

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Champion Tunney Defeats Dempsey in Lively Ten-Round Battle.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

EVERYTHING else in the world moved back and gave the center of the stage, last week, to the "fight of the century," the battle in Chicago for the heavyweight championship between Gene Tunney, title holder, and Jack Dempsey, former champion. As nearly everyone in the country knew within a few moments after the finish, Tunney retained the title by out-punching Dempsey in most of the ten rounds, despite the fact that he was knocked to a sitting position in the seventh, taking the count of nine. In the words of one expert observer, it was simply a case of a boxer who was much faster winning a ten-round decision over a fighter who always commands respect because of his punching power.

Aside from being a good battle, the fight was the most remarkable in the history of the ring in the matters of attendance and receipts. In round figures, there were 145,000 men and women gathered in the Chicago stadium to witness it, and they paid \$2,800,000. Tunney's purse was \$900,000 and Dempsey received \$450,000. The net profit for Tex Rickard's Madison Square Garden corporation was about \$718,000.

The contest attracted an extraordinary number of notable persons of both sexes, among them many senators, governors and lesser officials, members of the British nobility, and at least one person of royal blood—the Princess Xenia of Greece, wife of William B. Leeds, Jr. Mr. Leeds and his party of five traveled from New York to Chicago by airplane, as did a good many others. Special trains from every direction carried at least ten thousand to the battle.

Unbiased spectators of the fight, including at least one of the two judges, said the referee, David Barry, was fair throughout, though he might have penalized Dempsey for the use of the rabbit punch on the back of Tunney's head. The Dempsey camp complained that the count was five seconds slow, when Tunney was floored in the seventh round, but this was admittedly due to Jack's slowness in getting to a neutral corner after the knockdown. The extra seconds were of great value to Tunney. Whether he could have recovered without them is a matter of opinion.

ONLY two hours of deliberation were needed by the jury to find John L. Duvall, mayor of Indianapolis, guilty of political corruption. His punishment was fixed at thirty days' imprisonment in the county jail and a fine of \$1,000. In addition the jury declared him ineligible to hold any public office or employment for a period of four years from November 2, 1925, the date of the offense. Duvall's attorneys announced they would appeal for a new trial and then take the case to the Supreme court. The verdict does not become effective until the appeals have been decided, and meanwhile Duvall may legally continue in office. The specific charge against Duvall was that he accepted a bribe of \$14,500 and political support from William H. Armitage, long the boss of Indianapolis politics, and that in return Duvall pledged that Armitage might name the members and govern the policies of the city board of public works, from which are given many thousands of dollars of public improvement work.

NOTHING quite like the invasion of France by the American Legion—the "second A. E. F."—ever took place before. Despite predictions of disorders and other unpleasantnesses, the second visit of the doughboys to the land where they fought was an unqualified success, their reception by the people of Paris was warm and enthusiastic, and the holding of the convention in the French capital really seemed to strengthen the bonds of amity between France Chamberlain, British foreign secre-

and the United States. Furthermore, the Legionnaires in general managed to enjoy themselves without in any way disgracing themselves, which was to be expected since they are not irresponsible boys.

The spectacular feature of the week was the parade of the Legion immediately after the opening session of the convention. For the second time in history the chains of the Arc de Triomphe were let down, and more than 20,000 members of the Legion passed under that beautiful monument, each pausing to lay a tiny bouquet of pink roses upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. That shrine of France was covered with a floral mound twenty feet square and six feet deep before the last man had dropped his tribute. In the ranks of the marchers were the American women's war organizations and many women members of the families of the Legionnaires. Gathered thick along the line of the parade were about all the people of Paris, and in the front ranks of the crowds were the disabled veterans of the French army, overcome with emotion as their old fellow fighters passed by dipping their flags low before the crippled and blinded heroes. General Pershing, Commander Savage, Marshal Foch and other notables led the parade in motor cars, and when it reached the Place de la Concorde they dropped out and occupied places in the reviewing stand.

That evening the largest dinner ever given in Paris was served at the Invalides. Four thousand Legionnaires, including all the official delegates, were the guests, and the food, prepared by 500 chefs, was the best the city could provide. Next day the Legion gave a big banquet in honor of President Doumergue at which General Pershing and Marshal Foch were the chief speakers and Franco-American solidarity was the main subject of the toasts. Wednesday many of the visitors, led by General Pershing, went to Douaumont and the desolated slopes around Verdun and there "Black Jack" paid a tribute to Marshal Petain and French soldiers who under him held that position throughout the war and gave their lives by the hundred thousand. The marshal, white haired and with haunted eyes, was a pathetic figure in the ceremonies at the Douaumont ossuary, where all the bones gathered in the Verdun sector are placed.

In the Legion convention sessions the hottest debate was over Gen. William Mitchell's attempt to win endorsement for his pet plan to have installed immediately a separate air department in the cabinet. A majority of the delegates favored a motion asking for the "organization of national aeronautics into a separate department of national defense, headed by a cabinet secretary," but they added "as soon as warranted."

Edward E. Spafford of New York was unanimously elected national commander of the Legion. Mr. Spafford, a Vermont by birth, was graduated from the Navy academy in 1901 and served in the navy until 1914, when he resigned to enter business. In 1917, with our entrance into the war, he returned to active duty in the navy. He is forty-seven years of age.

TWENTY-FIVE planes started from New York for Spokane in the national air derby, which was divided into three classes. In classes A and B, for which stops were provided, the respective winners were C. W. Holman of St. Paul and C. W. Meyers of Detroit. In class C, for a nonstop flight, there were but two starters—Eddie Stinson and Duke Schiller. Both were forced to land in Montana.

The first plane off in class A, with R. E. Hudson as pilot and Jay Radtke as mechanic, both of Michigan, crashed at Long Valley, N. J., and both men were killed.

DANIEL R. CRISSINGER, governor of the federal reserve board, having resigned from that body, the President appointed Roy A. Young, for eight years governor of the Federal Reserve bank of Minneapolis, to succeed him. It is understood that after the appointment is confirmed by the senate, Mr. Young will be chosen governor. Meanwhile the duties of that office are being performed by Edmund Platt, vice governor. The selection of Mr. Young is regarded as a victory for the element which opposed the arbitrary action of the board in reduc-

ing the rediscount rate of the Chicago Federal Reserve bank from 4 to 3½ per cent. It is understood that President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon in choosing Mr. Young as a member of the board hope that the threatened attack upon the federal reserve board in congress during the coming winter will be averted.

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WILLIAM G. McADOO removed himself from the possibilities for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and now the dry element in the party is casting about for a leader to succeed him. Edwin T. Meredith of Iowa, former secretary of agriculture, himself thought to have a fair chance for the nomination, has said the "dry progressive" Democrats must make haste in this or the nomination would go to Gov. Al Smith by default. He said he believed the principal issues in 1928 should be farm relief and prohibition, with a plank calling for strict enforcement of the Volstead act and an attack on the Coolidge administration for failure to enforce it. Deprecating talk of his own possible candidacy, Mr. Meredith named New ton D. Baker of Ohio, former secretary of war; Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana; Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, Representative Cordell Hull of Tennessee and Daniel C. Roper of Texas as among those whom his wing of the party would support. He declared his group would not support Governor Smith, Senator James A. Reed of Missouri or Gov. Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland for the nomination.

OUR new ambassador to Mexico is to be Dwight Morrow of New Jersey, a member for twelve years of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. He was a classmate of the President in Amherst and Mr. Coolidge deferred him the diplomatic post last summer. He recently accepted and told the President he would at once resign from the Morgan firm. While administration officials state that the appointment of Mr. Morrow will not mark any change of policy toward that country in the present oil and land disputes, it is believed that the banker's acceptance meant the chances of clearing up the difficulties between the two countries are brighter than before. It is felt that Mr. Morrow would not have consented to represent this government at Mexico City unless he believed that conditions were such that he had a reasonable chance of settling the present troubles, precipitated by American property confiscations in Mexico.

REPLYING to the French government's note in the tariff controversy, the American government has made an emphatic protest against discriminations against American commerce such as the recent increases in French tariff duties. While the note did not threaten retaliatory action, it did point out the existence of section 317 of the tariff act, under which it would be possible for the President to assess additional duties or impose embargoes on goods coming from nations which discriminate against the commerce of the United States.

FRENCH resentment against the action of Christian Rakovsky, Russian ambassador, in signing a Communist manifesto calling on workers of other countries to rise against their governments, has culminated in an official statement to Moscow that further negotiations with the Russians regarding a pact of nonaggression cannot be conducted until Rakovsky has been recalled.

IT WAS announced in Louisville that members of the Burley Tobacco Growers' Co-operative association in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, Virginia, and North Carolina, will, within the next few weeks, receive a total of between \$16,000,000 and \$18,000,000, the sum representing payments on the 1923, 1924 and 1925 crops, according to information given out.

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE and his government won the Irish Free State election but by only a margin of six votes in the Dail Eireann. It is expected there will be no change in the government for a year, despite this slender majority. A new loan is to be floated in December.

The Keystone state last November. These ballots and documents will be used in the contest which William B. Wilson (Dem.), has brought against William S. Vare (Rep.), who has been declared legally elected to the senate. Whether the Reed committee or the privileges and elections committee will hear the Wilson contest will remain for future determination by the senate after the ballots have been assembled at Washington. There was some disposition at the last session to have the Reed committee function.

IN ROOM NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE report of the beautiful woman assigned to room number thirty-eight was already spreading through the Belvidere hospital. She was in her early thirties, dark hair, an olive skin, pale as death, but it was beauty unadorned.

There was the operating room conference with three of the specialists shaking their heads dubiously. "It can't be done," said Dr. Talbot, the heart specialist, with emphasis, "That bullet went through the heart and is now lodged in the back. To remove it would only mean death sooner. She may linger hours in this state!" He thus pronounced his verdict as final and ordered the patient back to her room.

Dr. Sanborn, the surgeon in charge, was determined there should be a last effort made. He had an uncanny friend who had a trick of hauling back hopeless, given-up cases. He stopped at the desk and commanded, "Call the exchange and find out if you can locate MacGregor!"

After a few minutes the operator had the information: "MacGregor last reported at the Union club; but he left there about 1:30."

"And it's 2 now!" mused the doctor.

"Tell Blaine and Sanderson to report at once!" commanded the surgeon curtly.

The two internes came almost immediately. Gaunt and tall, they stood, ready for orders, as would men of war.

Confidently and quietly he talked to them of the tragedy. "There is only one man who can save her even by a miracle; that is MacGregor!" He talked quickly. "He was last seen at the Union club. Look in at Schenley's and along the docks; he has queer ideas when he is dooped."

MacGregor left the apartment on Spring street in a taxi shortly after 12, going directly to the Union club, where he was reported to the exchange. For an hour he sat at a small ebony table in a secluded corner staring into space. He clutched the slender table with his left hand, his right hand on the glass; now looking out of the windows into the misty April night, now half turning in his chair, alert for some sound from the entrance. Except for occasional intruders the lobby was empty. MacGregor undoubtedly was a sick man; his pale face reflected a gauntness in his shadow on the wall. "Gad, if the room were only red or white—anything but this ghastly gray." This gray made him feel cold and sick; all drawn out, as though his feet were out in the street and cold; his head up near the ceiling and dizzy with the height of it!

It was late, but he needed some of the bracing air. Down the avenue he went, muttering and arguing with himself in a monotone. He could not remember distinctly just what it was he should do or did do, but it was wrong. He guessed he wouldn't do it. If he could only think clearly enough to remember. Ah, here was the river; he would sit here; perhaps the idea would come to him; water was inspirational. He sat on the edge of a pier piling. A small tug nosed sleepily against it. No—it wasn't a trip he should take or anything he should get from the boat. A gunnysack dropped from a higher piling to his head. He brushed it impatiently into the river and with it his soft hat. A hat more or less meant little to him as he waved it an indifferent good-by. The hat glided away from under the light with a grace and ease MacGregor envied. If only he could get away as easily as that hat. He could swim—yes, he would swim. With the thought he pulled off his oxford and coat, standing free in his shirt sleeves. As he gathered himself on the edge of the pier a bluecoat demanded: "What are you doing, my man?" "Have a little swim!" said MacGregor in the same monotone.

"And where are you swimmin' to?" inquired the officer. "H—!" muttered the lone figure, "but I'm goin' alone!" "Guess you'll have to," returned the intruder, "but first you better come with me."

And so with Blaine and Sanderson on their station trip, MacGregor arrived at Belvidere hospital at 4 in the morning.

Sanborn talked to him as only Sanborn knew how. After a half-hour MacGregor was as Dr. Sanborn knew he would be—ready to move the world. A life to save and he guessed he could do it; well he guessed he could! There was too much MacGregor pride about him to refuse such a thing as trying for a life! Yes, indeed, he would try, especially if Sanborn thought he could do it.

Immaculate and white from head to foot, he stood at the operating room door. "You say a murder?" he queried of Sanborn.

"That or suicide; not sure which," affirmed the surgeon.

"May I see the patient?" again he questioned.

"No, the anaesthetic," answered the surgeon anxiously. "There is no time." MacGregor now was a surgeon. A touch so deft and sure that Sanborn breathed a sigh of relief. The hesitation, the coldness, the stupor were all gone from his being. He worked fast and with a joy of well-being.

Phyllis Noreen, the beautiful actress of the tragedy, recovered consciousness before MacGregor awoke from his toils of exhaustion. She refused to talk. When questioned she smiled a wee faint smile and closed her eyes. Since she was so extremely weak they did not urge her.

"Mac, you are about the pluckiest chap I know!" exclaimed Sanborn when he found MacGregor awake. "It's lucky, though, you didn't see how beautiful that young lady was or you would have lost out sure!"

"Beautiful? What lady?" queried MacGregor in a vague sort of way. "Lost out where?" as he panned his hand lightly over his sandy hair, frowning.

"Why, man!" roared Sanborn. "You made a record operation yesterday; one that will go down in medical history!" He walked the floor. "One would think," he observed at his friend's complaisance, "that I performed the operation, with you as a doorkeeper!"

"Is that so?" drawled MacGregor in a half jocular, half cynical way. "Is that why I feel so rotten; all shot to pieces? I've been through an awful nightmare! Gad, man, let me have your hand to see if you are real! Sanborn, sure enough, aren't you?"

"Let's have a cup of coffee and see your patient, MacGregor!" suggested Sanborn.

MacGregor stepped easily when he entered the hospital corridor. Sanborn led the way to room thirty-eight. He walked assuredly to the bedside while the man who followed remained at the door.

"I brought your life saver to see you," he said, as he motioned MacGregor to come nearer.

"My God! You!" she cried in terrified, agonized tones. Then she laughed, a deep, hollow, guttural laugh, as empty as one emitted by a ghost in a deserted tomb. "I'm going to get well in spite of you!"

"May God forgive me!" sobbed MacGregor as he knelt by the bed. "I shot her!"

Learning Foreign Languages

Professor Thorndyke says that exhaustive experiments with adults learning algebra, science, foreign languages and the like in evening classes, and with adults learning typewriting and shorthand in secretarial schools, support the general conclusion that ability to learn rises till about twenty; and then, perhaps after a stationary period of some years, slowly declines. The decline is so slow (it may roughly be thought of as 1 per cent per year) that persons under fifty should seldom be deterred from trying to learn anything which they really need to learn by the fear that they are too old. And to a lesser degree this is true after fifty also.

Pays to Protect Wren

The house wren is one of the most sociable and confiding of birds, and on this account they will build their nests in little houses that are built for them, no matter how close this is to a human habitation, says the American Forestry association. Furthermore, the wren is one of the most valuable of birds, for it feeds entirely on insects and thus helps to save the trees and the vegetables in the garden from the pests which would eat them. The wren builds its nest of grass or weeds stuffed into any crevice that takes its fancy.

Vera Cruz

Vera Cruz has the unique record of having been twice captured by American forces, once in 1846 when we were at war with Mexico, and again in 1917, when we were not at war with Mexico. However, all we seem to do with it after we get it is to give it back again, so its citizens probably feel little worried at the vicissitudes of war. Indeed, they have recently raised a statue in honor of the noble defenders of Vera Cruz against the gringos, which shows that they feel they are adequately protected.

Works Both Ways

Any time a friend or neighbor outstrips us in making money we can assume a moral superiority, say "money is not the most important thing in the world," and hint that he is losing his soul through worship of the dollar. If we happen to succeed better than he, we can let him have the same consoling thought.—Pathfinder Magazine.

ALBERTA'S FOSSILS



Slope in Alberta Where Erosion Has Exposed Ancient Skeletons.

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

SINCE the days of our Jungle bears the quest of big game has appealed to man, his appreciation of the sport being measured chiefly by the size of the game and the difficulty of obtaining it.

Today we must go to Africa for the biggest game; but there was a time in the dim, distant past when America produced animals larger than any now living. That was so long ago that nothing remains of these creatures except their bones, and they are turned to stone.

The animals are dinosaurs; for the moment we will call them lizards—not the creeping, crawling kind, but huge reptiles that stalked upright through the jungles, rivaling in size the elephant, the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros.

The place is Alberta, Canada, and the time of their existence 3,000,000 years ago.

Between the Great Lakes and the Rocky mountains, just north of the Canadian boundary lies a vast area of level land, prairie in the east and forested near the mountains, with a narrow intervening section that is brush-covered. East of the timbered belt the central part of Alberta is level as far as the eye can see and dotted here and there by small glacial lakes, where nest countless numbers of ducks and geese.

A number of small rivers drain this area, uniting in the province of Alberta to form the Saskatchewan, which flows into Lake Winnipeg. The Red Deer river is one of these tributaries that rises in the mountains north of Banff. Numbers of lesser streams fed by mountain snows and prairie lakes join it, making an irresistible stream that has cut through the prairie land, forming a miniature grand canyon, a mile wide at the top and from two to five hundred feet deep.

Fossils of Four Periods.

Although black, fertile soil forms the surface of the country, the earth below is composed of horizontal layers of clay and sandstone, and a journey of 250 miles down the river reveals four distinct geologic periods in the canyon walls. The strata representing these periods overlap like shingles on a roof, and in each are preserved the fossil remains of animals and plants which enable us to picture former conditions and life during past ages.

Where these rocks flank the mountains they are tilted at an angle of several degrees, which shows that they were laid down before the complete elevation of the Rocky mountains. This formation is called the Pierre.

Near the close of the Pierre a part of the inland sea-floor was elevated above the ocean and became a land-mass of low altitude—a vast stretch of jungle-covered delta and coastal swamps, interspersed with bayous and lagoons.

In the fresh and partly salt or brackish water lake and river beds of this period are preserved leaf impressions of a variety of trees, rare teeth and numerous remains of a great variety of reptiles. This is known as the Judith (Belly) River formation.

Subsequently this area again sank below the sea for a long time and 400 feet of deposits accumulated.

Then a long period of elevation began, the rocks and fossils showing a gradual change from salt to brackish water conditions, which near the top became quite fresh. These beds, over 700 feet thick, are known as the Edmonton formation.

In these marshes of prehistoric times dwelt a host of reptiles, some large, some small, and of various forms, flesh-eaters and herb-eaters, but

all sharing certain characters in common and known as dinosaurs. Not any were closely related to any living reptile, yet they had some characters common to the lizards, crocodiles and birds.

That great numbers of these creatures lived in the ancient marshes is evident from the numerous remains found in the rocks. In a single quarry, of which there are many on the Red Deer river, bones representing several hundred individuals have been washed out of the bank, and more or less complete skeletons and individual bones are scattered all through the strata.

At that time southern Canada and the northern part of the United States enjoyed a climate similar to that of Florida, for fig fruits and palm leaves are often found in these same rocks. Numerous coal veins and petrified wood bespeak the tropical abundance of the vegetation.

Along the Red Deer river, in places the canyon walls are nearly perpendicular, and the river winds in its narrow valley two to five hundred feet below the prairie, touching one side, then crossing to the other, so that it is impossible to follow up or down its course any great distance, even on horseback.

For many years the American Museum of Natural History of New York city made a systematic collection of fossils along this river, sending an expedition there every summer, and each succeeding expedition returned with notable results. As the only feasible way to work these banks is from a boat, the parties proceeded to the town of Red Deer, where the Calgary-Edmonton railroad crosses the river.

There, with the aid of several carpenters, a flatboat, 12 by 30 feet, was constructed, similar to a Western ferryboat.

Supplied with a season's provisions, lumber for boxes, and plaster for encasing bones, the fossil cruises started down the canyon.

At intervals the party tied up the boat and went ashore to search the banks, that fossils might not be overlooked. No large fossils were found in rocks of the Paskapoo age, but as soon as the Edmonton rocks appeared in the banks large bones of dinosaurs became numerous, and in the picturesque exposures at the mouth of Big Valley they were especially abundant.

At the foot of a butte lie scattered fragments of bone, and on the rivulet-scattered hillside other fragments appear, as we trace them up the waterways. Finally, ten, twenty, or thirty feet above, other pieces protrude from the bank, and this is our lead. Cautiously the explorer follows in from the exposed surface, uncovering the bone with crooked awl and whisk-broom, careful not to disturb the bone itself; for, although stone, it is usually checked and fractured in many places by former disturbance of its bed or crystallizing of mineral salts, and is rarely strong enough to permit removal.

When the bones are uncovered and brushed clean they are saturated with shellac till all small pieces adhere to each other; then the dirt is taken away from the sides, more shellac applied, and finally each bone stands on a little pedestal.

If the specimen is a skeleton it is next determined where the bones may be separated or broken to cause least damage, and each part is covered first with tissue paper, and then with two or three layers of plaster-of-Paris bandages—strips of burlap dipped in plaster. When this is set and thoroughly hard, the block is underlaid and turned over and bandages are applied to the lower surface to form a complete plaster jacket.