

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Murder of Obregon a Great Misfortune for Mexico—Gossip of Politics.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

PERHAPS the greatest misfortune that could happen to Mexico at this time was the murder of Gen. Alvaro Obregon. Quite aside from the heinousness of the crime, the assassination of the president-elect removed from the scene the strongest and most progressive of the republic's leaders, and not only threatened the country with renewal of the chaotic conditions that have held it back for many years, but also imperiled the recently restored friendly relations with the government of the United States. The excellent work done by our ambassador, Dwight Morrow, in the latter regard was given powerful aid by Obregon and his administration, which was to have been installed on December 1, would have carried it on to the utmost.

Obregon was shot to death at a banquet in the fashionable resort of San Angel, 12 miles south of Mexico City, by a young man who has been identified as Jose de Leon Tera, an art student. The assassin was arrested but refused to name his accomplices or the instigators of the crime. A score of suspects were taken in custody. Alberto Cruz was immediately supplanted as minister of police by General Zertuche, one of Obregon's closest friends, and both he and President Calles promised that the murder would be cleared up and those guilty punished. In a signed statement Calles said the assassin had admitted that the motive of his crime was religious fervor, and the president added that the authorities had obtained much information "implicating directly clerical action." In conclusion, Calles said: "Finally I want to announce that the government will continue as heretofore within constitutional paths and with the requisite calmness and energy." This was taken to mean that he would not attempt to continue in-office after November, as the Mexican constitution forbids direct succession of the president in two terms in office. However, that constitution has been altered before to fit circumstances and may be changed again.

Despite the words of Calles, it is scarcely conceivable that the Catholic church in Mexico as an organization or any of its responsible members can have instigated the murder of General Obregon. The relations between the church and the government had been steadily improving, and Obregon, though pledged to carry on the policies of Calles, was looked to as the man to settle the trouble finally. The best guess at this time is that the assassination was prompted by political enemies of the president-elect who utilized a weak-minded religious fanatic.

Telegrams deploring the crime were sent by President Coolidge, Vice President Dawes and Secretary of State Kellogg. In Washington Ambassador Tellez, though terribly shocked, said he was certain the tragedy would bring about the unification of all men in his country, sweeping away the disturbing and reactionary elements. He expected the old congress would be called in session to prepare for a special election. The permanent commission of congress already had been summoned to meet to consider the political situation.

WHILE mourning Mexicans were taking the body of General Obregon to his native state of Sonora for burial. Americans were sending home, with all possible honors, the remains of Capt. Emilio Carranza, the Mexican "good will" flyer who was killed when his plane crashed in New Jersey during a storm. After it had lain in state in New York the body was conveyed to Mexico on a special funeral train that carried also the aviator's father, an American army guard of honor and Mexican officials. The smashed plane also was taken back. All along the route the passing of the train was watched by sorrowing

crowds, and at many cities the major general's salute of 13 guns was fired.

WHOLESALE bolting from either the Republican or the Democratic national ticket does not seem to be getting much encouragement in the country. The most ambitious attempts to bring this about are being made in Texas. There the anti-Smith Democrats have organized with the avowed intention of getting all the Democrats they can to vote for Hoover, and they are led by several men who have been rather prominent in the party in that state. They are making no attempt to defeat the state Democratic ticket, which disappoints some of the smaller fry who are disaffected. On the other hand there is also in Texas a group of anti-Hoover Republicans who are throwing what influence they have to the Smith ticket. In Asheville Bishop Cannon of the Methodist church, South, gathered about 181 men and women to plan for the defeat of Smith in the Southern states. Nearly all the delegates were preachers of the Methodist church, South, or paid workers of church or prohibition agencies. Sixty-six were from Buncombe county, North Carolina, of which Asheville is the county seat. No Democratic party leaders were present, and it was noticeable that the Baptists held aloof, except for Dr. Arthur J. Barton, who was made chairman of the meeting. The press was excluded from the real sessions.

Leaders of farmers' organizations in the corn belt still hope they can induce the agriculturists to oppose Hoover, and their meeting in Des Moines adopted a series of resolutions condemning the farm relief plank in the Republican platform and commending the plank inserted in the Democratic platform. Most of those attending this meeting declared their intention of supporting Smith, but there is still little reason to believe that their stand will induce very many farmers to change their political affiliations next November. The Iowa Republicans, large numbers of whom are corn belt farmers, held their state convention last week and unanimously endorsed the Hoover and Curtis ticket and the Kansas City platform, including its farm relief plank. The state platform condemned Al Smith for "his attitude on nullification" of prohibition and alluded to "Tammany's effort to fasten itself upon the nation." Earlier in the day Governor Hanmill of Iowa had had a talk with Herbert Hoover on the latter's train, and he told the convention something of what the farmers might expect from Hoover if he were elected President.

Governor McMillen of Nebraska also had a chat with Mr. Hoover and afterward said the candidate had a comprehensive understanding of the farm problem, but the governor did not seem to have been won over to Hoover's support.

President Coolidge was Hoover's host for a couple of days at the summer White House and they fished and talked politics together, after which Hoover resumed his trip to California. It was suggested by the news of the death of Mrs. Hoover's father, Charles D. Henry, in Placer, Calif.

GOVERNOR SMITH was busy as a bee in Albany with political conferences and picture makers. Among his callers was Congressman Byrnes of Tennessee, who assured him he would carry not only the solid South but also the border states. Al could see nothing to worry about in the stories of Democratic revolt in Texas or elsewhere. The report that Smith had selected Owen D. Young, chairman of the General Electric company and colleague of Dawes in the reparations work, to be the Democratic candidate to succeed him as governor was flatly denied on behalf of both the gentlemen.

SECRETARY KELLOGG'S anti-war strategy goes marching on toward complete victory. Last week it was accepted in principle by Great Britain and the dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Union of South Africa and by the Irish Free State and India. Acceptances also were received at Washington from Belgium, Poland and Czechoslovakia. All the answers, it was believed, would be found satisfactory by the American government. Approval had already been given the pact by Germany, France, Italy and other nations,

now being surveyed by two naval vessels, and it is expected that additional data resulting from this as well as the recently completed survey of the gulf of Venezuela will add materially to the safety of ships traversing those waters.

The naval observatory will show types of navigational instruments used by ships and aircraft, including devices that helped Commander Byrd on the North pole flight. The observatory will also demonstrate how the correct time is transmitted to ships

and that of Japan was considered certain. If the various reservations of some of the governments, which are not radical, can be accepted, the final success of the great plan to outlaw war seems virtually assured. The treaty is to be signed during the coming fall by the principal powers and will go into effect with the deposit of the ratifications. It will remain open for signature by other nations.

PEACE between Poland and Lithuania is still an unaccomplished fact, and it is reported that Premier Waldemaras of Lithuania, relying on the support of Russia, is preparing to defy the League of Nations at the September meeting of the assembly or council of the League. The Poles have notified Sir Austen Chamberlain that they hold the League responsible for the existing state of affairs and demand full support in whatever measures they may deem necessary.

American members of the world court of arbitration at Geneva nominated Charles Evans Hughes for the vacancy created by the resignation of John Bassett Moore. Dr. Walter Simons is second choice for the place. Observers in Geneva were quite sure Mr. Hughes would be elected.

REPRESENTATIVES of France, England, Spain and Italy last week signed a new accord on Tangier which gives Spain full command of the gendarmerie in the international zone of that country. A special commission was created to watch for and suppress intrigues against the Spanish protectorate. Italy was given increased representation on the legislative body of the international zone and was also given representation on the courts and similar tribunals.

ALL doubt concerning the death of Capt. Alfred Loewenstein, Belgian financier, who disappeared from his airplane while crossing the English channel, was dispelled by the finding of his body near Cape Griz-Nez.

THE Jacksonville scale as a basis for wage negotiations in the bituminous fields has been abandoned by the United Mine Workers of America, according to the action of the policy committee of the union, and hereafter each of the districts has the right to effect settlement with operators "upon a basis mutually satisfactory." Action taken by district officers must be submitted to the miners of the district for ratification. The policy committee also authorized all district organizations to permit any coal company or any mine to employ all the men it may require for maintenance, repairs, development, construction or production of coal, providing the existing wage scale is paid temporarily until a district agreement is reached. The new policy is interpreted as a gesture by the union toward bettering the depressed conditions in the bituminous coal industry.

AMONG those claimed by death during the week were Giovanni Giolitti, Italian statesman and foe of Mussolini; D. C. Davies, director of the Field museum in Chicago; Henry R. Rathbone, congressman at large from Illinois, and William E. Harmon of New York, who as "Jedediah Tingle," had given large sums to unrecognized heroes, good children and deserving authors.

RECKLESSNESS in prohibition enforcement has again humiliated the American government. According to announcement by Secretary Kellogg, we have sent a note to the British government expressing regret and apology for the violation of the sovereignty of the Bahama Islands last September when Larry Christiansen, commanding a coast guard rum-chasing boat, seized two boats off the Bahama coast, towed them into a Bahama port and then removed the liquor and prisoners to Miami. Mr. Kellogg promised that the coast guard would not again offend in that way, that the boats and liquor would be restored to their owners and that Christiansen would be transferred to another part of the country.

Prohibition administrators held their annual conference with Commissioner Doran and other Treasury department officials in Washington. Among other topics considered was the increased use of airplanes in enforcing dry laws at sea and to observatories in other countries. Accurate models of the light cruiser Richmond, of the submarine V-1 and of the latest types of naval planes will be exhibited. The fathometer, which takes depth soundings by sonic methods, and the newest types of wireless and receiving apparatus developed by the navy will also be shown.

The purpose of the display is to cement friendly relations between Spain and Portugal and the states of the western hemisphere.

The GUIANAS



Kaeteur Falls in British Guiana.

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

THE Guianas—British, French and Dutch—which form continuous area on the north coast of South America, are the only territories in that continent not under a local, republican form of government. The word Guiana is derived from the name of an old Indian tribe which once inhabited the entire country between the mouths of the Orinoco and Amazon rivers as far back as the Rio Negro and the Casiquiare. This huge territory formerly went by the name of Guiana, but much of it is now included in Venezuela and Brazil.

Guiana missed one chance for fame through a typographical error. The humble "guinea" pig, a native son, would have carried its home land's name into popular usage had not early writers confused the habitat of the rodent with African Guinea—a confusion which is not altogether overcome to this day.

Guiana first came into public notice because of the tales of Juan Martinez, who, for getting his lies believed, outranked Munchausen or Ananias. His tales of Manoa, where the monuments were marvels of lustrous gold, and where men were anointed with oil and then sprinkled with pulverized gold, captured the imaginations of many explorers even before Sir Walter Raleigh penetrated the humid interior of Guiana in search of this El Dorado. So generally is the term now used in a figurative sense to denote any fanciful rainbow's end that it is hard to realize how seriously the tales of Martinez, and lesser liars, were credited.

The first actual settlements were made by Dutch colonists in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. Paramaribo, or, as the Dutch call it, Surinam, the capital of Dutch Guiana, is interesting as the city which was traded to the English for the settlement of New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island, present-day New York. Paramaribo now has a population of about 40,000 people, mostly negroes.

Of the three colonies, French Guiana, the easternmost, is the smallest. Because it has been heard of principally in connection with the deportation of convicts, and especially in regard to the Dreyfus case, French Guiana has gained a black name. It is true the region has been developed chiefly as a penal station, and perhaps it deserves its evil reputation; but in physical aspects and possibilities, at least, it is closely comparable to British and Dutch Guiana, both of which have had a measurable degree of prosperity. With the convict millstone around its neck, French Guiana, as a colony, has never really had a chance.

Cayenne, known by sound at least because it has given its name to a pepper, is the capital and only port of importance in French Guiana. Its inhabitants number 15,000, nearly a third of the entire population of the country. With its houses of colored stucco and its avenues and squares shaded by superb palms, it has attractive aspects. In it dwell men of many climes and colors. Chinese keep the shops; natives of Indo-China supply the markets; officialdom is French; and on the streets are to be seen crochets from Martinique, Arabs from northern Africa, and negroes from Senegal and the Guiana interior.

Dutch Guiana is about the size of Florida. The British first held it; and the Dutch first held what now is British Guiana. The easternmost of the three foreign holdings, French Guiana, is used, in part, as a penal colony. Along the coast Dutch Guiana is a

strip of transplanted Holland. Back in its forests is a bit of Africa, inhabited by Bushmen, who live much as do their Dark continent cousins. The Africans were imported in slave days, and chased back to the forest fastnesses when the tax collector came around. Many of them found their tropical environment there so homelike that they eluded their owners.

Paramaribo has the immaculate appearance of a Dutch city; it has one natural extravagance of which it is proud, its streets lined with mahogany shade trees. For the trees on one block, spreading over neat weather-board houses, a lumber firm once offered \$50,000, and the residents declined to sell.

British Guiana has great potential riches, but has always lacked the labor to bring its hidden wealth into usable form. It is a tropical land with much rich soil and an abundant growth of tropical plants. The first step in developing such a region is to push back the jungle; then a constant battle must be waged to keep it back. Where this has been done by the teeming populations of certain tropical countries, such as Java and parts of the Straits Settlements, the region has become one of the world's garden spots; but in British Guiana the puny attacks that man has so far made in his war on an implacable vegetation, have in most cases led to defeat.

Great rivers flow through the land, forming wide estuaries where they meet the sea. The earliest settlers, the Dutch, sailed up the wide streams and attempted to carve plantations from the forests on their banks. But this was the most difficult method of attack, and in addition the soil in the areas selected was none too rich. Near the coast were wide mud flats of rich alluvial matter without forest growth. Reclaiming overgrown lands was a problem better understood by Dutchmen, so they retreated before the forests and made a new start on the coastal lowlands. Dikes and drainage ditches were constructed, with a system of sluice gates to let the water out at low tide. In this way much rich land was brought under cultivation.

When the British captured the country from the Dutch in 1796 they continued to develop the coastal mud flats and the slightly higher land immediately inland, leaving the forests practically untouched. That policy has been followed pretty closely since, so that even now the inhabitants and development of British Guiana are in large part confined to a strip of territory from ten to fifty miles wide along the coast.

Has Many Rivers. British Guiana is a land of many rivers. Three very large ones flow northward to the coast roughly parallel: the Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice. These are the main roads into the interior, especially the Demerara and Essequibo. The total mileage of railway in the country is about 100, all but 20 of it parallel to the coast and within five miles of the sea.

If growth in population and solution of the labor problem ever permit British Guiana to become intensively developed, it will not lack water power for its industries. Rapids and cataracts are found in all the rivers; and about 200 miles from the coast, on the Potaro river, a tributary of the Essequibo, is Kaeteur falls, one of the great waterfalls of the world. The river has a sheer drop of 741 feet, and cataracts increase the total fall to more than 800 feet, approximately five times the height of Niagara.

LEANING ON FRIENDLY SHOULDERS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

SIDNEY RUSHTON felt very much out of place and therefore very much annoyed. Nothing more disagreeable could have happened, she thought than that she should have missed the express at Haverleigh and been obliged to take the tedious old local with its jolting bumpers, uncomfortable seats and dingy lights. But there was no other train before midnight and she was anxious to reach home as quickly as possible. Even a few hours might make a great change in her father's condition.

In the smudgy panel mirror beside her seat she saw herself slender, fashionable, laughily self-conscious sitting erect lest she soil her expensive coat by contact with the worn plush. The little mirror framed the one pleasant thing there was for her to see, because it was already too dark for any appearance outside the window. And the awaying, creaking old coach held barely a dozen people, stupid looking people in whom Sidney could take no interest.

Twenty years before Sidney Marsh had married Scott Rushton and slipped out of the old environment as she believed forever. But one thing prevented her doing so—her father insisted on staying in Hillville. Even though Sidney was able to keep him with her for weeks at a time he always went back to the old place. Lately he had stayed there more than ever, and now he had fallen sick there. For the first time Sidney was compelled to go back to the old home town for which she had developed a strong distaste as her husband's fortunes lifted her into an important new sphere.

She was resolved now to renew no acquaintances, connect no broken threads. If her father died she would be done with Hillville anyway, and if he grew better she meant to take him home with her and not allow him to escape again back to his old haunt. It was ridiculous the way he hung to the old place with its coarse stupidity and behind-handness. Certainly, there was nothing in it for her.

At this point in her reflections she was conscious of a step beside her, of a hand laid on the back of her seat, and she looked up into a plain, kindly face that recalled old memories.

"I've been trying to make out if you ever since we left Haverleigh," the woman said, holding out her hand in a gray cotton glove. "How do you do Sidney? I'm glad to see you are going home to look after your father. He certainly needs you."

Sidney with a flush had accepted the cotton-gloved hand, trying to murmur something inconsequential but appropriate. She was further annoyed when the woman slipped into the seat beside her.

"You haven't changed much in twenty years, Sidney," she went on coolly. "But you've grown to look more like your father as you get older. He is a splendid man. We are all going to miss him if anything happens to him. But Mrs. Cotton has been wonderful to him."

Sidney bit her lip. She didn't react favorably to this frank familiarity. Why in the world was it that she could not have entered Hillville without running across Mary Andrews? "I suppose you are still teaching?" she commented.

"Yes," Mary laughed at little. "Yes, I've been teaching all these twenty years you have been away and married. And I like it yet, I'm in the Haverleigh high school, have been for four years. I go home Friday night—I call Mrs. Cotton's home. I teach civics and mathematics and chemistry. I suppose they sound stupid, but they are lively enough subjects, I can tell you, when they are mixed up with human nature."

So she lived at Mrs. Cotton's. There was no getting away from her, then Sidney became silent.

"Your children must be about the age of my high school boys and girls?" pursued Mary.

"Roland is nineteen and in Harvard. Julia, who is seventeen, is at a finishing school on the Hudson."

They were going down the grade into Hillville now, and the rattling and the bouncing made conversation almost impossible. Presently the train stopped with a bump before the dim little station.

"There won't be anybody to meet this train," Mary Andrews said. "And it is a good way to walk. I'm afraid it is going to be icy, too, with this sleet falling."

It was icy and Sidney, on her high heels, with only sandals to protect her feet, slid about terrifically. Mary however, strode along confidently. There had been a slight embarrassment when they first started out by Mary's insisting on helping Sidney carry her bag, but Sidney was de-

termined in this as in everything else to be independent.

When presently her feet began to go out from under her she was saved from a fall by Mary's steady hand. "Better take my arm," Mary said dryly, "Lucy Mack broke her arm here last week."

Lucy Mack! Another familiar name. Sidney sighed and grasped Mary's arm, muscular arm.

"Now," Mary said, compellingly, "we'll change bags for a while. Mine is light. Hand over, Sidney."

Somehow Sidney obeyed. As they labored along through the dark streets she realized that Mary had become the woman she had started out to be twenty years before—strong, sensible, self-reliant. As a girl she had depended a good deal on Mary's hard-headed common sense, and now seemed to be doing it again in spite of herself. Indeed, she felt a grateful sense of leaning upon a dependable shoulder, and it came to her that she had never been able so to lean since she discarded Mary along with her other Hillville associations. Scott was a good husband, but when he had given her a home, a sufficient allowance and a good position in the world he was through. She could stand or fall by herself. She had stood, and because she had found it amazingly restful now to be upheld by some one safe and sure as the woman beside her.

It was a long troublesome walk, and Sidney was extremely tired by the time they had reached Mrs. Cotton's. Mrs. Cotton met them in the hall; it was she who had sent the telegram to Sidney.

"Dad's just the same," she said. She called him dad as if he belonged to her.

Mary gave a look at Sidney's face. "I'm going up with you," she said. "Say, Henrietta, make us a pot of tea, will you—orange pekoe? Good and stiff. We'll want it when we come down." She winked significantly over Sidney's head.

In the difficult half hour that followed Sidney was very glad of Mary's calm, unemotional leadership. As they came down stairs Mary said:

"Hope you've come prepared to stay a couple of weeks, Sidney."

"That long?" Sidney gasped.

Mary nodded. "Or longer. He's comfortable, you know, but he'll have to wear out. It is all the same to him anyway, he is so old. But it is going to be hard on you, my dear. Still, I'm here, remember that, Sid."

Sidney choked. Suddenly she realized that out of all the world Mary was the only one there to whom she could look for understanding and sympathy. Her husband! He was intent on big money. Her son? Training for her, week-end at a chum's home. Her father? Slipping like a wafted thistle-down out of the world. No, there was nobody but Mary, sturdy, kind, generous Mary whom she had once made use of, then had left when she needed her no longer. Tears filled her tired eyes. She put her arm about the comfortable figure and leaned upon it slightly.

Mary's plain face flushed a little and in surprise her eyes sought Sidney's. But she added merely:

"Lean on me all you want to, Sid—lean hard."

"I shall—but, oh, I don't deserve that you should let me," Sidney whispered contritely.

The Jacana Dance

In tropical South America and on some of the islands in the Pacific is found the beautiful bird known as the Jacana. It is famous for its so-called love dances, which is executed by the males to increase the admiration of the female birds.

When the mating season approaches the Jacana will single out its favorite lady and try to win the admiration of the attentive female with all its bewitching maneuvers. In the dance the wings are spread and worked in such a manner that the beautiful colored feathers produce a brilliant effect.

Evidence of Vitality

"Why do you insist on expressing your opinions?"

"I don't regard the opinions of great importance," said Senator Sougham. "I merely wish to remind my constituents that I am still here."—Washington Star.

Artistic Suspense

"Do you regard the primary system as advantageous?"

"Emphatically," answered Senator Sougham. "While it may not always be accurate in attaining results, it serves to prolong the excitement."—Washington Star.

Perversity

"Do you admire a good horse?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "But I find in sorrow that whenever I place a small bet the horse refuses to be good."—Washington Star.

The Best Parents

As the result of investigating some 24,000 cases, it is said that the children of fathers of 25 and mothers of 20 have the strongest vitality.

Will Show Progress

of Nautical Science

The United States Navy department's recent contributions to nautical science and to the advancement of safety at sea will be exhibited at the international exposition at Seville, Spain, which is scheduled to open next March.

Prominent in the exhibit of the department will be the new charts of the coasts of Cuba and the gulf of Venezuela. The Cuban shoreline is