



1—Maj. Charles Kingsford-Smith and his companions who flew in the plane Southern Cross from Port Marnock, Ireland, to Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, and thence to New York. 2—Sea Scout Paul Siple telling his fellow scouts in Washington about his adventures with the Byrd expedition to the Antarctic. 3—Silver peak of the Chrysler building in New York, just cleared of its sheath of scaffolding.

## NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

### Southern Cross Makes Westward Flight Across the Atlantic Ocean.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

ONCE again the Atlantic has been conquered by aviators, and this time it was the westward passage, made successfully but once before, that was negotiated. Maj. Charles Kingsford-Smith of Australia and three companions flew the famous plane Southern Cross from Port Marnock, Ireland, near Dublin, and made a safe landing at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. Their intended destination was New York, but when they neared the Newfoundland coast they ran into dense fogs and for six hours flew blind, losing their course and wandering aimlessly. Meanwhile their fuel was running low and their predicament seemed serious. However, their radio was efficient and the operator, John W. Stannage, kept in constant communication with ships and shore stations. A relief plane was about to take off from Harbor Grace when the Southern Cross came in out of the fog and dropped gracefully to earth.

While Kingsford-Smith, Stannage and their companions, Evert Van Dyk and Capt. J. Patrick Saul, rested after the two thousand mile flight the plane was refueled, and next morning at daylight the trip to New York was resumed. Major Kingsford-Smith said they would fly later to San Francisco, completing a round the world flight for him and the plane.

New York city gave the gallant aviators its customary reception, with pageant, parade, luncheons and dinners. The pilot brought across a letter from President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State to President Hoover, which he planned to deliver in person at the White House.

The directors and executives of the National Air races sent Major Kingsford-Smith a telegram of warm congratulation and invited him to remain over in Chicago or to return from the Pacific coast to be their guest during the races, which begin August 23.

COL. ROBERTO FIERRO, now Mexico's air hero, made a non-stop flight from New York to Mexico City in 16 hours and 35 minutes, a new record and ten hours less than the time taken by Colonel Lindbergh for the trip from Washington to Mexico City last December.

YET another most auspicious event in aviation circles, so to speak, was the birth of a fine son to Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh at Englewood, N. J. The glad news was given all the world immediately by newspaper bulletins and radio broadcasts, and congratulatory messages poured in on the happy parents. The colonel was characteristically reticent, but Ambassador Morrow proclaimed himself the happiest grandfather in the world. In filling out the birth certificate Mrs. Lindbergh designated herself as a professional flyer and gave her home as St. Louis, Mo.

Rear Admiral Byrd and Colonel Lindbergh met in a New York hotel and exchanged congratulations. Byrd mentioned the birth of Lindbergh's son and the colonel's high altitude coast to coast flight. Lindbergh spoke glowingly of the aerial trip to the South pole. He left his congratulations for

Bernt Balchen, the pilot of Byrd's plane on its polar dash.

PRESIDENT HOOVER last week was compelled by his honest convictions to veto another pension bill, and this time the veto was upheld by the house of representatives. The measure was the World war veterans bill originating in the house and passed by the senate despite Mr. Hoover's warning that he would not approve it. Only six senators voted against the bill, which the President said was "bad legislation," against the best interests of the veterans themselves and placing "an unjustified load upon the taxpayers at a time every effort should be made to lighten it."

As soon as the senate had acted, the Republicans of the house held a caucus and enough votes were pledged to sustain the veto. To facilitate action the house accepted the senate amendments and the measure was sent to Mr. Hoover. Then, immediately after his veto message was received, the vote sustaining it was taken. A substitute bill was then rushed through the house, with the prospect of definite action on it by the senate within a few days. The new measure embodies the pension system. Its initial annual cost to the government will be \$50,000,000, which will increase to \$80,000,000 in three years. It will apply to probably 200,000 veterans (in addition to 245,000 now receiving compensation) whose pensions will range from \$12 to \$40 a month, depending upon the degree of disability. The vetoed bill, according to Director Hines of the veterans' bureau, would have cost \$102,000,000 the first year and ultimately would have added \$225,000,000 annually to the present expenditures for veterans.

BY A vote of 16 to 4 the senate foreign relations committee reported the London naval treaty to the senate for approval. Neither Chairman Borah nor the warmest advocates of the pact on the committee submitted any written report explaining and commending it. The four who refused to recommend its ratification were Johnson of California, Moses of New Hampshire, Robinson of Indiana and Shipstead of Minnesota.

President Hoover remained steadfast in his intention of calling an immediate special session of the senate to act on the treaty, although twenty-four senators signed a round robin petition asking him to abandon this plan and allow consideration of the pact to be postponed until after the November elections.

Administration leaders are confident the treaty will be ratified eventually, but admit the controversy will be long and bitter. The opposition has prepared proposed reservations which would include the following declarations:

That the treaty involves no permanent surrender of the previously claimed right of the United States to build as it pleases.

That under the so-called "escape clause" America can build whatever type of ship it desires in the event of England or Japan building beyond the treaty limits because of the construction programs of nations not signatory to the pact.

That under the replacement clauses Great Britain can replace her 6-inch gun cruisers with ships of that category.

SUIT for triple damages of \$30,000,000 was filed in Kansas City by the Grigsby-Grunow company of Chicago against the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric company, the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing company and others,

and the plaintiff concern alleges the existence of a vast pool of radio patents created in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, and says the defendants thus illegally compelled the payment of royalties of almost \$6,000,000 by the Grigsby-Grunow company.

ROTARY International celebrated its silver jubilee last week in Chicago, the city of its birth. Members to the number of some 18,000 assembled from all parts of the world, with their families, and the doings included not only banquets and other festive events but also sessions in which the problems of the trades and professions were seriously discussed and many social questions were debated.

CHESTER H. GRAY, Washington representative of the Farm Bureau federation, has given out an analysis purporting to show that agriculture benefits much more from the new tariff law than does industry.

Duties on raw agricultural products have been increased on an average by 51.6 per cent over the rates of the 1922 law, tabulations made by Mr. Gray indicate. The industrial rate increases have averaged 14.6 per cent, the agricultural increases being more than three times as much as industrial increases.

HOUSE and senate conferees agreed on the rivers and harbors bill exactly as it was passed by the senate, and it was sent to the President for his approval. It is estimated that the bill authorizes the expenditure of more than \$135,000,000 on projects which if completed will cost in excess of \$300,000,000. Actual expenditures must be made from the lump sum annual appropriation of \$55,000,000 at the disposal of the army engineers.

AMOS W. W. WOODCOCK was selected to be director of the bureau of prohibition in the Department of Justice to begin his work on July 1, the date of transfer of prohibition enforcement from the Treasury department. Mr. Woodcock has been United States district attorney at Baltimore, is forty-six years old and served through the World War. He will be the chief aid of G. A. Youngquist, assistant attorney general in charge of dry law and income tax prosecutions. In the latter's initial drive to better dry law enforcement.

PUBLICATION of the second section of the report of the Simon commission on India served only to accentuate the rage of the Indian Nationalists. The commission recommends primarily that there be a federal organization of all the Indian states; that the new constitution should, so far as possible, contain within itself provision for its own development, allowing for natural growth and diversity; and that during the period in which India is progressing on the road to complete self-government, there must be full provision made for the efficiency of the fundamentals of government, which means that for many years the presence of British troops, and British officers serving in Indian regiments, will be essential.

REPORTS of the serious illness of Pope Pius XI alarmed Rome and the whole Catholic world. It was said he was suffering from an acute bladder trouble and that uremic poisoning was threatened. The Vatican, however, gave out information tending to show the reports were exaggerated and indicated that his plans for certain important ceremonies had not been altered.

## INJURED, BROKEN, MENDED HEARTS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

STEVEN sat in the little summer house on the bank of the lake, stricken. Aghast, he watched the green and white blot which was Susan's canoe grow smaller as it headed for her home dock.

In all the years since they were children and had been coming with their families for the summers at Crescent lake he had never seen her so angry with him. At his feet on the plank floor glittered the platinum ring, with its square diamond, over which she had been so happy a few months before when their engagement was announced.

With a little groan Steven twined one arm around the rough bark of the railing and dropped his head upon it. Life without Susan was unthinkable. Susan—the girl whose lithe form could shoot through the water with a speed equal to his, who quarreled with him and laughed with him, but who he had felt certain always loved him!

Her words still rang in his ears. "I won't marry a jealous man!" she had cried. "The idea of your objecting to my going around with George Randerpool when we've known his people so well and everything! I had to be polite to him, didn't I, while he was here at the hotel?"

Perhaps some of Susan's wrath came from the fact that secretly she felt a little guilty. Even the most loyal young woman may not be able to resist frank admiration such as had been expressed by Randerpool's dark eyes looking into her pansy-blue ones. And perhaps she had wanted to torment Steven a trifle. He was so sure of her. And the little quarrel had ended by her breaking their engagement.

Slow resentment was beginning to stir within Steven when he dimly was aware that his name was being called from the door of the little summer house. He looked for some seconds at Isabel Dewey, teetering back and forth on her rubber heels, before he comprehended that she wanted his attention.

"Gracious!" she said at last in her singularly low voice. "Are you asleep? We want a fourth at doubles—come on!"

It would always be like that, Steven thought bitterly as he got to his feet. Life always would be interrupting a man's tragedies by a call to dinner or something equally silly. He attacked the ball vigorously and he and Isabel won three sets.

"You were a champion last year at college, weren't you?" she asked admiringly when it was over. There was something very gratifying to him in her frank admiration just then, although before today he had not been attracted to her. Before he knew it, as they walked along, he was telling Isabel about his broken engagement. Why not! By tomorrow all the summer resort would know the news.

Isabel Dewey bent on him a look which was a combination of surprise and sympathy. "Now, you've got to be brave, Steven," she told him. "You can't let this wreck your life! Whenever you just have to talk about it you come to me!"

It was really very decent of her, Steven thought, to appreciate his trouble so keenly. There was more to Isabel than he had thought.

There was. It is one thing to make kittenlike dabs at another girl's property and entirely different when the property is delivered into one's hands. Before Steven realized it he was spending most of his time with Isabel Dewey, and her mother rocking on the hotel veranda was already planning Isabel's trousseau and furniture. It would be a triumph for her daughter to capture Steven Blissmer, handsome, charming and hitherto considered as hopelessly ensnared by Susan Card. Susan, much to Mrs. Dewey's relief, had removed herself from the scene the day after her quarrel with Steven. She had gone to Banton for an indefinite visit—and had left no word for Steven.

He told himself that he had definitely put her out of his mind, was finding out what a wonderful girl Isabel Dewey was—sympathetic to a degree never betrayed by Susan, a true woman! He canoed in the moonlight after their daily tennis and insensibly their talk drifted from Steven's broken romance to just romance. There are some girls to whom moonlight lends added beauty and Isabel was one of

these. With her dark eyes raised to his, her face cameo-pale in its light, she was enough to thrill any young man's heart. After all, Steven began to think when he at last tired of waiting daily for what the postman never brought, after all it was just as well he had found out in time that he and Susan were not suited to each other. The cause of their quarrel, George Randerpool, was back at the hotel, but on him Steven bent an indifferent eye. He was too dapper to suit a brawny athlete like Steven, but he was popular with the women and girls.

It did not occur to Steven that Isabel might be attracted because she had so devoted herself to him since his trouble. And when one night, instead of finding her waiting for him in their special veranda corner, Steven stumbled upon Isabel standing in the moonlight with George Randerpool, her hand in his, the same light in her eyes she had bent on himself, it was a distinct shock.

This was too much. He felt that he was through with women forever and all of Isabel's efforts to talk to him the following day he successfully foiled. That it was injured pride instead of a broken heart in this case was what he did not realize. Very tall, very white, he stalked about the woods, solitary, musing upon life in general and girls in particular. There was a dull ache within him which he could not identify, but of one thing he was sure. He did not care if never again he laid eyes on Susan Card or Isabel Dewey or any girl whatever!

Steven made things very difficult for his family during those weeks elapsing before he should leave for his last year in an eastern college. His patient mother thought grimly of the things she should like to say to both the young women who had brought him to this pass. And Susan, in her opinion, was pre-eminently the one and only girl for her son. But she learned not to mention her name. She kissed him goodby and sent him on his way at last.

He sat in the little launch bearing him away to the village and the train. His mother stood, a placid, middle-aged figure, on their dock, waving longingly in his direction, a tiny speck of white in one hand occasionally dabbing her eyes. This was the fourth year she had waved him goodby and Godspeed—and it was the first time that another figure, slighter, taller, golden, had not waved more vigorously but as yearningly from the end of the Card's dock. Steven's lips were set hard as he waved his hat in response to his mother. The unidentified ache rolled over and through and well-nigh obliterated him. The constant nagging at his inmost soul which had tortured him for weeks suddenly grew into an intolerable hurt and his throat swelled as it might have done ten years before.

Man though he was, there was a film over his eyes and the launch approaching them from the direction of the village was almost abreast before Steven noted its single passenger. As he recognized Susan Card in the stern seat, Susan a trifle thinner and very sober, the unidentified ache within him suddenly vanished. The mere sight of her cured it. She saw him at the same moment.

Both of them sprang to the sides of their boats, reaching out to each other—and because the boatmen knew the affairs of the lake people, and these two especially, with no directions whatever from their fares they jockeyed their crafts about and shut off their engines. In the stillness the two launches drifted together and two hands clasped at last. There were tears in Susan's eyes.

"Wh—what an idiot I've been, Steven!" she gasped.

"You've nothing on me," Steven stammered in his relief and excitement. And there in the middle of Crescent lake they kissed each other for all the world to see if it chose.

### Astronomical Watch

An astronomical watch, the gem of the Packard collection, now in the Smithsonian institution, strikes the hour and minutes and has a perpetual calendar and a miniature sky in which 500 stars appear in true relation with one another—concealed machinery keeping them in their correct positions each hour of the night. The watch shows the time of sunrise and sunset, and has a separate minute hand which shows the difference between the regular time of day and the time as it appears on a sundial.

### Tiniest Human Being

There is great joy in a Budapest clinic because Manzi is beginning to walk and talk. Manzi is believed to be the tiniest normal baby ever born. Instead of weighing about 120 ounces, she weighed 21 ounces, and at three weeks old was only just over 12 inches long. Doctors from Vienna, Berlin and Paris went to inspect the world's tiniest baby, and no one held much hope of her survival. But the good folk at the clinic worked to save Manzi, and they have triumphed.

## Trondhjem, Viking Capital



Haymaking in Norway.

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

TRONDHJEM, old Viking capital, and the surrounding country of central Norway, recently celebrated the nine hundredth anniversary of the death of Norway's patron, Saint Olaf, the King who established Christianity in Europe's northwestern corner. The city's name was officially changed a few months ago to Nidaros, its ancient designation; but the inhabitants are not unanimously pleased with the change, and "Trondhjem" continues in partial use.

Modern Trondhjem is built on a peninsula formed by the River Nid and the Trondhjem fiord which indents Norway's west coast. Its houses are cheerful frame structures painted in white or light colors, with potted plants making colorful spots at their windows. The royal palace, a huge, white building, is one of the largest wooden buildings in the world.

The shops have many unusual wares for visitors. Furs are sold and there is a demand for blue and silver fox, polar bear and ermine. Elderdown quilts, bear skin rugs, embroideries, carved wood souvenirs, and silver carved in old Norse designs are popular with tourists. Many of the larger shops are on Olaf Tryggvasson street, which was named after the town's founder.

Although it lies in the same latitude as southern Iceland, Trondhjem has summers like those of England, and its winters are no more severe than those of Germany. The river and the fiord are seldom frozen. In summer numerous trees and shrubs give the town a semitropical appearance which the visitor had not expected.

The long Arctic summer daylight has its effect on the farmlands surrounding Trondhjem. Often there are two crops a year of produce which yields but one crop in temperate climates.

### Norse Coronation Place.

Trondhjem was the coronation place of ancient Norse kings; and the present king, Hakan VII, was crowned there in 1906 when the union of Sweden and Norway was dissolved. The city has a population of some 55,000. Much of its life centers about the water front. The ship building industry is brisk and there is a boat service between Trondhjem and Bergen and the North Cape. Numerous fishing boats come in with their cargoes of salted herring to be deposited in the tall, quaint gabled warehouses which line the quays.

The lofty Gothic spires of Trondhjem cathedral rise above the surrounding low buildings of purely Norse architecture in striking contrast to them. The cathedral looks like a transplanted English church in a Norse setting. Its Gothic style may be attributed to Norsemen, living in England when the Gothic architecture was straining its vogue, who preferred it to the simpler Norse style and incorporated it into the cathedral. The structure was begun during the reign of Olaf the Quiet, between 1066 and 1088.

All the excitement which marks our most generally observed holiday, Christmas, attends the Day of St. John on June 24. While it bears a Christian name, the holiday and its customs go back to pagan origin. In effect the day still is a festival of the sun. Green birch trees adorn every house and children carry evergreen branches through the streets. The analogy to Christmas breaks down, however, when younger folk crowd into boats on the fiords or hike to

the mountain woods which, at twilight, are flecked with bonfires. All night long these beacons burn, as ghostly figures of the merry makers dance and sing around them.

### Life in Central Norway.

Yearly more visitors are strapping on their knapsacks for walking trips through the rugged countryside of central Norway, where every rock-hewn road seems to lead to a fiord, and where the native customs defy the turfs of such dribbles of travel as now sift through.

The visitor goes to church, and the simple services seem stereotyped enough until a bit of stately descent from the ceiling. The figure of an angel, supported by a rod, holds a bowl filled with water. The surprised visitor realizes this theatrical appearance is a baptismal foot.

The simplicity and innocence of the country folk in the remote and isolated sections is betokened by their promiscuous bathing. And by "bathing" is meant just that; not the diversion of water splashing and sand sponging, but getting oneself clean. A log but is the village bathhouse. A furnace of stones is heated and water poured over the red-hot surface.

Into this steam steps a family—men, women, children, visiting relatives and neighbors. The bathers switch each other with birch twigs to induce more perspiration and gleefully throw buckets of cold water over each other when the heat becomes too intense. All of this is nothing of an orgy—but as prosaic as our daily bath. The rural Norwegian would see nothing immoral nor funny in an American hotel which inadvertently advertised "1,000 rooms, and bath."

In a Vermont village each family once had its horse and buggy, a vehicle now supplanted by the automobile. In a Norway hamlet a boat is the principal family conveyance in summer. There fishing takes the place of farming and the houses are strung around a bend of a fiord instead of along a rambling main street.

Grazing herds of goats is the principal land industry of Norway's hilly north country and these flocks give rise to the picturesque goat-girl. The mountain pastures usually are far removed from the villages and each spring sees the young farm women driving their herds up the mountain paths to some lofty but sheltered valley among the glistening, snow-capped peaks. There they remain all summer long, camping in wooden huts, visited occasionally by their men folk to carry away the butter and cheese.

Goat's Cheese is a Staple. Goat's cheese, a delicatessen delicacy in the United States, is a principal article of Norwegian diet. It has the rich, brown color and something of the flavor of peanut butter. It is not eaten on crackers as a supplementary course but, sliced and laid on large cross sections of brown bread, is a staple of the meal.

Characteristic of inland Norway is Lillehammer which lies at the northern end of Mjosen lake, Norway's largest body of fresh water. The town is a gateway to the Gudbrandsdal. In this valley many ancient customs and costumes of the country are still in vogue. The town itself lies on the north and south rail routes from Oslo to Trondhjem, and is visited annually by thousands of tourists.

This region differs markedly from the fiord country bordering the Atlantic coast and the "land of the midnight sun" which lies farther to the north. In spite of its high latitude Lillehammer enjoys a comparatively mild climate, resort hotels being open for visitors the year round.