

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Mabel Willebrand's Hoover Speeches Create a Stir—Help Storm Victims.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
MRS. MABEL WILLEBRANDT, assistant attorney general of the United States, was the storm center of the political campaign last week, and if she enjoys publicity she must have had the time of her life for she fairly crowded the candidates themselves off the front page. Mrs. Willebrandt has special charge of the government's legal proceedings against dry law violators and already had incurred the enmity of wet New Yorkers who resented the raiding of night clubs and similar doings. Then she started out to make speeches for Mr. Hoover and one of her first efforts in this line was an address to a big Methodist gathering in Ohio in which she urged that all members of that church should get together to help in the defeat of Al Smith. That gentleman and countless others immediately accused her of attacking him on religious grounds, and there were numerous demands that she be separated from her government job and also that she be taken from the list of accredited Republican speakers. Some of the Hooverites seemed to be fearful lest she become the female Doctor Burchard of the campaign.

Declining to retract or modify any of her utterances, Mrs. Willebrandt asserted she had asked the Methodists to oppose Smith on the ground of his views on prohibition and had made no mention of his religious beliefs. She said Smith himself was trying to "dodge behind his own church," and furthermore that the Democratic candidate was the one who had made prohibition an issue of the campaign. Congressman Walter Newton of Minnesota, chairman of the Republican speakers' bureau, stated that Mrs. Willebrandt was speaking under the auspices of that bureau and that demands for her, from every part of the Middle West, were far more than she could fill.

GOVERNOR SMITH, in the course of his Western tour, spoke at Denver in advocacy of absolute government ownership and control of the natural water power resources of the country and for immediate action in the construction of Boulder canyon dam. Then he moved up through Wyoming to Montana and in Helena devoted most of his address to the Teapot Dome scandal and the alleged responsibility of the Republican party therefor. The chiefs of the seven Indian tribes of the state made him a member with the name "Leading Star." Turning back toward the east, he passed through North Dakota, where the political situation is peculiarly complicated, and during a brief stop in Bismarck he was christened "Chief Charging Hawk" by the Sioux. Thursday night he spoke in St. Paul on a variety of topics, and next day he entered the Wisconsin tangle. It was believed that in his Milwaukee address he might take up the subject of prohibition, hitherto ignored during the tour. Some days before Senator Blaine of Wisconsin had completed his stop by announcing his intention to vote for Smith. Republican leaders said this amounted to little since Blaine never had been a real Republican.

Senator Borah of Idaho was the big gun of the Republican speaking battery during the week and his loudest explosion was in Kansas City, where in lively fashion he contrasted Smith's record and knowledge of the farm problem with that of Hoover, violently assailed the equalization fee, and blew up the charge that Hoover was responsible for the lowering of the price of wheat during the war. He also defended the Eighteenth amendment and paid his disrespect to Tammany.

WITH the approval of President Coolidge, Secretary of State Kellogg sent identical notes to Great Britain and France setting forth our

government's attitude toward the naval limitation agreement reached by those two nations. The contents of the notes were not made public, but it was understood that they stated the British and French suggestions could not be accepted by the United States as a basis for naval limitation, and pointed out the reason. The American objection to the Anglo-French agreement was tersely expressed by the London Daily News when it said: "It gives Great Britain unlimited small cruisers, France unlimited small submarines, and gives America nothing she wanted. It is almost too crude to be true." Dispatches from London insist there are no secret clauses in the agreement. Some of the French papers are indignant over the American opposition to the pact, saying England and France are held slaves of the United States by their war debts.

WITHOUT having made much progress toward disarmament, the assembly of the League of Nations ended its fall session. Almost its last act was to pass a resolution that the disarmament preparatory commission should meet again not later than January 1. No mention was made in it of any plan for a general disarmament conference, and Germany and Hungary refused to vote after Count von Bernstorff had made a bitter speech chiding the league for its slowness and asserting that Germany was helpless and surrounded by heavily armed neighbors. At the final session the earl of Lytton, speaking for India, warned the league that while it was firmly established in Europe, its position in Asia was not assured. Costa Rica, which resigned from the league in 1925, gave notice that it would rejoin.

REHABILITATION is now the great task in Florida and Porto Rico and the job is in the hands of the Red Cross, as is that of feeding the thousands of storm sufferers. An immense sum is being raised by popular subscription for these purposes. In Florida the dead are now estimated to number more than 2,300, most of them in the region about Lake Okechobee, where the dikes broke down and the waters were driven over the land. The exact number never will be known. Reports indicated that the white death list was about 700. The danger of pestilence made it necessary to burn most of the bodies as soon as they were found. The Porto Ricans were reported to be in pitiful state. There were more than 15,000 cases of influenza, and malaria, measles and other diseases prevailed among the refugees. The homeless on the island are stated to number 284,000.

Probably 150 persons, including children, perished when the big Novedades theater in Madrid, Spain, burned. The fire started on the stage and the tragedy closely resembled the burning of the Iroquois theater in Chicago years ago. The flames spread through the business district of the city, destroying many buildings. Five villages in the state of Coahuila, Mexico, were swept away by floods and many lives were lost. The Chinese city of Hankow was the scene of a tremendous conflagration that destroyed thousands of buildings and an unknown number of lives. The old Spanish fort of Cabreras Bajos on a hill above Mellilla, Morocco, was demolished by an explosion of the powder magazine and scores of lives were lost.

FILIPPO PORTES GIL, secretary of the interior, was elected provisional President of Mexico by a joint session of the senate and chamber of deputies, without opposition. He will take office on December 1, when President Calles' term expires. The congress also ordered that a popular Presidential election should be held on the third Sunday of November, 1929.

Senor Portes Gil will be one of the few Presidents Mexico has ever had of exclusively civilian career, being devoid of any active military experience. Until selected by President Calles for his cabinet he had been governor of Tamaulipas, where he established partial prohibition, suppressed open gambling, and established the first state supported industrial school in Mexico for indigent children. He is known as a friend of

Western Lines Seek Increases in Rates

The first step toward instituting general upward revision of freight rates in western territory has been instituted before the interstate commerce commission by representatives of Western trunk line railroads. Agents of the Western roads asked the commission for permission to file immediately applications looking to increases on a wide range of commodities over most of the western ter-

ritory, and asserted that the increases were necessary because their earnings "for some years have been and now are conspicuously inadequate."

Western railroads have contended during recent years that their earnings were considerably below those of carriers in the Eastern and Southern districts. It was also declared that trainmen and conductors in the Western territory have pending demands for wage increases which have been pushed almost to the point of striking. Coinciding with this, the commission

recinded the authority which it had given L. F. Loree to hold a position as director of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas railroad, and he was ordered to withdraw from the directorate in question.

Mr. Loree, who was president of the Delaware & Hudson company, went on the board of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas in connection with his plan to consolidate that railroad with the Kansas City Southern and St. Louis Southwestern.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WHEN Nicaraguans go to the polls on November 4 to elect a President every voter will be marked on the hand with a chemical stain as he casts his ballot in order to prevent repeating. To avoid misunderstandings the election board, headed by Gen. Frank L. McCoy, U. S. A., issued a statement explaining that the chemical was harmless and the stain will disappear within a day or two. An election official said malicious agents are spreading reports among the Indians that the Americans will use a chemical that will poison the voters. Other alleged threats to hinder the voting are rumors that the Americans eat children, and that the Sandinistas will attack the booths, or kill those registering or voting.

MME. GANNA WALSKA, opera singer and the wife of Harold F. McCormick of Chicago, is an American citizen, despite her residence in France, and will have to pay duty on jewelry and personal effects which are said to be valued at about \$2,500,000. This ruling was made by Phillip Elting, collector of the port of New York, who told Henry D. Bulkeley, attorney for Mademoiselle Walska, that her claim to foreign residence and consequent immunity from duty had been denied. Bulkeley immediately made plans to appeal and will, if necessary, carry the matter to the United States Customs court and the Court of Customs Appeal.

ANOTHER "air derby," this time from Los Angeles to Cincinnati, was pulled off last week. First place in class A was won by Robert A. Drake of Pittsburgh, Pa., and in class B by Charles W. Holman of St. Paul. Arthur Goebel, flying his "Yankee Doodle" plane, won the nonstop race in 15 hours and 17 minutes.

CHINESE Nationalists in Shanghai unofficially announced that they had practically completed the reorganization of the system of government, eliminating the previous Soviet form, which was borrowed from Russia. Under the new scheme, General Chiang will head the Nationalist government council, his position being similar to that of President or premier.

Gen. Pal Chung-hsi reported from northern Chihli province that he had completely defeated a remnant of the Chihli-Shantung troops and that Gen. Chang Chung-chang had fled, presumably to the Japanese leased area in Manchuria.

DEATHS of the week include those of Sir Horace Darwin, son of Charles Darwin and himself a noted scientist, and R. F. Outcault, veteran newspaper comic strip artist.

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THE MAIN ROAD WAS CLOSED

(By D. J. Walsh.)

CARRIE POTTER and her sister Cynthia lived in the old Potter homestead. They were middle-aged, healthy, good looking and possessed of comfortable incomes. To their friends and acquaintances it seemed as if "the Potter girls," as they were called, had everything to make them happy and contented. But this was not the case. In fact they had too much leisure in which to find fault with each other and their surroundings. That was why this sloppy morning they were driving along a country road. The night before at their evening meal they had had a perfect duel of words over some trivial thing and had only settled the matter by deciding to drive over to see Minty Granger and have her decide the dispute for them.

Carrie was driving their bright new coupe and skimming along at a good rate of speed when suddenly they were confronted by a detour sign. The sign bore a rudely executed arrow which pointed toward a road that seemed to follow crumbling stone walls off through a field.

"What a perfectly dreadful looking road!" Cynthia cried.

"I should say it was," Carrie bit her lip, nervously.

"Well, it's very evident the main road is closed, Carrie," Cynthia said. "You can't possibly drive over that; rough one. The only thing you can do is to go back." There was relief in her voice.

"No. We won't go back," Carrie's voice was firm. Not for one moment would she show the white feather before the timid Cynthia, and anyway if they did go back home the dispute would remain unsettled, for Carrie knew that her sister always managed to get the best of an argument. Cynthia would fire all her guns, as it were, and then when she saw she was losing ground she would begin weakly to cry—that usually ended all disputes.

There was another reason why Carrie did not wish to turn back. She hated to turn a car around. She could drive straight ahead but when she had to take her eyes from the front of the car in order to see where the back wheels were going she always lost her nerve. Cynthia knew this.

"No! We will not turn back," Carrie said with a little shake in her voice. She drew a long breath and taking a firmer grip of the wheel turned from the main road into the detour.

Cynthia braced herself as the coupe bounced and swayed over the rough road. Their suitcases and the generous box which they had packed with nuts, candy, fancy cakes, a canister of imported tea and sundry books and magazines they were taking as a surprise to Minty Granger cracked as if they would break, but Carrie kept right on going.

They had followed the road for some time when the sunlight began to dim and an occasional raindrop slashed against the windshield. Carrie set the automatic windshield cleaner in motion. Finally the road seemed to leave the level and lead straight up a steep hill.

"Oh—oh!—Must we climb that hill?" Cynthia could not keep back the exclamation. The hill loomed ominously ahead of them, dark with trees.

Carrie's lips tightened and she changed to a lower gear. The car would need all its power to make the grade. Up, up, up they went, the engine laboring. "Oh," Carrie thought with despairing griping her heart. "Will we ever get out of this mess?" Just as she was beginning to hope they were nearing the top of the hill the engine gave a wheezy gasp and stopped dead still. She set the brakes to prevent the car from sliding back down the hill. Turning she met the frightened eyes of her sister.

"Sit tight, Cynthia," she said with more courage in her voice than she felt in her heart. "No damage done so far and if I'm not mistaken, I see smoke right over there. Let's explore. We may find a house."

They got out of the car and after a moment's search found a path leading through the woods. This path led straight into a clearing where they espied a small, rough shanty. A dog came out and barked as they approached. At first they were terribly frightened because he acted so unfriendly but Carrie spoke to him coaxingly and after a moment he let them proceed to the house. Just as Carrie was about to knock the door opened and a tangle-headed little girl of eight appeared. She gazed at the two women with wide open brown eyes and after giving them an appraising look smiled at Cynthia.

"How do you do," Carrie said. "Is your papa or any one here who can help with a car?"

"Ask the lady in, Hetty," a weak voice bade from within. The little girl opened the door and motioned them to enter.

As their eyes became accustomed to the dim interior of the room they saw a woman lying on an old couch which had been drawn close to the fire.

"Come in, ladies," the woman invited. "Hetty, give the ladies chairs," she added to the little girl who stood shyly by her side. Hetty shoved two chairs toward the women and they sat down.

"Are you ill?" Cynthia asked with deep sympathy in her voice. The woman was young and would have been pretty had she not looked so sad.

"No, not really sick," the woman answered with a weak smile. "But I fell some time ago and must have strained my back. My man works down in the village during the week. He comes home Saturday nights. Hetty and I have been getting along alone—I'm afraid things don't look very nice," she added apologetically. "Things did not look very nice."

While the woman had been talking Carrie and Cynthia had been taking note of their surroundings. Never in all their lives had they seen so bare a room. Here was such a poverty as they had never known. The place seemed lacking in every possible comfort. To a helpless woman with only the companionship and care of a little child it must have been almost unendurable.

Suddenly Cynthia, noting the uncombed lock of the woman's hair, said: "Wouldn't you like to have me brush your hair?"

"Why, thank you," the woman answered with a brightening of her tired eyes, "that would be fine. My head gets sorta tired, and I tumble around so much my hair gets all snarled up! My man combs it out when he's here and Hetty does her best—"

Cynthia brushed the woman's hair and braided it into a comfortable flat braid. Carrie did a like service for the little girl. It was amazing what a lot of little things the sisters found to do for Hetty and her mother, and the time passed so quickly that the hands of the old clock on the mantel pointed to 12 before they realized the lateness of the hour. Then at Carrie's suggestion Cynthia and Hetty ran back to the car and brought the gifts they were taking to Minty Granger. Carrie baked corn bread, cooked potatoes, brewed a good pot of Minty Granger's imported tea and fried some crisp strips of bacon. When the food was prepared they drew the small kitchen table close to the couch. It was quite a merry meal. The woman and child ate heartily.

"You are looking better already, my dear," Cynthia said smiling at the woman, who had raised herself to a sitting posture.

"I am feeling better," the woman responded. "The doctor said when he was up here last week all I needed now was to get an appetite. My man and Hetty tried to fix things but I couldn't eat. I guess I was lonesome, too—I just couldn't seem to swallow anything we had."

Carrie and Cynthia stayed long enough to wash dishes and put the room to rights and then at Carrie's suggestion they bade good-by to Hetty and her mother and went back to their stalled car. Carrie climbed into the car and stepped on the starter button. Much to her surprise the engine began to throb. She changed gears and the car moved forward.

"Climb in, quick, Cynthia!" she cried, "before this pesky thing changes its mind!"

They drove on for a mile or two when the rough road again joined the main highway. But Cynthia noticed that Carrie instead of proceeding in the direction of Minty Granger's house turned and drove deliberately toward home. When they got home they asked their next door neighbor what he supposed had been wrong with the car and he replied with a smile at their inexperience: "Your engine got overheated. That detour over Shepard's hill would tax a better car than yours. No doubt your engine boiled. When it got cool you could start it again."

The girls put the car into their garage and on their way to the house Carrie said slipping her hand through Cynthia's arm, "Tomorrow, Cynthia, hill or no hill, we are going back to see Hetty and her mother."

"You are right, Carrie," Cynthia said. "And this time we will take enough comforts along to last that poor woman till she gets around again."

"The trouble with us, Cynthia," Carrie said honestly, "is that we have had such an easy time ourselves we have grown crabbed and selfish. We have been getting too mean to enjoy the blessings we have."

The dispute was settled out of court, as it were, and it was quite a time before they even thought of Minty Granger, so absorbed were they in life as they saw it through their awakened eyes.

Czechoslovakia



Traditional Geographic Society

Czechoslovak Maidens in Native Costume.

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

CZECHOSLOVAKIA is an excellent example of a cultured nation which, owing to the overthrow of the old order in Europe, is now a free land.

It was on American soil that the plans of freedom of this nation were developed; its Declaration of Independence was written in an American city and shortened to meet the space limitations of an American newspaper. In success or failure, this key-land to central Europe cannot but be of interest to America and to the world.

Prague, the capital of the new republic, is one of the most interesting of the world's cities, and to one who comes to know its charms it has a peculiar appeal. The view of the ancient palace of Hradcany from the opposite end of the old Charles bridge is one long to be remembered.

The favorite view of Prague is from a hideous view-tower on the Petrin. From its top one can see the Bohemian forest on the Bavarian frontier and the other low ranges that enclose the great plain of Bohemia; but as a vantage point for viewing Prague, it is distinctly disappointing. Even the high spires of the St. Vitus Cathedral cut the hillside instead of the skyline, and the rolling city, caught in the boomerang curve of the river, seems much flatter than it really is.

When the sun begins to set behind the Petrin, the saw-toothed towers of the cathedral, to which one's gaze so frequently returns, stand out dull brown and edged with darker tones against a hazy sky; but the brown buildings beyond the romantic towers of the historic bridge of Prague respond to the farewell kiss of the setting sun as do the towering columns of Basilisk, glowing with a mellow light. Then one suddenly realizes why the Bohemians call their beloved capital Zlata Praha, Golden Prague.

Arcaes of Prague.

Prague is essentially a city for the pedestrian wanderer. A sight-seeing bus or a loggnette would chase away the charm. Formal sights are disappointing except to experts, but to him who likes to loiter among medieval scenes, taking pleasure in watching this old lady whose worn umbrella shelters a slender stock of fruit, or contemplating with leisurely delight the life that surges through the covered passageways lining the cobbled streets of the Mala Strana, few cities so intrigue one's interest.

The Czechs who emigrate to Cleveland ought to feel at home there, for Prague is also a city of arcades. Some of these are low-arched passages that remind one of an Old Chester whose cubist lines are bent to graceful curves, or of the dimly-lighted "souks" that usher one into the caravansaries of Bokhara.

Others are great open halls that cut their way through massive modern blocks, their plate-glass walls placarded with posters and pierced by entrances to moving-picture shows and cabarets that love the dark, with hair-dressers' windows full of cheap perfume at high prices, and with a postage-stamp dealer or two. No modern arcade in Prague would be complete without a postage-stamp dealer whose windows are pock-marked with treasures for the philatelist.

The native costumes of Czechoslovakia are a never-ending delight. Although each town has its peculiar style, in each there are such differences as are due to individual tastes. In the small towns women are non-conformists in matters of dress.

The men run more or less to type, with high boots, brightly polished but dusty to the ankles, wide white trousers, and a shirt eloquent of wifely toll beside some sylvan stream and nicely embroidered at the wrist and

throat with delicate designs which do not suggest the horny-handedness of the women who produced them.

A panel of dark material hangs down in front and a gay sash of red and black, much like the Filipino gee string, hangs to the ankles. The vest is thickly braided and has innumerable frogs.

Colorful Garb of the Women.

But the women run the whole gamut of color, and when one sees them massed in the mellow light of a great church interior he looks to see what stained-glass window or prism-decorated chandelier has thrown its varicolored beams across the multitude.

The women's shoes are stout, high-cut, and topped with patent leather trimmed to a scalloped edge, so that they give a strangely graceful appearance to the stocky legs of the peasant women. Their stockings are for protection as well as for display, some with small square designs knitted into the dull black.

The skirts are plain black, with no trimming except a line of fine embroidery, worn, like the attractive smocking of the Chinese coolie apron, just below the waist, but they are very heavily plaited and are hung above a surprising number of lace-trimmed petticoats.

The waist-length jacket may be quite plain except for an applique design of hand-made lace around the bust and on the sleeve from elbow to wrist, but the head-dress and apron are as gay in tone as the obi of a Japanese doll of twelve.

Some of the Slavic head shawls, which give a Madonna oval to the broadest of peasant features, are neat white cotton with red polka dots or a dark gray design. Others are shimmering white silk, embroidered with light tints or heavy designs.

Commerce is working havoc with the lovely peasant costumes of Czechoslovakia, for aniline dyes are being substituted for vegetable colors which were not only much softer when new, but which fade into mellow tones so chemical dye can duplicate.

Machine Work Ruining Art.

Factories are calling the women from the farms, where they utilized the winter months in working out the designs traced by the village designer or in evolving their own. Thus, gradually the arts of the past are being lost.

City girls and foreigners, whose sense of art is inferior, have conceived a great liking for these peasant costumes, with the result that there is a market, not only for the product of months or years of loving labor, but also for hurried work, devoid of imagination and machine-like in its mediocrity.

Not only are hideous color combinations displayed and machine-made ribbons used in place of better ornament, but the costumes, donned by those to whom they are only a type of fancy dress, lack the dignity which is never lacking when they are used by the real peasant.

Names are a continual plague to the traveler in Czechoslovakia who learned his geography before the World War. When the Czech divorce from Austria was recognized by the great powers, the first thing the little country did was to go back to its maiden name. This, of course, has given great joy to the people; but why a trade name as valuable as Karisbad should be sacrificed for Karlovy Vary is a little hard even for Czechoslovakia's sincerest admirers to understand. It is bad enough having to learn a name like that, and one is quite surprised to know that Marienbad is just as attractive under the impossible cognomen of Mariansky Lazne as it was under its German name.