

## DOINGS OF THE WEEK

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### Powers Are Busy With Plans for Limiting Armaments and Insuring Peace

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

REDUCTION of armaments and other plans for insuring the peace of the world and so saving the lives and money of its inhabitants are occupying the international mind these days largely to the exclusion of other matters. Chief of the week's developments in this line was the virtual conclusion of the conversations between Ambassador Davies and Prime Minister MacDonald of Great Britain with enough agreement reached to make certain the calling of a five-power conference on naval reduction. England will issue the invitation, it was announced, to the United States, France, Italy and Japan, and the meeting probably will be held in London, starting in the second week in January. Mr. MacDonald completed his arrangements to sail for the United States on September 23 to confer with President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson, and it was assumed that this consultation would result only in furthering the plans for the big meeting.

Dispatches from Washington asserted that President Hoover already had agreed to accept a limitation of the number of 10,000-ton cruisers the United States may build, in addition to a limitation of aggregate cruiser tonnage, which is the point for which the British contended in the futile Geneva conference of 1927. Whether America's big cruisers shall number 18 or 21 is to be decided later. It may be, too, the British will put over their former proposition that there shall be no replacements of capital ships before 1930, when the Washington treaties expire. The extremists in the matter of national defense are rather worried by these reported concessions, and cannot see how the United States is to attain naval parity with Great Britain, but Americans in general probably regard the negotiations with complacency.

President Hoover in a radio address sought to reassure those who might be apprehensive for their country's safety. He declared that naval and land armaments should be held down to the barest necessities for defense purposes, in the interests of peace, and that unless this policy is adhered to, preparedness may become a threat of aggression and a cause of fear and animosity throughout the world. The proposals now under discussion by the great powers, he said, "would preserve our national defenses and yet would relieve the backs of those who toll from gigantic expenditures and the world from the hate and fear which flows from the rivalry in building warships."

Dealing with the troubles that may confront the five-power conference, the London Daily Telegraph says: "It is from France and Italy, rather than from Japan, that the greatest difficulties are feared. These two powers may draw together temporarily for the purpose of objecting to holding the conference in London and of weaving causes for delay, but they have been engaged since 1920 in a naval race of a very strenuous and severe character with one another."

"It is not generally appreciated that France has been working on a building scheme which does not reach its maturity until 1942 and which comprises 18 cruisers, 90 destroyers, 67 ocean-going submarines and 48 coastal submarines. Italy's building program was further increased only last year by the addition of 13 ships to cost an additional \$45,000,000, but its principal strength lies in its fast destroyers and motor torpedo craft."

LORD ROBERT CECIL presented to the disarmament committee of the League of Nations the British plan calling for reopening of the question of trained army reserves in any scheme for world disarmament, and was supported by the German delegation. The French, Italians and Jap-

anese argued that this question had been definitely laid aside last spring and that the present time was inopportune for reopening it.

Since the great powers in the League of Nations have rejected France's proposal for an international standing army, and Great Britain refused to help form an international navy, the league is now thinking of forming an international air force to help in compelling the world to be peaceful. Col. Clifford Harmon of America, president of the International League of Aviators, suggested the scheme last December and was sharply rebuked by Lord Cushendun of England; but he did not give up, and seems to have gained some support from Premier Briand of France and other diplomats. Last week both the French and the Germans introduced before the disarmament committee resolutions defining the juridical status of the planes of such an international force over various countries. The French measure said that the international commission for aerial navigation is preparing plans and urges the freedom of flying over all states, granted that they are the league's machines.

The German resolution said that, having learned that the international commission for aerial navigation is studying the legal position of league aircraft, the question must give rise to an important issue that the various governments will require an opportunity to study after they have received complete information on the project. Count von Bernstorff for Germany thought the French viewpoint could not be accepted. Harmon's plan provides for a fleet of bombing planes to attack and break up mobilization in an aggressive country by smashing bridges, tunnels, railways, and other lines of transportation in order to prevent the attacker from invading a neighbor country.

The league assembly shelved until next year a proposal to assist nations threatened by war with international loans guaranteed by all powers in the league. One of its committees also carried toward completion plans for lowering of customs barriers and reductions of economic impediments to trade, an essential preliminary being a world tariff truce of three or four years.

BRITISH and Belgian troops quietly began the evacuation of the Rhineland, and some of the French troops were withdrawn, though it is expected France will maintain a rather large force there up to the last minute. Wiesbaden is to be made the headquarters of the interallied Rhineland commission, whose staff will be greatly reduced.

CHINA says it is getting tired of the Soviet Russian raids on Manchurian border towns and that unless they cease the Nationalist government will drop its defensive tactics and adopt other measures, confident that it will receive the support of world opinion. The Chinese troops are engaged by the tales of atrocities practiced by the Russians, as brought to Harbin by fugitive Chinese merchants from the border regions and cannot be restrained much longer. Foreign Minister C. T. Wang has protested through the German government against the internment by the Russians of Chinese who are not Communists or members of Russian trade unions and demanded their immediate release. While gathering large bodies of troops and quantities of munitions on the Manchurian frontiers, the Chinese are collecting a mass of evidence to prove to the world that Russia has been violating the Kellogg pact. Denials of this by Moscow do not have great weight with those who are aware of the Russian propensity to misrepresent—to put it mildly.

SOON after Col. R. W. Stewart was ousted by the Rockefellers from the chairmanship of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana there were rumors that he was going to form a combine to fight the American oil kings. These have been revived now, for the colonel sailed for Europe last week and it was admitted he would visit Sir Henri Deterding, oil magnate of Europe and director general of the Royal Dutch Shell company whose products already are sold all over America. If a combine of Standard's

competitors does result, it may bring the Royal Dutch Shell and its ramifications, the Sinclair companies, the Prairie Oil and Gas and subsidiary pipe line company and the Continental Oil company all under a unified control. Rumors in American financial circles were that Stewart had enlisted the Morgan interests. It looks as if a merry oil war were in the offing.

Harry M. Blackmer, the American oil magnate who fled to France to avoid testifying in the Teapot Dome cases and is still over there, was fined \$300,000 for contempt of court by Justice Siddons of the District of Columbia Supreme court. His lawyer gave notice of appeal, and Blackmer's \$100,000 in Liberty bonds, seized some time ago, remains in the custody of the federal marshal in Washington.

CAPT. JOHN McLEOD brought his motor vessel Shawnee of Nova Scotia into Halifax with two shell holes in its hull, and declared these were caused by two of four shells fired at close range by the U. S. coast guard cutter No. 145 when the Shawnee was 26 miles off New York, bound from Bermuda to Halifax in ballast. He said the No. 145 had all its lights doused and that after the firing it called the coast guard Gresham, which later was relieved by another vessel, and that he finally outdistanced his convoy. McLeod said he would make formal protest through Ottawa. The Shawnee is alleged to have been engaged in rum running.

DOWN in the Carolinas the inhabitants apparently are determined not to have Communists from other regions interfering with their labor troubles. The radicals from New York who went down there to aid the striking textile workers are having a rough time, what with kidnapers and whippers, and in a mob attack on persons on the way to a strikers' rally at Gastonia, N. C., one woman was shot to death. For this murder and for various floggings numerous arrests have been made, and the state authorities seem to be doing all in their power to restore order; but the Carolinians are in an ugly mood and further bloodshed is expected.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S appointment of Henry F. Guggenheim as ambassador to Cuba to succeed Noble B. Judah, resigned, meets with general approval. The new ambassador is one of the leading figures in American aviation, being president of the Guggenheim fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics. During the war he served in the naval aviation forces in both France and Italy and rose to the rank of lieutenant commander.

BRIG. GEN. LITTLE BROWN, one of the greatest of American engineers, was appointed chief of army engineers with rank of major general to succeed Major General Jadwin, retired, and simultaneously with making known this selection, President Hoover announced plans for the reorganization of the office Brown takes. High ranking officers will be placed in entire charge of important projects and held definitely responsible for the successful completion of these special assignments.

General Brown is fifty-seven years old and was born at Nashville, Tenn.

NEW YORK is to have a lively mayoralty campaign with five candidates. Congressman F. H. LaGuardia, extreme wet, won the Republican nomination, but the dry Republicans began laying plans to put up a dry candidate. The Democrats renominated Jimmy Walker, and Richard Enright, former police commissioner, was put up by the Square Deal party, attacking Tammany control of the police department. The fifth candidate is Norman Thomas, running as a Socialist, and he is expected to be stronger than his party because of dissatisfaction with both LaGuardia and Walker.

MERGER of two of New York's biggest banks, the National City and the Corn Exchange, was arranged and approved by the directors. The consolidation brings together total resources of \$2,388,066,401, making it the largest bank in the world. (© 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)

ries \$1,130,000, while Jules S. Bache has a policy for \$1,000,000. Others on the \$1,000,000 list are Will Rogers, Al Johnson, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Constance Talmadge, Norma Talmadge, Eric von Stroheim, Nicholas F. Brady, Herbert Kaufman, Eddie Rickenbacker, Harvey S. Firestone, Bernard Baruch, S. M. Vaulain, Thomas E. Mitten, Fred F. French, Samuel Insull, and A. J. Drexel-Biddle. A lame excuse is a slow traveler.

### THE WOOING OF KATE

(© by D. J. Walsh)

WHENEVER I consider what young Sterling Evermore went through in order to woo and win my niece Kate I realize that times have not changed very much since the ordeal by fire.

He invariably arrived at our summer cottage five miles from the village where the train stopped, driving the only vehicle for hire—a runabout which promised instant dissolution, and this last especial week-end visit he added a final swoop and clatter as the car hit the rural mailbox at our gate and then sagged into temporary helplessness. Sterling leaped out and surveyed the collapse of our postal arrangements.

"Terribly sorry," he stammered as he strode toward the porch where Agatha and Henry and I sat, with Kate just emerging through the door.

"Doesn't matter at all," lied Henry, the perfect host, as he shook hands. Sterling blushed still harder when Kate looked up at him and completed his look. Kate is slight and little with real gold hair and the corners of her red mouth curl upward. She turned her smile on her mother.

"I forgot to tell you Sterling was coming," she murmured. "But it's all right, isn't it, mother?"

"Most certainly," said Agatha, because she couldn't say anything else. There were not enough chops and the guestroom blankets were at the laundry and besides this Henry was terribly perturbed at the idea of Kate being grown up enough to have devoted young men.

"I won't have it!" he told Agatha in the living room and then slunk away before her sardonic eye, which asked how he was going to stop it. "Oooh!" cried Kate from the porch, clapping a hand to one eye, Sterling had tossed her a felt hat as they started for a ride and the rim had flicked her face. "It's nothing!" she insisted when the family surrounded her. "No, it doesn't hurt—much!"

"Wouldn't you know it?" Henry growled when the two departed. Sterling solicitously guiding his temporarily one-eyed love toward the machine. "Comes all the way up here to blind her, because he is so fond of her! One chance in a million of hitting the mark and he hits it! I tell you I won't have it!"

Some time later the runabout approached the cottage with a vague air of being an ambulance and when Kate and her cavalier entered she wore one eye bandaged and black-patched and between them they bore sundry bottles. Sterling was pale and anxious. "It got worse," he informed us. "We hunted up an eye doctor and he said the eyeball is scratched!"

"Of course it is!" Henry said tempestuously, with an awful glance at his child's sultor, drawing her to his side as though away from contamination.

"Father!" the sufferer spoke up sternly, one-eyed though she was. "As though Sterling meant to do it."

Very shortly after, Kate being in her room to rest, Sterling said he thought he'd take a little walk in the woods, where it was quiet. Avoiding the front porch, where Henry fumed, Sterling, with the lumbering stealth of a Newfoundland puppy, slipped out the rear way and, once on the kitchen porch, drew a breath of relief and stepped down. Farther than he had expected—for the workman, just finishing the job of the new back steps in cement, had at the moment gone around the house to pick up the lumber for a barricade against the mushroom-like stuff. He was through with a back-breaking task. He returned at the instant when Sterling's right foot was ankle deep in the top step and his left had scraped and slid down the others to the ground. The ruin was thorough.

"Sterling! Are you hurt?" cried Kate, managing in her rose lounging robe to look quite lovely in spite of her one eye.

"Look at those steps!" cried Henry, who was paying \$12 a day for them. "He's jarred off the cream pie I set on the lattice to cool!" accused the cook, standing over the jumbled meringue with a grim air of its being a climax in her life. "The dinner dessert!"

Assisted by Henry and the cement worker, Sterling got to his feet, brushing fully at his besmeared clothing, his face crimson with helpless wrath. "If you try to wash it off," the cement worker told him, with lively satisfaction, "it'll harden onto the goods, and if you let it alone it'll harden, anyway! 'ain't it too bad!"

But Kate did remove considerable of it, for we found it later hardened onto the floor and the washbowl and all available surfaces. It was also entwined in the bristles of Henry's pet English nail brush and in the fabric

of Agatha's best towels. Young love is ruthless.

Hostilities were abruptly closed when the explosion occurred in the kitchen. When we reached there so many things seemed on fire simultaneously that nobody said anything. We worked. Sterling's white flannels that he had on, his other trousers spread on the ironing board, the tea towels on their rack and a pile of newspapers all were blazing merrily. On the floor lay the remains of the big gasoline lantern.

"I—I thought," Sterling explained jerkily as we grabbed and beat and stamped, "that I would not bother any one. I thought I could manage that fool iron if I could run a car."

"Well," Agatha gasped, crumpling the charred remains of six perfectly new tea towels, "I believe the—er—fundamental idea is slightly different. Now I'll try to find you something of Henry's to put on."

"Not my new suit!" Henry roared grimly. "I'm depending on the suit for the next six months."

In Henry's golf rig, Sterling being six inches taller than his host and broader, the boy looked nervously unhappy. Kate, still indignantly seething, suggested a ride.

"I suppose," she addressed her male parent loftily, "that Sterling may take your old green sweater? He forgot his."

"He would," admitted Henry with bitter promptness. "Oh, by all means, take it."

The runabout coughed and roared itself away and Henry sat with his dropped magazine, thinking. "I can't get used to it," he said. "With so many other girls in the world—why did he have to pick on her? Where are my reading glasses? Funny how things disappear when that boy is around! No, I've looked everywhere! I can't read a word without 'em!"

The two finally returned. Walking in very close together with clasped hands, the radiance in their faces completely obscured the black patch Kate still wore over one eye. In spite of Henry's golf suit, Sterling looked very handsome.

"Oh, mother," Kate faltered, "we—"

"Mr. Turbo!" Sterling began in the tone a young man uses but on one occasion in his life, "I—we—"

I must say that Henry rises to a crisis. Walking over to the two, he clapped Sterling on the shoulder. "I know it!" he admitted bravely. "Well, son, it's all right if she cares for you! It's come kind of sudden—if only I could find my glasses."

"Oh!" breathed Kate with a remembering gasp, turning a gaze of complete adoration on Sterling, "the sweater."

From under his arm he produced it. He lost his conquering look.

"There seemed to be something in the pocket when I sat down on it in the car," he explained, hurriedly. "It—er—it was a pair of glasses. They—well, they're quite smashed!"

"Of course they are," said Henry resignedly. He had accepted fate.

#### Coffee and Revolution

Companions in History

One writer points out that "whatever may be said about causes and circumstances, the French revolution was not brought about until coffee as well as philosophy had come to Paris." And, had he known of it, doubtless he would have found further significance in certain events in our own country. It was no other than a coffee house—the famous Burns coffee house, which once stood on the west side of Broadway just north of Bowling Green—that afforded a meeting place on October 31, 1765, for the rebellious merchants who adopted resolutions to import no more British goods until the stamp act should be repealed. Moreover, it was in the Green Dragon, most celebrated of Boston's coffee house taverns, that Paul Revere and John Adams, Warren and James Otis, met for those conferences so fraught with consequence in 1776 of the War of Independence.—New York Herald Tribune.

#### Risky

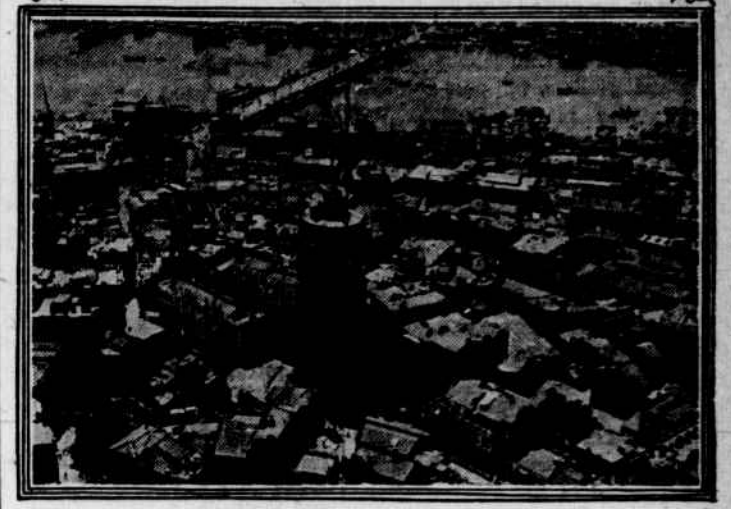
"Why didn't you put out your hand when you turned the corner?" demanded the motorist.

"Well, you see," replied the flapper motorist, "I've just been out with Jack, and he gave me the most thrilling diamond ring—isn't it a beauty?—and I knew only too well that if I put out my hand the headlights of the car behind would shine on the diamond and dazzle the driver, and then absolutely anything might have happened, mightn't it?"

#### Caustic Humor

In the early days, says an article in the New York Times, no one would presume to cry any sort of goods, unless he was licensed by the selectman. The old town crier lived by his wits. Old Wilson had an ingenious flow of language. Once he announced a Fourth of July dinner in Charlestown. Certain citizens pestered him with inquiries as to the bill of fare. His answer was: "The dinner will be ample, with a vic at every plate."

## FLYING OVER HISTORY



Looking Down on Constantinople.

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

HERE are few opportunities anywhere in the world to see so many historic sites in half a dozen hours as during the brief airplane trip from Constantinople to Athens.

The route is paved with geography; with history, which is geography interacting with mankind; and with mythology, in which elemental geographic forces are given childish human characteristics.

Poets and historians, ladies and their Leanders, Argonauts and Anzacs, have so mosaicked with meaning this age-old route that the air traveler, completing it between breakfast and luncheon, would need that last-minute-before-drowning clairvoyance to take in even the broad outlines of the picture on the rift between West and East, Europe and Asia, sailor and nomad, Greek and barbarian, between what was known and what was off the map.

The plane is fitted with pontoons and rises from the Bosphorus. Behind, the Genoese castle of Anadolu Kavak, only a moment ago outlined against the Black sea, has flattened out against a northern tip of Asia Minor. As a point is rounded, with the palaces and embassy gardens of Therapia below, the view extends to the Golden Horn.

By the time the strait between Rumeli and Anadolu Hissar is reached the plane is so high above Mohammed the Conqueror's "Cutthroat Castle" that the ground plan, said to be a chirograph of his Arabic name, is just a comfortable cypher.

The ground plan of Robert College takes on rare symmetry. In its center a football game is being played by two tribes of vari-colored ants. Now the Constantinople Woman's college is reached. Its buildings aligned into one imposing facade.

#### Looking Down on Stamboul.

There is a slight haze above Stamboul, the Seraglio palaces are visibly isolated from the teeming city; and the cornucopia curve of the Golden Horn—despite its fame, a mere nick in the eastern edge of Europe, is clearly cut between close-rooted slopes, pock-marked by fire and mournful with cypresses rising above marble-skeletoned cemeteries. The faded seven hills unite into one main ridge.

Now the plane is almost over-faded Sancta Sophia; and the six minarets of the Sultan Ahmed mosque, so needlelike from the ground, seem squat towers. The obelisks in the Hippodrome, Byzantium's antique pleasure center, have no height, but their shadows stretch wide across a park the perfection of which was never before so evident. One wonders when architects will begin to design structures to be beautiful from the air, as landscape gardening already is.

Outside the left windows the Prince Islands bathe in sun-spread quicksilver and the Gulf of Ismid loses itself beyond.

Off the right wing the landward wall of Byzantium, starting imposingly with the Seven Towers, dwindles away until its battlements are lost behind a hill overlooking the Sweet Waters of Europe.

Now one looks straight down on the Island of Marmora, unexpectedly large and full of valleys. Around a tiny bay in the north edge, marble cliffs or sing dumps, white as chalk, describe a horseshoe curve.

Now Europe edges in from the right, with the ridge of Tekir Dagli, emphasized by cumuli, stretching down to give backbone to Gallipoli. What a place to study geography! The two most famous straits of olden times, where Helle drowned and Io, Hera's rival, forded the Bosphorus.

Now the upper entrance to the Hellespont has been reached, with Gallipoli on the opposite shore. Just under the hull is a level hill where

there at one time was a Turkish fort.

A little farther on Lapsaki comes into view. It used to be Lampacus and was famous for its wine and Eriapic worship. The town, being made of mud and stone, may have moved about a bit, but the name has hovered right there since the days when Themistocles was the monarch and the idea of hereditary monarchy was new.

Lapsaki has its own little marina, but the main town stands back from the water, its reddish-brown roofs arranged in seemingly perfect squares. The junction of land and water here is of extreme beauty, the shoreline edged with a greenish blue breaking away to the royal purple of the deeper water.

The ship seemingly increases its speed over the narrows where Leander swam to see Hero and set an example for Lord Byron and others. On a bridge of boats Xerxes crossed here to invade Europe. A century and a half later Alexander returned the compliment.

Beyond the Gallipoli peninsula one can see Suva Bay and below is the old tower of Chanak Kalesi, until recently ringed with modern forts. Across the narrow neck of water is the trefoil fort of Kilit Bahr, a stakless ace of clubs spiked down with a tall central tower.

And here is Troy, immortalized by Homer and Vergil, described by Strabo, a rain soaked, soggy plain, cut by mere brooks and utterly without dramatic quality.

The whole outline of Tenedos may be seen as one flies along, its central portion cultivated, its shoreline notched by ways to which the Greeks withdrew, leaving the wooden horse outside the Trojan walls.

#### The Isles of Greece.

There are pitch-black clouds ahead, their lower sides festooned with waving wisps of rain like Spanish moss. The plane swoops down to 2,000 feet. The long line of Lemnos fills the horizon at the right, and through the opposite window Lesbos (Mylitene) detaches itself from the flank of Asia Minor. Only indistinct suggestions of land lie ahead.

Skyros shoulders her blood-red, craggy cliffs toward the ship's path. When the flight has lasted three hours an Acropolis-like plateau on Euboea shows itself. For the first time the plane dives directly toward the land to find a low, narrow pass above cultivated fields, salmon pink amid gray rock and lush green and dotted with circular stone threshing floors near the Gulf of Petali.

Then comes the supreme thrill; for there, sweeping round in a perfect curve like a gold-edged scimitar laid against the blue, is the Plain of Marathon. Hoary-headed Parnes looms beyond, and Pentellicus, neighbor of Athens and mother of her marbles, suggests how short a flight remains; yet how long that run for Philippiades, bringing news that the Medes and Persians were in flight and that Miltiades had won!

Now the Saronic Gulf is below, opalescent tints showing on an oyster-shell-shaped beach. What seems to be the mainland to the left is really the island of Salamis. From Marathon to Salamis, a ten-year struggle for the Persians, and the flyer can cover it in the sweep of an eye!

A brightly tinted new town, its landscape gardening reduced to the proportions of a painting, grows below as the plane descends. Little Lykabettos spears up to the right, and the Acropolis begins to assume a fraction of its wonted dignity, as the very heart and center of Greek life.

There is a bus terminus, and down the plane comes, flashing past new villas and deserted piers. One final glance for the flyers at that historic plain between Parnes and Hymettos, and down their ship splashes like a duck, in Phaleron Bay, to the east of Piraeus.

#### 312 Americans Carry \$1,000,000 in Insurance

New York.—A list of 312 persons in the United States and Canada who hold life and business insurance policies aggregating \$1,000,000 or more has been compiled. Policies aggregating \$495,429,500 are held by this group. Pierre S. Du Pont, with life insurance policies for \$7,000,000, heads the group.

The second largest policy holder is John C. Martin of Philadelphia with

\$6,540,000, and the third is William Fox, with \$6,500,000. Joseph M. Schenck carries \$5,250,000, and there are six, including Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor, with policies of \$5,000,000 each. Ralph Jonas of Brooklyn appears on the list with insurance of \$3,850,000, and Joseph P. Day of \$3,050,000. Percy Rockefeller is down for \$3,000,000, John E. Bowman for \$2,303,000, and Clarence Mackay for \$2,000,000. The Chanin brothers, Irvin S. and Henry L., are listed in the \$1,500,000. Frank A. Vanderlip car-

ries \$1,130,000, while Jules S. Bache has a policy for \$1,000,000. Others on the \$1,000,000 list are Will Rogers, Al Johnson, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Constance Talmadge, Norma Talmadge, Eric von Stroheim, Nicholas F. Brady, Herbert Kaufman, Eddie Rickenbacker, Harvey S. Firestone, Bernard Baruch, S. M. Vaulain, Thomas E. Mitten, Fred F. French, Samuel Insull, and A. J. Drexel-Biddle.