

## HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### Congress Is Struggling With Farm Relief and Tariff Change Problems.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

CONGRESS, which met in extraordinary session at the beginning of the week, is struggling with the problem of farm relief, for the solution of which mainly it was called to Washington by President Hoover. On the first day the usual process of organization was carried out, Nicholas Longworth being re-elected speaker of the house and Vice President Curtis taking his place as presiding officer of the senate. Possibly for the purpose of avoiding any objections to the seating of De Priest and Michaelson of Illinois, Mr. Longworth swore in all the new members of the house at one time. De Priest, colored, was under indictment for months as a member of a gambling ring, but the case was dropped recently. Michaelson was indicted in Florida on charges of smuggling liquor into the country. The administration's farm relief measure was promptly introduced by Representative Gilbert N. Haugen of Iowa and the next day it was approved by the new committee on agriculture by a vote of 19 to 2.

Tuesday President Hoover's message was read to congress. It was brief and business-like, as might have been expected, but did not meet with unanimous approval. Some of Mr. Hoover's supporters in the campaign were decidedly disappointed in his handling of the farmers' problem, these including Senators Capper, Brookhart and Norbeck. The President recommended legislation covering eight matters, as follows:

Creation of a federal farm board, an enormous revolving fund and other machinery for stabilizing agriculture on a basis more profitable to the farmers.

Limited revision of the tariff to increase the protection of the farmers and to furnish adequate protection to those industries in which changed economic conditions have produced slackened activity and lessened employment.

Reorganization of the tariff commission and of its method of operation.

Provision for domestic valuation of imports in cases of foreign undervaluations.

Provision for the taking of the census of 1930.

Reapportionment of representatives in congress.

Suspension of the national origins immigration restriction system.

"Minor administrative authorizations," possibly including the transfer of prohibition enforcement to the Department of Justice.

The control of farm production and improvement of marketing by Mr. Hoover's plan, as embodied in the bill before the house, would be committed to the supervision of a federal farm board which would use a government revolving fund to finance farmer-controlled corporations and associations. The President is known to be opposed to the export debenture plan though he made no mention of it in his message. The scheme was offered in the senate's bill for agricultural relief, which varied in other respects from the house measure.

Concerning tariff changes the message was rather vague. It said congress should be careful not to make alterations that would impair our export trade or cause retaliation by other nations. The President's recommendation that the national origins immigration restriction system be suspended probably will meet with more opposition in congress than any other of his suggestions.

**POLICIES** of the federal reserve board which affected stock market activities by restricting the amount of money for speculation were attacked in the house by Frank R. Reid of Illinois and Loring M. Black of New York. Representative Reid offered a resolution for appointment of a committee of nine to investigate the administration of the federal reserve system, suggesting that the board

might have been unduly subject to foreign influences.

Representative Black defended speculative activities on the New York Stock exchange and insisted there was no occasion for alarm on account of the greatly expanded operations there. He asserted that the federal reserve board was injuring business generally by attempting to curb speculation. The board, according to Mr. Black, is exceeding its powers under the law.

**APPOINTMENT** of Charles G. Dawes as ambassador to Great Britain was confirmed by the senate without roll call. Other Presidential nominations were those of Joseph M. Dixon of Montana to be first assistant secretary of the interior; Oscar B. Colquitt of Texas as a member of the board of mediation; John M. Morin of Pennsylvania as member of the United States employees' compensation commission; Patrick J. Hurley, assistant secretary of war; Ernest L. Jahneke and David S. Ingalls, assistant secretaries of the navy; Capt. Joseph J. Cheatham, paymaster general of the navy with the rank of rear admiral, and Maj. Gen. Charles McK. Saltzman (retired), member of the federal radio commission, and Charles J. Rhoads, commissioner of Indian affairs.

**WET** members of congress lost no time in getting into action along their favorite lines. On the first day of the session a lot of bills and resolutions were introduced in the house designed to repeal or weaken the prohibition legislation, and others were offered on succeeding days. Of course not one of these measures stands any chance of being considered by this session.

Wisconsin's lower house, obeying the mandate of the referendum, voted to repeal the state prohibition act and to wipe out the state prohibition commission, and hurried the measure on to the senate. The bill takes the Badger state out of prohibition enforcement, but leaves the matter optional with municipalities. Cities and villages can adopt any regulatory or prohibitory ordinances they see fit. If they want to they can adopt the abandoned state dry code as their own, but effective only within their own borders.

Washington's reply to Canada's protest against the sinking of the rum runner I'm Alone in the Gulf of Mexico by a coast guard vessel was delivered to the Canadian legation. Its contents were not made public, but it was understood to be conciliatory and designed to confine the dispute to legal aspects of the case. The issue may have to be determined by arbitration.

**HARRY F. SINCLAIR**, seeking to avoid imprisonment for contempt of the senate, has asked the Supreme court of the United States to reconsider its recent decision upholding his sentence. Meanwhile it is reported that he has lost control of the Sinclair Consolidated Oil corporation and that his place as chairman of the board may be given to Col. B. W. Stewart, whom John D. Rockefeller ousted from the chairmanship of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The Sinclair company is said to be dominated now by a new group of financiers.

**RUSSIA**, supported by Germany and Turkey, again presented to the League of Nations preparatory disarmament commission her plan for the immediate reduction of armaments. But France and Japan attacked the scheme as impractical, the other delegates were unfriendly, and the commission voted against it. The Soviet plan provides for reducing armaments one-half, one-third or a fourth, according to the present military strength and various categories of the countries. It would establish definite figures on the number of effectives and the amount of material for the armies, navies and air forces, as against the conservative idea of merely seeking an agreement on broad general lines as recommendations for some future plenary disarmament conference which should fix the amounts and numbers and fill in all the details and particulars.

**H. G. WELLS**, the noted English novelist and publicist, addressing the German reichstag in Berlin, gave utterance to a grim prophecy.

He said: "Our world is marching on to a new war, into which we will fall headlong as we did in 1914 unless we start to work systematically for peace. The chief danger is connected with Russia, which, through compulsory isolation, is becoming a country of inwardly concentrated patriotism which is likely to lead to a tremendous struggle between Russia and the western powers. The Russians will call it a battle against western capitalism, but it will be more than that. War may break out in Asia or elsewhere, but it will spread all over the world in a useless and gigantic war."

**GENERAL CALLES**, having the Mexican rebellion practically cornered in the state of Sonora, went to work carefully and systematically to crush it finally there, the campaign being under the active direction of General Almazan. Federal forces were being concentrated, coming from the east and south. The program was temporarily disarranged by a new uprising in Coahuila and a battle in Pulpito pass, the entrance to Sonora. Federal aviators reported that General Caraveo had 1,500 insurgents defending the pass and that hundreds of Yaqui Indians were hidden in the mountains ready to engage in guerrilla warfare. General Enriquez, one of the rebel commanders in the battle of Jimenez, surrendered to General Almazan. The latter said Enriquez would not be executed but would be treated as a prisoner of war—quite a departure from the usual Mexican practice.

**SO WIDELY** divergent were the proposals of the allies and the Germans in the matter of German reparations that the conference of experts in Paris ended in complete failure. Schacht offered for Germany 37 annuities of 1,650,000,000 gold marks, or more than three billion dollars total less than the sum demanded by the allies; and he would not increase the offer by a cent. Lord Revestoke's subcommittee could devise no compromise, and it was therefore decided it would be useless for the commission to continue its labors. The delegates of the allies blamed Doctor Schacht for the breakdown of the negotiations, saying he had injected political matters into what was meant to be a purely financial settlement. Germany's credit abroad is likely to suffer greatly.

**KING BORIS** of Bulgaria, who has been on a round of visits to various European courts, was saved from probable assassination by the vigilance of the Sofia police. They discovered two bombs in the king's private railway coach which was being prepared to meet him at the border and bring him to his capital. The police said they had received warnings that the Communists intended to kill the monarch if the bomb plot failed.

**BABE RUTH** being one of our national "heroes," his every move is of interest to the people. So it is of interest to report that the King of Swat took unto himself a bride last week in the person of Mrs. Claire Hodgson, a former actress who hails from Georgia. They were married early in the morning and set up housekeeping in a New York apartment. Their family includes the Babe's adopted daughter, Mrs. Ruth's daughter by a former marriage, and Mrs. Ruth's mother and two young brothers.

**JOSEPH W. BAILEY**, former representative and senator from Texas and almost the last of the noted orators of the South, fell dead in a courtroom in Sherman, Texas, in the midst of a lawsuit. Death was caused by a clot of blood in the heart. After his service in the national congress Mr. Bailey in 1920 sought the governorship of Texas, but was defeated by Pat Neff largely because of his activities against prohibition and woman suffrage.

The body of Myron T. Herrick, late ambassador to France, was interred in Cleveland, Ohio, after impressive ceremonies in the Trinity Episcopal cathedral which were attended by eminent representatives of the American and French governments and as many of his sorrowing fellow citizens as could crowd into the edifice. The streets through which the cortege passed with military escort were thronged with people, despite rain.

### SHE OWED FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

**IF ADELAIDE** had had a practical mind, of course, it would never have happened. But as it was, when her hopeful little millinery shop died a slow death and left her in strange town with \$60 and a wardrobe trunk, she had no more idea what to do than if she had suddenly been called upon to carve the Black Hills memorial. To make it worse she owed \$500 to the Collins wholesale house, whose officials wrote firmly that August the first was the last date on which payment could be accepted. And August the first was one week away.

Adelaide made a face at the letter, and tightened her cherry-blush lips. How could Adelaide Lovell, to whom even shorthand and typewriting were inexplicable mysteries, and who fed stray kittens her breakfast cream and staked small boys to dog licenses—how under the blue heavens could Adelaide Lovell obtain \$500 in one week?

"Well," said that young lady, uncurling her taut little figure from the one deep chair her room boasted "something will have to turn up."

A long-legged French doll, dangling by one leg from the lamp cord, regarded her sympathetically above a shock of henna hair. But nothing turned up.

"And I suppose," Adelaide further remarked, "that I must go out and find that something." She brushed the wave back into her hair, tilted a provocative scarlet hat over her left eye and fared forth.

It was mere chance, of course, that that same provocative hat should leave Adelaide's head at the first windy corner, while she meditated on what price the wardrobe trunk might bring second-hand, and tumble across the sun-flecked sidewalk until it came to a precarious halt well out into the street. Some man made a foolhardy dash after it, captured it, and came triumphantly up to Adelaide after the manner of men. He was very tall, she saw in the hurried moment of her appraisal, and rather young, with an alert courtesy that delighted her. She smiled at him with an extra flicker of her lashes, and observed that his answering smile lighted a darkly serious face. But he had not the slightest resemblance to \$500. Adelaide jammed on the hat and departed.

Doubtless it was chance, too, that made Mile. Helene, telepathist extraordinary and otherwise known as Helene Jo Peterson, slip and wrench her ankle a moment later and a half-block farther on—so near that Adelaide helped her, protesting, into her own room and into the one chair. While Adelaide applied bandages and ice-packs, Mile. Helene sobbed.

And only to think," she lamented for the sixth time, "that I've come all the way from Grandview for a one-night engagement at the Guellick club, and now at the last moment, with reservations simply fowing in, I can't appear!" She collapsed into tears again.

Adventure was leaping in Adelaide's blood. "The worst of all is, they'll probably think you're shamming," she said comfortingly. "Are there many reservations so far?"

There were nearly 300 at \$5 each. But it was not that which broke Mile. Peterson's heart; it was the damage to her so far spotless career. She wept great splotchy circles on Adelaide's best pillow at the thought.

"Well," announced Adelaide when the time was ripe, "it's rather unusual, but I suppose I might arrange to understanderdy for you, for—shall we say one-third of the receipts? Since we are both comparative strangers in town I think it is possible." She massaged the swollen foot demurely.

So it was that while Mile. Helene still in Adelaide's gay little room congratulated herself upon having encountered a member of her own profession, Adelaide herself was shivering in an anteroom at the Guellick club, and wondering what she would do when the performance began. Her closest acquaintance with telepathy—shades of the Yogi philosophers—had been cultivated in circus side shows; she was utterly at sea.

"The thing to do," she decided, is to go as far as I can before I stop, and maybe something will turn up."

Something did turn up as she and her dubious assistant, the latter imperfectly mollified by Mms. Helene's note, entered the crowded clubroom. The dark young man of the hat episode turned up and seated himself on the front row, in a place apparently reserved.

Adelaide sat down rather weakly and was blindfolded. Some one from the audience came and felt the blindfold, and remained at the assistant's request, to make sure of the integrity of the performance. Adelaide decided that at the last moment she would

pretend to faint. At the very last moment.

"Can you name this object?" the assistant's voice came to her across infinity. Adelaide gripped the table before her with trembling fingers.

"Can you tell us—?" This was undoubtedly the last moment, but perhaps she might guess correctly.

"Gold watch," said a whisper incredibly low. She was not sure she had heard it.

"The object is a watch," she said. "A gold watch." If only he would ask for the number! She had artlessly trapped Mile. Helene into giving her the scheme for numbers, in casual conversation that afternoon.

"And this?" the assistant demanded out of the thick silence.

"Handkerchief," prompted the whisper. "White with a green monogram."

Adelaide loosened her hold on the table and things went easier after that. How long before the whisperer would denounce her? Her answers grew too glib and the crowd stirred. Then out of the smothering blankness about her the blow fell.

"Let her tell my name," a suspicious voice challenged from the rear. The whisperer was silent; Adelaide waited.

"Stall," came the whisper at last, lower than ever. Out of sheer inspiration Adelaide spoke.

"The gentleman's name—one moment—concentrate on the name, please—there is a conflicting current of thought." Adelaide shuddered, and took the plunge. "Thompson—Thompson—one moment—Thompson!"

There was silence for a breath-taking moment. Then wave after wave of applause shattered the hush. Adelaide had a confused impression, presently, of excited comment and conjecture as the audience rose to leave. After a long while the blindfold was removed; there were hasty introductions; boys from two psychology classes, which had attended en masse, hovered over her, and at last she was out in the star-lit fragrance of evening, with the dark young man—whom she strongly suspected—miraculously beside her, and the subdued assistant lagging behind. Much assistance he was, Adelaide said to herself angrily.

The dark young man introduced himself. He had a name that was made to wear with great height and good looks, and he had a green sport coupe, with a rumble seat for the assistant.

"But good heavens," he said—his voice was much more masterful now that he no longer whispered—"good heavens," he said, when they were half-way to Adelaide's rooming house, "what if I hadn't known Helene? What if I hadn't seen you were bluffing and helped you along? What if you hadn't guessed that idiot's name—Lord knows how!"

"Oh, well," said Adelaide confidently, "something would have turned up!" She leaned back happily; she had just noticed that the young man had brown eyes, and Adelaide adored brown eyes.

## MEXICO'S WEST



Young Yaqui Indian Soldiers of Mexico.

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

**MEXICO'S** West, Sonora and Chihuahua, and the states immediately south of them, has been the scene of the major events in the republic's latest revolution. Both Sonora and Chihuahua have considerable areas of desert and still larger regions of semidesert where the sun pours down on rocky plains and hills; where the principal vegetation is made up of cacti and hardy, thorny shrubs, and where cattle must range over many acres to find enough forage to keep them alive.

But there are other aspects of Sonora and Chihuahua. There are rich fertile valleys, and above all, mines—mines that have been looted since the first Spaniards came but which still harbor their millions of dollars worth of silver and gold.

As a traveler starts down the West coast of Mexico by rail through the state of Sonora, if he is not a seasoned traveler his first impulse is to turn back. This enormous expanse of blowing sand, white rock, and burning sun is depressing unless one has a little history, a little imagination, and some liking for the desert.

Sonora is the second largest state in Mexico and one of the richest mining districts in the world; but, gazing out of the car window, these facts at first leave one cold.

The desert hides its best. Far back in the opal-tinted hills are green valleys and golden mines. The stranger sees only the numb misery of the half-naked Indians, sheltering like animals in the remains of adobe huts that have been ruined in the fighting of the past twenty years.

The wide plains are empty of life. The herds have gone to feed the revolutions.

Cabeza de Vaca was the first Spaniard to find gold in Sonora, on his trip to the Florida everglades in the early sixteenth century. It is not the fact that he found gold that interests the traveler, but that he was able to march at all through these inhospitable wilds.

The mere thought of the journey is frightening. The Spaniards did not know the trail; they were encompassed about by the most dangerous Indians in Mexico—for the Yaqui, cousin of the Apache, made this his home—and they were burdened by heavy armor in an arid and savage land.

The longer one travels through Mexico the higher mounts one's admiration for these grim old adventurers. No doubt they were as brutal as they have been charged with being; but it may be questioned whether their like can be found in the history of the world for sheer, stubborn, furious courage.

**Finest Churches in America.**

Today, Sonora must present much the same aspect that it offered to the Cow's Head—the literal translation of Cabeza de Vaca—and his companions. It is hard, glittering, and superficially inhospitable; yet in the folds of the hills are hidden the finest churches in North America—churches as distinguished from cathedrals—whose altars were once plated with gold and silver and hung with jewels.

They are abandoned in great part. It is true. Many of those that were still open to worshippers before Mexico's religious restriction laws went into effect were served only at intervals by priests who rode muleback over a wide circle of weeks.

It was because of these old churches that Sonoran mines were opened three centuries ago. The friars built them in villages that at their best cannot have maintained more than a few hundred poor Indians, and sacked the treasures of the hills for the glorification of the Cross.

One establishes one's first real contact with the land at Magdalena. It is but a small, soiled, dusty Indian town clustered about an old church. It is on the edge of the desert, sun

baked, specked with the varying greens of mesquite and manzanita and cactus, rimmed about by blue-tipped, silver-laden hills.

The old-timers called this "the horned-toad belt."

One thinks the desert unpopulated. One rides for miles without seeing more than a 'dobe hut or a wandering Indian behind a burro, or perhaps a twinkling light at night.

Yet during the fiesta of St. Francis Xavier 40,000 Indians swarm into Magdalena. At night they roll in their blankets and sleep in heaps in the dust of the street. By day they pray to the saint and eat their everlasting cakes.

It was from the vicinity of Magdalena that the golden treasure came which so aroused Spanish cupidity at the court of Montezuma. Long before Cortez came, these mines had paid a regular tribute to the Aztec rulers.

Farther south one finds that Sonora has its fertile lands as well as its arid silver-filled hills. The valleys of the Sonora rivers—the Yaqui, the Ascension, the Mayo, the Sonora, the Montezuma, the San Ascension, the San Ignacio, the Mayo, the Sonora, the Montezuma, the San Miguel, to name a few—are fat.

**Wonderfully Fertile.**

The unwatered land seems infertile as a concrete pavement or the bottom of a gravel pit. It is bare, dusty, brown, burned. Then the farmer sprinkles a little seed, adds a little water, stirs it with a wooden plow, and it bursts into bloom. The crops possible to Sonora's bottoms are incredible.

Guaymas, chief Sonoran port, was on the way to riches when the Diaz regime collapsed in 1911. It has never fully recovered from that blow, and the sitting up of a portion of its harbor has made its situation worse. The bay at Guaymas is hemmed in with hills that come down to the water's edge, and the gateway is invisible in their brown folds. It is one of the extraordinary beauty spots of the world.

The water has the hue and iridescence and sparkle of gems, changing and shifting and glittering anew as the light descends in varying reflections from the summits overhead.

It is a paradise for fishermen. The Indian fishers are forever sailing out in their log canoes or towing them back, fish-laden, along the shores.

At one time the Yaquis may have numbered 30,000 souls; now there may be 5,000 in all.

Most Americans who know the Yaqui say that if he had been let alone he would have let the white men alone.

But he owned fertile valleys and mine-rich mountains. The history of our own West teems with analogous cases. The miners and the farmers established themselves in his territory, and the Yaqui declared war. The technical honors seem to have gone to the Yaqui.

It is true that at one time mines were opened everywhere in his mountains and the fat river bottoms were taken from him; but the troops sent against him were cut up time after time.

After a battle the Yaquis disappeared without leaving a sign. The "bronco" Yaqui became the tame Yaqui overnight. He traded breech clout for the blue overalls of honest labor.

Of course, that sort of thing could not be endured by the Mexican government. Without discussing the rights and wrongs, the fact remained that the Yaqui stood in the path of progress. President Diaz at first tried to conciliate and then defeat them, and finally resorted to a policy of extermination.

Diaz had cowed the Yaquis if he had not completely subjugated them. The river valleys were given over to the plow and the prospectors roamed at will through the mountains.

**Sound of Feet Guides Rats to Exit of Maze**

Soundproof material used on the floor of a maze has revealed, after many years of experiments, a secret by which rats successfully learned the correct route through the long series of complicated passages of a maze to the single exit. Thus, more light has been thrown on the psychology of animals, particularly where it is suspected that a subtle reasoning power has been exhibited on the part

of the subjects which had been selected for the experiments.

Dr. John F. Shepard, professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, read a paper before the Michigan academy of science, arts and letters, stating that rats which had previously learned the maze perfectly seemed utterly lost when the sound of their pattering feet on the floor of the maze was stifled by sound-proof layers.

Lengthy experiments indicated that the rats were not finding their way out of the maze by their senses of

sight, smell, muscular feeling, or touch. Finally, it was discovered that changing the position of the squares of asphaltic linoleum, which covered the floor of the maze, caused the animal to be less certain of the direction to take in finding their way. Soundproof floors prevented the rats from learning the route.

Experiments now in progress will determine whether the rats depend solely on their sense of hearing for their ability to guide themselves out of a maze.

**Lighting Explosives**

The flood light system of illuminating buildings has had a new application at a factory engaged in the manufacture of explosives. The operators of the plant, desiring to avoid any possible source of accident because of electrical sparks, worked out a system of flood lights by means of which the light was sent into the building through skylights the interior being as well illuminated as though the lights were inside, yet every bit of wiring was outside the building.

**An Acquisition**

Eddie—Can you beat it? My sister is only twenty and she's got a bald head.

Marceline—Gosh, has he got money?