# DOINGS OF THE

## **NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS**

Mexican Rebels Beaten and Slaughtered at Reforma; Wisconsin Votes Wet.

By EDWARD W. MCKARD MEXICO'S revolution, or at least a

great portion of it, was drowned in an ocean of blood last week, if federal statements are reliable. The reb-el army of General Escobar, commander in chief of the movement, having been driven for miles by the troops of Gen. Juan Almazan, concentrated in the city of Jiminez, Chihuahua, and for several days fought desperately to hold the place. They were well en-trenched and Almazan gives them credit for extreme bravery. But the assaults of the federal infantry, artillery, cavalry and air forces were too much for them and they withdrew from the city to Reforma, 12 miles away. General Serrato's cavalry, meanwhile, was hurried to the north of Reforma and there destroyed all the bridges and culverts, and when Almazan's air scouts reported that the rebels could retreat no further, he ordered an attack in full force. Escobar and other rebel generals saw they were trapped and fied, leaving their infantry to fight alone. These men took refuge behind their troop trains and the battle there was described by Almazan as the bloodiest in years of Mexican history. Neither side asked or gave quarter and the slaughter was "tremendous." The rebel dead cov-ered the battlefield, and many hundreds of their wounded fell into the hands of the federals.

The entire action, which began at Corralitos on March 31 and ended in the smashing victory at Reforma, was declared by the federal commander to be decisive. In his report to General Calles he praised highly the work of all branches of his army, and also paid a compliment to Escobar's military ability. In Sonora and other re-gions the rebels, at last accounts, were still carrying on. The aviators in raids over the federal fortifications at Naco created a lot of excitement by dropping two or three bombs on the Amer-ican side of the international boundary, one of them injuring an American motion picture man. This and the possibility of similar incidents considerable concern to the department in Washington. Bliss, Texas, after their retreat across the border when the rebels captured Juarez, were ordered released by President Hoover at the request of the Mexican government.

PROHIBITION in its many ramifications insists on holding a place on the front page every day. Tues-day the voting population of Wisconsin went to the polls and by a majority of about 2 to 1 directed the state legislature to repeal the state dry en forcement laws and to remove the penalty on 2.75 per cent beer. wets naturally were jubilant but the dry leaders were not dismayed and asserted that the referendum "futile." They held that the drys carried a majority of the counties, and that the legislators were bound to follow the wishes of their constit-Should both houses pass a repeat measure it would place Gov. Walter J. Kohler in a delicate posi-tion. He indorsed President Hoover's prescription of "concurrent enforcement of prohibition by states." If he should sign or veto the bill he would allenate either wet or dry backing.

CONGRESSMAN M. ALFRED MI-CHAELSON of Chicago, a pro-fessed dry, who was indicted at Jacksonville. Fla., last October on charges of bringing a trunkful of liquor into the country from Cuba, surrendered to the federal authorities in Chicago and gave bond for his appearance for trial in Key West in May. He de-clined to be interviewed but denied

In the case of Congressman William M. Morgan of Ohio, also a dry, and also involved in liquor charges, a pe-culiar situation has arisen. United

brought four bottles of liquor from Panama, was told by the customs agents that the Ohloan admitted that the bottles were in his baggage but refused to open his trunks, demanding the right of free entry. This was granted him by Deputy Collector H. C. Stuart, who was not told of the presence of the booze. The agents said Morgan threatened to "raise h-l in Washington" if his baggage was not passed without examination. Since the agents did not see the bottles and Mrs. Morgan, who was with her hus-band cannot testify against him, it may be the only persons to suffer, if any, will be certain custom officials.

STUYVESANT FISH and some of his friends are exercised over the fact that his cruiser yacht was held up in New York harbor by enforcement agents and searched for contraband liquor. Mr. Fish said the boat was fired upon. No liquor was found on the vessel. Federal officials in New York after investigation declared the action of the enforceme was entirely proper since the boat did not stop at their signals and the shots were fired high in the air.

MYRON T. HERRICK, American ambassador to Paris, died suddenly from heart failure, and all of France was thrown into deep mourn-ing for he was beloved by the entire nation and was considered the best friend of France ever sent there by the United States. Officials of highest rank, and representatives of all countries hastened to the embassy with their condolences, the press was filled with articles lauding the dead American, and the government at once arranged to give him an elaborate na-tional funeral with full military honors an unprecedented honor. After simple ceremonies in the American embassy, during which orations were delivered by Premier Poincare, General Pershing and Quinones de Leon, Spanish ambassador to Paris, the cortege set out for the American procathedral. The pallbearers were: M. Poincare, Foreign Minister Briand, Senor de Leon, General Pershing, J. Pierpont Morgan and Owen D. Young. The casket was accompanied by two squadrons of republican guards, four platoons of republican guards, four platoons of infantry and representa-tives of all the official circles and American organizations in Paris, and the line of march was lined with in-fantry under the command of the military governor of Paris. After brief church services the body was taken to Brest by the embassy staff and there turned over to the French govnt which transferred it to the light cruiser Tourville as a salvo of 19 guns was fired. The cruiser was to bring Mr. Herrick's remains to the United States, being due in New York on April 12. Following a parallel course with it was the Aquitania, bearing Mrs. Parmely Herrick, the bassador's daughter-in-law.

SENATE and house committees were exceedingly busy formulating farm relief legislation for the extraordi session of congress. Among these heard, the most important was Secretary of Agriculture Hyde, who said he was giving his personal views but who, it was taken for granted, was expressing the ideas of President Hoover. He placed emphasis upon his that legislation should confer broad powers upon the farm board without attempting to define its exact procedure. The board, he indi-cated, must be depended on to provide the real solution of the agricultural problem. In response to ques-tions Mr. Hyde expressed the opinion that a board of seven would be less unwieldy than one of twelve, that bipartisan representation on the board was acceptable, but that he objected to geographical representation. He said the board should be within the Department of Agriculture instead of

an entirely independent agency.
Some members of the committee exhibited an unfriendly spirit toward the administration's proposals, but Representative Aswell of Louisiana, Democrat, declared that the Hoover program would have his complete sup-

VICE PRESIDENT CURTIS put up to Secretary of State Stime rather embarrassing problem. It is likely to be especially embarrassing to Mr. Curtis. As every one knows, he barrier resigned because the government and parliament failed to co-operate. Marshal Pilsudski appeared to dominate the situation.

ton his half-sister, Mrs. Edward E. Gann, to be the hostess of his estab-lishment. Before Mr. Stimson assumed office his predecessor, Mr. Kellogg, after study of precedents, ruled that while Mrs. Gann might sit where she pleased at dinners given in the Vice President's home, she must be seated below the wives of ambassa-dors and ministers at official dinners where she and Mr. Ourtis were guests. The Vice President informed the press Stimson to overrule Mr. Kellogg's de-cision. If this request is refused, it is possible Mr. Curtis will decline to attend official dinners or other functions where Mrs. Gann is not accord ed the rank he believes she should have. Of course social circles in the national capital are tremendously in-

terested in the controversy.

FINANCIAL operations during March, according to a treasury statement, resulted in a reduction of the gross public debt by \$108,980,352; and the net balance of the general fund on March 31 was more than \$350,000,000 greater than a month before, funds thus being available for further retirement of government securities during April. The reduction of the public debt during the fiscal year ending June 30 next is expected to exceed \$700,000,000. Treasury officials and congressional leaders are agreed that it is too early to consider tax becomes certain that income tax revenues will maintain the present high

EMPLOYEES of the Loray cotton mill at Gastonia, N. C., are on demonstrative that the police became alarmed and called on the governor for help. Several units of the state National Guard were ordered to the Several units of the state town and the disorders were quelled. A committee of strikers called on J. A. Baugh, general manager of the mill, and presented a series of de-mands, including a forty-hour, five-day

working week, a minimum wage of \$20 weekly, and changes in working conditions. Mr. Baugh rejected the demands. Half a dozen textile mills in South Carolina are closed as a re-The Brotherhood of Railway Train-

men and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen have started a nation-wide campaign for a six-hour day to combat unemp ment. Their opening meetings were held in Faneuil hall, Boston. Timethy Shea, assistant president of the engineers, told them that they must "protect men who are being cast into the junk heap." Contemplated railway consolidation plans, he said, meant that their union alone would have at least 20,000 more men out of A series of regional meetings throughout the country was planned.

A MANULLAH KHAN, former king of Afghanistan, began last week the drive by which he hopes to regain the throne he relinquished. With 30,-000 soldiers he marched on Kabul and there were vague reports of heavy fighting with the troops of Bacha Sachao, the self-made king. Amanullah's forces were said to be armed with Russian rifles and ammunition, which was taken to mean that the self in his behalf. Prince Omar Khan, member of the Afghan royal family, who recently escaped confinement in Allahabad, is reported as likely to take the field against Amanullah, supporting his own claim to the throne.

CHANCELLOR SEIPEL, who for six years has managed the affairs of the Austrian republic, has resigned, together with his cabinet which was made up of men from the Christian Socialist party. Opposition to Doctor Selpel had been increasing since the could have continued to resist criti-cism as a government official, but that be could not hold his office in the face of opposition to him personally as a

chief concern.

Poland also had a cabinet crisis for the government of Premier Kazimiers Bartel resigned because the govern-

carries on its front the number and the next large city.

The number ties up with your road Being intelligently placed they do

not mar the highways as disorderly signs do, and because of uniformity they are quickly recognized. One who has driven here and in France will recall how easy a uniform and intelli-gent system of marking makes finding one's way.

### AT THE **EIGHTEENTH** HOUSE

HE house was the seventeenth one, and she felt a faint stirring of the hope which had seemed for the last two hours to be dy ng within her breast. Seven was a lucky number. The seventeenth house could not fall to produce encourage-

It was a pretty little house like a dozen pretty little houses on that street where at the door of each she had met abrupt refusal. All the houses were small and pretty except one, the big white house in the corner The big white house was the next one,

Lillie Moffat approached the seventeenth house with more confidence than she had felt before. She mount ed the steps and touched the bell The name on the door was Derry-D. J. Derry. David-Daniel? She wondered what the D. stood for while she listened for footsteps. But no footsteps came. Yet she was sure there was somebody in the house for she could hear voices. She rang again and with real disappointment decided that nobody was coming to the door. Turning she moved away. As she went down the steps a voice spoke from a window above her.

"What do you want?" Lillie looked up. A black-eyed, chubby-chinned woman, wearing a boudoir cap, leaned over the sill. The black eyes seemed to pierce the near eather side of the bag Lillie carried

"Oh, you're an agent!" said the woman. "I guess it's just as well I didn't come down then. I don't want any of the stuff you're selling." Sud-denly she leaned a little farther. "Why don't you go to work doing something respectable?" she demand-"I don't think much of people that run around with a bag trying to swindle folks out of their money, just because they are too lazy to work They're worse than tramps." She drew back from the window and Lillie heard her humming, off the key, a strain of "O Sole Mio."

The color that had been whipped into Lillie's face by the cruel words vanished and left her as white as a faded little woman of forty-six may become when she is under stress of terrible circumstances. Tears came to her eyes and her lips quivered. She fairly had to feel her way down the street.

"After that," she thought, "I might as well go home."

And yet how could she go home

with all the hope of her venture out of her and look into John Henry's questioning eyes? She had never had secret from John Henry in all the twenty-seven years they had been married and she could not begin now when he was laid up with three broken ribs and a broken collar-bone. It had been bad enough to have such an accident befall him, but it would be almost worse to fail in a project when they so needed a little extra money And the firm had told her that Fluff Faultless Flavors sold like wildfire: people were simply crying aloud for them; agents were making \$10 a day! Ten dollars a day! She had been bit dazzled, perhaps, and John Henry had said: "It will get you out in the air. It isn't good for you to stay cooped up in here all the time with The truth was John Henry couldn't belo groaning a bit at the groan distressed her. If she were out of the house for a little while each day he could groan as much as be

"No, I won't go home," said Lillie to herself. "I'll take the next street and pretend that I'm just starting in; won't let what that Mrs. Derry said hurt me, because— She couldn't have known what it is to have a broken husband who has never been able to save much because his mother lived to be eighty-nine and had to be doctored every minute-

She blinked away the tears. Then she saw that she was close to the big white house on the corner, the for aristocratic house which seemed to look down on all the smaller ones. The eighteenth house! No use in going there. Those heavy lace curtains at the windows forbade you, the great front door was a barrier which only the elect might pass. And the name, Mrs. Lawrence! She had beard of Mrs. Lawrence; she had even seen ber, coldly remote through the plate glass windows of a limousine. No, she couldn't go there, and yet, she had promised berself to take every house as she came to it, to be frightened away by none.

"It can't be much worse than what I've gone through," she told herself. She mounted the steps and rang the bell. A moment's wait and then the door opened. An elderly maid inter-

"Haven't you come to the wrong

door?" asked the maid, reading Lil-

lie's errand expertly.
"I-1 don't know," Lille murmured in dismay. She drew back a step.
"I—I beg your pardon."

The door closed automatically, but

"One moment," said the maid
"Mrs. Lawrence wishes to see you.
Please come in." Her tone had changed.

Bewildered, Lillie followed the maid into a wide, beautiful room with a glowing fire that the spring chill made very acceptable. Mrs. Lawrence came forward from the fire. She was a woman not much older than Lillie, but her hair was like snow. Under this white hair was a beautiful face, high-bred, serious, with no color save in the very red lips and bright blue

"Come to the fire," Mrs. Lawrence said. "Take this chair," and she all but helped Lillie into the downy depths of such a receptacle for a tired body as only great wealth can pro-vide. She took the opposite chair and began to talk naturally, pleasantly, drawing Lillie out to talk in return.

knew all about John Henry's broken ones and how he got them.

"He must be a very brave man to paint a church steeple," she said. "I can scarcely get my feet off the ground that I don't feel dizzy."

There was a movement and sound and Lillie, turning, saw the elderly maid pushing a tea-wagon toward them. Upon the wagon was a ten service, finger lengths of hot-buttered toast, and some crisp little cakes.

"It is-just my afternoon tes time," explained Mrs. Lawrence. "I hope you feel like joining me in a cup of Oolong."

Over their teacups the talk grew somewhat more lively, for Lillie was being cheered inexpressibly. When at last she dared stay no longer she arose and tried to express her enjoyment of the entertainment.

"The pleasure has been mine," re-plied Mrs. Lawrence. "I am so much alone and so lonely since—since my husband died." She paused percepti-"I have enjoyed your company very much. You have done me good,"
"If I have done you good, oh, think

now much good you've done me!" breathed Lillie. Nothing was said about Fluff's Faultless Flavors. Indeed, Lillie had for the time forgotten all about them. But when she got home she remembered and she told John Henry. Bu

Henry understood. "You got more out of that experience than if you had sold the whole outfit." he sold.

just as she had known he would, John

Lillie was to get more yet out of the experience, for that evening came a messenger with flowers and fruit for the invalid. And every day there after the offering was repeated. More than this, Mrs. Lawrence drove to the door in her ilmonsine and in the sight of the neighborhood made a friendly

And to be added to this is one thing more: Lillie sold out her entire stock of flavors that very week. Everybody bought of her! Mrs. Law-rence had done that for her, too!

#### City Fathers of Rome Had Traffic Problem

With a prospect of 25,000,000 motor rehicles on the roads in 1929, every United States municipality that boasts more than one Main street is giving though to the traffic problem.

To listen to our traffic experts, one would think they had something entirely new on their hands. Why, eve Rome had the same question to tackle. The Lamp, published by one of the old companies, has an interesting article on transportation in those days. The Applan way, it says, had become a veritable race course. In and out between the lumbering ox carts and stately litters, Roman youths used to drive their noisy charlots at a reckless pace. A jaywalker's only chance was to emulate his namesake and fly across. Finally, Caesar bad to pass s law about it.

Early American travelers had their traffic troubles, too. Stage conches used to whirl over the rocky roads at breakneck speed—sometimes going as fast as 15 miles an hour. But the passengers never complained. They were too busy keeping their respective vertebrae in proper allignment.

#### German City Forests

The municipal forest of Bitterfield. Germany, the city in which are situated the largest lignite mines in the world, must soon be felled, for it stands above rich veins of the valuable fuel, which is here obtained by surface mining. But a German city without an adjoining forest is unthink able, hence it has been decided to reforest large areas in which the coal has been exhausted. German pines and firs grow so rapidly that a fuir-

Hand Wasn't Firm Mrs. Benham-Out boy peeds a firm

Benham-Yes, and it's just my luck to have the chills and fever.

ALGIERS, CAN



Scene in Algiers.

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

THE long, sweeping curve of crescent bay-the storied Bay of Algiers-here fringed with yellow sand, there, at one end, edged with gleaming black rocks, and everywhere backed by the steep slopes of a semi-circular chain of low hills rising abruptly from the water's edge and crowned with white villas in verdant gardens flaming with Bougain-

villea and poinsettia. Behind the hills iles the narrow, fertile plain of the Mitidia, in springtime blazing with the varied hues of wild flowers, the yellow of oranges,

the green of cornfields and vineyard. Towering above the plain in rugged grandeur the mighty chain of the Atlas mountains, seeming to support the heavens on their snow-clad shoulders. And the clouds gather round their peaks and leave the sky clear and blue, almost as blue as the waters of

the Mediterranean below. At one end of the bay are the spa-clous harbor, the busy wharves, and the terraced houses of a white city

climbing to the hilltop. Algiers, the White City! Its story runs from Hercules and the Golden Apples to the Hesperides through the forgotten chronicles of Numidian. Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Arab and Turk to the last of the Bourbon kings, to Napoleon III, and the French republic. Not a century ago it was the haunt and headquarters of the cruelest, most bloodthirsty pirates that the world has ever seen; today it is a bright and beautiful city of modern

France. Alongside its quays lie great steamers being loaded with the produce of bountiful land; its wharves are piled high with cask and case. Immediate ly over them rises a high, clifflike wall plerced with caves-merchants' warehouses and offices in

vaults.

Two Contrasting Quarters.

Along the summit of this wall stretches the beautiful Boulevard de la Republique, the beginning of a of Paris between the Opera and the Seine, a quarter of well-hullt streets, where the broad sidewalks shelter under arcades, of shady squares where white mosques front busy cafes and palm trees wave before the elec-tric trams that link the town with the suburbs stretching around the curving

This is the quarter of theaters, ho tels, and commercial offices, of attrac-tive shops, of crowded streets where automobile and electric tram dispute the right-of-way with five-horsed carts. Well-dressed European men and short-skirted, silk-stockinged French girls pass velled women and stately Arabs in flowing burnooses.

But a short distance back from the seaward wall the level ceases and the gayly colored, crowded houses climb on each other's shoulders up the steep hillside, as if striving to look over

their neighbors' heads out to sea.

Here is the native quarter, and in it dwelt the pirate population that lived by bloody crime on the face of the waters. Every being in it-man, woman and child, Moorish pashs and Christian slave-had a personal interest in watching each sall that lift-ed above the distant horizon. It might be an Algerine rover loaded with plunder and chained captives. It might be the herald of a Frankish

Kasha, once the palace fortress of the Dey, the tyrant of Algiers, who each murderous seawolf brought home. whether it were plunder from sacked towns on European shores, or weep-

Houses of the Natives.

The houses hemming the streets thrust out their upper stories, supported on inclined wooden struts, until they are not a yard apart. Often they are built completely across, so that the narrow lane must pass under them in a dark tunnel. The few windows, small square openings, are barred with gratings bent outward; and here and there a painted face looks out from them and smiles down

invitingly on the wayfarer. But usually the houses present a blank front to the outer worldwith a small, twisted column on either

side and a stone crescent above it. One of these doors opens and three tiny children toddle out, taughingone a boy in a red fez and a small shirt, the others little girls with flowhandkerchiefs twisted around their

The open door gives a glimpse of a wee tiled hall with a dwarf staircase twisting out of sight.

Farther down another door stands invitingly ajar. Pass through it out of the dim alley and you are in an-other world. A bright courtyard opens to the blue sky above. Two, three tiers of galleries with gayly tilted parapet walls top carved stone or marble pillars; a vine swings across the vold; flowers in pots or Bougainvilleas dash notes of glowing color into the court on which women look down and call shrilly to the servingmaids seated on the paving stones be-low, cleaning great brass water jars of old and graceful design.

Figures In the Streets vaulted tunnels. Stand aside and let this porter pass. Bent double, he lurches heavily up the steep ascent, a band around his forehend support the weight of the immense burden on his back. With his red cap twisted about with a dirty kerchief his torn shirt and baggy trousers, his bare feet thrust into heeliess slippers, he resembles—and is like to him in feature as in faith—a hamal, or porter, of Constantinople tolling up the

equally steep streets of Stamboul.

Out of a dark alley come two white robed figures, velled to the dark eyes that, lustrous and beautiful, shine under the black eyebrows and fair foreheads. Massive silver and gold necklaces hang on their bosoms, broad silver bracelets adorn their wrists and heavy anklets surround the silk-stockinged ankles thrust into dainty slip-

With a lingering backward glance these two enter slowly a carved mar-ble portal leading into a hall walled and floored with flower-designed porce lain tiles. Inscriptions in French and Arabic tell us that this is the entrance to the Moorish baths, open to men until noon, to women in the afternoon. The fair ones flock to it, for it is their lounge, their club, their glimpse of so-cial life, their gossip exchange—it and the Mohammedan cemeteries on

Fridays. .The narrow alley dives into another might be the herald of a Frankish fleet coming to batter down the pirate stronghold and set free the slaves.

Upward and still upward, bouse tops house, until one comes to the

#### Signs Make Automobile Travel in France Easy

The French method of marking roads trains the eye to find the right direction without fault, the same in-formation being in the same relative position at every fork or intersection, writes Earnest E. Calkins in the At-lantic Monthly.

Nearly all roads are marked by white stones, a kilometer spart, with nine little ones in between, measur-ing hectometers. The kilometer stone class of the road, rendering identificathe distances to the next village and

map. You always know where you are and how far you have to go.

There is a system of warnings which herald the approach of hills, signags, grade crossings, guitars cross-ing the road, or a dos d'ane (ass' back). The placards are uniform in

blem giving the message in poster form—a barred gate for the railroad crossing, silhouettes of cassis or dos