

## WHAT'S GOING ON

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### Mr. Hoover Offers Flood Relief and Control Plan to President.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD  
FLOOD relief and control work by Congress, covering a period of ten years and costing more than \$150,000,000 is recommended by Secretary of Commerce Hoover in his comprehensive report on the Mississippi valley disaster of this year which he laid before President Coolidge at the summer White House. His control project, besides providing for taking over and improving the levee system, embraces a plan for completion of the navigation program of the Mississippi and its main tributaries which he says can be carried out at an additional cost of fifteen to twenty millions a year.

Mr. Hoover declared that the flood control program must embrace the following principles:

1. Higher and consequently wider levees and the extension of federal responsibility for levees in some of the tributaries.
2. A safety valve upon the levee system by the provision of a spillway or by-pass to the gulf to protect New Orleans and southern Louisiana—most probably the Atchafalaya river for this purpose.
3. For further safety measures the engineers are examining the possible extension of the by-pass to the northward from the Atchafalaya toward the Arkansas, the possible erection of emergency flood basins, and the possibility of store in the tributaries.

Concerning the relief work Mr. Hoover said in part:

"The financial situation on relief is that we can complete all these programs—seed, food, feed, furniture, animals, house construction, sanitation. By the first of November we estimate we shall have spent \$13,400,000 Red Cross dues, \$7,000,000 equipment and supplies from the federal government, \$3,000,000 free railway transportation, and provided \$1,100,000 for county health cleanup units. We should have left \$3,000,000 from the \$16,500,000 subscribed to the Red Cross with which to face continued necessities after November 1. It is impossible to determine what the necessities will be after that date."

**A**NOTHER caller on the President was Senator Smoot, chairman of the senate finance committee, who presented his plan for tax reduction. This program is based on a tax cut of \$300,000,000 and includes the following items:

- Reduction of the corporation tax from 13½ to 12 per cent lopping off \$150,000,000 annual revenue.
- Elimination of taxes on admissions and club dues, cutting the nation's income \$37,000,000 yearly.
- Reduction of tax on passenger automobiles from 3 per cent to 1½ per cent, costing \$50,000,000.
- Graduated scale reduction on incomes between \$15,000 and \$50,000.

**M**ICHAEL, a golden-haired child not yet six years old, is now king of Rumania, for the picturesque King Ferdinand succumbed on July 20 to the malady that made his death, imminent for many months. Until the new monarch reaches his eighteenth year the country will be ruled by a regency comprised of his uncle, Prince Nicholas, Miron Cristea, patriarch of the Rumanian orthodox church, and Judge Buzdugan of the supreme court.

In announcing the death of Ferdinand the government issued an official statement saying it will not waver from the decision of the crown council on January 4, 1920, at which Prince Carol was disinherited and Prince Michael, his son, proclaimed crown prince, and that the government will support the regency, and "if necessary, resort to arms to prevent the reinstatement of Carol."

The commander of the Second army corps, stationed in Bucharest, issued a statement informing the country that the state of siege continues, and warning newspaper men that if they

spread false alarms they will be liable to court-martial.

Prince Carol, at his home of exile in Neuilly, near Paris, received word of his father's demise and at once seceded himself, sending word to the press that he expected to be recalled to Rumania and calling himself "king." Ferdinand's last words, as he died in the arms of Queen Marie, were: "I am feeling tired." His body lay in state in Cotroceni palace outside Bucharest until Saturday, when the state funeral was held. Then the casket was placed in the family vaults at the monastery of Curtea Arges.

Premier Bratianu took strong measures to prevent any uprising, public buildings and strategic points being occupied by troops and meetings being forbidden. Queen Marie received messages of condolence from all over the world, including one from President and Mrs. Coolidge, and the British and Belgian courts went into mourning.

**T**AKING advantage of a strike of protest ordered by Vienna Socialists because of the acquittal of some Fascist slayers, the communist agitators there tried to get control of the city and set up a soviet government. Mobs, stirred to riot, marched through the city, looting public buildings and burning the palace of justice, and fighting the police fiercely. The local contingents of troops were disinclined to fire on the crowds, so the Seipel government called in troops from provincial garrisons. These, with the help of the Social Democrats, soon gained control of the situation, and the civil war which the communists were trying to stir up was averted.

The strike had stopped all transportation, and threats were received from Italy that if Italian trains were not permitted to pass through the country, troops would be sent into the Austrian Tyrol, occupying the railroad line up to the German border. The government of Austria threatened to take radical steps to end the strike, and the nationalist villages, the anti-socialist peasantry and the loyal Heimwehr or home guards gave Premier Seipel full support. So the labor unions and Socialists of Vienna yielded and the strike was called off.

The flurry, however, was costly to Austria in several ways. During the rioting scores of persons were killed and hundreds wounded; the destruction of property was great, and in the burning of the palace of justice all the nation's financial records were lost. The government was fearful lest the disturbances might keep many tourists away from Vienna.

**D**OWN in Nicaragua one rebel leader, General Sandino, refused to submit to the peace terms imposed by the United States, and last week he led his brigand band of 500 in attacking a small detachment of American marines and native constabulary at Ocotol. Capt. G. D. Hatfield was in command and his little force fought back desperately. Marine scouting planes carried word of the battle to Managua and five bombing planes commanded by Maj. Ross E. Rowell flew to the rescue through a severe tropical storm. With bombs and machine guns they speedily routed the rebels, of whom about 300 were killed. The marines lost only one man. Sandino, still defiant, fled to the mountains and a column of troops was sent out with orders to get him.

Delegates to the fifth congress of the Pan-American Federation of Labor, in session in Washington, denounced this killing of Nicaraguan citizens, and President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, who presided at the opening of the congress, sharply denounced American intervention in the domestic affairs of Latin American countries and wrote a letter of protest to Secretary of State Kellogg. In reply Mr. Kellogg warmly defended the action of the marines, and set forth clearly the conditions in Nicaragua which had resulted in the outlawing of Sandino, who had neither the support nor the approval of any of the leaders of the political parties in Nicaragua. The resolutions committee of the Pan-American labor congress adopted a resolution asking the immediate withdrawal of American forces from Nicaragua.

Brigadier General Feland, com-

manding the marines in Nicaragua, has recommended that the distinguished service medal be awarded Major Rowell, who, he says, saved the little garrison at Ocotol from great loss of life and almost certain destruction.

**G**REAT BRITAIN and Japan reached some sort of accord on the cruiser question in the conference at Geneva and the plan was presented to the Americans, who did not seem especially pleased with it. Then the British government called Viscount Cecil and W. C. Bridgeman to London for consultation with the cabinet, and at once there were reports that the conference was on the verge of a breakdown. This was strongly denied in London, where a foreign office spokesman asserted that the hope for an agreement was stronger than at any time since the conference began. The Japanese delegates in Geneva also were optimistic, predicting that an agreement would be reached by the middle of August. The British before leaving Geneva had consented to reduce their demands for cruisers and destroyers from 800,000 tons to 500,000 tons, as insisted upon by the Japanese, and hoped this would induce the Americans to agree to bar eight-inch guns on all but 10,000-ton cruisers; but Mr. Gibson would not surrender this point.

**F**IVE transatlantic flyers—Byrd, Noville, Acosta, Balchen and Chamberlin—returned to the United States by steamer and were given New York's usual noisy reception, with parade, paper confetti, banquets and medals. The two first were awarded the navy's distinguished flying cross. Lieutenants Maitland and Hegeberger, who flew to Honolulu, had a triumphant trip across the country on their way to Washington, where Secretary of State Kellogg and other government officials greeted them warmly. They, too, will receive the distinguished flying cross when President Coolidge returns to the capital.

Colonel Lindbergh picked up his "Spirit of St. Louis" at Mitchell field, New York, and started on a tour of the country to tell the people of the advance of aviation and the needs of more and larger airports. His first stop was at Hartford, Conn., where he spoke at the Hartford club.

Capt. F. T. Courtney, British aviator, was all ready for his attempted flight from England to America, with a stop at Valencia, Ireland, but was delayed by unfavorable weather. He was to carry a crew of two men and intended to fly from the Irish town direct to Newfoundland.

**J**ACK DEMPSEY, former heavyweight champion, "came back" in the fight with Jack Sharkey in New York and won the right to challenge Gene Tunney for the title. He knocked out the Boston lad in the seventh round with a hard left hook to the jaw. The battle was lively and aroused the enthusiasm of 83,000 persons who were present. Sharkey claimed that he was fouled in the final round, but this was denied by Dempsey and by Referee O'Sullivan.

**I**OWA'S Lowden-for-President club announces that more than 100,000 persons in that state have signed the petition asking Frank O. Lowden to seek the Republican Presidential nomination and pledging him their support. Among the signers are Gov. John Hammill and more than 90 per cent of the employees in the Iowa state capitol building. Action of the governor in signing the petition nullified the hopes of his friends that Mr. Hammill, who like Mr. Lowden, has been a leader in the farm relief fight, might become a vice presidential candidate next year on a Coolidge ticket.

**M**INOR items of news: Aaron Sapiro has dismissed his million-dollar libel suit against Henry Ford, accepting the automobile manufacturer's apology and a "substantial sum" of money.

Standard Oil Company of New Jersey announces it will have no business relations with the soviet government of Russia so long as that government declines to recognize private property rights.

Hankow and Hanyang, China, were occupied by Gen. Ho Chien, a Conservative southern leader. Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of China's first President, retired from political life.

new engine has already developed 1,000 horse power.

What Lieutenant Williams is going to do with it is a different, if not a greater, feat than straight distance flying over oceans and deserts. Any good flyer, according to one of them, can fly a good plane anywhere. If he starts to race he must learn all over again. The ordinary flyer pulls the stick and climbs a nice slope. If a racer just thinks of pulling the stick he is liable to shoot up at a tremendous speed.

### HER PLAN WORKED OUT SPLENDIDLY

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

**I**F ANYBODY had told Edith Kent as she sat dawdling over a late breakfast that morning that she would receive an invitation to dine with Mrs. Jasper French that evening she would not have believed it, for, although Mrs. French had always taken pains to be gracious to Edith, her friendliness had never gone so far as an invitation to dine.

Edith was having a holiday. Her employer had been called unexpectedly out of town and the office would be closed for a day or two. That was why Edith was enjoying a leisurely breakfast instead of hurrying to her work. It was a real treat, for in Edith's life, since her parents' death, there had been all too few times that she could idle away a bit of time. She was a wage earner and had only recently arrived at a time where her earnings made it possible for her to have two rooms in which to work out a semblance to a home for herself. True, to most people her home, as she called it, would have seemed poor enough, but to Edith, long used to hall bedrooms, this sunny room, with its couchbed, tea wagon and few pieces of ancient furniture, seemed a paradise.

It is true that Edith did not expect to pass an idle day, for there were stockings to darn, her office suit to be sponged and pressed, and a new recipe for sponge-cake, which she wished to try. Therefore, when Mrs. Hess, who owned the house in which Edith had her "home," came toiling up the stairs to announce in a wheezy voice, "Phone, Miss Kent," Edith had no idea what was in store for her.

When Edith had taken down the receiver and called, "Hello!" she received the announcement that it was Mrs. French, and that she wished Edith to dine with her at six that evening. "Perfectly informal," Mrs. French assured Edith. "Only Miss Gordon and my nephew, Harry Case, whom you already know. Afterward we will have a game or two of cards." At Edith's ready acceptance Mrs. French murmured a conventional phrase or two and said good-by.

Edith was in the seventh heaven of delight. To dine with Mrs. Jasper French, who up to this time had merely been pleasantly neighborly. To dine and spend an evening in Mrs. French's cozy home, which from the glimpses Edith had caught through the lighted windows as she passed to and from her work must be lovely. To meet the beautiful Miss Constance Gordon, whom she had long admired, but never met, and to be in the presence of Harry Case, whom she had known since their school days, but had seen little of since. Edith's heart fairly danced for joy. She pinched herself to make sure she was awake and not dreaming.

Upstairs she flew. There would not be a moment to waste. The organdie must be put through the dye bath and pressed, her hair brushed until it shone. Oh, there was much to be done before she would be presentable. And all the time she worked her heart sang a merry little accompaniment to the grateful thoughts which danced through her mind at the kindness of Mrs. French in asking her—little Edith Kent—to her house.

At a quarter before six, when Edith ran down the street toward Mrs. French's house, she was still joyously happy. Snowflakes were falling and Edith laughingly held up her face to their caress. What a wonderful world it was! Forgotten were the sorrows and troubles which had beset her nineteen years. Tonight she would be happy.

A trim maid admitted Edith and showed her to the parlor where Mrs. French and Miss Gordon, who had already arrived, were seated before the fireplace talking. As Edith entered the room Mrs. French arose and in a delightful, cordial manner welcomed her, and taking her hand led her to the fire and introduced her to Miss Gordon. For a moment Edith was quite speechless. Never before had she seen anything so perfectly lovely as Miss Gordon. Miss Gordon might have been thirty. At any rate, she had the air of sophistication which is so fascinating to nineteen. She was blond and far more beautiful than nature had intended her to be. Though of this Edith was unaware. She, too, wore a pink gown, but of a shade that could not be bought for ten cents at the corner drug store. It was satin—one of those gowns that defy imitation and empty one's purse to buy. It had cost nearly as much as Edith could have earned in a whole year.

Soon after Edith's entrance, the maid ushered in another guest; this time it was Harry Case. From that time on things became very interesting, indeed.

Harry Case was a fine, manly look-

ing fellow of twenty-one. He had finished college and was spending a year working in his father's office learning what he could of the business before entering the firm as a partner.

The dinner which followed was perfect in every detail. Edith, completely absorbed in the pleasure of her first really fine dinner party, was unconscious of anything save her own enjoyment. She was simply an attractive young girl, beautiful, as youth is always beautiful, and her lack of self-consciousness enhanced her charm, but beside Miss Gordon she was as a tiny taper compared to an incandescent light. Mrs. French, however, saw that every attention was showered impartially upon her guests and she also seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself.

When the guests returned to the parlor Miss Gordon seated herself upon a big gray davenport and, patting the seat by her side, said to Edith: "Come, my dear; sit beside me. Let us get acquainted."

Under the bright light which the chandelier threw directly on their faces Edith looked like a pink rosebud, while Miss Gordon, with her touched-up skin and penciled eyebrows, looked decidedly artificial. Harry Case, who had seated himself directly facing the two girls, looked from one to the other at first in surprise and then in growing conviction. Miss Gordon was in her liveliest mood and all went well until Mrs. French was called to the telephone. Then Miss Gordon's wit seemed to vent itself on poor Edith, who was bewildered by the change in the woman's manner. The fifteen minutes which followed were the most uncomfortable that Edith had ever endured. She felt she was being dissected for Harry's benefit, but she endured it all politely. She was, however, glad almost to tears when Mrs. French returned to the room and the maid brought in the card table. The bad quarter of an hour had done its work and left Edith with the joy of the evening dimmed.

At ten Miss Gordon decided it was time for her to go home, and to Mrs. French's offer of her car Miss Gordon shook her head and with an arch look at Harry Case said she preferred to walk. But Harry failed to catch the look and, turning to Edith, he asked her if he might walk home with her.

Thus the party left the house. Miss Gordon laughing merrily and insisting that she had had a most delightful evening, "dear Mrs. French," but with scarcely a good-night to Harry and Edith, who walked away while she was still saying good-by to her hostess.

As Mrs. French turned from the door and reached to turn off the lights she caught sight of herself in the long mirror over the fireplace and smiled at her reflection. Her little plan had worked very nicely, and Harry's career was safe in the hands of Edith and all she stood for. It had been a daring thing to do, but Harriet French loved her nephew as if he were her own son. She had resolved that he would not become involved in an affair which would hinder or complicate his future. She had been troubled by the growing friendship between Miss Gordon and Harry, for he was at the age where his fancy might be caught by the charm of an older woman. She was sure Miss Gordon was only amusing herself, but to Harry it might be serious enough to spoil his future. Therefore the risk was too great—hence the dinner party.

Mrs. French switched off the lights and ascended the stairs to her room, humming happily to herself.

#### Napoleon's First Wife

Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, was born in the island of Martinique, a French possession in the West Indies. Her first husband was Viscount Beaubarnois, by whom she had two children, Eugene, who became viceroy of Italy, and Hortense, wife of Napoleon's brother and mother of Louis Napoleon or Napoleon III. Napoleon divorced Josephine in 1809 in order that he might marry Maria Louisa, daughter of the emperor of Austria. Josephine died in 1814.

#### Tested and Labeled

"How old are you?" inquired the visitor of his host's little son.

"That is a difficult question," answered the young man, removing his spectacles and wiping them reflectively. "The latest personal survey available shows my psychological age to be twelve, my moral age four, my anatomical age seven, and my physiological age six. I suppose, however, that you refer to my chronological age, which is eight. That is so old-fashioned that I seldom think of it any more."—Success Magazine.

#### Capacity for Love

In the most perfect love, the lovers' happiness will not be exactly the same, but their union ever so close; for the better of the two needs must love with a love that is deeper; and the one who loves with a deeper love must be surely the happier.—Maeterlinck.

## LAVA BEDS of IDAHO



An Old Fumarole or Spatter Cone.

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

**I**N THE West the term "Lava Beds of Idaho" has always signified a region to be shunned by even the most venturesome travelers—a land supposedly barren of vegetation, destitute of water, devoid of animal life, and lacking in scenic interest.

In reality the region has slight resemblance to its imagined aspect. Its vegetation is mostly hidden in pockets, but when found consists of pines, cedars, junipers, and sagebrush; its water is hidden deep in tanks or holes at the bottom of large "blow-outs" and is found only by following old Indian or mountain sheep trails or by watching the flight of birds as they drop into these places to quench their thirst. The animal life consists principally of migrant birds, rock rabbits, woodchucks, black and grizzly bears; its scenery is impressive in its grandeur.

A glance at a map of Idaho shows that the southern part of the state, lying between Arco and Carey and north of Minidoka, is a vast region labeled desert or rolling plateau. This region is about 100 miles southwest of Yellowstone park.

Although almost totally unknown at present, this section is destined some day to attract tourists from all America, for its lava flows are as interesting as those of Vesuvius, Mauna Loa or Kilauwa. Part of it has recently been made into the craters of the Moon National monument.

The district consists of some 63 volcanic craters, lava, and cinder cones, all at present extinct or dormant. The largest and most conspicuous is 600 feet high, rising in the midst of a belt of craters two or three miles wide and 30 miles long. The craters or cones are close together in the north and west; in the south they are miles apart.

#### Among the Craters.

In entering from Minidoka one of the first major landmarks encountered is Big Dome. A few hundred yards north of it is a crater several hundred yards in diameter and about 200 feet deep. The bottom of this crater was utilized as a camping site by a recent exploration party. They found themselves in a gigantic funnel whose sloping sides of red and black formed weird surroundings in the reflections of the campfire. A peculiar feature of the bottoms of the craters was that they seemed to act as sounding boards for the notes of the birds migrating northward far overhead. Their faint calls are gathered and intensified until the birds seem only a few feet away.

Half a mile east of Big Dome is an immense crater ring that looks as if the top of a mountain had collapsed and fallen back into the volcanic throat. From the center, crags of bright-red lava and burned cinders jut up. In some places the lava is black, as if smoked in a fire.

The crags have magnetic properties, and the compass needle cannot be depended upon when near them. About a quarter mile to the northwest is a large fissure, which was named Vermilion canyon. The floor, a hundred or more feet in width, is composed of cinders; the walls of lava are a bright, almost a vermilion, red in the sunlight.

Fifteen feet south of this is a hollow cone, built up 4 or 5 feet. One side has fallen in, exposing the throat, which goes down 25 feet and then angles off, an unknown depth. Fifty feet to the north is another cone, about 4 feet high and 2½ feet in diameter at the base. This has a 6-inch hole in one side, which opens up as it goes down.

Not far away is another crater similar to the one already described but having interesting variations. From its rim one sees below a hundred or

more large lava blisters or bubbles. In many instances the tops have fallen in, disclosing rooms from 8 to 10 feet across and as high as 6 or 7 feet. The shells of these lava bubbles are from 6 to 8 inches thick. Their color is a grayish brown.

West of the crater beside Bubble Basin are channels winding through the lava flat just as meandering brooks might cross a level meadow. Examination showed these to be lava gutters. Here the plastic lava had flowed down grade, assuming all the shapes of a mountain stream. It was in waves, rolls, twists, and levels.

Ten miles to the northwest, beyond buttes and lava beds, lies Echo Crater, one of the most beautiful in the region. It is 700 feet deep and is one of the few craters having a growth of timber on its sides and bottom. The dark green of the pines and cedars emphasizes the vivid coloring common to these craters.

About a quarter of a mile east of Echo Crater is Ice cave. There is a rush of cold air from the entrance. The cause is immediately apparent. The floor is a conglomerate mass of huge lava blocks. These and the walls are incrustated in water, with about 2 inches of ice as clear as glass, through which the structure of the rock can easily be seen.

Hanging from the ceiling are many ice stalactites, some 4 to 8 inches in diameter at the base and from 3 to 8 feet long. In places, especially where there is a ridge in the ceiling, they are in closely packed clusters.

#### Cobalt Blue Lava Flow.

One of the best vantage points in the craters of the Moon country is Big Cinder Butte, about 22 miles south of the town of Arco, and within five miles of the highway from Carey to Yellowstone park. From the summit one looks over numerous craters and flows and the other features that make up the weird region. To the north are many spatter cones and the shadowy outlines of huge craters. Two miles northwest is a row of seven lava spatter cones caused by molten lava which had been thrown out of a vent, piling up to a height of 60 feet.

Stretching to the southwest for a distance of about 11 miles is one of the most remarkable lava flows in the world. Its color is a deep cobalt blue, with generally a high gloss, as if the flow had been given a coat of blue varnish. The surface is netted and veined with small cracks, having the appearance of the scales of some prehistoric reptile. It has been named the Blue Dragon Flow. It merits the name, as in many places it has burst through the crevasse of an older flow, and the rosy twists of blue lava, spreading out in branches, together with its scaled surface, need but a little stretch of imagination to suggest the claws and legs of a dragon.

It is the play of light at sunset across this lava that charms the spectator. It becomes a twisted, wavy sea. In the moonlight its glazed surface has a silvery sheen. With changing conditions of light and air, it varies also, even while one stands and watches. It is a place of color and silence, broken only by the wail of the coyote and chirp of the rock cony.

Beyond the north end of Blue Dragon Flow is an immense cinder cone, the west side of which has breached away, leaving the floor of the crater exactly as it must have appeared when the eruption of lava ceased. Here, are bubbles, rolls, folds and twists, as if a giant's frying pan of thick gray furiously boiling had been frozen instantaneously. This flow had broken out and traveled northwest for several hundred yards, and then, having been dammed up, had broken through a low place in the cinder ridge and gone east.

### America to Go After Speed Record in Air

With the hope of recapturing for America the world's airplane speed record, a 1,000-horse-powered machine is being built at Garden City, N. Y., for the navy pilot, Lieut. Al Williams. The world's record is 278.48 miles an hour, held by Warrant Officer Bonnet of France.

Enthusiasts are discussing speed possibilities. Can a man build a fly- ing machine that has more endurance

than his own body? Can it creation of man's brain outride its creator? Maj. Louis H. Bauer, medical corps, U. S. A., expert on aviation medicine, thinks the mechanically possible may be the physically impossible.

A speed may yet be attained which will not allow a turn to be made. Even if the plane can stand it, pressure on the stem of the brain caused by a sharp curve may cause sudden death.

Although it has not yet been tested in the airplane, Lieutenant Williams'