

DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

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

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
MEXICO'S revolution, or at least a great portion of it, was drowned in an ocean of blood last week...

States Attorney Tuttle of New York, investigating the story that Morgan brought four bottles of liquor from Panama, was told by the customs agents that the Ohioan admitted that the bottles were in his baggage...

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.

MYRON T. HERRICK, American ambassador to Paris, died suddenly from heart failure, and all of France was thrown into deep mourning for he was beloved by the entire nation...

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.

PROHIBITION in its many ramifications insists on holding a place on the front page every day. Tuesday 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 enforcement laws...

SENATE and house committees were exceedingly busy formulating farm relief legislation for the extraordinary 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.

CONGRESSMAN M. ALFRED MICHAELSON of Chicago, a professed 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.

VICE PRESIDENT CURTIS put up to Secretary of State Stimson a rather embarrassing problem. It is likely to be especially embarrassing to Mr. Curtis. As every one knows, he

carries on its front the number and class of the road, rendering identification infallible, and on the near side the distances to the next village and the next large city.

is a widower, and he took to Washington his half-sister, Mrs. Edward E. Gann, to be the hostess of his establishment. 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 ambassadors and ministers at official dinners where she and Mr. Curtis were guests.

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.

EMPLOYEES of the Loray cotton mill at Gastonia, N. C., are on strike and last week they became so demonstrative that the police became alarmed and called on the governor for help.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen have started a nation-wide campaign for a six-hour day to combat unemployment. Their opening meetings were held in Faneuil hall, Boston.

AMANULLAH 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 Sached, the self-made king.

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.

Poland also had a cabinet crisis for the government of Premier Kazimierz Bartel resigned because the government and parliament failed to cooperate.

American street car card, with an emblem giving the message in poster form—a barred gate for the railroad crossing, silhouettes of canals or docks, and the S-shaped figure we use here for virages or double curves.

AT THE EIGHTEENTH HOUSE

THE house was the seventeenth one, and she felt a faint stirring of the hope which had seemed for the last two hours to be dying within her breast.

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.

Lillie Moffat approached the seventeenth house with more confidence than she had felt before. She mounted the steps and touched the bell. The name on the door was Derry—D. J. Derry. David—Daniel?

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.

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 a 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.

"No, I won't go home," said Lillie to herself. "I'll take the next street and pretend that I'm just starting in; somebody is sure to buy me. And I won't let what that Mrs. Derry said hurt me, because—"

She blinked away the tears. Then she saw that she was close to the big white house on the corner, the formidable aristocratic house which seemed to look down on all the smaller ones.

"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-

door?" asked the maid, reading Lillie's errand expertly. "I—I don't know," Lillie murmured in dismay. She drew back a step.

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.

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

"The pleasure has been mine," replied Mrs. Lawrence. "I am so much alone and so lonely since—since my husband died." She paused perceptibly. "I have enjoyed your company very much. You have done me good."

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.

Lillie was to get more out of that experience than if you had sold the whole outfit," he said.

City Fathers of Rome Had Traffic Problem With a prospect of 25,000,000 motor vehicles on the roads in 1929, every United States municipality that boasts more than one Main street is giving thought to the traffic problem.

Two Contrasting Quarters. Along the summit of this wall stretches the beautiful Boulevard de la Republique, the beginning of a quarter that might rival the best bit of Paris between the Opera and the Seine.

Early American travelers had their traffic troubles, too. Stage coaches used to whirl over the rocky roads at breakneck speed—sometimes going as fast as 15 miles an hour.

German City Forests The municipal forest of Hitterfeld, 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.

Hand Wasp's Firm Mrs. Benham—Out boy needs a firm hand. Benham—Yes, and it's just my luck to have the chills and fever.

ALGIERS, The White City



Scene in Algiers.

THE long, sweeping curve of a 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.

At one end of the bay are the spacious harbor, the busy wharves, and the terraced houses of a white city climbing to the hilltop.

Alongside its quays lie great steamers being loaded with the produce of a bountiful land; its wharves are piled high with cask and case.

This is the quarter of theaters, hotels, and commercial offices, of attractive shops, of crowded streets where automobile and electric tram dispute the right-of-way with fire-hoisted carts.

But a short distance back from the seaward wall the level ceases and the gaily colored, crowded houses climb on each other's shoulders up the steep hillsides, as if striving to look over their neighbors' heads out to sea.

Here is the native quarter, and in it dwell the pirate population that lived by bloody crime on the face of the waters. Every being in it—man, woman and child, Moorish pasha and Christian slave—had a personal interest in watching each sail that lifted above the distant horizon.

Kasba, once the prince fortress of the Dey, the tyrant of Algiers, who claimed his share of the booty that each murderous seawolf brought home, whether it were plunder from sacked towns on European shores, or weeping women from Italy, France or Spain.

Behind the hills lies the narrow, fertile plain of the Mitidja, in spring-time blazing with the varied hues of wild flowers, the yellow of oranges, the green of cornfields and vineyard.

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 another world.

Out again into the dark lanes and vaulted tunnels. Stand aside and let this porter pass. Bent double, he lurches heavily up the steep ascent, a band around his forehead helping to support the weight of the immense burden on his back.

Out of a dark alley come two white-robed figures, veiled 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 slippers.

With a lingering backward glance these two enter slowly a carved marble portal leading into a hall walled and floored with flower-designed porcelain 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 narrow alley dives into another tunneled passage under the houses and emerges on a wider space, a market. Spread out on the ground or on rough stalls are meat, fruit, vegetables, bread.