

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Bolivia and Paraguay Take Mediation Instead of War Over Gran Chaco.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

BOLIVIA and Paraguay decided not to have a war over the disputed Gran Chaco district, the great relief of the Western hemisphere and the League of Nations. Paraguay was the first to agree that the quarrel should be submitted to the special mediation committee of the Pan-American conference in session in Washington, and after a little hesitation Bolivia followed suit. The latter republic, however, asked that the inquiry be confined "in the first place to the attack on Fort Vanguardia without involving in the preliminary inquiry the questions at the bottom of the dispute, which have been entrusted to arbitration within the procedure established by the Argentine suggestion of December, 1927, and which was accepted by both countries."

The mediation committee, headed by Dr. Victor Maurus of Peru, got busy at once, and sent communications to both governments asking them to outline the type of mediation machinery they would like to have set up. Both governments were asked if they would agree to withdraw troops from the danger zone and if they wished to sign a protocol ending the fighting. A spirit of friendliness and cordiality pervaded the committee conference room. Dr. Eligio Ayala, Paraguayan delegate to the conference, and Diaz De Medina, the Bolivian minister, both of whom had attended the first meeting, walked away arm in arm.

While, as said above, the League of Nations council was relieved by the peace move, it was disappointed because the South American republics did not submit their differences to Geneva, for this was a chance to show the power of the league despite the Monroe Doctrine. However, the council claimed the credit for having prevented the threatened warfare. Paraguay stopped its mobilization measures, though the enrollment of volunteers continued. The formation of the Bolivian coalition war cabinet was completed, to be ready for emergencies.

PROHIBITION enforcement was the topic of hot debates in both the senate and the house of representatives last week while the Treasury department appropriation bill was up for action. Senator Bruce, the eminent wet of Maryland, declared the government should make "one honest effort" to make the Volstead law effective, and place Prohibition Commissioner Doren had declared this would require at least \$300,000,000 annually. Bruce moved to increase by \$270,000,000 the \$13,500,000 originally voted by the house for prohibition activities. The Marylander had a long speech prepared, and in order to shut him out, his amendment was accepted without a vote. It was certain the conference would knock this out, and it did, reinstating the house figures. The conference report was adopted by the senate by a vote of 38 to 35 after a lot more lively interchange of opinions and recriminations; and next day the house also accepted it, without a roll call vote. The Democratic dry leaders made capital out of the admitted fact that prohibition enforcement has been a failure during the last seven and one-half years.

Comparatively smooth going for the Kellogg anti-war treaty in the senate was assured when the committee on foreign relations voted, 14 to 2, in favor of the pact, agreeing that the resolution of Senator Moses of New Hampshire, interpreting the treaty should be reported simultaneously but without recommendation. Moses eliminated from his resolution all its provisions except the following:

"That the treaty does not impair or abridge the right of the United States to defend its territory or other vital interests in accordance with its traditional American policies.

"That the treaty imposes no obligations on the United States to re-

sort to coercive or punitive measures against any offending nation.

"That the treaty does not obligate the United States to the conditions of any treaty to which the United States is not a party."

Senator Hale, chairman of the naval committee, tried to get action on the administration cruiser bill, but was blocked temporarily by the "small navy group, who threatened an 'extensive debate' amounting to a filibuster.

ROY O. WEST, the new secretary of the interior, was subjected to a severe cross examination by the members of the senate committee on public lands before it voted, not quite unanimously, to recommend that the senate confirm his appointment. Mr. West's professional and financial past and his reputed connections with Samuel Insull, public utilities magnate, were the matters given chief consideration. Senator Nye, chairman of the committee, continued his opposition to the appointment, although he admitted that none of the charges advanced as grounds for its rejection had been substantiated.

Congress adjourned Saturday until January 3 for the holiday recess.

THAT unlucky submarine, the S-4, which carried forty men to their deaths a year ago, has been reconditioned and is being used for experimentation with safety devices. Last week it was sunk 55 feet to the bottom of Salt Pond at Block Island, R. I., and was then brought to the surface by the use of new apparatus. The raising, however, was too slow to suit the navy's experts so the test was not entirely successful. The lifting hooks or "padeyes," two on each side of the submarine amidships, were found accessible for attachment to pontoons by divers even though the divers worked against a list deliberately created. But only the bow could be brought to the surface, as a leak in the motor room aft held the vessel down by the stern.

MR. HOOVER had a pleasant journey on the U. S. S. Utah from Montevideo to Rio de Janeiro, reaching the Brazilian metropolis Friday afternoon. His reception and entertainment there were all he could ask in the way of friendliness and enthusiasm. He announced on the warship that he would leave Rio December 23 and would proceed directly to Florida. His decision to cut out the projected visits to Havana, Santo Domingo and Mexico City was due to his desire to get back to the United States and in touch with the situation here. Whether he will land at Key West or Miami was not announced. The President-Elect will occupy the J. C. Penney place, a beautiful estate on a small island at Miami Beach, and there rest up and prepare for his inauguration. The Cubans were especially disappointed when they heard Mr. Hoover would not visit them. Elaborate preparations already were under way in Havana. Radio dispatches from the Utah said Mr. Hoover would go to the Cuban capital before taking office, and might also go to Texas and Mexico before March 4.

KING GEORGE gained steadily, if slowly, throughout the week in his brave fight against death. The physicians said both general and local conditions were better, but they warned the public against over-optimism with the reminder that the ruler's recovery depends on a continued improvement rather than isolated gains. That there was some relaxation in the tension of anxiety was shown by the fact that the prince of Wales went to the Bath club to see the squash racket finals, and the queen, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles visited the London zoo.

In the Lancet, leading medical journal, appeared a technical review of the king's illness which concluded with this paragraph:

"It will be apparent to medical men that not only the severity and length of the infection but exhaustion resulting therefrom must make progress slow and difficult. At the same time the dangerous phases of the illness have been surmounted and there are increasingly solid grounds for hoping for his recovery as a result of this long and anxious struggle."

The statement reveals that the king has had periods of delirium. The employment of ultraviolet rays is be-

lieved to have already proved beneficial.

KING AMANULLAH of Afghanistan is having a hard time introducing occidental customs into his country. A considerable part of his people is in rebellion against his westernization program, and in the eastern district of Jetalabad they also are revolting against taxes and laws requiring certain of the tribesmen to carry identification papers. The news from Afghanistan is rather vague, but Delhi heard that the rebels had captured two forts overlooking the capital, Kabul.

CHARLES C. HART, American minister to Albania, presented his credentials last week, and the United States thereby formally recognized the new royal regime of Zogu, who made himself king. The ceremony, in the shabby little capital, Tirana, was conducted with military pomp at the king's palace.

DELEGATES to the international aviation conference and hundreds of air-minded citizens journeyed to Kitty Hawk, N. C., to do honor to Orville Wright, the first man to fly in a powered airplane, and to help lay the cornerstone for a government memorial to the Wright brothers on top of Kill Devil hill at the spot from which they took off in their epochal first flight twenty-five years ago. A huge granite boulder with appropriate inscription was unveiled. Tribute to the Wrights was paid by Secretary of War Davis, Gov. Angus McLean of North Carolina and Senator Hiram Bingham, president of the National Aeronautical association.

THAT murder of Arnold Rothstein, gambler and highly objectionable person, finally brought about a crisis in New York police affairs. Joseph A. Warren, police commissioner, was forced out of office and Mayor Jimmy Walker appointed Grover A. Whalen to succeed him. The new official started in by making many dismissals and demotions of commanding officers. Whalen was secretary of Mayor Hylan for a time, and ever since then has been chairman of the mayor's committee for the reception of distinguished guests. In that capacity he has been almost continuously riding about the streets in parades with prominent personages.

HARRY F. SINCLAIR filed in the United States Supreme court a brief presenting arguments why he should not be required to serve a three-months' jail sentence for contempt in refusing to answer questions of a senate committee on the naval oil leases.

Sinclair contended that the government, having initiated proceedings against him on charges of conspiracy to defraud in connection with his Teapot Dome lease, could not compel him to give information before the senate committee which might be used to his disadvantage in the trial of the case. He also asserted the senate had lost jurisdiction in his case by turning it over to the courts, and declared that Senator Walsh had no right to ask the questions which he, Sinclair, refused to answer.

JAPAN'S first national parliament elected under the new manhood suffrage law is about to meet, and the government prepared for presentation the largest budget in the country's history. For the fiscal year, 1929-30, it totals 1,753,000,000 yen (approximately \$906,380,000), representing an increase over the current year of 43,700,000 yen. The budget for the navy calls for 293,000,000 yen, an increase of 5,000,000, and for the army 232,000,000 yen, an increase of 7,700,000.

There were prospects of a bitter political conflict in the diet over the empire's relations with China and on domestic tax issues. Premier Tanaka's majority in parliament is so slim that his government may fall at any time.

ELINOR WYLIE, well-known poet and novelist and the wife of William Rose Benet, poet, died in New York of a paralytic stroke at the age of forty-two years. She was the daughter of Henry M. Hoyt, solicitor general under President Taft, and was previously the wife of P. A. Hichborn and of Horace Wylie.

Eskimo life in Alaska, the Smithsonian scientists who are conducting the first systematic American investigation of the ethnology and archeology of that race find themselves in the somewhat paradoxical situation of being seemingly farther than ever from one of their objectives, definite knowledge of its origin and spread in North America.

Henry B. Collins, Jr., assistant curator of the division of ethnology of the National museum, who has conducted the investigation of old Eskimo village sites for the last two years, returned from last summer's work with more than thirty crates of skeletons, objects of art, ornaments, utensils and weapons belonging to that ancient people.

THE SPOOK PARTY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"**E**VERYTHING ready?" called Esther as she saw her sister Minnie running swiftly along the garden path.

"Ready!" repeated Minnie with a frown. "Everything's ready except for one thing—the gypsy hasn't come."

"Oh, well," said Esther, "that doesn't make any difference. Any one of the girls can dress up and play gypsy for the evening. Of course, a spook party wouldn't be complete without the gypsy to provide the fun. Clara would dress up for us I know she would."

"Clara—with her big blue eyes!" scoffed Minnie. "Who ever heard of a blue-eyed gypsy? No, Clara's no good—for a gypsy. We just can't have the gypsy, I guess—and I'd counted on her providing most of the fun for the party, too."

"What happened to the gypsy you'd hired downtown?" asked Esther.

"Oh," said Minnie with a shrug, "they told me when I talked to them at the bureau that they'd send one."

"Did you see her?" demanded Esther.

Minnie shook her head. "No, they telephoned to her while I was there and told her what we'd pay and she said she absolutely would not fail us. She agreed to be here an hour ago—and she hasn't come yet—say, there she is now—"

"If her skin were creamy instead of brown and if her dress were conventional she would look much like Sally," Esther remarked.

Minnie and the gypsy girl were now coming up the path. Esther gazed at them in surprise.

"But, no," Esther heard the gypsy girl say as they neared the house, "this is not the place—I—I am not the gypsy you are expecting. No, no, I—I—"

"Now, don't talk about it," Minnie cut in hastily, "if you don't care about the money—do it, one girl for another."

The gypsy girl hesitated an instant and then put her hand impulsively on Minnie's arm: "I'll do it," she promised, "but I absolutely must not stay more than one hour."

Minnie thought for an instant. Then she nodded. "Yes, and—thanks my party would have been spoiled for me if—why what a wonderful chain you have!"

Esther's eyes traveled down the chain about the gypsy's neck. Where had she seen that chain—or one like it before?

"What is your name?" Minnie was asking.

"Call me—Roxana," answered the gypsy girl, with a little hesitation.

"Roxana," repeated Minnie, "Roxana, it's a lively name, isn't it? Well, come and see the tent. Have you told fortunes at a party?"

Roxana stared at her a long while before replying, "I've—never—told a fortune—in—my—life!"

Then Esther watched them go down the garden path slowly and over and over in her mind she turned this queer little gypsy girl who wore the beautiful amethyst and golden chain, the gypsy girl who, contrary to gypsy tradition, had never told a fortune.

The ringing of the telephone aroused her and at the other end of the wire she was startled to hear the voice of the agency woman. "Did that gypsy girl come," asked the voice in low tones.

"Why—?" replied Esther, "why—no—and yes! That is, there is a gypsy girl here but she says that she was not coming here at all. That is, we waited and waited until past the time for her to be here. Then a gypsy girl walked past our place and Minnie, thinking it was the gypsy we had had coming, rushed out and stopped her."

"Did this girl give her name?" interrupted the agency woman.

"Why, yes, her name is Roxana," answered Esther.

"Roxana! Well, I declare to goodness! It is the girl—the very same girl—has she—has she a—necklace—gold set with amethysts?" The voice now had dropped to a whisper.

"Yes," replied Esther. "Yes, she has."

"Well," said the other voice, now hard. "Don't let her get away—she stole that necklace from Sallie Marchand's grandmother—she was at the Marchand house this afternoon and later the necklace was gone."

The telephone at the other end was hung up before Esther could say another word. This pretty gypsy girl, Roxana, a thief! It seemed incredulous!

Then Esther left the telephone desk and walked heavily into the yard. This lovely young gypsy girl—a thief. The night seemed suddenly chill to Esther. She could hardly believe it.

"It's getting cold out here, Minnie, too cold. We—we—take Roxana in to the house." Under the clear, dark eyes of Roxana Esther felt mean. It seemed as if it was trapping her like an animal, to be ready for the officers. Yet, if the girl had stolen once might she not steal again? Who was she, Esther, to judge? Had the courts decided that people who stole must be prevented from stealing another time?

In the house she put Roxana and Minnie into the study and as soon as the first guest arrived she, too, was sent there. At last all the guests had come except Sallie. Esther had been watching for her nervously. Suppose she should notice her grandmother's chain! Would she speak up, accuse this gypsy girl? Sallie was impulsive and should she do this the girl might try to jump out of the window to get away. She could not get out of any door save the one leading into the hallway for Esther had taken the precaution of locking the other three that led into the dining room, the music room and the one that led through a clothes closet into a storeroom. Esther had made up her mind to speak to Sallie but—no Sallie came!

Then the doorknob rang again and Esther hurried out. There before her amazed eyes stood a gypsy girl. The low contralto voice spoke quickly: "I am late; I am sorry. My aunt—she was ill—I could not get here before. I—she had stepped now into the open doorway. "I—you were—expecting me?" she said as she scanned Esther's face.

"Why—I—" stammered Esther, "what is your name?"

"My name," said the gypsy girl proudly, "is Roxana."

"Won't you go into the study? It—the guests are in there—you can tell fortunes?"

The dark eyes laughed into her own: "Ah, you ask if Roxana tells fortunes? The gypsies all tell fortunes. I always make pretty fortunes for the golden—I tell of a diamond ring and a golden chain for the neck—ah, then how their eyes shine!"

Esther started. A golden chain for the neck! A quick look at the girl's neck showed nothing more than a string of cheap red beads. Esther did not know which gypsy girl was the one to hold. Roxana—they both seemed to be called Roxana, yet it was the other one who wore the missing chain. The gypsy was moving toward the door.

"Wait—come into the music room. If you please," Esther said hastily.

One gypsy called Roxana; another one of the same name! A curious thing that. While this idea was turning itself over and over in her mind the doorknob rang again. There stood an officer and beside him, in her furs, was Sallie's grandmother, Mrs. Marchand. "I can't really believe," Mrs. Marchand said without any preliminary "that little Roxana stole that necklace."

The officer entered the doorway with a shrug. "There can be no mistake, Mrs. Marchand. Miss Esther here has seen the necklace on her neck—on the gypsy's neck. The warrant was all that was necessary."

"But I must make sure before any arrest can be made," said Mrs. Marchand firmly. "I—I can't believe—here she raised her voice a little—'Roxana! Roxana! Come here at once, if you please!'"

And Esther, standing by helpless to explain that there were two gypsies in the house, suddenly was aware that two doors were open and in each doorway stood a pretty gypsy girl.

"You called me, Mrs. Marchand," one said in low tones.

"Grandmother!" said the other one, sharply.

Mrs. Marchand stared at the latter. "Grandmother!" she repeated.

"Why—Sallie—it isn't Sallie!" Then the girl with the golden necklace laughed: "Oh, I gave it away, didn't I? Well, I might as well tell you about it. You see, twelve of us started a sewing club and there being twelve months in the year we decided that as sort of initiation to the club we would each make a costume for our month. Well, my month was October and so I thought at once of a costume suitable for this occasion. That gave me a choice of gypsy or queer witch or black cat and of the three I chose gypsy as being the prettiest. I made up my mind to pretend I was a real gypsy and this afternoon I asked Roxana to come over to see if the costume was exactly right. She said it was—all except a necklace. And grandmother had let me borrow this one before and so I borrowed it again."

The officer had stepped out of the front door unobserved by the girls.

"It's quite all right," said the stately Mrs. Marchand. "Good night, Roxana—both Roxanas!"

And while she was bidding Esther good night they heard from the other room: "And three black cats with long, waving tails and long, wily whiskers met three gypsy girls—all of the name of—Roxana—"

Esther and Mrs. Marchand smiled at each other. The spook party was a success.

Siam's Temples



Priests of Lampun at the Base of Wat Luang.

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

MANY Western ideas have taken hold in Siam, but to the traveler from the West the country is still a quaint land of the East, much of its life colored by Buddhism which is the state religion. The chief charm of Bangkok, the capital, lies in its wonderful temples, of which the Royal Wats are the most gorgeous. The most interesting and historic of these wats is the king's own place of worship, Wat Phra Keo. A wall with battlements and ancient gates of queer design surrounds this and a number of other wats, including the old Royal palace. Only the roofs of the temples and the graceful golden prachedia (votive spires) are visible from without, but their gorgeous colors permit the imagination to conjure a picture of even more gorgeous interiors.

The full name of Wat Phra Keo is Phra Sri Ratana Satsudaram. It was begun by Phra Puttha Yot Fa Chulalongkorn "as a temple for the Emerald Buddha, the Palladium of the capital, for the glory of the king and as an especial work of royal piety," in the year 1785.

To go into detail describing the glories of this wat would take many pages; suffice it to say that its tile roof is of Chinese yellow bordered with indigo blue; that the columns are mosaic and its heavy doors of carved wood. The center of interest is its sacred image, the "Emerald Buddha," a green jade figure which sits enthroned under many golden umbrellas, surrounded by praying devas. The image was unearthed in 1436, at Klang Hai, and brought to Bangkok, whence it was once stolen by invading Cambodians, but was recovered by a victorious Siamese army.

The mural decorations of the temple are exquisite. The floor is of tessellated brass, and the walls are covered with frescoes. Surrounding the gilded and carved altar are innumerable offerings which remind one very much of those found in old Christian churches renowned for miraculous healings.

Wat Luang at Lampun. Wat Luang is the chief gity of the city of Lampun. Its votive spire has an outer casing of brass and is about eighty feet in height. The structure is surrounded by a brass railing and at the corners are small temples with stone figures. Before each of these guardian angels there stands a huge gilt umbrella.

The road from Lampun to Chiang-mai leads through small villages and beautiful groves of Mai Yang trees, which later give place to planted rubber or Monkeypod trees, as they are known in Hawaii.

Chiangmai, situated on the banks of the Mek Ping, "Giver of All Prosperity," is a sort of second capital of Siam presided over by a royal viceroy.

The viceroy's garden parties vie with court entertainments. Flags and lanterns decorate the trees, and to the soft murmur of the peaceful waters of the river, on whose placid surface the moon is reflected, old Lao orchestras play weird chords which harmonize with the fantastic movements of strangely costumed Lao spear and sword dancers. These agile and graceful Lao ladies wield long spears with great dexterity.

Chiangmai boasts of some fourcore temples, of which the most important is Wat Luang, which was built in 1891, on the same compound with the ruins of an earlier temple. In this city, as probably elsewhere in Siam, there is no "merit" in repairing a prachedia or wat; hence the numerous

ruins and the activity displayed in the erection of new temples. Wat Phra Sing, second in importance, was built about a hundred years ago. The main building is now in such a dilapidated state that entrance to it is prohibited.

To the right of this building there is a less pretentious structure, where the priests take their vows. In it is a long, narrow box in which lies a roll about twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, on which is painted the figure of a huge Buddha on a lotus flower. It is explained that in times of severe drought this picture is taken to the top of Do Sootep, a sacred mountain, where a magnificent wat was erected many years ago, and there, to the accompaniment of incantations, it is held on high by priests, and invariably rain descends to refresh man and beast and save the rice crops.

Libraries of the Temples. Very interesting are the libraries in every temple compound. They are the repository of Buddhist scriptures written by some devout hand with brass or iron styles on the leaf segments of the Talipot palm. These palm-leaf scriptures are carefully wrapped, usually in yellow cotton cloth or silk, and placed in these libraries as a meritorious act. They are read only rarely and on special occasions. Like the temples, the libraries are rarely repaired.

Chiangmai was founded more than 900 years ago. It soon gained in importance and attracted the attention of the Burmese and the Shans, who alternately conquered and sacked it.

A hundred years ago several princes, all brothers, came from Lakon, founded the last Lao dynasty, and raised Chiangmai to its former importance, which was greatly advanced under the wise rule and guidance of the Siamese government.

A railway has recently been completed connecting Chiangmai with Bangkok opening up the rich Mek Ping valley for development. The forests of this region abound in teak, the logs of which are now floated down the Mek Ping river through gorges and over rapids which necessitate the employment of elephants to dislodge them from the rocks and banks of the river.

The north of Siam around Chiang-mai is rich and life is easy. Many claim that the railway, while a great blessing, will destroy the quaintness and charm of the city. It is as yet not visited by many tourists, for there are few hotels or boarding-houses.

The chief point of interest in the vicinity of Chiangmai is Do Sootep. It is reached by a splendid road, which leads through old gates to the ruined wall of the ancient city, with its moat filled with lotus flowers, and across rice fields covered with temple ruins, now the habitat of snakes and lizards and overgrown with trees and vines. Travelers pass the only remaining glory of an ancient dynasty, numerous tombs of former Lao princes. Their ashes are buried under splendid monuments of which the central and largest marks the spot where sleeps cruel Kowliarat, the last Lao king.

Do Sootep is really the name of a small mountain top crowned by a magnificent wat, which is visible from any place in the Mek Ping valley. Lao Buddhists have always been great lovers of nature, and, like the great Kobo Daishi of Japan, who built his retreat and place of worship among the sacred pines, and Koyanaka of Koya San, they have retired to the sacred forests and hills to worship the teacher of the law and of the noble way.

Ancient Eskimos Had High Cultural Ideas

Frozen refuse heaps and ruined huts that once were villages on the shores of St. Lawrence Island and vicinity along the northern Bering sea coast yielded new evidence last summer of the surprisingly high degree of culture possessed by the Eskimos who lived in that desolate region 30 to 500 years ago.

Thus, after digging deeper than ever before in the remote past of