

## News Review of Current Events the World Over

### Lucas Tries to Oust Senator Norris From Republican Party—Borah Thinks Special Session Will Be Necessary.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD



**ERADICATION** of Senator George W. Norris from the Republican party is demanded by Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican national committee in a scathing statement which is said to have the tacit approval of the White House. In return, the independent Republican senators insist that the national committee oust Mr. Lucas. Chairman Fess of the committee has declared for a hands-off policy, but a showdown is demanded by Senator "Jewel" of Nebraska and others, and there is in prospect a lively party quarrel that may very well embarrass the Republicans greatly. All this is the outcome of the discovery by the Nye campaign fund committee that Lucas financed a campaign against the re-election of Norris. Lucas has freely admitted the facts and defends his action by the assertion that the Nebraska senator is not really a Republican and has no right to be classed as such.

"To accept office at the hands of this party and then viciously oppose its policies, principles and leadership, brings an intolerable situation and one which must be eradicated, if the party is to live," says Mr. Lucas.

"Such conduct by Senator Norris has been revolting and until the leaders of the Republican party not only fail to support but give their active opposition to men like Senator Norris, they are not doing their full duty to the party which has come down to us from Lincoln."

After telling how he privately contributed three pieces of literature to the anti-Norris campaign, Lucas goes on to relate in detail the many ways in which Norris has displayed his "party treachery" and "ingratitude" by opposing the administrations and policies of Presidents Coolidge and Hoover, all of which is a part of history though heretofore officially ignored by Republican party chieftains.

Convened by an emergency call by Chairman Nye, the senate committee discovered further that the \$4,000 which Lucas borrowed to pay for the anti-Norris propaganda and for which he gave his personal note was guaranteed by a \$40,000 special account of the Republican national committee in the Commercial National bank in Washington. This was in the nature of a counter attack against Lucas and was reinforced by statements made by Norris and Senator Cutting of New Mexico. The Nebraskan openly charged that Lucas had sworn to a falsehood when he testified before the committee that the money he paid was his own private fund. Cutting defended Norris and attacked the national committee.

Then up stepped Representative Wood of Indiana on behalf of Lucas and "eaved a'arf a brick at Senator Norris; whereupon Senator Brookhart of Iowa, finding it wasn't a private fight, shied a dornick at Secretary Mellon and called Lucas "an insignificant wart."

There were indications that President Hoover and the other party leaders would ignore, officially, the entire quarrel, which would perhaps be the safest course if not the bravest.

**W**HETHER or not Lucas wins out in his fight on Norris, it is now thought doubtful that he will be made chairman to succeed Senator Fess. The man now most prominently mentioned for the place is Ray Benjamin of San Francisco, a close friend of President Hoover. Several weeks ago Mr. Benjamin had several conferences with the President. Then he went home and cleared up his private affairs and returned to Washington for an indefinite stay. When questioned concerning the report that he was to be given the chairmanship, he said he was in the capital to realize an old desire to open law offices there, and added: "I will do anything I can, however, for my party."

Mr. Benjamin has had an extensive legal career and has been active in politics in California. He was regional director for the national committee

for the west coast section in the Republican campaign, of 1920.

**P**RESIDENT HOOVER'S Christmas present to Warren T. McCray, former governor of Indiana, was a full pardon restoring him to full civil rights. McCray served three years and four months of a ten year sentence to Atlanta penitentiary for use of the mails to defraud in connection with the sale of worthless cattle paper. He was paroled by President Coolidge in August, 1927.

**R**EPRESENTATIVE CHARLES B. Timberlake of Colorado, seventy-five years old and wealthy, and Mrs. Roberta Wood Elliott, a thirty-five-year-old widow who has been working as a waitress, were married in Washington by Rev. Dr. J. S. Montgomery, chaplain of the house. They started on a honeymoon trip to North Carolina, the bride's home, and a cruise in southern waters.

**S**ENATOR BORAH doesn't want anyone to think he would conduct a filibuster in congress after the holidays, but he believes there is so much important legislation to be disposed of that a special session immediately after March 4 will be necessary and should be called by the President. It was his persuasion that brought about the special session in the spring 1929. Legislation which the Idaho solon considers of pressing importance includes power and railroad measures, the anti-injunction bill, the motor bus bill, further unemployment relief and, perhaps chief of all, the export debenture farm relief scheme.

In the closing hours before congress recessed for the holidays Mr. Borah led other senators in a hot attack on the federal farm board's wheat operations. Chairman Alexander Legge of the board, being asked what he thought of Borah's charge that the board in buying wheat is merely postponing "the day of reckoning" that will come when it sells, replied: "Please don't ask me to discuss cyclones. You know the definition of a cyclone—something made of hot air which runs amuck and usually is destructive." He went on, however, to defend the board's policy in some detail.

Mr. Legge also paid his respects to John Simpson of Oklahoma City, new president of the Farmers' union, who was quoted as asserting the board is "deliberately" holding down wheat and cotton prices, and citing a senator as authority.

"You can say to Mr. Simpson that any man making that statement, whether in public office or not, is an unmitigated liar, and say it with my compliments," the chairman said. "Such a statement has never been made by any member of the board or anyone else in authority. The absurdity of it is proved by the fact that wheat still is sinking in the world market. Today Chicago wheat is some 16 cents above the Liverpool close, and, adding a similar amount for transportation, our wheat is 30 to 32 cents above the world parity."

**V**ERMONT will hold a special election on March 31 to choose a successor to the late United States Senator Frank L. Greene. Until then the seat will be filled by Frank C. Partridge of Proctor, who has been appointed by Gov. John E. Weeks. Mr. Partridge, who is sixty-five years old, is a Republican and a business man and lawyer.

**C**AMERON MORRISON, the new senator from North Carolina, was scarcely in his seat before he totally wrecked an ancient tradition of the upper house by arising and making a speech. Of course he should have sat silent for at least a few weeks, but the attack made by Senator Walsh of Montana on Frank R. McNinch of North Carolina, one of the President's nominees for the federal power commission, was more than he could endure without retort. He spoke

eloquently and warmly for twenty minutes, starting out with the declaration: "I would scorn to stand in this body and hear this noble man traduced by anybody," and when he was all through he mildly expressed his regret that he "had to trespass upon the attention of this body in almost the hour of my entrance."

Mr. McNinch, the speaker explained, never received nor handled a nickel of any power company's money. True enough, he was an anti-Smith Democrat in 1928, and he, Morrison, as a regular, took the stump against him, but that did not make him a Republican.

**F**AILURES of relatively small banks of the country were rather numerous, and on Tuesday the Chelsea Bank and Trust company of New York city was closed after runs on its main office and six branches. The bank had more than 40,000 depositors and gross deposits as of November 14 of \$23,923,000. The deposits had shrunk in the last few weeks to around \$16,000,000, it was said.

The runs were attributed by officials of the bank to unfounded and malicious rumors for which Communists, among others, were held responsible. Investigation of the rumors were begun by the state's attorney general, District Attorney Crane and the police department, and two men were arrested charged with circulating false rumors.

**T**HERE was considerable surprise in Great Britain when it was announced the other day that Viscount Willingdon, now governor-general of Canada, had been appointed viceroy of India to succeed Lord Irwin when the latter retires in March, 1931. There had been much talk to the effect that Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald probably would be given the rich plum. Lord Willingdon, who is sixty-four years of age, was governor of Bombay from 1913 to 1919 and of Madras from 1919 to 1924, earning a name for a conciliatory attitude. He has been governor-general of Canada since 1926.

**O**F GREAT importance in the economic affairs of northern Europe was the signing by six nations of a convention binding them not to raise existing tariff rates or introduce new ones without consulting one another. This was done at a conference in Oslo, Norway, called to enforce "liberal principles in commercial policy." The six nations are Norway, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Luxembourg.

The signatories also agreed to consider the application of the principle which was the basis of the treaty to "other arrangements likewise calculated to favor international trade."

**D**ICTATOR Stalin, in the process of "cleaning house" in the Soviet regime, has now got rid of Alexis Rykov. Recently that gentleman was removed from his high position as president of the council of people's commissars, which corresponds to premier in other governments. The other day by action of the central committee and central control commission of the Communist party he was deprived of membership in the important political bureau. It was a part of Stalin's plan to get rid of all the right-wing leaders and was followed immediately by the dismissal of Tomsky as vice chairman of the supreme economic council. Both Rykov and Tomsky had long opposed Stalin's industrialization program, and though they recanted publicly last summer during the party congress, this did not save them. Rykov was absent from recent Soviet celebrations in Moscow, and it was explained that he had gone South "for his health." That was the way Trotsky went.

Only one right winger of prominence remains in a high post. He is Nicholas Bucharin, a member of the central committee and also of the supreme economic council. The general expectation is that he, too, will be dropped eventually, thus leaving Stalin's ideas supreme.

**N**OTABLES who died during the week included Gerrit J. Diekema, American minister to The Hague; Vintila Bratianu, Rumania's foremost statesman and bitter opponent of King Carol; Charles K. Harris, writer of "After the Ball" and many other popular songs; Claude A. C. Jennings, editor in chief of the Toronto Mail and Empire; Flo Irwin, veteran actress, and Sir Harry Perry Robinson, an eminent English journalist.

**B**etty's New Year's Eve Party

Blanche Tanner Dillin

"Oh, JIMMY, I don't like that crowd. They are trying so hard to be modern that they are positively stupid," Betty Crowell explained to Jimmy Burrell in answer to his demand to know why she wouldn't go to the New Year's eve dance with him.

"You're jealous," he accused her.

"Jealous," Betty exclaimed. "Of whom may I ask?"

"The whole crowd," he informed her.

Betty threw back her head and laughed. "Now, Jimmy, calm your fears on that question." Then with a mischievous smile she said: "Now I might be of some one I thought you really cared about—but I know they aren't your type."

"Lots you know or care about my type," was the sharp retort.

"Don't be cross, Jimmy," Betty implored.

"I'm not. But I'm sorry you don't care enough to go with me."

"You will have a better time without me. They wouldn't enjoy me any more than I would them."

"Just as you say—" Jimmy turned toward the door—as he opened it. "Hope you have a Happy New Year."

"Same to you," she answered gayly. Tears filled her eyes as she went back into the living room and sank down on the davenport. Poor, stupid Jimmy! Couldn't he see how unsuitable the companions were he had made since coming out of college two years

before. But perhaps he could. She didn't see how he could fall to. Poor, dear Jimmy never liked to be dictated to. The old days in college he liked to try out everything for himself—bless his heart; when he found out he was wrong he was always ready to acknowledge his mistake.

How long it had been since she had seen any of the "old crowd." Suddenly an idea came to her. With a cry of delight she jumped up, and with the telephone book before her began making a list of names. Yes, she could locate most of them, and in a few minutes she was calling up the parties.

Either the idea of again mingling with the old companions, or the curiosity to see what a "new fashioned New Year's eve party," as Betty described it, was, the ten old friends gladly accepted the invitation. Betty wondered how Sam Taylor would accept drinking in the New Year in grape juice.

Betty had told everybody there would be 12 guests, but when they arrived there were only 11 with Betty. Nothing was said, however, until they entered the dining room a little before 12, when Edgar Marsh asked for whom the extra chair might be.

**H**APPY NEW YEAR

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I SAW on the hills of the morning The form of the New Year arise; He stood like a statue adorning The world, with a background of skies.

There were courage and grace In his beautiful face And hope in his beautiful eyes.

"I come from Time's boundless forever," He said in a voice like a song; I come as a friend of endeavor, To the sad and afraid, I bring promise and aid, And the weak I will gird and make strong.

"I bring you more blessings than terrors, I bring you more sunshine than gloom, I tear out your old page of errors, And hide them away in time's tomb. I reach you clean hands, And lead on to the lands Where the lilies of peace always bloom."

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"Oh," Betty laughed, "That's for the New Year."

It was just a minute to 12 when steps were heard on the porch.

"Must be the New Year," Joan Barton suggested.

"I'll let him in," Betty suggested, starting for the door, as the guests all laughed.

"Betty," Jimmy's voice whispered, "Forgive me dear, for coming uninvited. I couldn't stay away. I couldn't let the old year go without your forgiveness."

"Jimmy," Betty, her hand tight in his, whispered: "You're forgiven and you are invited, too."

As Betty tried to draw Jimmy into the dining room he pulled her back. "Betty," he whispered, "I didn't go to that party—I just couldn't."

And just then came a chorus of voices from the guests demanding that Betty "let the New Year come on in."

As the two entered the dining room the air was filled with the shrieks of whistles and blare of horns.

"Welcome Happy New Year," the guests called as they saw Jimmy. And then some one discovered why the other chair was there and all tried to tell Jimmy about it at once.

"Well, if I'm a 'New Year,' I sure am a happy one," and the happy light in his eyes bore out the statement.

Under cover of conversation he whispered: "Why did you leave this place for me?"

"Because," Betty whispered back, "I felt pretty sure that you'd come back."

Sam Taylor then raised his glass of grape juice.

"To the New Year, may it be as colorful as this, and," he paused a moment, "as harmless."

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**Betty's New Year's Eve Party**

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**THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT**

—By—

Myrtle Koon Cherryman

**S**ISTER SUSAN was full of all sorts of New Year's resolutions. "This isn't a man's world any more," she said. "It belongs just as much to the women as it does to the men. We have our rights now; we're just as good as the men are, and I'm just going to do everything the boys do. I'm going to skate as well as Thomas Bean and I'm going to play basketball like John Thomas, and next fall I'll organize a school football team for girls only. I'll be the captain and we'll beat the regular school team or at least tie them, because we're just as good as they are. I guess I'll show the world! Mother thinks that because she votes she's the equal of a man, but she's too old-fashioned. She isn't half a man. I'll bet she was never in a real good fight in her life. It's

when she started to speak unkindly to her mother Introspection brought a blush of shame and she suddenly became considerate and helpful.

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Velma's mother reminded her, "You were out until two last night, and you know there's school tomorrow." "For crying out loud," began Velma. "You never want us to have any fun! Heck, Mom, you're sure—" but she did not finish. Ringing in her ears came "silly little fool." She put her arm around her mother. "There, Mom, I didn't mean it. You're alright. I won't go."

Early to bed that night Velma closed her eyes still seeing a clear-eyed, youthful face and before she went to sleep she made a solemn resolution never again to be called a "silly little fool" by people really worth knowing.

Instead of being lead, Velma became a leader. Her crowd learned tennis, rowing, swimming and found plenty of healthful exercise and jolly good times that brought peaceful sleep and happy dispositions.

Summer came and their tennis club went to the ocean for a swim after the game one day. In the plunge they had races and diving contests. Velma was usually the winner. Her face aglow with health and pleasure, her graceful young body poised for a high dive, she was suddenly conscious of a youth standing beside her. Off she went turning a summersault in the air, into the water with hardly a splash, striking out across the pool with long even strokes. Following her came the youth, clear-eyed, handsome. "Say, that was great!" he said. "Yes, thanks to you," she replied.

"Why thank me, I did not teach you?"

"Yes you did."

"I did not."

"You did."

"How could I and not know it?" "You'd be surprised," she laughed—and that was the beginning of a friendship that was worthwhile.

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**Just Then Came a Chorus of Voices From the Guests.**

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## A NEW YEAR

By MARGARET SANGSTER

**W**HY do we greet thee, O blithe New Year? What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer? Comest, knight-errant, the wrogs to right? Comest to scatter our gloom with light? Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine In heart and eyes at a word of thine?

The Old was buoyant, the Old was true, The Old was brave when the Old was new, He crowned us often with grace and gift; His sternest skies had a deep blue rift. Yet straight and swift, when his hand unclasped, With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.

O tell us, Year—we are fain to know— What is thy charm that we hail thee so? Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky The New Year beckons, and makes reply: "I bring you friends, what the years have brought Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought— Days for labor, and nights for rest; And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest; Space to work in, and work to do, And faith in that which is pure and true. Hold me in honor and greet me dear, And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year."

**Sister Susan Resolves**

2 2 2

By HAROLD L. COOK

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Summer came and their tennis club went to the ocean for a swim after the game one day. In the plunge they had races and diving contests. Velma was usually the winner. Her face aglow with health and pleasure, her graceful young body poised for a high dive, she was suddenly conscious of a youth standing beside her. Off she went turning a summersault in the air, into the water with hardly a splash, striking out across the pool with long even strokes. Following her came the youth, clear-eyed, handsome. "Say, that was great!" he said. "Yes, thanks to you," she replied.

"Why thank me, I did not teach you?"

"Yes you did."

"I did not."

"You did."

"How could I and not know it?" "You'd be surprised," she laughed—and that was the beginning of a friendship that was worthwhile.

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**THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT**

—By—

Myrtle Koon Cherryman

**S**ISTER SUSAN was full of all sorts of New Year's resolutions. "This isn't a man's world any more," she said. "It belongs just as much to the women as it does to the men. We have our rights now; we're just as good as the men are, and I'm just going to do everything the boys do. I'm going to skate as well as Thomas Bean and I'm going to play basketball like John Thomas, and next fall I'll organize a school football team for girls only. I'll be the captain and we'll beat the regular school team or at least tie them, because we're just as good as they are. I guess I'll show the world! Mother thinks that because she votes she's the equal of a man, but she's too old-fashioned. She isn't half a man. I'll bet she was never in a real good fight in her life. It's

when she started to speak unkindly to her mother Introspection brought a blush of shame and she suddenly became considerate and helpful.

In the afternoon Valeria came to tell her of a dance out at Log Cabin Lodge. "It's a benefit for some cripples or something. Frank and Elmer want to take us. You'll come of course."

Velma's mother reminded her, "You were out until two last night, and you know there's school tomorrow." "For crying out loud," began Velma. "You never want us to have any fun! Heck, Mom, you're sure—" but she did not finish. Ringing in her ears came "silly little fool." She put her arm around her mother. "There, Mom, I didn't mean it. You're alright. I won't go."

Early to bed that night Velma closed her eyes still seeing a clear-eyed, youthful face and before she went to sleep she made a solemn resolution never again to be called a "silly little fool" by people really worth knowing.

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## A NEW YEAR

By MARGARET SANGSTER

**W**HY do we greet thee, O blithe New Year? What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer? Comest, knight-errant, the wrogs to right? Comest to scatter our gloom with light? Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine In heart and eyes at a word of thine?

The Old was buoyant, the Old was true, The Old was brave when the Old was new, He crowned us often with grace and gift; His sternest skies had a deep blue rift. Yet straight and swift, when his hand unclasped, With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.

O tell us, Year—we are fain to know— What is thy charm that we hail thee so? Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky The New Year beckons, and makes reply: "I bring you friends, what the years have brought Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought— Days for labor, and nights for rest; And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest; Space to work in, and work to do, And faith in that which is pure and true. Hold me in honor and greet me dear, And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year."