



1—Engines typifying 100 years of railroading crossing stone bridge of Baltimore and Ohio railroad, called the Carrollton viaduct, on the hundredth anniversary of its completion. 2—Col. C. D. H. MacAlpine (third from left) and his companions who were lost for two months while making a prospecting flight over the shores of Hudson bay. 3—Opening the great golden padlock of Pasadena to welcome the throngs to that city's Tournament of Roses on New Year's day.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Discord Among Senate Dries and Officials Over Law Enforcement.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

DISSENSION among the dry leaders of congress and dissatisfaction with President Hoover's law enforcement commission marred the good will toward men that is supposed to characterize the Christmas season. United States District Judge Paul J. McCormick of Los Angeles, a member of the commission, who had been sitting on the federal bench in New York, started the fireworks when on his return home he found occasion to make some very caustic remarks concerning the prohibition problem.

"A man's home is his castle," said the jurist, "and the practice of entering it in the course of prohibition enforcement without legal procedure should be abolished."

The national commission, the judge said, already has determined that two major problems require immediate settlement: One is the solution of prohibition enforcement and the other is the removal of "governmental lawlessness" and restoration of constitutional rights to citizens.

"Speaking as an individual," Judge McCormick pronounced fanaticism one of the most serious enemies of prohibition. He said fanatics were to be found in the ranks of both wets and dries.

William J. Harris of Georgia, one of the leading dries in the senate, was roused to immediate action and demanded that the President remove the Los Angeles jurist from the commission.

"Judge McCormick's statement shows that just what I feared was being done is being done," said Senator Harris. "It really is an encouragement to violators of the law and it shows Judge McCormick to be such a partisan against the prohibition enforcement law that, no matter how honest he may be, he is unfitted to hold office on the commission. Unless the commission stops its secret sessions and comes out in the open, its usefulness is impaired to such an extent that its report will be given no weight. The prohibition forces of the country will be greatly disappointed if the President does not remove this man, who has encouraged anti-prohibitionists as well as violators of the law."

Harris was joined by other senate dries urging that Mr. Hoover ask the commission to make an early report on the liquor question. Senator Glass of Virginia wants to hear from the commission soon, but he does not think Judge McCormick should be removed from that body.

Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, another dry leader, expressed the opinion that a report from the crime commission would be of little value in obtaining better dry law enforcement conditions. What is needed, he said, is an improvement in the personnel of enforcement officers.

"If the commission report," Borah said, "they will not tell us anything we do not know, either as to the law or as to the facts. We still will be back to the proposition that with the present personnel nothing will be accomplished."

This brought a sharp retort from Prohibition Commissioner James M. Doran, who declared that such a "sweeping condemnation" of the pro-

hibition unit "is most unfortunate and bound to have a disheartening effect upon the morale of the service."

"To say that prohibition cannot be enforced with the present personnel," the prohibition director added, "comes perilously near to saying that it cannot be enforced at all."

ONE more killing by prohibition enforcement agents marked Christmas day. Coast Guardsmen at Buffalo fatally shot Eugene F. Downey, Jr., son of a policeman, in a motor boat on the Niagara river. They declared he did not heed their signals to stop, but it was said they found no liquor in Downey's boat. The man was arrested recently in connection with liquor smuggling and was out on bail.

CHRISTMAS joy at the White House was almost ruined by a fire that completely wrecked the interior of the executive offices wing of the mansion. Mr. Hoover helped in the removal of his personal and business papers and then stood in the cold for two hours watching the firemen fighting the flames. The cause of the fire was found to be an overheated fireplace chimney in the office of Secretary Newton.

Lieut. Col. U. S. Grant III, director of public buildings and public parks, estimated the damage to be approximately \$50,000. Inspections showed that, although it will be necessary to completely rebuild the structure, there was no irreparable damage.

At the time of the conflagration Mrs. Hoover was hostess of a children's party in the White House dining room. While the President and the other men present hurried out, Mrs. Hoover, in order not to frighten the children, had the Marine band strike up a lively air and then presided over the celebration without a hint of what was happening a few hundred feet away. On Christmas day there a happy family party in the White House, followed by a dinner to members of the cabinet and their families.

TERRIFIC gales with rain and cold carried disaster and death to the Atlantic coast of Europe from the Orkney Islands to Spain on Wednesday. The worst accident reported was the loss of the Norwegian steamer Aslaug near Vigo, Spain, with its entire crew of 24. Many other steamships were reported in trouble. One went aground near Blankenese, Germany, blocking the River Elbe, and two were driven on the rocks off Porspol, France.

SENATOR BORAH, chairman of the senate foreign relations committee, and the United States Department of the Interior appealed to Russia for help in searching for Carl Ben Elison and Earl Borland in the wastes of Siberia, and the Soviet foreign office replied that an airplane had been dispatched to hunt for the two missing American aviators who failed to return to Alaska six weeks ago from a flight to aid an icebound fur ship. They are believed to have been forced down near North Cape.

The foreign office announcement said also two other airplanes would be dispatched immediately to aid in the search for the airmen. Semyon Shestakov, national air hero of Soviet Russia since his flight from Moscow to New York, was selected to head the rescue expedition. Three powerful cabin planes and five experienced Canadian aviators were conveyed to Alaska from Seattle on a coast guard cutter to help in the search.

GENERAL RICO, military commander at Nogales, says, in a report to the Mexican government on

the recent execution of Gen. Carlos Bouquet, that Bouquet made a signed statement that he had been commissioned by Jose Vasconcelos, defeated candidate for the presidency, who now is in the United States, to recruit revolutionists on the Mexican Pacific coast and that he had gone to Nogales to receive orders, money and munitions from a revolutionary directorate established at Tucson, Ariz.

IRWIN B. LAUGHLIN, our new ambassador to Spain, presented his credentials to King Alfonso on Tuesday, was introduced to the queen and exchanged formal calls with Premier Primo Rivera. He is now engaged in a long series of calls on government officials and the heads of all the other embassies and legations.

The king received the American ambassador in the uniform of a captain general, with red trousers, a blue coat and many decorations. He made a striking martial figure. The simple evening dress of Ambassador Laughlin and his staff was in contrast with the gorgeous uniforms of the Spanish court.

ORTIZ RUBIO, president-elect of Mexico, visited Washington last week and was accorded all the honors due the head of a state during his three days' stay. He made a formal call at the White House, and President and Mrs. Hoover departed from long established precedent by returning the call at the Mexican embassy. On Friday Senator Ortiz Rubio and his wife were entertained at a state dinner at the White House.

ONE of the great disasters of the dying year, if measured by loss of life, was the foundering of the Chinese steamer Lee Cheong, plying between Hongkong and Swabue, in a heavy storm. Two hundred and fifty Chinese passengers perished, as did the members of the crew and 44 Indian guards. Only two men escaped, by clinging to a raft.

WAR in Manchuria between China and Soviet Russia appears to have come to an end. The foreign commissariat in Moscow announced that Simanovsky and Tsai Yun-Shen, plenipotentiaries of the Soviet union and Mukden governments, had signed a protocol at Habarovsk, Siberia, restoring the status quo ante on the Chinese Eastern railway and immediately restoring Soviet consulates and commercial organizations in the Soviet Far East.

It was stated that peace would follow on the frontiers, to be followed by withdrawal of troops of both sides. All prisoners are to be released and the Chinese promised to disarm the White Guard Russians. Full restoration of diplomatic relations will not be brought about until after a conference that will open in Moscow on January 25 for the settlement of all outstanding questions.

GERMAN Nationalists made a dismal failure of their latest attempt to prevent adoption of the Young reparations plan. In a public referendum their bill "against the enslavement of the German people," which would have the Young plan rejected, failed to obtain more than one-fourth of the vote required to give it effect. The reichstag last November defeated a similar measure by an overwhelming majority.

HENRY D. CLAYTON, who while a member of congress framed the anti-trust act that bears his name, died at his home in Montgomery, Ala., after an illness of three weeks. He was seventy-two years old and was serving as a judge of the middle federal district of Alabama.

THEIR SURPRISE WEDDING

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MRS. AND MRS. DAWSON were sitting quietly reading after dinner when there was a ring at the door bell. Mrs. Dawson answered and found a special messenger with a letter. Such messages were no novelty, so she tore open the envelope carelessly to read this amazing letter:

"My Dear Mother and Father:

"As you are reading this Rodney and I are being married at Calvary church. You see, we love each other so much that we cannot wait to grow older and wiser and perhaps miss each other in the end. We have decided to marry now while we are young in order to enjoy every thrill in life together. I would rather be poor with Rodney than rich with any other man.

"After we are married we are going to drive out by the house. We would like to come home, but if the place is in darkness we will know that you are angry with us and do not want to see us, so we will drive on by and never bother you again. If you love us and can forgive us, please, Mother dear, leave the lights burning.

"We wanted you with us at our wedding, but you so strongly disapproved of our getting married now, and we simply cannot wait, so we had to go alone, Uncle Tom and Aunt Bess Young will be our only witnesses.

"Love from your daughter Coralyn, who by the time you have read this far will be the happy wife of Rodney Johnstone."

Mrs. Dawson sank very suddenly into the nearest chair. What time was it? 7:30! She wrung her hands. Her only little girl married without her knowledge and consent! It couldn't be possible! No time for tears now. There was an important decision to be made and made quickly.

What effect would this news have upon her invalid husband and what was going to be his attitude toward the runaway? The doctors had warned her that any shock might prove fatal, yet time was flying and with so much at stake she could not wait to break the news gently. She must take a chance and let him read the letter for himself so they could decide as quickly as possible what was the best thing to do.

Deliberately Mr. Dawson read the note through, with his wife waiting anxiously beside him. He took off his glasses and tapped them absent-mindedly upon the book laid across his knee to mark the place.

"Foolish, foolish youngsters," he murmured at last, "to rush into responsibilities before they are fitted for them. Rodney's a nice enough chap, clean-cut and well educated. It wasn't as if we had any real objection to him, but they're only children. They're too young to know their own minds and just as liable to fall in and out of love a dozen times before they're ready to settle down.

"What do you want to do, Janey?" "Leave the house lighted, Dan, so the children will be sure to come home. Oh, Danny, if we let our pride hold us back now we'll lose our little girl and she'll need us more than ever these next few years."

"Suits me, Janey," Dawson replied, leaning over to pat his wife's hand comfortingly.

"Do you feel equal to a little company tonight, dear? I've been thinking I would like to make a gay affair of their home-coming—invite as many of their friends as possible and perhaps a few of ours."

"Not a bad idea, Janey. Sort of take off the raw edge and set the affair straight for them. No one need know we were left out of their plans; doctor's orders, no excitement, save expense while I'm laid up. Rather convenient to have a bad heart just now, eh what, old girl?"

"You're one in a thousand, Danny," exclaimed his wife, stooping to kiss his hip affectionately. "I'm sure I'll never regret it. Please turn on every light in the house, will you, dear, while I run over to Mrs. Robbins? I'll need her assistance to pull off this stunt properly. And, yes, you'd better telephone Kimi and tell her to come back at once."

After a sketchy explanation of the situation Mrs. Robbins entered enthusiastically into Mrs. Dawson's plans and added a few clever ideas of her own in order to make the young couple's marriage seem as natural as possible. Hastily compiling a list of those to be invited, the ladies separated to do the necessary telephoning.

Thirty friends accepted the invitation, palpitating with curiosity to learn what was the surprise Mrs. Dawson had in store for them. The question of refreshments was easily solved by Mrs. Robbins driving into town where she bought ice cream

and cake, one of which was a real wedding cake, elaborately frosted and decorated with silver bells and other bridal Jimmy-fixings. While she was gone Mrs. Dawson got out china and silver and arranged tables so that, by the time the first guest arrived, the house presented a gala appearance with no vestige of the scurry there had been to prepare things.

It was nine o'clock when the bride and groom, wondering just what attitude Father and Mother Dawson might take concerning their precipitate marriage, drove slowly and fearfully up the avenue, almost shrouded in darkness.

"Oh, oh, Rodney, hurry, hurry," cried Coralyn, ecstatically squeezing her husband's arm. "Look, I do believe every light in the house is turned on. Did you ever see such a blaze of glory? Why, it looks as if mother is having a party! Just see all the automobiles lined up in front of the house. Oh, Rodney, do you suppose it's for us? I am so happy, happy!"

Again it was Mrs. Robbins who had the inspiration to turn on the phonograph so that the newlyweds came up the steps to the strains of the wedding march from "Lohengrin."

With a gasp Mrs. Dawson asked herself if this radiant, beautiful young woman were her very own baby—she seemed so mature, so womanly, so self-possessed. She had not realized that she was so grown up or how lovely she was with that mop of brown curls framing her small, delicately molded face and blue eyes looking wistfully out from under long, curling lashes. And that blue dress! How beautiful it was! Little had she suspected when she was making it that it was to be her daughter's wedding dress.

On the top stair Rodney and Coralyn hesitated for a moment, looking at the smiling faces waiting to receive them, then, just like the little girl she was, the bride broke away from her husband and, with a few running steps, was in her mother's arms.

If it had cost Mrs. Dawson a pang to be magnanimous no one suspected it and she felt more than repaid when she felt her daughter's strong, young arms about her and heard her whisper in her ear, "Oh, Mommie dear, you're the best mother a girl ever had and I do love you so. I'll try to be more worthy of your love and forgiveness."

"Daddy, Daddy," she cried as she flew to kiss her father, "isn't this just the very nicest surprise one could imagine?" Rodney Johnstone did not say much but his eyes were very tender when he kissed "Mother" and promised that she should never regret their goodness to them that night. His warm handclasp meant more to "Father" than a lot of gushing apologies.

"I hope, Janey, that you understand that Tom and I do not approve of this way of doing things," said Mrs. Young sotto voce, "but when we realized that they were determined to get married tonight, we thought it was better for us to go with them than some scatter-brained youngsters."

"We understand perfectly, Bess, and if we could not be with my daughter when she was married, we would rather it were you than anyone else we know!"

After the bride and groom had left in a shower of rice pilfered from Mrs. Robbins' kitchen and the last guest had departed, the Dawsons sat down to discuss the amazing incidents of a hectic evening.

"You're the best little sport in town, Janey," concluded Dan Dawson, as he rose to shut up the house for the night, "and I take my hat off to you for the superb way you carried a trying and difficult situation through to a happy finale."

Toe and Brain Allied

According to a medical opinion, quoted by counsel in an action heard at Shorehitch County court, the behavior of the big toe is an infallible criterion of the condition of the brain, says the London Star. This authority stated:

"If the bottom of the foot is gently stroked or tickled the big toe will probably stick upwards when the brain is healthy.

If it curls downwards instead this is a sign of an injury to the brain. Attention should be directed to the big toe. The action of the other toes can be ignored."

World's Biggest Monster

The hugest of all the dinosaurs were the sauropods, giant vegetarians walking heavily on all fours, with pillar-like legs, long, snake-like necks, far-reaching tails and a brain weighing less than a pound to govern a body with an estimated weight of 40 tons.—American Magazine.

Ireland's Bottomless Bogs

The Irish bogs are almost as great in extent as those of Germany. While the latter are from 9 feet to 20 feet deep, the Irish variety often reaches 40 feet and are sometimes apparently bottomless. It has been calculated that each acre of bog contains 18,231 tons of peatstuff.

Jugoslavia's Coast



Dalmatian Peasant Women.

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

IF ONE enters Jugoslavia by rail at the northeast corner where Italy and Austria meet that country, his route follows the gray-green Sava eastward to Zagreb, the old Agram of Austro-Hungarian days. If one then turns westward toward Fiume, the sharp detour crosses the panorama of Croatia's magnificently forested mountain country as the train climbs to the regional watershed before descending to the Adriatic.

The route holds its surprises. Imagine a mountain town halved by a rushing river which plunges 40 yards into a crevasse under the sidewalk and then, three miles farther on, pops up unexpectedly, to resume its surface course. Yet such fluvial feats characterize not only Croatia, but the entirety of those barren highlands which extend southward behind the Jugoslavian coast.

They form the so-called Karst region, which geologists have compared to a vast petrified sponge. Such are the tricks that time and rushing streams have played with the Karst's easily decomposed limestone. "Now you see us and now you don't!" gurgle in chorus a whole system of such jack-in-the-box rivers, as they plunge into the mountains' eastern flank, triumphantly reissuing, scores of miles westward, as feeders of estuaries or, in one case, as a fresh-water spring emerging from sea bottom.

Had some Marco Polo left us an account of the marvelous Land of Spongy Mountains, whose rivers cut through the bases of ranges 1,000 feet high, we might have dismissed him as a fabulist; yet in sober fact a Montenigrin river has performed that identical feat.

While descending through the indescribably sterile looking Karst, one puts to himself the question: "Why, in this desert, build those innumerable, circular stone walls to inclose at most a bit of grass?"

Farming in Holes

But you learn that what you see are karst holes—extremely rich oases—and that, in this land of jack-in-the-box rivers, natural precipitation, instead of draining into streams, sinks through the porous stone, carrying vegetable matter along with it, and enriches a regional series of funnel-like ditches. Thus, "farming in holes"—the karst holes, which sometimes number several hundred within a small area—provides grain for the inhabitants of this mountain-side desert.

The blinding, sizzling Karst comes to a spectacular end when you espay from nearly half a mile above, what appears as a gigantic relief map, the Istrian mountains curving around the Gulf of Quarnero, and to the southward the Velebit mountains outflung ridge spanning the rim of limitless Adriatic blue.

In Fiume, you learn that the city has its front doors on the sea and its back doors among the mountains.

Any prospective visitor to Fiume who may question this has only to climb up 425 certain steps, taking them in cool weather and "on low." He will find himself among the city's back doors, overlooking the Velebit ridge. A turn about will give him an airman's view of the terraced hillside by which Fiume-Susak descends to its far-stretched curve of wharfage; and from one's feet there plunges headlong the mere ribbon of water that divides what is practically one city into two parts, Fiume and Susak—the former in Italy, the latter in Jugoslavia.

When you buy and tussle with a map of the Jugoslavian coast, it will give you that hopeless feeling which possibly overcame the first explorer who attempted to chart Maline's coast line. Also, you will sympathize with that

other explorer, who, weary of counting islands in the St. Lawrence, probably said, "Oh, let's name 'em the Thousand Islands and call it a day's work!"

Queer Coast, Queer Names

Even Maine's shores are rivaled in their zigzag conformation by those of Dalmatia. While a direct course along the Jugoslavian littoral measures 300 sea miles, the indented length of that coast is almost three times as long. As for the man-sized job of counting Dalmatia's islands, that has been simplified by ignoring insignificant islets and putting the archipelago's units at 600 and its area at 2,000 square miles.

The locally published maps present other difficulties. The kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes (Jugoslavia) has made a clean sweep of former Austro-Hungarian place names in favor of their Slav equivalents. Like the out-of-luck American tourist who wouldn't stop off at "Praha" because he wanted to get on to Prague, the traveler today often needs a bilingual key to ascertain where he is. Here is a list of some Jugoslavian place names, with their prewar equivalents bracketed: Lake Bled (Waldsee), Lake Bohinj (Wochener See), Zagreb (Agram), Zadar (Zara), Sibenik (Sibenico), Trogir (Trau), Solin (Salona), Split (Spalato), Gruz (Gravosa), Dubrovnik (Ragusa), Kotor (Cattaro).

As neither railroad nor motor trail spans the Jugoslavian coast, one had best take the oldest and most appropriate of routes, the sea lane, to rediscover those shores whose maritime fame antedated England's by centuries. From among luxurious liners, more modest steamers, and fleets of sailing craft, one may choose one's traveling style along what is one of the best-served littorals in south European waters.

As Susak falls astern, Italy disappears behind islands. With an archipelago barring the open sea and with the Velebit's barren heights rising behind the narrow coast, it seems as if one is navigating a succession of blue, flawlessly calm lagoons.

Along the Illyrian Coast

Now and then your boat touches port in some deep-set bay with its hill-perched townlet—often an almost streetless clump of vine-clad houses—which had dug its heels into the Velebit and held on while as yet Venice was unheard of. Yet the specter of the lagoon republic, medieval Dalmatia's protestress, still haunts every nook and corner of the Jugoslavian coast.

Small steamers wind through the narrow lagoonlike waters, known along the coast as "canals," which were once ruled by those petty potentates for whom, Croatian tradition asserts, mourning weeds have become perpetuated as a national costume.

As one sails along, now the Velebit range, its barren, slate-gray flanks queerly diagramed with walled karst holes, thrusts menacingly forward, barring Croatia from the Adriatic. Occasionally there appear V-shaped valleys where some tiny, stucco port nestles among a luxuriance of trees, hedged gardens, and terraced vineyards.

A wild strip, this, of the ancient Illyrian coast. Wild, too, were the first Illyrians, a mixture of pre-Homeric Greeks and those wandering Asians, the Liburni, after whom Rome called the country Liburnia. Legend says that from Cadmus and Harmonia, through their son Ilyrius, sprang the tribes that perpetuated his name.

Just north of Zara (Zadar) one enters the waters of ardent Dalmatia. Ranging in width from 1 to 35 miles, this little sliver of a state enjoys a well-developed coast which played its famous role in the sea commerce of the Middle Ages.