

WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Senate Votes \$24,000,000 to President to Use in Dry Law Enforcement.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
DISREGARDING the earnest protest of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, the senate last week tacked on to the deficiency bill an amendment, offered by Senator Harris of Georgia and then much altered, appropriating \$24,000,000 to be placed in the hands of the President "to be used as he sees fit" in increasing the personnel of the federal agencies charged with enforcement of the prohibition law. The senators also voted \$250,000 for the prohibition investigation proposed by President Elect Hoover. The vote on the former item was 50 to 27, and party and wet and dry lines were disregarded. Many prominent wets voted for the amendment and as many leading dries were against it. Mr. Mellon had warned the senators against appropriating such a huge sum in advance of a definite plan for its expenditure. Bishop Thomas Nicholson, president of the Anti-Saloon league; Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist church, South, and E. L. Crawford, secretary of that organization's board of temperance and social service, had sent Mr. Mellon a telegram demanding that he support the Harris amendment or admit he was unwilling or unable to enforce prohibition. This drew from Senator Bruce of Maryland a fierce denunciation of those three men in the debate before the roll call.

As finally passed by the senate, the deficiency appropriation measure also carried an amendment requiring public hearings on all tax refunds in excess of \$10,000. The bill carried \$75,000,000 for tax refunds to be added to the \$130,000,000 heretofore appropriated for that purpose. There were strong indications that the conferees on this bill would reject the \$24,000,000 prohibition item but would accept the appropriation for the inquiry desired by Mr. Hoover.

RADICALS and pacifists in the senate were successful in checking progress on the 15-cruiser bill although they were filibustering against it. Representative Fred Britten, chairman of the naval affairs committee of the house, devised a plan that rather disgraced the opponents of the measure. Mr. Britten took steps to add the cruiser authorization bill and an initial appropriation for the ships to the annual appropriation bill shortly to come before the house. This procedure would have the effect of discharging the senate from further consideration of the cruiser authorization measure. With the provision for the cruisers incorporated in the appropriation bill, the pacifists could defeat the cruisers only by defeating the entire bill for upkeep of the navy in the next fiscal year.

Mr. Britten laid his plan before President Coolidge and afterward he said the President indicated a desire to have the cruisers authorized and built but advocated elimination of the provision of the bill requiring the laying down of five cruisers each year. He wants no appropriations made by this congress that would endanger the surplus in the treasury. Mr. Coolidge, Senator Curtis and Senator Hale all believed the senate would soon pass the cruiser bill.

ON MONDAY the senate confirmed the appointment of Roy O. West of Chicago as secretary of the Interior. The vote was 53 to 27, the negatives including the radicals and near radicals of both parties.

HERBERT HOOVER finally succeeded in getting to Miami Beach for his rest period that will last until just prior to his inauguration. Southern Florida turned out en masse to welcome him, and Miami and Miami Beach were joyfully decorated. After a big parade that included fourteen bands, the keys to Miami and two fine fishing rods were presented to Mr. Hoover in the city park. Among the

notables who greeted him were Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, who rides in a wheel chair, and Jack Dempsey. Mr. Hoover was soon taken to the J. C. Penney home on Belle Island in Biscayne bay. One of his first callers was Stuart W. Cramer, a wealthy cotton manufacturer of Charlotte, N. C., who helped swing his state to the Republican column last fall. He was a classmate of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur at Annapolis and the correspondents at once guessed he might be given Mr. Wilbur's portfolio as a recognition of the new political South. Mr. Cramer did not discourage this idea, but declared that Mr. Hoover did not mention the subject of cabinet appointments during the call. Dwight Morrow, ambassador to Mexico, who was in Miami on his way home from a vacation in Nassau, took breakfast with the President-Elect Thursday, and then all appointments were put off until the next week and Mr. Hoover and the members of his immediate party left for a two days' trip to the Florida keys to get some fishing. Two fishing yachts carried them.

to them under agrarian law during the last ten years are now being worked.

SEVERE winter storms on land and sea were responsible for a number of tragic occurrences. Near Bellevue, Ohio, a motor bus, running through a blinding snowstorm, was struck by an interurban car and 19 persons were killed. Several steamships were in distress off the Atlantic coast. The Italian freighter Florida was foundering off the Virginia capes when the America went to her aid and rescued the crew of 32 despite a full gale and high seas. The American tanker Dannedake lost her rudder but made her way toward Bermuda. But the British freighter Teesbridge was believed to have gone down with her crew of 30 men. She called for help off Cape Race and ships that hastened to the location given could find no trace of the vessel. Earlier in the week the Dollar liner President Garfield, on a world cruise, ran on a reef in the Bahamas. Fortunately the sea was calm there and all the 89 passengers were safely taken off by the Munson liner Pan-America and landed at Nassau.

OKLAHOMA is in a fair way to get rid of another governor—a habit they have down there. The state's house of representatives voted six impeachment charges against Gov. Henry S. Johnston, and the senate suspended him from office pending an impeachment trial. Lieut. Gov. W. J. Holloway has taken his place. The charges against Johnston include incompetency, corruption in office and violation of the constitution and laws of the state. The name of Mrs. O. O. Hammonds, formerly confidential secretary of Johnston, figures prominently in hearings of both house and senate investigating committees. She is charged by political enemies with wielding great influence over Johnston's official acts.

DR. CLARENCE COOK LITTLE, president of the University of Michigan, has resigned, effective September 1, 1929, and asked for leave of absence from June 30 until that date. In his letter to the board of regents Dr. Little said: "For some time two things have been increasingly apparent. First, that my methods of handling situations dealing with interests of private donors, political interest, local interests, and alumni interest are not consistent with policies which the board of regents deems wise."

CONDITONS in Afghanistan are exceedingly confused. Habibullah, the rebel chief, after capturing Kabul, was proclaimed king of that part of the country, but a lot of the tribesmen are said to be opposed to his rule, and Amanullah, who abdicated, is trying to form an army of the disaffected ones in order to regain his throne. Habibullah is not getting the support he expected from Russia and it is not believed he can retain the crown he grabbed. The bulk of the original Afghan army is said to be still loyal to Amanullah, due to the influence of the military governor of Jalalabad, who is the former ruler's cousin. The Hindus of Lahore and various Moslem organizations of India are appealing for financial aid for Amanullah.

DETROIT river froze over, with only a narrow strip of open water, and coincidentally Sumner C. Sleeper, chief of the Detroit customs patrol, and a dozen of his men, quit their jobs. The immediate result was a grand rush of the rum runners. Small autos, sleighs, little skiffs and even skis and toboggans were brought out in great numbers and the liquor smugglers brought their cargoes across from the Canada shore without the least interruption and in the full sight of hundreds who lined the shores.

WORD comes from Moscow that the Russian Communist party has declared war to the death on the party of the exiled Leon Trotsky, accusing it of an anti-Soviet plot. One hundred and fifty of Trotsky's followers have been arrested and quantities of documents seized. Dispatches from Latvia say many of the men taken have been executed.

CHARLES R. CRANE of Chicago, former minister to China, had a miraculous escape from death at the hands of Wahabi tribesmen near Basra. Motoring to Kowst with his son, J. C. Crane, Charles Johnson and Rev. Dr. Henry Bilkert of the American mission at Basra, he was waylaid and fired upon and Doctor Bilkert was killed. None of the others was injured. The State department at Washington said that the attack might be explained by a feud between some of the tribes and others that are under the leadership of Ibn Saud, a personal friend of Mr. Crane. The Iraq government resigned last week because of disputes with Great Britain over unfulfilled promises of the British in regard to autonomy.

GUATEMALA had one of those attempted revolutions, three provinces being affected, and for a few days it looked rather serious. But the government forces took the field and effectually suppressed the affair. The headquarters of the rebels in Mazatenango, a seaport, were bombed by airplanes and the city was occupied by the federal troops. All rebel leaders who were captured were court-martialed and executed.

ONCE more the old scheme of constructing a tunnel under the English channel between England and France has been revived. Questioned in parliament, Prime Minister Baldwin stated that a nonpartisan re-examination of the project would be made. At the same time the French committee for constructing the tunnel, adopted a resolution pledging collaboration with the efforts to get the approval of the British parliament. Economists have long advocated the construction of such a tunnel, but it has always been opposed by military strategists. The English Socialists now favor the examination of the project provided the military are excluded. Engineers say the channel bore could be built at a cost of about \$400,000,000, and the railways like the idea. There is also revived discussion of the counter plan of building a 21-mile bridge from Dover to Calais.

THE dinner dances always kill me. Been asleep? You funny old thing! After you slept all night, too. Don't get up. I can't stay a minute, I'm going out to luncheon and to a matinee afterward. And, oh, Lloyd just telephoned that we're to dine at the Plaza tonight. But I shall be home immediately afterward. You know, mother dear, we haven't had a real good talk yet."

"That's nothing. Think how much longer you're going to be here—years and years, I hope," Alice caressed her mother.

"Oh, good land!" said Judy. "I'm seventy-two. I haven't a quarter of a century ahead of me the way you have. Time's short for me, Alice."

LIKED HER OWN NEST BEST

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MRS. JULIA FULTON was the first to appear at the breakfast table in her daughter's luxurious apartment. She sat down in her accustomed place and accepted with a sigh the half of a superior grapefruit which Emily, the maid, placed before her.

Although it was not a dark morning a lighted lamplaire softly revealed the excellence of the table service, the American walnut furniture of a Queen Anne design, the silken hangings and the pot of daffodils which furnished a cheerful note for the otherwise somber room. Judy (she preferred that to Julia) gazed at the flowers thoughtfully. They were unmis-takably her own and lacked the freshness of an outdoor airing.

Judy patted back a yawn with the plump hand upon which gleamed a couple of magnificent rings. She had not slept well. She never did sleep well at Alice's. Too much going on in the house. Those people overhead had danced until midnight. Of course, that hadn't troubled Alice for she had been out somewhere. No expecting her to breakfast. She wouldn't arise until just in time for luncheon.

The door opened and her son-in-law entered.

"Good morning!" was his greeting. He sat down, passed a smooth hand over his dark, freshly shaven chin and then unfolded the paper lying beside his plate. That paper was between him and Judy during the remainder of the meal. When, having finished he hastily withdrew, merely flinging a word of excuse in her direction. A moment later he was on his way downtown to return no more until evening.

Judy retired to the living room and sat down by the window with her crochet work. She had a long morning before her. Nothing to do but crochet until Alice appeared. And outside—somewhere, the spring sunshine must be falling like gold on the new springing grass, crocuses sticking up their lovely heads above dank mold, robins skirmishing for earth worms.

"Let's see," said Judy rubbing her aristocratic old nose with her crochet needle. "It is seven weeks today since I came here to Alice's. And before that I was five weeks at my son's. Twelve weeks all told. A long time. H'm, well, but I had to do it. I got no peace until I came. First Horace and then Alice. Mother, you are too old to live alone way off there by yourself. You mustn't do it. Wait till they get to be seventy-two and see how they feel. Not that they'll have any children to fuss about them," sighed Judy.

Crocheting vexed her. She tried a magazine and was horrified by the story into which she dipped. There were plenty of other diversions—a talking machine in a unique Jacobean case, a reproducing piano, a radio set even in the study, but Judy did not understand these modern time killers. She decided to go to her room and have a nap.

There she arranged herself on a chaise longue and closed her eyes. She was awakened by the opening of the door as her daughter entered.

Alice Morton was forty-five with a sixteen-year-old figure and a thirty-year-old face. She was pretty and she looked fairly fresh.

"Morning, mother!" she began

"These dinner dances always kill me. Been asleep? You funny old thing! After you slept all night, too. Don't get up. I can't stay a minute, I'm going out to luncheon and to a matinee afterward. And, oh, Lloyd just telephoned that we're to dine at the Plaza tonight. But I shall be home immediately afterward. You know, mother dear, we haven't had a real good talk yet."

"I know it. And I've been here seven weeks."

"That's nothing. Think how much longer you're going to be here—years and years, I hope," Alice caressed her mother.

gave a little cry. "Tim has disappeared."

"Nonsense!" Alice smiled tolerantly "But I tell you he has! This letter was written yesterday and he has been gone since the night before. It isn't Nell's fault. She's taken the best kind of care of him, I know that. It's only that he has been so lonely. He's kissed me—" Her voice broke. She arose from the chaise longue.

"Why, mother! Don't act so foolish. It's only a dog. Lloyd will get you another, any breed you like."

Judy gazed at her daughter with shocked eyes. She gasped at her daughter's indifference to what was to her so heart-breakingly poignant.

"Tim is Tim," she said. "And I'm going to see if I can find him."

"You're not going to leave here just for the sake of a—a wretched little cur like Tim?"

But Judy had wasted all the words she was going to on the unfeeling Alice. Besides, when she made up her mind about anything she was not to be turned aside from it.

The six-hour journey was a tedious one for Judy. She crocheted or gazed from the window and all the time she was thinking of Tim. The little scamp! She had not dreamed he could tug at her heartstrings this way. When her children had persuaded her that she must give up her independence and spend her entire time with first one and then the other of them she had placed the little dog in a neighbor's keeping, knowing that she could not take him with her. Dogs, even little gray, bushy Scotch terriers, were not permitted in expensive apartment houses. From the first she had missed that faithful companionship and it seemed Tim had missed her until he could bear it no longer and had run away. Well, she would find him—if he was to be found. God forbid that something should have happened to the little tyke. Her eyes filled at the thought of that warm, loving heart crushed beneath careless tires.

It was past 7 o'clock when the cab left Judy at the door of the tiny white house on the peaceful street whither she had retired upon her husband's death. Nell Peabody, no body knew she was coming. Indeed, everybody thought that she had gone away to stay. A lucky old woman she was to have a luxurious home and every care offered her.

Crochets were coming up in the freshening grass—blue and gold and white. Their varied glances welcomed Judy, but she passed them by and went round to the back door which her key fitted. As she approached, a gray, bushy dog bounded from the step to meet her.

"Timmy!" She held him close while he barked and wriggled and lapped at her face with his eager tongue.

Nell Peabody, kind soul, came running over in astonishment.

"Why, it's your Judy—and Timmy!"

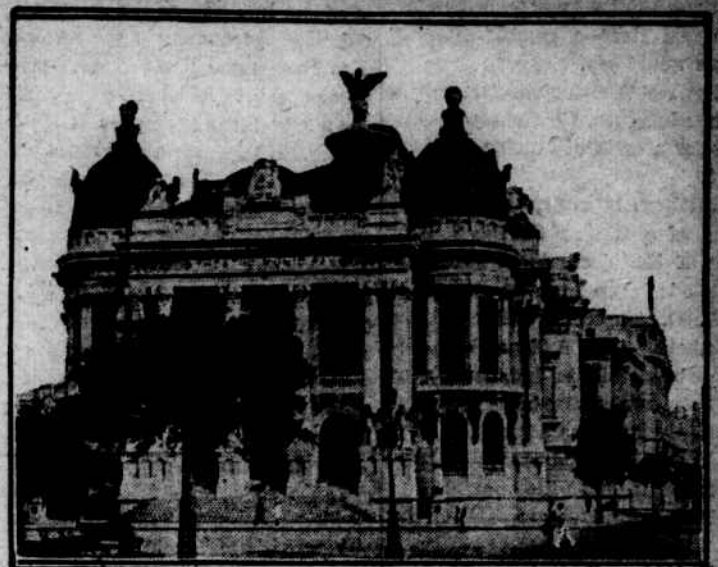
"He must have known I was coming home tonight," Judy said. She sat down on the door stone with Timmy snuggled against her and Nell by her side.

"I suppose you've only come home for a day or two to rent your house and get rid of your furniture," Nell said sadly.

Judy pulled one of Timmy's silken ears.

"Don't you want me to stay, Nell?" "Judy! If you know how lonesome I've been without you!" The woman touched Judy's hand.

Rio De Janeiro



The Municipal Theater, Rio de Janeiro.

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

RIO DE JANEIRO, which recently extended such an enthusiastic welcome to President-Elect Hoover, is, in both beauty and history, one of the richest cities of the New world. And the customs and mode of life in the teeming city, many of them reminiscent of the Old world, give the city an added charm to the visitor.

The population of the capital exceeds 1,000,000. Among foreigners, there are 154,000 Portuguese, 30,000 Italians, 24,000 Spaniards, 4,000 French, 3,500 Turks, Syrians, and Arabs, 3,000 Germans, 2,000 British, 1,500 Spanish-Americans, 1,500 Americans, and 800 Asiatics.

Rio's climate is often maligned, but it suits those who like spring and summer weather. It is never as warm as summer in many of our eastern and middle west cities, and the nights on the hills are nearly always cool. The pleasantest season is between May and November; the warmest months are January, February and March. It is hard to say just which is the rainy season, as showers are frequent throughout the year.

The outstanding feature of Rio, of course, is its marvelous harbor dominated by the great rocky hills that tower over its crescent shore lines. It is a world city now and at night when its millions of lights are aglow it may well claim to be the most picturesque of great cities.

Although the Portuguese discovered the wonderful harbor of Rio, it was a group of French Huguenots that in 1555 first settled there. The Portuguese settlement that became Rio de Janeiro was made by a force of soldiers under Estacio de Sa the same year, with the intention of expelling the French colonists. We can picture that primitive village, a crude chapel, a few thatched huts on the little peninsula which lies at the base of the great rock known as Pao d'Assucar, or Sugar Loaf. One shore of the peninsula faces the sea; the other looks out on the bay. The village was called Sao Sebastiao in honor of the Portuguese king, a name that clung to the city well into the Nineteenth century. From it Estacio de Sa went forth in 1567 for a final and victorious battle with the French and their Indian allies, but in the struggle he was mortally wounded.

The settlement was then moved up the bay to the summit of a hill called Morro de Castello, or Castle Hill. Here, in the church of Sao Sebastiao, Rio's oldest edifice, begun in 1567, completed in 1583, and thrice since remodeled, is the tomb of Estacio de Sa.

Dom Joao's Sarge Still Preserved. Brazil swung into a new cycle in 1808, when Portuguese royalty arrived from Lisbon to set up its court in Rio de Janeiro. Dom Joao and his mother came ashore in the royal barge, still preserved at one of the island naval bases. This same barge, used on two other occasions only, was sent out to meet Elihu Root on his famous South American tour.

A map of Rio, printed in 1808, of the city that Dom Joao found, shows a maze of narrow, uneven streets and narrower alleys. They were lighted at night by tall lanterns hung out by public-spirited citizens. It was rich, however, in churches and convents, hospitals, barracks, a theater, and nineteen public squares. The king made a royal palace of the handsome building, now the National Telegraph office, which had been occupied by the colonial governors, and from here his successors, the Pedros, ruled after him.

Dom Joao's portrait shows a portly gentleman with pompadour and "side burne." He was a patron of arts and letters and brought with him from Portugal the royal library of

60,000 volumes and the "old masters" which now grace the academy of Belas Artes. The national library is one of his lasting memorials, alone worth a visit to Brazil.

Dom Joao's botanical garden is today the finest in the New world and equaled only by that of Botuzorg, Java. Its century-old imported bamboos are as tall as forest trees; its native Victoria Megala lilies most queenly of their kind. Its Royal Palm avenue, almost eighteen hundred feet long, is second only to Rio's Quadruple Palm avenue bordering the Mangue canal. In the early days these palms were a mark of royal distinction and were planted only in parks and avenues near city and country palaces.

The Quinta da Boa Vista, some distance from the heart of the city, was one of the country homes of royalty. This splendid estate, now Rio's finest park, was presented to Dom Joao by a Portuguese citizen. On the king's return to Europe it was claimed by English bankers for crown debts and purchased from them by the Brazilian government. The palace is now the home of the National Museum.

Street Scenes in Rio. The types on Rio's streets are ever fascinating. On the level ways, mingling with countless head-bearers, are carters trudging beside their mule teams, men trundling hand trucks, and cake sellers with wares in boxes on wheels. These last named are popular, as the Brazilians are very fond of sweets. A unique sight is a cart with two huge wheels, carrying granite blocks or great logs suspended by chains from the axle. The vegetable and chicken sellers of Rio carry their wares in groups of baskets hanging from the ends of a pole slung across their shoulders. This is probably a survival among those customs which reached Portugal through her Far Eastern colonies.

Rua Ovidio and Rua Goncalves Diaz, named after a favorite poet, are unique. They are exceedingly narrow, with diminutive sidewalks; but, as no traffic is allowed, pedestrians walk in the street. On many other equally narrow streets one-way traffic only is permitted; but even here pedestrians have rather a bad time of it dodging motors, trams and trucks.

The lottery plays an important part in the life of the people, and is so well established that it is often used to raise money for charities, and is not frowned on by religious bodies.

Great credit is due to the Brazilian scientist, Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, who died in 1917, while still in his forties. It was he who made the fight for sanitation, completely transforming the capital. His memorial is the Oswaldo Cruz Institute, of which he was the first director, maintained by the government for medical research. On the institute's staff is an eminent American pathologist.

It is easy to go sightseeing in Rio. Automobiles, which here observe no speed limit, rent for ten milreis an hour, about three dollars in our money at the present rate of exchange.

In few other cities is trolley riding so delightful. The Canadian company, known locally as "The Light," supplies electric power and operates an elaborate system of trams, or "bonds," as the Brazilians call them. The first electric road issued bonds; hence the name.

To every part of the city, to the mountains, ocean beaches, and far-distant suburbs, these trams carry you in comfort. The open cars are large and airy, and so comfortable that they are allowed; every one is seated. Smoking is permitted on all but the first three seats. The fare varies with the distance, one hundred milreis (about three cents) for each section. There is no "no drink" in Rio, which adds greatly to the pleasure of the ride.

There is no authentic portrait, marble or bronze, of Roger Williams extant. When in 1872 the state of Rhode Island presented his statue to the nation the artist had to make it from an ideal conception.

Steam and Water. Steam at atmospheric pressure will occupy nearly 1,700 times the space of the same weight of water at that pressure.

and not merely bowlders transported from their original beds by submarine volcanic or other action. Beautiful as are the lithological specimens of submarine waters they are outclassed, in gracefulness and delicacy, by the algal growths—the silvery-white, pink and purple confusians that nod beneath the waves in perfect union with the surging sea. Neptune's sea-gardens are under the waves and out of them; here all sorts of weird submarine life in a veritable wilderness. As one treads