

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Graf Zeppelin Arrives and Starts Eastward on a Trip Around World.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
GRAF ZEPPELIN, the great German dirigible, was the feature of the week's news. Its second crossing of the Atlantic, from Friedrichshafen to New York, was made without mishap, and after flying over the metropolis it came to the ground at Lakehurst, N. J., in a perfect night landing. Nineteen fare-paying passengers, one stowaway and a miscellaneous cargo that included one chimpanzee, one gorilla and 600 canaries were brought over in comfort and safety.

Three days later the big airship, having been refueled, started back to Germany on what is planned to be the first leg of a trip around the world. The only stops are to be at Friedrichshafen, Tokio, Los Angeles, and again Lakehurst. If the Zeppelin keeps to her schedule she will arrive at the New Jersey hangar on August 29. Twenty-two passengers were taken on the eastbound trip. Those who intended to continue aboard for the globe circling journey included William B. Leeds, Lady Grace Drummond Hay, Carl von Wiegand, Joaquin Rickard, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Lieut. Jack Richardson, Lieut. Commander C. E. Rosendahl and C. B. Burgess, the last three being sent by the United States Navy department. Dr. Hugo Eckener, as on the previous flight, is pilot of the dirigible, but it was reported that after this world tour he would relinquish his command and devote himself to the management of the Zeppelin company, of which he is the business head.

Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the naval bureau of aeronautics, while praising the successful trip of the Graf Zeppelin, calls attention to the fact that our navy is now building at Akron, Ohio, two dirigibles that will be about twice the size of the German airship. Work on these vessels has been going on for some time and the admiral says the first of them will be put into use in 1931. Each will be filled with six and one-half million cubic feet of helium gas and will carry five airplanes attached to the bag. Admiral Moffett has been looking along the Pacific coast for a good place for a base for these immense dirigibles.

One novelty in aviation is to be noted this week. A company has been formed in Kansas City to rent "fly-it-yourself" airplanes to persons who cannot afford to own and maintain planes. One hundred two-seater sport planes have been ordered and they will cost the renter between \$15 and \$20 an hour.

LIEUT. ALFORD J. WILLIAMS, America's lone hope in the international seaplane race for the Schneider trophy, to be run at Cowes, England, September 6 and 7, has produced his plane, without government backing but with the aid of Admiral Moffett, and was testing it out near Philadelphia last week. He believes it will prove to be the fastest ship in the world and that it will beat the time made by Major De Bernardi of Italy last year—318 miles an hour. The engine, of 24 cylinders in banks of six, will deliver 1,100 horsepower. The plane is a twin float monoplane, the fuselage, wings and fixed tail surfaces of wood and the control surfaces of metal.

Lieut. Florentin Bonnet of the French army, selected by the ministry of air to pilot the French entry in the Schneider-cup races, was killed when the airplane in which he was training for the speed test was wrecked in leaving the airfield at Bordeaux. Bonnet was the holder of the world speed record for land airplanes.

EMINENT statesmen representing 12 world powers gathered in The Hague and on Tuesday opened a conference designed to liquidate the international problems left over from the World war. The chief matters to be

settled were the adoption of the Young plan for German reparations, the evacuation of the Rhineland, and the establishment of a committee of conciliation and control to supervise the demilitarized zone of Germany along the western frontier. Whether all or any of these things could be arranged amicably at this conference was a bit doubtful. This was especially true concerning the Young plan, which in certain of its features was distasteful to every one of the powers except possibly France and Italy.

Philip Snowden, British chancellor of the exchequer, opened the discussion by frankly stating that the British government could not accept the Young scheme for division of reparations because it reduces England's share from 22 per cent to 18 per cent. He said: "Great Britain objects to the proposed division by which France gets five-sixths of the unconditional annuities—\$11,900,000 out of \$157,060,000. Italy gets a considerable annual sum, amounting to \$10,000,000—much larger than under the Dawes plan. I hope for your forgiveness for my frank and firm speaking, but this division is utterly indefensible and the experts did not attempt to explain or justify it."

The smaller creditor powers, for which Premier Venizelos of Greece was the spokesman, also protested that their debts had been overlooked by the experts when they formulated the plan which "compresses" their reparations, but they said they had no intention of attacking the Young plan.

Representatives of France, Italy, Belgium and Japan defended the new plan as probably the best that could be devised, although each of them asserted his country was making sacrifices in accepting it. M. Cheron, French minister of finance, declared France accepted the plan in its entirety, without reservations, and considered it indivisible as the experts stated. Notwithstanding these expressions on behalf of the other nations, Mr. Snowden and Arthur Henderson, British foreign secretary, told the reporters positively that Great Britain would reject the proposed new division of reparations.

Two commissions were named by the conference, one to study the political consequences of adoption of the Young plan and the other to deal with the financial questions involved. These bodies may not get through their work for five or six weeks.

Dispatches from Rome said Italians generally were indignant at Snowden's speech, which they considered a churlish attack on the Latin nations and calculated to endanger the friendship between Italy and England. Berlin also disliked it, feeling that Snowden was trying to "squeeze still more out of the unfortunate German tax payers," and fearing that France, rather than quarrel with England, would compromise at Germany's cost.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S law enforcement commission has divided its work into eleven sections and for each a committee has been named. Chairman George W. Wickersham himself is head of the committee to study prohibition, the other members being Newton D. Baker, Ada L. Comstock and Judge William S. Kenyon. No other single body of laws was singled out for such concentrated study as those concerning the Eighteenth amendment.

Judge Kenyon was designated chairman of the committee on lawlessness by government law-enforcing officers, which was made one of the subjects of special inquiry because of the recent use of firearms by prohibition agents in cases which aroused criticism in and out of congress. The committee on juvenile delinquency is headed by Miss Comstock, that on causes of crime by Henry W. Anderson, of Virginia, statistics of crime and criminal justice by Dean Roscoe Pound, of Harvard law college, police by Frank J. Loesch, of Chicago, courts by Judge William I. Grubb, of Alabama, prosecutions by Monte M. Lemann, of New Orleans, penal institutions by Judge Kenneth Mackintosh, of Washington state, criminal justice by Newton D. Baker, and cost of crime by Judge Paul J. McCormick, of California.

FARMERS who wish to make cider and let it get hard will not be interfered with by the agents of prohibition if they don't sell the stuff.

Immense Power Project Planned in the South

The Charlotte (N. C.) Observer says a "new Niagara" is planned in the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee by the Aluminum Company of America, which will spend \$125,000,000 in development of hydro-electric projects.

Through eight separate dams, electrical power exceeding in magnitude the energy now generated by Niagara falls will be created. Seven of the

Treasury officials announced that no restrictions would be placed on the manufacture of cider and fruit juices in the home providing these beverages were not sold unlawfully, and Dr. James M. Dorn, prohibition commissioner, warned the dry agents not to molest the makers unless there was clear violation of the Volstead act.

"HOLD your wheat as long as possible in order to avoid increasing the congestion of the terminal markets," is in substance the message to wheat growers issued by the federal farm board. The board's statement said the crowding of the markets by unusually heavy shipments has caused a sharp depression of cash prices, although there is every prospect of a crop shortage in the world supply, which naturally would make prices higher in domestic and foreign markets.

OUR federal prisons must be made bigger and better, especially because they are now so overcrowded with violators of the prohibition and narcotic laws, in the opinion of President Hoover. Consequently he has given his approval to a program of expansion of prison facilities that calls for the expenditure of \$5,000,000 and includes the building of a new prison in the northeastern states. The penitentiaries at Atlanta and Leavenworth will be considerably enlarged.

VICTOR I. BERGER, former congressman from Wisconsin and for many years an international leader of the Socialist party, died in a Milwaukee hospital from injuries sustained in a street car accident in July. He was a determined fighter for the cause of socialism and though he got into trouble during the war because of his denunciations of capitalism, he was respected by his political enemies. He was elected to congress first in 1910, being the first Socialist to hold a seat in that body. Two famous inventors were claimed by death. They were Emil Berliner, who devised the disk phonograph and many other things, and Dr. Karl von Welsbach of Austria, best known for his invention of the incandescent gas mantle that bears his name and his development of metal filaments in electric lamps. Thorsten B. Veblen, noted economist and author, passed away at Menlo Park, Calif.; and Mary MacLane, who gained considerable fame a generation ago as the writer of a diary and several other books, died in Chicago.

THERE is going to be a lively fight for the governorship of Virginia, for the Democrats who refused to bolt their party last fall because Al Smith was the Presidential candidate have nominated John Garland Pollard of William and Mary college to contest with Dr. William M. Brown, put up by the anti-Smith Democrats and the Republicans and backed by Bishop James Cannon, Jr., Professor Pollard was an active supporter of Smith.

Down in Georgia the split in the Democratic party was made wider by announcement of the anti-Smith faction that they would take no part in the primary called to select a candidate for congress to succeed the late Leslie J. Steele of the Fifth district but would concentrate their strength in the general election. There will be three aspirants for Steele's seat—a Republican, a regular Democrat and an anti-Smithite.

THAT old war between the On Long and Hip Sing tongs broke out again in New York, Chicago and other large cities, and several slant-eyed gentlemen were shot to death. But United States District Attorney Charles H. Tuttle of New York threatened wholesale deportations unless the conflict ceased, so the tong leaders got together and signed a peace treaty.

KING FUAD of Egypt and his prime minister left London with a proposal from the British government for giving Egypt the status of an independent nation and at the same time preserving in all essentials British control of the Land of the Nile. It is designed to satisfy the troublesome Egyptian nationalists without perilling British interests, and it must be accepted by a new freely elected Egyptian parliament.

lakes created by damming streams will wipe out the towns of Almond, Bushnell, Judson, Wesser, Forneys Creek, Eppes Springs and several smaller villages.

The Aluminum Company of America acquired its first power site in western North Carolina in 1905. Two plants are now in operation and a third is under construction.

Andrew W. Mellon, secretary of the treasury, is one of the principal stockholders of the Aluminum Company of America.

JARED, THE HARD BOILED

(By D. J. Walsh.)

JARED MEADOWS towered beside his wife's bed, scorn writ large in his attitude and on his handsome, ruddy face. His eyes of that bright, unclouded blue that denotes a nature not given to softness, to sentimental concern for the woes of this world dwelt briefly on his wife's recumbent figure and then turned in distaste, away.

Phyllis Meadows, her small, delicate face turned toward the window, lay and regarded with unseeing eyes the country without. Her lips trembled and a flush crept up and burned into momentary rose her thin, pale cheek. Calmly, resonantly, Jared voiced his sentiments.

"Doctors are grafters. Keep people in bed and coddle 'em up to get their money. You've got to use your will power; make up your mind you're all right and you'll be all right. No, I don't hold with doctors. Why, I never had a doctor pawin' over me in all my life!"

Phyllis made no comment; continued to stare icterly out upon the landscape. Jared expected her, the first day at home from the hospital after an emergency appendicitis operation, to plunge into housekeeping, to get his meals, wash the dishes, churn, bake, feed the chickens, yes, and probably hoe the turnips, she reflected bitterly. And you couldn't make big, strong Jared understand. You couldn't. Healthy, strong, candid, "sensible," he was simply unable to comprehend frailty. And she didn't want him to! His strength she adored. His intolerance of weakness seemed to her god-like. Attentively she listened as he went on.

"I sure never thought you would ever be the kind of woman to lie around and compel a busy man to wait on you."

"I'll—I'll try to get up and get something for your dinner," she murmured, and winked her eyelids to dispell the black dots from before her frightened eyes. Why, she couldn't. She couldn't. Yesterday a nurse had taken care of her. Today she had to take care of Jared. And they had told her it would be two months before she would be strong enough to take up her work at the point where she had laid it down. But she turned and smiled up at her blue-eyed Jared.

"That's my girl," Jared rewarded and she felt his lips upon her cheek, his hand firm upon her shoulder. "I've got a bushel of things to do today. Can't work on an empty stomach, you know. I told Tina Burwell she'd not need to hang around here any more. I told her you were no slacker. I paid her off and said she could skeddadle. I tell you the doctors do just like I said, coddle you up, keep you in bed. Why, how'd they make a living if folks wouldn't stay sick a while for 'em? You're all right, Phyllis. You're all right. Utter nonsense this business of being sick is. Well, I'll be getting to work. Good to have you home, old girl. Jehosophat! I missed you something awful!" Again Phyllis thrilled at the touch of his lips.

"Oh, I will try to do as he wants me to. He is so dear—big, old strong Jared," she whispered as she felt the little farmhouse shake at his march through it.

The hours sped by. She dozed a few minutes now and again, but always was the dread upon her of the moment, eleven o'clock, when she must get up and begin preparation for Jared's dinner. And he could not do with just a lunch. Dear me. Fancy Jared Meadows coming in to cereal and milk and fruit and store cookies! Oh, he would despise her, never have any love for her again if she failed him. Ah, but hadn't the hospital been a heavenly place. All day she could lie still, all day and all day, resting, getting well, eating, drinking, thinking, dreaming, building up strength.

At the hospital everybody had smiled at her, nurses had brought her things, brushed her hair, the doctors had been sympathetically interesting, kind, understanding. And she had been homesick. How could she have been, she asked, longing for the peace of the place. Well, she had been homesick for Jared, for this hale blue-eyed young giant who was her husband. Never once had she failed to cry when the sisters sang vespers and she knew night was coming down and she was alone in the big white-peopled place, far, far from Jared. In her mind now as she lay she dwelt upon his strength. Perhaps if she thought of his health and vigor it would help her to gain them for herself. She must have some will power as he suggested. "If you think you're all right you are all right," he had said. Perhaps that was perfectly true. Perhaps she was only thinking she was unable to work.

"Doctors are utter nonsense," he had said.

The kitchen clock struck eleven.

She lifted her head from the pillow. Utter nausea overcame her. She let it flop down again, forced it up again. Panting, she summoned her will to aid her. Her feet sought weakly the floor. Ah, she was standing. She held to a chair, put her hands out, clutched the dresser, the sides of the doorway. At last she reached the dining-room. If she kept hold of something all the way she might get to the kitchen. But no, she couldn't, without stopping a second to rest there on the chair by the window. She sank weakly down, closed her eyes, conscious of nothing for a moment save of relief that she need not move her feet, maintain an upright position. Perhaps, even, she slept.

What was that noise? Some one calling? Some one pounding none too vigorously on the porch. Who could it be? It sounded a little like Jared and yet it did not. She turned in the chair, looked out the window at its back. Was that Jared? Was it? Oh, surely not! And yet—

She got up, opened the door, holding to the knob and looked incredulously out.

"Oh, Jared, dear!" she cried, finally, and bent her gaze on the creature, half-sitting, half-lying, on the small porch. For a second she thought she must be delicious. That thing, disheveled, smeared with mud from which straw protruded, its clothes nearly torn to shreds, supinely clinging to the porch, was never strong, sturdy Jared Meadows, successful young farmer and stockman, her mighty husband? As she looked down at him from the doorway angulish darkened his eyes, contorted his dirt-begrimed face, twisted his pallid lips, caused his jaw, his chin to quiver.

"I—I stumbled," he hoarsely whispered, "over a pig. Killed the pig, b-b-roke my leg—"

"Jared, Jared," she cried, "my dear—"

His lips moved again and she stooped to hear.

"I—I crawled to the car to crank it and get to town and I broke my—my arm. 'G-get the doctor!' a frightful groaning. 'Get the doctor.' He closed his eyes, went very white and slumped down upon the porch floor."

Phyllis Meadows proved herself then. She did not think herself all right and then become all right. She simply forgot herself, forgot appendicitis operations, weakness. She flew to the telephone. She summoned a doctor, two doctors. She called Jared's mother from town. She turned down Jared's bed, put water on to heat. All this for Jared, her hard, glorious Jared, like a woman demon possessed, she did.

In half an hour the two doctors had arrived and tall Mrs. Meadows with her keen, clear blue eyes, like her son's eyes—yesterday. In another half hour Jared Meadows was in his bed, the doctors busied with the broken leg, with the broken arm. In another half hour Jared Meadows, in splints and multitudinous white bandages, inert and colorless. In another half hour the blue of Jared Meadows' eyes was visible to his wife as she leaned over him, flushed and intent. His lips opened and she heard:

"I fell awful—awful—"

"You're all right, Meadows." Interposed one of the doctors, cheerfully. "You'll be fit as a fiddle again in six weeks."

"No—no. Don't hurry me, doc—"

He lay silent for a moment. And then Phyllis, bending close, heard: "And keep Phyllis in bed. Take care of Phyllis, poor girl. Doc, take care of Phyllis—"

Phyllis Meadows took her turn at fainting.

When she awoke she was on a cot beside the big bed where Jared lay stretched. Jared's blue eyes were regarding her.

"I'll—I'll get up. I'll—I'll have your dinner ready—"

She slipped her feet to the floor. "Lie down!" came in a terse command from her lord. "You take care of yourself. The doctors know what they're about."

Jared's eyes of that bright, unclouded blue that denotes a nature not given to softness, to concern for the woes of this world? Phyllis knew they would never seem so again. Strength that has known weakness, has felt pity, is strength, indeed.

Varying Quality of Fur

It is not definitely known why some badgers when caught have a predominance of hair and others a predominance of fur. The proportion of the different type of pelage varies in different parts of the year, likewise with the habits of certain animals, under which conditions the hair or fur may be rubbed or broken off.

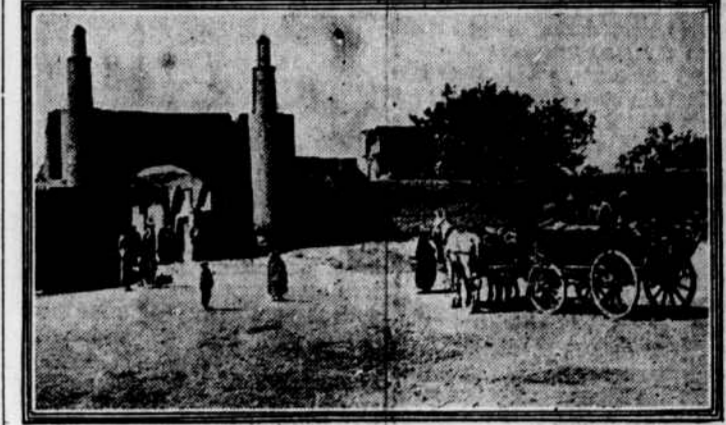
Uncle Eben

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "has lost a good job by listenin' to some high-powin' talker tellin' de world how he were g'ineter loaf and let loaf." Washington Star.

Consolation for the Plump

This women never made history.—Lady Mary Hay Drummond.

Persia Awakes



Entrance to City of Savah; Mall Stage in Foreground.

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

PERSIA, long practically railroadless, has laid down more than 200 scattered miles of rails since the World war, and is now constructing a real trunk line from the Persian gulf in the south to the Caspian sea in the north. Persia's awakening in the matter of communications as well as in other senses, can be ascribed in large part to the World war. The higher price of silver that followed the conflict doubled Persia's capital, and the world sought her raw materials and so removed her from comparative isolation to a place of importance among commercial nations.

Persia is one of the oldest empires in existence. It has been a kingdom for 25 centuries—ever since Cyrus the Great, about 550 B. C., conquered Media and united that country to his under the name of Persia. It has had many glorious episodes in its long history; has produced the great teacher, Zoroaster; such world-famous poets as Firdawsi, Omar Khayyam, Saadi and Hafiz, and such great soldiers and rulers as Darius I, Shapur I and Shah Abbas.

Again and again the empire has been a prey to anarchy; again and again conquering hosts have swept through the country, Alexander the Great having many a successor, the most destructive conqueror being Genghis Khan with his hordes of savage Mongols—a leader who boasted that he had slain 30,000,000 of his fellow creatures!

The center of the country is a great plateau, rising from 2,000 to 6,000 feet, and crossed by frequent chains of mountains, while a lofty mountain barrier bounds it on the north and south.

In the whole Persian empire there were in 1910 only six miles of railway; a fact which casts the progress of the last few years into strong relief. There is only one navigable river, the Karun. It flows into the head of the Persian gulf, and on this sea the so-called ports are merely open roadsteads, at which cargo cannot be landed in stormy weather.

The merchandise of Persia is even largely carried on the backs of camels, mules and donkeys; a slow and expensive mode of transport, and the traveler usually rides through the country following the tracks made by the passage of caravans during the centuries.

Persians Are Handsome Aryans.

The Persian is of Aryan stock, and has the same words as ourselves for father, mother, brother and daughter (pidar, madar, bradar and dukhtar), and the construction of his language is like that of English.

He is a handsome, well-built man, with regular features and fine black eyes, his complexion being no darker than that of an Italian. In manner he is most courteous; he is quick, alert, fond of conversation and discussion, and has rightly been called the Frenchman of the East.

Persia is the home of many religions, beginning with the Zoroastrian now represented by the Parsees, and several sects of Christians down to Mohammedanism in its many divisions, Shiite Mohammedanism being the state religion of the country. The Shiites have their own traditions, the most marked being an inordinate respect for Ali, nephew and son-in-law of the Prophet and probably his first male convert. They believe that the angel Gabriel visited Mohammed on his last pilgrimage to Mecca and instructed him to proclaim Ali his successor.

So thoroughly are they convinced that the caliphate belongs to the house of Mohammed alone, that to the confession, "There is no God but God and Mohammed is His ambassador," they add, "and Ali is the vicegerent of God." But Ali while on earth had some powerful enemies, chief among whom was Ayesha, the favorite wife of Mohammed and the only one of his harem who had never been married before, and they succeeded in putting him aside and choosing three caliphs before him. He finally succeeded in obtaining the caliphate, but was mur-

dered in the mosque of Kufa after he had served only four years.

Persian processions impress the stranger as fanatical. During their Month of Mourning—that in which the son of Ali was assassinated—they put on deep black, throw their shirts open at the chest, whether this lunar month is very hot or very cold, lacerate their bodies, and go unshaven and with bare feet through the streets. Using their swords they beat the tops of their heads until the blood streams over their faces and on to their garments. Large sums are paid by principal personages in the celebration for the blood-drenched robes.

Crude Theatrical Performances.

During that month the only theatrical performances of Persian take place. They are manifestations of Persian patriotism in which the Shiites show their hatred for other Mohammed sects, particularly for the Sunnites, and are somewhat like the early English miracle and morality plays. They are performed in the courtyards of the houses of the rich, the stage manager announces to the audience where the scene is laid, a suspended tin skin represents the desert, a silver bowl of water the Tigris, and the parts of the women are taken by boys or young men.

The crudity of the performances is amazing to the average American who is familiar with the elaborate settings of the modern moving-pictures. When the actors are supposed to be off the stage they merely sit down, and a "corpse" sits quietly on the stage dressed in a shirt, stuck through with arrows and smeared with blood, or in some similar outfit to indicate the manner of his death.

Many Persians have no home life in the usual sense of the word. A Persian house is divided into the bazaar, or men's apartments, and the anderoon, or part consecrated to the women. A strong door, set in a high blank wall, gives entrance to a narrow passage that leads into a square courtyard in which open several rooms. Here the men live, and here they usually entertain their men friends, while their women dwell in rooms set round an inner courtyard, the entrance to which is through the bazaar.

Despite Persia's traditional conservatism in governmental affairs Teheran, its capital, is the city of kaleidoscopic contrasts. Visitors may enter through any one of its twelve beautiful gates, whose glazed tiles glisten in the sunlight, and find spread before them a dingy collection of mud houses rubbing elbows with palatial residences enclosing flower-filled gardens. A lumbering camel, seemingly just stepped out of a price-less old Persian rug, may draw aside to allow the passage of a high-powered motor car bearing a wealthy Persian en route to his villa on the outskirts of the city.

Rhages, Old Capital, In Ruins.

Teheran has not always been the capital of Persia. Rhages or Reil, its predecessor, the ruins of which are nearby, was a bustling city of one and a half millions in the Middle Ages, the birthplace of Harun al-Rashid, Caliph of Bagdad, the fifth and most renowned of the Abbassides, its name is forever linked with the "Arabian Nights." This city, also called Rhagae, was destroyed by Jenghis Khan and Timur.

Modern Teheran's position, 70 miles south of the Caspian sea, commanding the highways of the extensive upland plateau and the entrance to the Elburz Passes, has made it the center of a considerable caravan trade, though it does not rank high as an industrial city. Its population is roughly estimated at 300,000 in winter, but in summer this number diminishes one-third. For, although the district lies in the approximate latitude of Cape Hatteras, and nine months of the year bring it cool nights and sunny days, the three months of summer are uncomfortably hot and dry.

The palace of the shah is located in the middle of the city. Here in the Salsam court, containing the large Takht-i-Khaneh, or Throne room,