

1—Scene in the house at opening of Sixty-ninth congress. 2—Senator Wadsworth of New York sending a pigeon message of greeting to convention of International Federation of Homing Pigeon Fanciers in New York. 3—U. S. S. Richmond being overhauled and cleaned up in Brooklyn navy yard.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

President Submits National Budget—Echoes of His Farm Bureau Address.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE transmitted to congress Wednesday the annual budget, together with a message in which he disclosed some important policies of the government. The budget calls for a total of \$3,156,130,358 for the fiscal year of 1927. This is an increase of \$50,000,000 over the current fiscal year, and the President explained that in the cost of administering the government the bed rock had probably been reached and in the future increases commensurate with growth must be expected. The prospects surplus for 1926 was reduced to \$262,000,000 by the cost of the soldiers' bonus above estimates and other unanticipated expenditures; but the surplus for 1927 will be about \$330,000,000, thus meeting the proposed tax reduction.

Enforcement of the prohibition law is becoming much more expensive. The budget asks for \$21,940,529 for this purpose. Of this total the coast guard is to get \$11,634,000 for its activities in preventing rum smuggling. In addition to this, the President proposes that ten new coast guard cutters be built at a cost of \$9,000,000 and that the personnel of the guard be increased.

In response to the demands for better air forces the budget includes an increase of \$300,000 in the allotment for the army air service and of \$4,000,000 for the navy bureau of aeronautics. It asks for new navy planes costing \$8,000,000 and new army planes costing \$6,000,000. Figures submitted by the President tended to controvert the assertions of Colonel Mitchell that the air forces are being starved. "For the air services the estimates carry a total of \$42,447,000, being \$16,708,000 for the army, \$22,391,000 for the navy, \$2,750,000 for the air-mail service of the Post Office department and \$513,000 for the national advisory council for aeronautics," the President said.

"These amounts include contract authorization, but do not include funds provided in other budget items for the pay of commissioned air service officers, pay, housing, and general maintenance for the enlisted air service personnel, and certain classes of supplies and services of a general character furnished for air service activities. If we include these items, the total for the air service in 1927 will amount to not less than \$76,000,000."

"They propose procurement from the industries of airplanes, engines and accessories to the amount of \$20,954,000. The remaining \$21,493,000 is for maintenance, operation, experimentation, and research."

"This government is pursuing an orderly policy toward building up its air service. We realize that our national air defense problem is primarily an industrial problem. We also know that the airplane industry today is dependent almost entirely upon government business for its development and growth. We do not contemplate any competition between the government and industry in the production of airplanes."

In line with his warnings against paternalistic tendencies of the federal government, the executive calls for a halt in federal aid legislation, proposing that in the future federal appropriations for highway construction be limited to interstate through routes.

In the interest of saving money on rents the President suggests an appropriation of \$10,000,000 a year for the construction of new buildings to house government departments permanently in the District of Columbia.

IN THE nature of a message to congress and the nation was President Coolidge's address before the convention of the American Farm Bureau federation in Chicago. It probably will have its effect on farm legislation in congress, but it was not pleasing to the majority of the farm bureau men who listened to it. This was be-

cause Mr. Coolidge took a definite stand against any radical price-fixing legislation or revision of the tariff. He attacked directly the McNary-Haugen bill, which would provide government assisted corporations in taking over the marketing of the United States farm surpluses in foreign countries and thus prevent the dumping of the farm output on the home market, with consequent slumps in price.

There was no guarantee that the government always would give a high price, he said, while with the government once established in business it would be a blow at the farmers' own co-operatives.

The President argued that the farmer gets far greater benefit from the tariff than the sum which is added to the prices of manufactured commodities that the farmer buys. On the other hand, all citizens other than farmers pay more for many things, because the agricultural clauses of the tariff assist the farmer to attain higher prices in the American market for his products.

One of the severest critics of the President's address was S. H. Thompson of Quincy, Ill., president of the Illinois Agricultural association, and the federation showed its sentiments by electing Mr. Thompson its president. He defeated O. E. Bradfute of Ohio, head of the federation for the last three years and representative of the conservative farm leaders. The convention also adopted this resolution:

"We indorse the enactment of a federal law based on the principle of a farmers' export corporation, providing for the creation of an agency with broad powers for the purpose of so handling the surplus of farm crops that the American producer may receive an American price in the domestic market and we instruct our officers and representatives to work for the early enactment of such a law, founded on sound economic policies and not involving government subsidy."

The McNary-Haugen bill, modified and given a new name, will come up again in the present session of congress, but in Washington it is believed it will again be defeated.

THE regular Republicans in the lower house easily elected Nicholas Longworth of Ohio speaker. The Democrats cast their vote for Finis Garrett of Tennessee and the insurgent Republican delegation from Wisconsin with one man from North Dakota voted for Henry A. Cooper. Then, with Mr. Longworth in the chair—already being called "czar"—the majority proceeded to nullify the committee discharge rule which was forced on the regulars last year by the LaFollette radicals. This time 22 insurgent Republicans joined with 170 Democrats and four third party men in opposition. The revised rule on committee discharge put through by the Republicans does away with the initiation of discharge by only 150 members and requires 218. Then, on two subsequent votes, 218 are required to instruct a report within 15 days.

Business started in the house with a rush and a flood of bills was introduced. The tax reduction measure was given precedence and general debate on it continued through the week. Minority reports were submitted by Hull of Tennessee and Rainey of Illinois, Democratic members of the committee on ways and means, and both of them spoke against the bill, Rainey declaring it was formulated in the interest of millionaires. Advocates of the measure were numerous and as they included both Republicans and Democrats it was predicted that hostile amendments would not have much chance.

What to do about assignments for young Senator LaFollette, and whether or not to send Gerald P. Nye as successor of the late Senator Ladd of North Dakota, were the main questions for the Republican senators last week. The respective committees in charge of these problems were divided in opinion. LaFollette himself, meanwhile, in the congressional directory, designated himself as "Republican (Progressive)." The sending of Mr. Nye depended on the legality of Governor Sorlie's action in appointing him.

DRAWING up its report, the Lamport aircraft investigation committee of the house of representatives

decided favorably on 19 propositions. First and most important, it recommends the establishment of a department of national defense with unity of command and headed by a civilian secretary with undersecretaries for land, sea, and air; or, if such a department is not immediately possible, either a unified air service or a separate air corps in the army and the navy.

The other propositions are designed to develop aviation with liberal appropriations and legislation and to correct alleged injustices suffered by aviation officers.

Carrying the indorsement of President Coolidge, the annual report of the national advisory committee for aeronautics was submitted to congress. It recommends the creation of a bureau of air navigation in the Department of Commerce to regulate and encourage commercial aviation, continuance of a policy of aircraft development in the light of the loss of the Shenandoah, and extension of the air-mail service to all sections of the country.

IT WAS the army's turn last week to jump on Col. William Mitchell in his court-martial trial, and a score of high officers, including Maj. Gen. Mason M. Patrick, chief of the army air service, and Brig. Gen. J. E. Fechet, assistant chief, were called to rebut the colonel's testimony. General Patrick admitted defects in the service, shortage of planes, lack of training and the like, but laid the blame on congress which had made insufficient appropriations. He said that while anti-aircraft fire was "not entirely effective," it was one of the agencies against air attacks that should be used and developed. Capt. R. G. Rath, an army aviator who won the Distinguished Service medal in the war in France, gave testimony that discredited the efficiency of Colonel Mitchell when he commanded the air forces there. Mr. Reid, the colonel's counsel, pled Captain Rath with insulting questions and remarks belittling his courage until the audience hissed and General King, member of the court, protested to its president, General Howze. Major Guillon, assistant judge advocate, angered the defense by again attempting to introduce evidence that Mitchell had erred large parts of his book, "Winged Defense." The court once more ruled this out of order.

GREAT BRITAIN'S quarrel with Turkey over the Mosul oil region is fast approaching a climax. The League of Nations council, which according to the advisory finding of the world court is competent to decide the question, was told officially by Turkey that that nation would not admit the world court's competence to give an advisory opinion to the council, and when the council accepted the opinion, the Turkish representative withdrew from the negotiations for the time being. The British insisted that the council proceed to debate and decide the boundary dispute, fearing that if the matter were postponed until the March session Turkey would attempt to seize and occupy the Mosul region by force.

On Thursday General Laidoner of Estonia, special agent of the league, reported that the Turks were committing atrocious acts of violence along the provisional Mosul frontier, deporting the Christian inhabitants, occupying villages, confiscating arms, pillaging houses, and in some cases taking life.

Diabir Bey of Damascus, representing the Syro-Palestine Independence organization and the rebellious Druses, tried to get a hearing from the council to tell of French maladministration of the mandate, but the French and British delegates objected successfully.

IN THE Tucuman-Arica plebiscitary commission Chile moved that the date of the plebiscite be fixed for February 1. General Pershing opposed this as not giving enough time to arrange for a fair and free vote, and Peru supported him. They agreed the commission should pass the electoral regulations January 15, with February 15 for registrations and April 15 for the plebiscite. Chile then decided to appeal from this decision to President Coolidge, the arbiter.

LEAPS TO DEATH AS SWEETHEART PROTESTS LOVE

Despondent Woman Takes Fatal Plunge From Roof of Tall Building.

New York.—Wanda Iwaska, twenty, an unwed mother, jumped to her death from the roof of a building in Brooklyn.

She leaped as her sweetheart, calling "Wanda, I love you!" tried to grasp her shoulders.

He still was calling her name as her body thudded on the street.

It was the end of a tragic love story. Wanda was only fifteen when she became a mother, a pretty brunette, ignorant, romantic, duped. She disappeared with her baby, Anna May. And her parents and the neighborhood of Twenty-third street and Second avenue knew her no more.

A year ago Wanda as Mrs. Bertha Setter, "widow," rented a room for herself and her child at the home of Oriel Brannan, twenty-two, in Brooklyn.

There she found peace. Mrs. Brannan, Oriel's mother, took care of Anna May while Wanda and Oriel worked in the factory. They labored side by side.

Girl Finds Peace.

They loved each other. They planned to marry. The girl said nothing about her past. She hoped Oriel never would know the truth. She feared what it would mean to him.

And then, two months ago, the first man "came back." He met Wanda on the street. He followed her to her refuge. He made her life miserable, speaking of "his daughter."

Wanda kept to her room. Oriel could hear her weeping in the night. She could not tell him—not at first.



Jumped to Her Death.

But last week he forced the story from her. He said nothing, but went to see her parents.

He wanted them to know that Wanda was alive and well and their little granddaughter was strong and sweet and happy. He wanted to arrange a marriage.

Man Is Shunned.

But he didn't tell Wanda about this. He didn't get much chance, for Wanda, being afraid, shunned him.

The other morning she locked herself in her room and gave way to weeping. Brannan remained in his own room, thinking it best to leave her alone. He heard her enter the bathroom. And a moment later he heard her scream.

She had swallowed iodine, but he didn't know that then.

She ran upstairs, while little Anna May wept bitterly. And Oriel followed, frantic.

She was flying toward the rim of the roof.

"Wanda, I love you!"

She was perched on the rim, ready to jump. He was running toward her. "Wanda, for God's sake, Wanda—marry me!"

His hands reached out for her. They almost reached her.

But she had jumped, her hands in front of her tear-wet eyes.

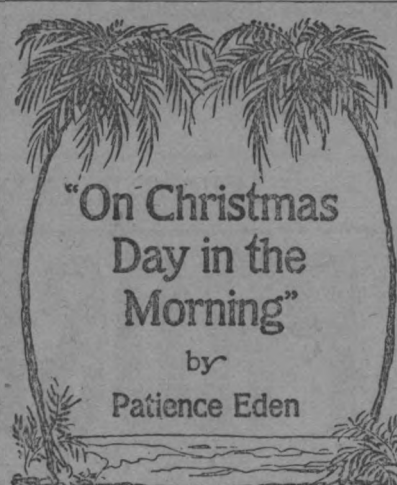
Button Taken From Child's Throat on Speeding Train

Cincinnati.—Removal of a three-cornered button from the windpipe of a five-year-old West Virginia girl while on board a Baltimore & Ohio railroad train coming into Cincinnati marked the successful termination of a race with death begun at Parkersburg.

The child was Ellene Leven Sinnott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Sinnott of Harrisville, W. Va.

Cuts Wire, Saves Man

Hamburg, Pa.—Deliberately cutting a wire with a voltage of 2,300, which Paul Reppert, aged thirty-seven, touched accidentally, Harry Hummel, a fellow workman, caused the former to fall from an electric pole a distance of 35 feet and saved his life. In falling Reppert struck a wire reel. He escaped with a burned left hand.



CHRISTMAS? Not at all. Oh, nothing like it. Cherry dug her hands down in the pockets of her gray sweater and gloomily surveyed the lovely scene.

Christmas . . . and the lazy swing of moss garlands from tropical trees?

Christmas . . . and a languorous moon riding a southern sky? Christmas . . . and a soft breeze fanning her cheek?

Certainly not! It might be the jolly holiday season at home, thousands of dreary miles away, but there was not the hint of it here.

Cherry walked slowly along the white, gleaming beach. Silver waves lapped softly over the stones. Beautiful? Ah, yes, it had all been wonderful when she first came nearly a year ago. But she had not thought about Christmas then, and how lonely a person could be, even with beauty for a constant companion. All that concerned Cherry was high adventure and the chance to do some fine work in the world.

A hospital had been built. A hospital equipped to the last degree of efficiency. A hospital on one of the



He Waved His Hat, She Waved Her Handkerchief.

larger islands in the southern Pacific. Then had come the call for nurses. Cherry had answered promptly.

And tonight was Christmas Eve! Christmas Eve!

Cherry's mother would be bustling about, busy with a hundred secrets. Rows of pies in the pantry! Rows of stockings on the mantel piece. Whisperings in corners. Clatterings up and down the stairs! Giggles from her younger brothers and sisters who could hardly contain themselves for very exuberance.

The rattle of paper being wrapped around presents! Secret conferences about the best manner in which to present mother with the Great Gift! (Probably a new shade for the living room lamp.)

She could smell the fragrance of wood just piled in the fireplace. She could see the scrolled patterns of frost on the windows. And outside the wide, gleaming stretch of snow. White—not white like this southern silver . . .

Then she began thinking of David. He had not wanted her to come. They had had a tremendous quarrel over it.

"Anything might happen to you!" cried David.

She could see David's face now, pale and strained as he tried to smile a good-by to her from the wharf when she sailed. He waved his hat, she waved her handkerchief . . . Cherry was quite sensible and practical.

But David . . . well—David was different. She missed telling him for mercy's sake to comb his hair and not let it ramp all over his head like a haystack! David laughed at her, and teased her and was tender in a nice, clumsy way. And he had not written her very often. A slim letter came now and then filled with scraps of home news. He never said he missed her or wanted to see her, or when-in-the-dickens was she coming home? She rather expected to be urged about returning. But not a syllable on the subject.

Cherry was about to rise and go back to her room, shared with another nurse, when she heard quick footsteps behind her.

"Miss Stone," panted the voice of a convalescent native who was allowed to go about on small errands, "Oh, Miss Stone! They want you at the hospital! An accident . . . come!"

Cherry was on her feet in an instant. She ran all the way back, forgetting in her haste the lonely surge of homesickness on Christmas Eve. What could have happened? She gained a fragmentary account from the boy running beside her.

The nurses were trimming a Christmas tree for patients in the ward. Strings of small electric bulbs had been ordered long ago to grace this very occasion. They had come in on the boat that very afternoon, Cherry had paid no attention to the boat. She wanted to get away by herself.

It was the same old story. A short circuit of wires . . . a flash of fire and the tree ablaze in no time. It was not a regulation Christmas tree, but one constructed with patient care to look as nearly like one as possible. Much green paper had been employed, festoons of tinsel, bright bangles.

Cherry flew down the corridor to the ward. And upon entering found plenty to do. The fire had been quenched but not without danger to several patients and nurses. The place was still in a commotion. There was a smell of burned clothing. The wreck of the tree was a heap of ashes. Hands were hurried in putting out the fire. Excitement and terror were written on the faces of the sick.

With quiet capability Cherry helped to bring peace out of chaos. She worked quickly. Hands were bound up. Patients soothed. The last traces of the tree removed. Order began to reign again in the large ward.

All through the excitement, Cherry was faintly aware of someone who was always ready at her elbow to do the necessary lifting of patients out of the burned area. This somebody had a towel bound over his forehead. It came over his eyes and fell on one side almost obscuring his face. The lights in the ward were not going properly; everything was a bit dim. Cherry paid no attention to anything but the necessary work. But she felt glad of the strong, intelligent hands of this stranger.

When everything possible had been done, Cherry left the ward and went slowly outdoors to get a breath. Now that the emergency was over she began to feel again the unbearable wave of loneliness sweep over her.

She stood a long time in the shadow of a huge tree. How still, how inexpressibly still everything was! You almost expected the moon to make some sound as she glided through the thin rifts of clouds.

Home . . . snow-covered fields so far away . . . would she ever be hearing the musical jingle of sleigh bells?

Somebody stepped beside her. The tall person with the towel bound over his forehead.

"Were you hurt in the fire?" asked Cherry sympathetically.

The tall person drew nearer. The tall person laughed. A deep rumble very pleasant to hear.

"Not much," replied somebody. She was stiff with amazement. She tried to cry out, and made no audible sound whatever.

"Only a bit of a burn on my hair," said somebody. Then: "Aren't you glad to see me, Cherry?"

Cherry faltered. Yes, it is regrettable to report, but that is exactly what she did. A thorough-going, complete faint. When she came to she tried to explain it away by saying the fire had unnerved her. (Cherry with the best nerves on the island!)

"Cherry!" somebody was saying softly, over and over, "Cherry—aren't you glad to see me on Christmas Eve! I've come so far to be with you at this time. Cherry—say you're glad to see me!"

Fifteen minutes later they were sitting on the silvery beach much in the same place which had been occupied by the homesick young lady from northern New Hampshire.

"David!" said Cherry. "David, how did you do it?"

"Planned it all along," replied David laughing. "Decided you would have had enough of it in a year's time."



They Sat a Long Time in the Silvery Moonlight.

Found out the way to get here, and thought I'd bring a bit of New England Christmas to you out here on these damned coral islands. I've brought you all kinds of things from the farm. Maple sugar, Cherry! Latest pictures of the twins—and holy terrors they are, too! Stuff your mother made for you to wear. Oh, the greatest amount of damage. I arrived on the boat this afternoon, after fussing about in the Pacific for weeks at dozens of rotten little ports. You were off duty, and just as I was ready to tear around after you, the fire happened."

They sat a long time there in the silvery moonlight. And they talked of roasted chestnuts in front of a fire—and sleigh-rides and plum puddings and stockings hanging in a row on the mantel piece, and how the back stairs creaked when you tried to sneak down 'em early Christmas morning. Cherry was never quite so happy in her life. "Coming home with me?" asked David.

"We-e-e!" said Cherry.

"Let's get married tomorrow!" suggested David in the cheerfulest manner.

"On Christmas Day in the morning?" "On Christmas Day in the morning!" And they were!

And all the nurses and the doctors and patients in the ward had a piece of maple sugar instead of a wedding cake.

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NR To-Night
Tomorrow
Alright
A vegetable
aperient, adds
tone and vigor to
the digestive and
eliminative system,
improves the appe-
tite, relieves Sick
Headache and Bil-
iousness, corrects
Constipation.
Used for over
30 Years
Chips off the Old Block
NR JUNIORS—Little NRs
One-third the regular dose. Made
of same ingredients, then candy
coated. For children and adults.
SOLD BY YOUR DRUGGIST

Green's
August Flower
for Constipation,
Indigestion and
Torpid Liver
Relieves that feeling
of having eaten unwisely. 30c and
90c bottles. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Remember Robin Hood Stories

Don and mother went with grandfather to a neighboring town, where grandfather was to preach. After the services a stranger kindly invited them to dine with her at the inn. They accepted, and were just finishing dinner when the hostess turned to Don and asked if he had had all she wanted.

"No," was the prompt reply. And when questioned further, announced he wished a pot of ale.

His amazed mother asked what he meant, well knowing the child did not know what ale meant.

"Isn't this an inn?" asked the child. And when mother said it was, he replied, "When Robin Hood's men went to an inn they always asked for a pot of ale."

Not Enough

Applicant—How much do I get for doing the weeping act in this show?

Manager—Thirty-five cents an hour. Appl.—What? For crying out loud!

—Hamilton Royal Gaboon.

Probably

New—Ours was a secret engagement.

Ted—Is that why the girl didn't keep it?

For your daughter's sake, use Red Cross Ball Blue in the laundry. She will then have that dainty, well-groomed appearance that girls admire.—Advertisement.

The timekeeper is always able to attend to his duties, even though he keeps a good many late hours.

WHY SUFFER ANOTHER DAY WITH INDIGESTION?

The big seller today for acute and chronic stomach misery is Dare's Mentha Pepsin and it is such a fine, pleasant and supremely good medicine that if the first bottle you buy doesn't help you—your druggist will return the purchase price.

One man writes, "I cannot understand why any person will continue to suffer from gastritis or indigestion when Dare's Mentha Pepsin is available."

And tens of thousands of people—many of whom almost died with stomach agony—think the same way.

It's the right medicine for any person who suffers from bad digestion, gas, heaviness and that feeling of suffocation which is always dangerous.

For gastritis, indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach agony—acute or chronic, keep Dare's Mentha Pepsin in mind.

In Paradise

The loves that meet in paradise shall cast out fear; and paradise bath room for you and me and all.—Christina Rossetti.

Depends

"What a dear little boy! What do you call him?"

"It depends on wot 'e does."

They Will Talk

The trouble with most dumb-bells is that they aren't dumb.—Ethel Gazette.

It is painful to see a woman laugh when she doesn't want to but thinks she ought to.

Faith without works is dead.

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teaching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.
At All Druggists

Mothers—Our invention entertains child for hours. You can attend household duties and earn extra money through our sales plan. Partic. free. Hillberg, Dept. 17, Turlock, Cal.
WRITE FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. Big money paid writers. Send for our complete course, reduced to \$1.50 delivered. JOHN H. WHITE, Shippensburg, Pa.
Make Big Money selling wonderful new auto tire gauge. Tremendous demand and profits. Practically no money required. Your opportunity. CLYMER PRODUCTS, Denver, Colo.