religious associations.

Their Capital a Forbidden City.

The capital of the Nejd, Riad, where was born the movement that threatens to embrace all Arabia, has been more truly a forbidden city than Lhasa. The only Westerner known to have visited it in recent years was an American physician, smuggled in that he might save the life of a chieftain, and it is believed that even this errand of mercy would not have saved him from summary execution save for a little group of defenders who for a brief time stretched their standards.

After the World War Great Britain paid the ruler of the Nejd a huge subsidy—\$400,000 a year, an "honorarium" four times as great as the salary and allowance of the President of the United States. The young sultan took the cash and let his followers go about their forays pretty much as they wished, with the result that Great Britain had to spend much more than the subsidy defending the kings of Hedjaz, Trans-Jordan and Iraq against incursions.

Ibn Saud, the sultan of Nejd and king of Hedjaz, has combined his political and military drive for a unified Arabia with a revival of Wahabism. The Wahabi sect was founded early in the Eighteenth century by Abd el Wahab, who might be termed the Cartwright of Mohammedanism, for he was essentially a Moslem Puritan seeking to turn his faith back to what he considered its simple fundamental tenets. Feeling that Mohammedanism should be uncompromisingly monotheistic, he was particularly disturbed by the tendency to worship Mohammed, who claimed to be only a mortal, as well as Allah. He also found his co-religionists invoking Moslem saints and preached against this practice. After Wahab died his fanatical converts wrecked the elaborate tomb of Moslem teachers and even went so far as to try unsuccessfully to destroy the dome over the tomb of Mohammed at Medina.

Before his death Wahab converted to his simplified faith a powerful sheik of central Arabia, Mohammed Ibn Saoud. He became both the religious and political head of Wahabism; and he, too, took a leaf from the fundamental teachings of Mohammed and began spreading his faith by the sword.

Iraq, one of the areas threatened, is the modern name for the traditional Garden of Eden historically known as Mesopotamia. The cradle of civilization, in the belief of many archeologists and historians, is this very valley of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

Iraq and its King. Iraq lies between the Arabian desert on one side and the Persian uplands on the other. West lies the French Mandate of Syria; north the Kurdish highlands of Turkey. The Persian gulf forms a corridor 1,000 miles giving Iraq a waterway to the open Indian ocean. Dates from "the Garden" come to New York by way of this corridor. Within Iraq live 3,000,000 people, a slim population for soil which once supported more people per acre than does densely populated Belgium.

Great Britain has made her Mesopotamian mandate the Arab Kingdom of Iraq ruled by a Mohammedan prince, the son of the former king of Hedjaz. King Faisal reigns where Babylonians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, Romans and Saracens ruled successively for six centuries.

Of the three principal cities, Mosul, the oil town, seems safely beyond reach of the Bedouins. Bagdad, in the center of the valley, comes by its position of capital honesty. Basra, in the Far South, is the end of what was to have been the Berlin-Bagdad railway.

Much agricultural land has been reclaimed by irrigation in an effort to revive the luxuriant Garden of Eden. Dates from the date palm are the chief product. Wheat, barley and rice are also grown. Experiments looking toward cotton growing have been promoted. Vegetables and flowers thrive in the protecting shade of palm fronds.

Trans-Jordan Full of Nomads.

Trans-Jordan, the other threatened region, lies in the northwestern corner of Arabia adjoining Palestine. Perhaps it will bring the newly independent but very old country closer to realize that its capital, now Amman, was once Philadelphia—the great-great-grandfather of the half dozen or more Philadelphia's, great and small, that are to be found in our postal guides. But it was only a mere matter of twenty-odd centuries ago that the city took the name Philadelphia from its new lord, Ptolemy Philadelphus. It had existed as Rabbath Amman, chief city of the Ammonites, almost from the days of Lot, from whom the Ammonites are said to have sprung. It was after a victorious battle with these same people of Amman that Jephthah, according to the Biblical story, returned to the fatal meeting with his daughter.

When Trans-Jordan is described as stretching from the Jordan and the Dead sea toward the interior of Arabia one is likely to call up the picture of a hopeless desert. But much of the region is steppe land, a high plain supporting some flocks and even capable of tillage. Nomadism has long held the region in its grip, however, and it is as a sort of "chief of nomads" that Abdullah Ibn Hussein finds it necessary to rule. He holds his "court" not in a palace but in a group of tents which he moves with the seasons.

Amman is not inaccessible. Five hours by automobile over reasonably good roads through the sizzling valley of the Jordan suffice for the trip from Jerusalem to the capital. The Jordan forms the boundary line and across it is an iron bridge. Amman is only about thirty miles from the river, and as the crowd flies is hardly more than about sixty miles from Jerusalem. The Hedjaz railway, connecting Damascus and Medina, runs through the town.

Trotsky Charges Plot to Assassinate Him

The London Daily Mail asserted that dramatic attempts had been made to kill Leon Trotsky, once powerful as head of the Red armies, in his place of exile in Turkestan.

The paper, displaying the story prominently, said the plot was hatched in Moscow, but gave no source for its information.

Moscow was stated to have admitted that Trotsky had been shot at,