

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Tragedy of Submarine S-4—Hearst Is Bitterly Scored by Senators.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

Forty men went to their death when the submarine S-4 was rammed and sunk by the coast guard destroyer Paulding outside the harbor of Provincetown, Mass.

One can but remark the pitiful lack of protection for submarine crews in such instances as this, and, reading that European undersea boats are much better equipped with emergency devices, one wonders if our naval constructors are not at fault.

William Randolph Hearst certainly poked his stick into a hornet's nest when he published those documents purporting to show that the Mexican government intended to present a lot of money to Senators Borah, La Follette, Norris and Heflin.

Senator Robinson of Arkansas, minority leader and a member of the investigating committee, also denounced Hearst, charging him with the dishonoring of public men to further his own selfish purposes.

From Murray's testimony it would appear that a large number of forged Mexican documents were being circulated. He said it was common report in Mexico City that the American embassy was in the market for documents of this sort, and that he believed former Ambassador Sheffield had the same material as published by the Hearst newspapers.

Rear Admiral Magruder is another man who appears to have bitten off more than he can chew. Being called before the house naval affairs committee to explain his criticisms of the Navy department, he asserted that millions could be saved annually if unnecessary shore establishments were eliminated, the number of high naval officers reduced, the naval transport, service and obsolete ships scrapped and duplicating di-

Good Hearing Linked Up With Good Health

Experiments completed by the Boston university school of medicine and the Evans Memorial institute disclose that well-conditioned athletes have better hearing, in general, than any other class of persons tested. Positive correlation between physical fitness and acuteness of hearing was found by the experts.

visions in the naval bureau at Washington eliminated.

Specifically Admiral Magruder urged the abolition of naval yards at New York city and Portsmouth, N. H., and the closing down of the yard at Charleston, S. C. He asked for the concentration of naval training station work on the East and West coast and the consequent closing down of the training stations at Great Lakes, Ill., and at Newport, R. I.

Then Acting Chairman Britten of Illinois and other members of the committee got into action, and to the innocent bystander it seemed as if they thoroughly riddled the admiral's vessel with their shots. They criticized him severely for not furnishing the committee with actual plans for cutting the naval expenditures and asserted that the adoption of all his suggestions would cost the government at least \$1,000,000,000.

Senator Jim Reed of Missouri has not declared himself to be a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, but his friends are pushing him for that honor and he is fully aware of that fact.

In behalf of Gov. Al Smith's candidacy, Norman E. Mack, Democratic national committeeman from New York, issued a statement asserting Smith is the only man who can carry New York for the Democrats, and declaring the "so-called religious issue dead forever."

Gov. Henry J. Allen of Kansas says the dry Democrats of that state seem determined to climb aboard the wet Smith band wagon in order to be with the winner.

Controversy over farm relief came up again in the house when Representative Haugen of Iowa reintroduced the McNary-Haugen bill with a number of changes.

Among the deaths that should be recorded are those of Senator A. A. Jones of New Mexico, who succumbed to angina pectoris; Willis W. Moore, former chief of the government weather bureau, and "King Ben" Funnell, leader of the House of David cult at Benton Harbor, Mich., who bitterly disappointed his followers by not rising from the dead.

He is expected to develop especially keen ears, such as telephone operators, telegraphers and radio operators. Although many of these had unusual aptitudes, in general excellence of hearing they were surpassed by the athletes.

Many of the special aptitudes disclosed were amazing to the physicians. One telegrapher, with his right ear to the instrument, could listen to a message coming over the wire, decode and type it, using both hands, and at the same time, with a telephone re-

Chief Justice Branson of Oklahoma, who, together with the governor and others, was impeached by the house of representatives, called a lot of the legislators as witnesses in his case and asked why they impeached him.

Frankly determined to set him free if possible, the jury in the case of George Remus, ex-bootleg king, who killed his wife in Cincinnati, acquitted him "on the sole ground of insanity."

While Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh was flying by easy stages from Detroit to Mexico City to spend Christmas with her famous son, that young man was giving eminent Mexicans and some others the treat of their lives.

Lack of fuel defeated the attempt of Lieut. George R. Pond, naval aviator, and Capt. William Kingsford-Smith, Australian flyer, to set a new world's record for endurance flight in the tri-motored Fokker monoplane, Spirit of California.

That France does not intend to give in to extreme Fascist opinion concerning a new partition of the African colonies was made apparent when the chamber of deputies passed by a large majority the new naval program.

It is believed that fully 6,000 persons suspected of being communists have been killed by the Chinese Nationalists in their violent revolt against Soviet influence, and executions are continuing at Canton and Hankow, averaging 100 a day at the former city.

A radio operator had the ability to listen to two messages on the same wave length received with similar intensity, one sent in Morse code and the other in international dots and dashes.

Receiver held to the left ear by a support, he could carry on a conversation over the ordinary telephone circuit.

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South Dakota's Black Hills



Games in the Black Hills.

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

In all but name, the Black Hills of South Dakota are more than hills. They rise higher than either the Appalachian or the Ozark mountains, and Harney peak, their loftiest mass, is the highest point between the Rockies and the Atlantic ocean.

They form a veritable island of mountains in the Great Plains, and the natural attractiveness of their heavily wooded peaks and ridges and their well-watered valleys is made doubly appealing by the contrast of the surrounding country.

Touching the hills on the southeast is one of the most desolate yet interesting areas in America, the Big Bad Lands of southwestern South Dakota, where, through thousands of years, rains have carved the light clays and sands into futed columns and cones, jagged buttresses, and a thousand other fantastic forms.

The Black Hills are not a part of the Rockies, but they may be looked upon geologically as dwarf brothers to those giant mountains, showing the family characteristics on a smaller scale. Both probably were formed about the same time. Data assembled by geologists show that millions of years ago, during the Mesozoic age, a vast sea washed over the entire central portion of the continent, covering the site of the Black Hills.

The cooking process which the surface rocks underwent at that time had much to do with making the Black Hills one of the richest mineral regions in the country.

The Black Hills derived their name from the blue-black appearance of the dense pine forests when viewed from a distance.

What Indian tribe possessed this choice hunting ground of the West before the white man came to America is unknown; but since the opening of the West several distinct tribes have occupied the region, each in turn forced out by a stronger group. In all cases these newcomers have appeared from the East and almost without exception the older residents have moved farther West.

JOHN SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"MAY I present my son, John Alden Woodward, Miss Trevor? John Alden, this is Constance Trevor of whom I have told you. I am sure you are going to be very good friends."

"Indeed he is," said Mrs. Woodward hastily and a little proudly. "He is named for the very same John Alden. My ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"For the love of Mike, can't you forget that Mayflower stuff, mother? I've been fed on it—brought up on it and I tell you, I'm sick of it!

"Didn't notice her—much," he replied, moodily. "I might have if you hadn't made that crack about my name. John Alden was all right—so was all the rest of the crowd maybe, but they lived their lives—let me live mine. Is she going to stay here with her uncle all summer?"

"Well, John Alden, all through with the rub-rub stuff and ready to enter the scrap with the world, eh? Law isn't a bad game, either, and I'm qualified to speak after thirty-nine years of it.

Halfway to the station he met the riders returning home. Connie and Billy Harwood were in the lead and she waved her riding crop to him.

All is changed now. Mining has been placed on a corporation and machine basis, and the once quiet mining camps have become hectic, prosperous little cities.

"Would it be agreeable for you to take Connie in to dinner, John A.?" Unfortunately Carter Drummond was at her left and monopolized her unparadoxically until John Alden made a desperate resolve.

said a nice thing to me since you met me, as Mr. Drummond does." "Bunk! I mean that ancestor stuff. Forget it! I'm not for it, honest! And you look just like a daffodil in the springtime. How many dances do I get?"

"We'll," she drawled, "I think we can manage three—and, of course, there will be some cut-ins. And—honest—I promise—never, never, never to mention the breaking waves and the rock-bound coast and the dear old Miles Standish to you again, unless— for some very good reason."

John Alden Woodward was a frequent guest at Judge Cardiff's home that summer. He danced, swam, rode, motored and golfed with Connie Trevor, but it always seemed that his partner managed to make a three-ome of whatever they planned, and Connie generously divided her time between them.

"Will you do me a good turn, old man? I am going to be tied up with the Widow Morganthau all afternoon and have asked Connie for dinner and the theater. I won't have time to go over and get her and was wondering if you wouldn't do it for me. Connie will surely understand. Thanks, old man. By the way, you might plan on being best man in a few months."

"Best man—best m-a-n. I'm deucedly tired of living around in the clubs, and all that. Want a home. Never thought much about getting married until I met Connie."

John Alden sat slumped down behind the wheel of his car, hardly noticing the gorgeous autumnal landscape as he drove to Judge Cardiff's home. What an ass he had been, to be sure—thought all the time that Connie had liked him—had been butting in on her and Carter. Jove that was a blow—Carter and Connie—his partner and the girl he loved.

"In the city," snapped John Alden. "I am his emissary, sent to take you to the city, that he may dine with you, make love to you, propose to you. I apologize for being such a fool this afternoon, Miss Trevor. I—I didn't know that I was—a third party."

"Constance stood up and took both laps of his coat in her hands. John looked straight over the top of her red-gold hair at the mantel, over which a huge painting of Judge Benjamin Cardiff smiled benignly down upon them.

"Jack," she said softly, "do you remember the story of the courtship of Miles Standish?"

"Hey, Doc!" called Gap Johnson of Stumpus Ridge, addressing Doctor Slash, who was rushing past in his car. "My boy, Banty, has got something the matter with him. He is aching all the time, and can't stand, rest or lay down. I wished you'd stop and sorter look at him!"

"Sonder now, Gap!" responded the physician. "I'm sent for to see a gent that has been shot all to pieces by his brother-in-law. Tell Banty to climb a tree and hang on till I come back. Hi-on, Fliver!"—Kansas City Times.

Noise

There is a class of men that gets along fairly well for years by making an impression upon the impressionable, whose sole stock in trade is noise. They do not last forever, but some of them last an astonishingly long time.

Raising the Dance

Helen Willis, in a factious moment, set out to prove that bread and matrimony are much alike. "You have explained the California bread and they have many things in common—the net, the love scene, and the net, etc."—Los Angeles Times.