

News Review of Current Events the World Over

Senate Ratifies the Hoover War Debt Moratorium After Warm Debate—Woman Made Member of Arms Parley Delegation.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SIXTY-NINE senators voting in the affirmative, some with reluctance, the senate ratified the Hoover moratorium on intergovernmental debts after several days of hectic debate. Twelve members, equally divided between the two parties, were recorded in opposition. The Republicans, all listed as insurgents, were Frazer, Johnson, Norbeck, Norris, Nye and Schall. The Democrats who voted no were Bulow, Caraway, Connally, Dill, McKellar and Thomas.

In view of the pledges President Hoover had received in advance, the fight against ratification was admitted by hopeless, but Senator Johnson of California and several others insisted, nevertheless, on voicing at length their objections to the resolution. Johnson in particular was bitter in his denunciation of Mr. Hoover's course in this matter, criticizing him for not giving due notice that the moratorium as originally proposed had to be altered to suit France. He repeatedly charged that the President had abandoned the former American policy and had agreed to the linking of war debts and reparations. McKellar of Tennessee, Gore of Oklahoma, and one or two others were scarcely less outspoken than Johnson in their opposition.

The senate rejected half a dozen amendments and adopted the resolution as it came from the house which had passed it by a vote of 317 to 100 after adding an amendment which puts congress on record as not committing itself to any policy of cancellation or revision of war debts.

Both house and senate, having settled the moratorium matter, adjourned until January 4. Senator Borah made a futile effort to have the date for reconvening changed to January 23, as the President had recommended.

About the time the President was signing the moratorium resolution word came from Basel that the Young plan advisory committee had reported that Germany will be unable to resume payment of the conditional reparations next July, and that "adjustment of all reparations and war debts to the troubled situation of the world" would be essential. The next reparations conference is to open at The Hague on January 13.

BECAUSE of difficulty in obtaining foreign exchange for debt remittances, the government of Hungary declared a moratorium for one year on foreign debts. The decree stipulated that public and private debts for which sufficient foreign currency is not available must be paid in pengos to the Hungarian National bank which will hold the money as trustee for the creditors. The pengo is the Hungarian monetary unit.

In order that trade and commerce may not halt, the National bank will put at the disposal of Hungarian citizens such sums as are needed to carry on and also will cover service on the so-called credit-freezing agreement.

WHILE congress was debating the moratorium, the senate finance committee continued its inquiry into the sale of foreign securities in this country. Several eminent bankers were heard, the most interesting in some ways being Otto H. Kahn, head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. For hours Mr. Kahn held forth, explaining the intricacies of international finance and describing vividly the crisis in world economics.

Although Mr. Kahn made clear that he was opposed to either cancellation or permanent reduction of the war debts owed the United States, he declared that the emergency required temporary adjustments to lighten the burden of German reparations and European war debts. Neither justice nor expediency could lead to insistence at this moment on demands for payments to the full letter of agreements effected in the past, Mr. Kahn said.

In an outline of his own attitude, in vigorous terms, Mr. Kahn, said, "if it were possible to find a way by which all these reparations and war debts, which hang around the neck of the

world like a millstone, could be taken out and sunk in the ocean, I should welcome it."

PRESIDENT HOOVER announced that Gen. Charles G. Dawes, ambassador to Great Britain, would head the American delegation to the world conference on disarmament in Geneva. He then named as a member of the delegation Dr. Mary Emma Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke college, the first of her sex to be given such a position by a first-class power. She has been an active worker for international peace and an advocate of navy reduction. Senator Claude A. Swanson of Virginia, Democrat and member of the senate foreign affairs and naval committees, already had been named as a delegate.

The President and Mr. Stimson will direct the course of the American delegation from Washington. The mission will go armed with secret instructions and will keep in close touch with the State department.

DURING consideration of President Hoover's proposed \$500,000,000 reconstruction finance corporation by the senate banking and currency subcommittee, Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, praised the inclusion of the railroads in the category of institutions to be aided as necessary at this "critical time." Banker witnesses heard did not oppose this inclusion.

Mr. Willard told the committee that the country had \$1,000,000,000 in maturities falling due within the next three years and no money to pay them. His own railroad, he admitted, must meet \$8,000,000 worth of maturities in May; \$35,000,000 more in August.

"It would be a satisfaction to me," said Mr. Willard, "and I think it would be in the public interest, if, when these securities mature next summer, we could borrow at a reasonable rate of interest from the government. And, of course, it would be to our interest to pay back as quickly as possible. It would be a good deal for the government with a profit, and the hazard would be well justified."

The alternative, he pointed out, would be for the railroads to borrow from other sources and at "stress prices."

Senator Couzens of Michigan broke in at one point with the assertion that it was folly for a board of "non-experts in railroad affairs" to pass judgment on loans to railroads; and praised the success of the transportation act of 1920 with its revolving fund of \$300,000,000 administered by "railroad experts." He intimated that he will seek to revive a part of that act of 1920.

SENATOR GERALD NYE of North Dakota, on behalf of his committee on campaign expenditures, reported to the senate that Bishop James Cannon, Jr., had violated the corrupt practices act in his handling of campaign funds in 1928. The committee also declared that a considerable part of the \$135,000 received by the bishop and his anti-Smith Democratic committee found its way into his personal accounts.

Bishop Cannon, it was found, had personally handled the greater share of the money. He handled it, so investigators discovered, through no less than ten bank accounts, from and to which funds were transferred in a maze of transactions. All told, the committee learned, \$18,300 in political contributions was transferred to the bishop's private accounts and remained there until long after the election.

DISPATCHES from Paris stated that France was on the point of signing two important trade treaties. One is with Germany and provides that that country shall supply France with all the nitrates she needs for the next nine months. The other is with Russia and in it France pledges herself never to join any movement to boycott any class of Russian goods or

refuse to supply the Soviets with any materials they may need.

France's stock of nitrates, an essential for the manufacture of war munitions, is said to be dangerously depleted, and it is held as curious that Germany should undertake to supply the deficiency and, through other provisions of the treaty, to aid in building up the French nitrate industry to a point where it will be independent of the Germans.

In the pact with Russia both nations agree to commit no act of aggression against each other and no to take recourse to war; and if a third country commits an act of aggression against one signatory, the other signatory promises to observe neutrality and give no help to the aggressor nation.

CONVENIENTLY dubbing as "handouts" all the Chinese in Manchuria who oppose them, the Japanese are merely proceeding with their war close censorship leaves the outside world in some doubt as to what is being done, but enough leaks out to make it certain that Gen. Shigeru Honjo, Japanese commander, is carrying on some large-scale operations. Another considerable body of troops from Japan arrived in Tientsin, being quartered there to prevent the Chinese pouring into that city if Chinchow falls into Japanese hands. The American legation in China warned Americans residing along the Peking-Mukden railroad to evacuate to Tientsin.

General Honjo sent a force of 600 infantry and railroad guards northward from Mukden. These troops were instructed to seize the towns of Kangping, Changtu and Fakumen with the object of sweeping out 7,000 Chinese troops who are said to be menacing Japanese lines of communications on both the South Manchuria railway and the line running northward from Sipingkaik through Chenchiatun and Taonan. Fakumen was taken on Tuesday.

CHINESE internal affairs, meanwhile, were in a terrible muddle and the country was without a government. Every minister and vice minister resigned, and the nation was without an official to voice a protest against the Japanese aggression. The entire government quit despite an appeal from Gen. Chen Ming-shu, acting head of the executive council, to stay on the job.

WHETHER or not Dwight F. Davis is to return to the Philippines as governor general was not decided during the week. Mr. Davis arrived in Washington and had a long conference with the President, but did not hand in his resignation as had been expected because Mrs. Davis is unable to live in a tropical climate. Coming from the White House, he said to correspondents:

"There is nothing I can say about the future except that the information I have received about Mrs. Davis since my arrival in the United States is not encouraging. I will go to St. Louis for Christmas and, later, to Paris. You understand I am on leave at the request of the secretary of war to familiarize myself with the sentiment in the United States on the Philippine question."

PREMIER-MUSSOLINI of Italy suffered a severe loss in the death of his beloved brother Arnaldo, director of the newspaper Popolo d'Italia and able assistant of the duke in the Fascist regime. He died suddenly in Milan after an attack of angina pectoris.

LOSS of patronage is not the only trouble Representative Louis McFadden of Pennsylvania faces as a result of his fierce attack on President Hoover. He may even lose his seat in the house at the next election. Mrs. Cornelia Bryce Pinchot, wife of the governor of Pennsylvania, has announced that she will contest the Republican nomination in the Fifteenth district with McFadden, and the latter will not receive the support of the Republican state organization, whether or not it is given to Mrs. Pinchot. Back in 1928 the lady and McFadden had an interesting fight for the nomination and he won with the organization aid.

McFadden was notified by the Post Office department that he had been cut off from all patronage in his district. Postmaster General Brown wrote him stating that his speech against the President had convinced him that his advice concerning appointments would not be helpful to the department.

POOR MARCELLA
A Story of Persistent Love
By FANNIE HURST
(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate, (WNU Service))

WHEN she was eighteen, the only child of the Honorable Festus Martin had been painted by Delmar, presented at the court of St. James and introduced with formality to the official social life of Washington.

It was a quick transition from the busy, unremarkable life of Marcella Martin's childhood, as daughter of a prosperous manufacturer of radio parts, to the highly complex social plane achieved by Festus Martin after his growing wealth had enabled him to foster political ambitions, and after those ambitions had landed him in congress.

Undoubtedly it was the combination of Marcella's estate of only child, combined with the dotting ambition of parents who could have loved her more wisely, which was accountable for the six years of rigid social disciplining which were imposed upon the protesting Marcella.

It was said of the Martins, laughingly, in certain Washington circles, that the adoring parents of this girl had actually succeeded in making over her face. A rather plain face, too long with overhanging brow and dull brown hair entirely lacking in lights. But so often had this and that artist idealized it, and so long and arduously had schools of massage, dentistry and hair-dressing, expended skill in improving it, that by the time she was eighteen, Marcella was indeed quite an improvement upon the lank, lusterless little girl of other days.

It can readily be imagined that the Martins spared neither time nor the most elaborate expenditures to launch successfully into an estate befitting her father's rank this idolized and only daughter.

The fact that she was indifferent, frankly unsocial, unimpressed by wealth or station, unambitious along lines assiduously mapped out for her by her parents whose dreams of ultimate highest realization lay in this girl, only conspired to urge the elder Martins to maximum effort.

"Why, Marcella, another girl with your opportunities would be in her seventh heaven of delight. Doesn't it mean anything to you to have all the things your father's wealth and position can afford for you?"

"Of course it does, mother, only I want them in my way. I'm no good at this social-round kind of thing. I don't like it chiefly, I guess, because I'm a failure at it. Don't force, mother. Can't you reconcile yourself to the fact that I'm not what you want me to be?"

No, neither of the parental Martins could. Festus Martin, as much as his more obvious wife, wanted this daughter a fitting complement to his achievements both official and social. His wife was that. A pretty, pampered-looking woman with small eger ways and deep gold eyes that were brighter than, if not as profound, as her daughter's.

"Emma," he confided to her once during one of their frequent controversies about this problem of their girl, "I actually believe you still have more youth and social charm than Marcella. What is it all the child? She's as fine a girl as you'll meet in a thousand years, and yet—and yet—no two ways about it—something's missing."

"It's her own fault. Festus, Marcella's heart isn't in living the life about her. That's what hurts me so. To think a girl with her opportunities doesn't appreciate them."

Marcella's reaction to these implications of her dotting parents was emotional and deeply sincere.

"Dears, don't you think it hurts me as much as it hurts you that I don't seem to live up to what you want of me? If only you could make up your minds that you're trying to make a silk purse out of—"

"Marcella Martin, nothing of the sort. You've ten times the sense and intelligence of the girls you compete with. Why, a man like Senator Morris wouldn't look at the swarms of silly girls who buzz around him, if you so much as took the trouble to exert yourself to interest him. That's what troubles us, dear. You have all the opportunities for success, including some very natural qualities of your own, and you won't use them."

The subject of Senator Morris was a mooted one in the Martin household. It seemed fitting to the parents of Marcella that the most eligible bachelor in Washington, one of the most outstanding members of the upper

house, a man with much achievement behind him and obviously again as much ahead, should be potential timber for Marcella. After all, the only child of a millionaire many times over, personable, probably the most all round educated young woman in the capital, traveled, informed and by no means without a certain quality of distinction, had the right to cast her eyes high.

Anyway, the Martins felt that way about it, and spared neither time, effort nor expense to the bringing-together of these two.

It must be admitted, however, that these somewhat ingenuous and not always skilful efforts met with little success.

It is doubtful if in all the time he met Marcella, both in the Martin home and at public occasions, the beautifully gowned, jeweled, caparisoned little lady of longish face, bulging brow, deeply intent eyes and clear brown skin, ever more than passingly snagged his attention. Oh, yes, his reaction, if any, might have been: Martin's daughter! Said to be clever; but a solemn young lady with that dark brown look. Good enough fellow, Martin, if he knew enough to keep out of politics. Pretty little wife with soap-suds for brains.

Marcella's reactions, secret as her own secretive-looking eyes, were not in line with the senator's. There resided in the makeup of this aggressive, massive-jawed, rough-haired member of the liberal wing of politics, qualities that were stirring within Marcella keen, new and exciting thrills.

The most interesting man in all Washington, the most interesting man she had ever met, was the senator. Secret as were these deep-seated emotions, and imperturbable as her brown eyes continued to remain, that fact grew with the months. Secretly, Marcella was in love with Senator Morris.

That it was unrequited caused her neither bitterness nor undue pain. One just went on—alone—caring—hoping for the glimpse of him here and there, picking up crumbs of information of his comings and goings, and outwardly reconciled to defeat.

After a while, even the Martins became half reconciled to it. At twenty-four, Marcella simply had not made her dent. Her generation of debutantes had come and gone. Practically all of the girls who had made their bows the winter that the Marcella Martin coming-out ball was the crowning event of an eventful social season, were married now—rightly.

At twenty-five, something latent in Marcella rose and asserted itself. Against the resistance of her parents, which she wore down with a high-handedness uncharacteristic of her, she enrolled in a school of social research, and after two winters of intensive work became allied with a settlement house in New York known as Mulberry Center.

Then began the happiest, most interested years of her life. When she was twenty-eight, Marcella was first assistant head of this large institution and an outstanding figure in her chosen field.

The Martins, in their way, were proud of this success. Of course it was miles and miles removed from what had been their dreams for her, but, well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world. Poor Marcella. Of course, one appreciated her brains and her distinction, but just the same, the heart of the mother of this daughter seemed to beat to the rhythm: poor Marcella.

It was when she was thirty-two, considerably heavier, and with streaks of faint gray in her strong dark hair, that Marcella Martin, appointed by her government as first woman member of an international conference on housing conditions to be held in Geneva, again encountered Edgar Morris, now Governor Morris. He, too, gray now, heavier now, found himself sitting beside her at a political luncheon at Geneva where he was in attendance at a conference.

Life, tides, affairs, had flowed swiftly for him in the years which had intervened since his previous meeting with her. It is doubtful if he recalled her at all. He only knew that suddenly he was meeting a woman whose talk, whose point of view, whose deep, quiet eyes and a certain unworidliness, were giving him the first serious pause he had ever in his life felt where the other sex was concerned.

It occurred to him even, as he sat there beside her in the first hour of that lunch in Geneva, that he seemed to be developing symptoms of a man on the verge of falling in love.

Circus History—Francis Kelley in the National Geographic Magazine says that circuses were not presented under canvas until 1526, although circus exhibition in the United States had its beginning in 1785.

War's Main Nerves—When the first men had discovered the metals and found ways of smelting ores, then were brought into the world war's "two main nerves, iron and gold," as Milton called them.

Getting Set for the New Year



This youngster isn't going to let "Old Man Time" have anything on him—here he is shown taking down the 1931 calendar in preparation of putting up the 1932 one.

The New Leaf

By CHARLES F. WADSWORTH

KENTON MARSAJE sat in a big red leather chair in his club looking over the evening paper.

As he finished and turned up to replace on the table, he caught the cartoon on the free page. It was of a little figure representing the New Year turning a leaf of a big book. At the top of the page was "January 1" and the rest of the page was blank except for a question mark in the center.

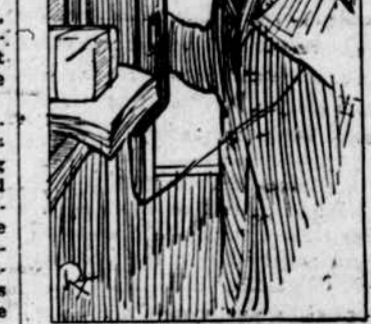
Marsaje looked at it momentarily and tossed the paper aside.

"A new leaf?" he said to himself contemptuously. "Hoey!"

Walking to the window, he looked down upon the street. He seemed restless. To friends who spoke to him and wished him a happy New Year he returned an unenthusiastic reply—almost casual.

Seating himself, again he took up the paper and noted the cartoon. The paper lay across his knee as he sank into a thoughtful mood.

"People make a big fuss about turning over a new leaf at New Year's," was his comment to himself. "But why should I turn over a new leaf? I am not a swindler nor a cheat; people



meekly taken the abuse. Now Marsaje knew that she had had neuritis in her arm and it had been painful to her to do as well as she had. Funny how things are sometimes, and a fellow not know anything about it!

The time Miss Haseltine, with tears in her eyes, had asked to go home, after he had upbraided her for mistakes necessitating the re-writing of several letters, he had thought a streak of carelessness which he could not tolerate. He had not known then that the girl had had a serious quarrel with her young man which affected her almost to the point of incompetence. But he knew now.

By George! And I have not apologized to any of them! I wonder what they think of me?

But Sally, now—the break with her was her own fault. Why, she was stubborn, that's what she was! But was she, though? Sally may have been side of the story, too. I wonder what it is? We were getting on so famously, and I was just about ready to ask her all about it. Got the ring and everything. Why, I believe I have it right here in my pocket! Yes, sir, there it is! And it is a beauty, too!

I wonder what Sally would think if she knew I was here with no one within a thousand miles, spending New Year's eve all by myself—thinking I am the perfect gentleman, and knowing I am not by my own testimony?

A smile crept over his face and his eyes sparkled.

In the telephone booth he called Sally's number.

"That you, Sally? . . . I have decided to turn over a new leaf. . . . I thought that new leaf stuff was a lot of blab, but I have been sitting here at the club thinking it over. . . . Well, I have found myself guilty of impetuosity—of taking snap judgment without knowing the facts—without enough consideration for others. . . . And I want to apologize to you, Sally. I was wrong and I am sure you were right. . . . Do you really mean it? . . . I'll be right out!"

The receiver crashed on the hook. Another glance to see that the ring was safe, and the elevator opened for an elated lover with a new resolve.

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NEW YEAR LULLABY

MERRILY the bells are ringing.
Sleep, my baby, sweetly sleep;
Glad the message they are bringing.
While my vigil here I keep.
Low and sweet the song I'm singing.
In the flickering candle light;
While the New Year bells are ringing.
Sleep, my baby, sleep tonight.

Cheerily the bells are ringing,
Sleep, my baby, smiling sleep;
Joyous bells, their notes are ringing.
Over plain and woodland deep.
Prayers and praise are upward winging.
Stars are shining clear and bright,
While the New Year bells are ringing.
Sleep, my baby, sleep tonight.