

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Matsudaira Talks Peace—Senate Rejects Warren—Jardine Appointed.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

SENATOR MATSUDAIRA, the new Japanese ambassador to the United States, arrived in Washington Wednesday...

MATSUDAIRA'S temper of mind is appreciated at Washington. For as the new ambassador neared the capital...

DR. WILLIAM M. JARDINE has succeeded Howard M. Gore as secretary of agriculture. There is national wide interest in the new agricultural department head...

Simple Plan to End Grade Auto Crashes

Tallahassee, Fla.—The Florida state road department has devised a simple and inexpensive device that promises to cut down railroad grade crossing accidents...

problems of the farmer. In 1924 he was opposed to the McNary-Haugen price fixing bill.

The vast army of national park enthusiasts is anxiously awaiting a statement by the new secretary of the forest service...

THE struggle in the senate over confirmation of the President's nomination of Charles B. Warren to be attorney general is still on at this writing.

President Coolidge Thursday surprised everyone, including the party leaders, by again sending the nomination of Warren to the senate.

THE emphatic utterance by President Coolidge in his inaugural address as to the necessity of party loyalty and regularity suits the regular Republicans in both house and senate.

APPORTIONMENT of funds amounting to \$2,500,000, appropriated by congress for the construction of improved roads and trails in the various national parks and national monuments...

draws Bay railroad. It consists of two parkways, one on either side of the railroad, inclosed by a concrete curb which divides the travel...

which \$410,000 is to be spent on the Transmountain road. This road is being built across the Continental Divide and when completed will be the first means of access through the park from the east side to the west by motor car.

BARON AGO VON MALTZAN, the new German ambassador, was officially welcomed Thursday by President Coolidge. The new representative of Germany thanked the President for the work of American citizens in the economic and financial reconstruction of his country.

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL, storm center of the controversy over air power as a national defense, will be succeeded April 27 by Lieut. Col. James E. Fechet as assistant chief of the army air service.

DR. WALTER SIMONS Thursday took the oath of President of the German republic before the various diplomatic corps and members of the reichstag in the reichstag.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, arbiter in the historic Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Peru which has threatened the peace of South America for a generation, announced his decision Wednesday that the ultimate disposition of the contested provinces must be by popular vote.

A sign designating the railroad crossing and giving warning to go slow is placed in the parkways at the extreme ends away from the railway as a warning during the day, and a red reflector is used at the same location as a warning at night.

DAUGHTER NAMED HANIFA

By EDGAR J. BANKS

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FRIDAY found the Imam Abdullah squatting cross-legged upon the platform of the mosque. Before him, on a little stand, lay the open Koran upon which his eyes were fixed, while his shabby forefinger was energetically gestulating to the group of excited women about him.

"I will ask Allah to reveal his will," he sighed. "Next Friday I will impart it to you."

During his long life Abdullah had seen but one sorrow—his wives had died one after another, yet that was not the cause of his grief, for never for long did he lack his full quota of wives which, both living and dead, he could count to a score.

"I gratefully recall the generous activities of American citizens in social and cultural help, and the farseeing work of financial and economic reconstruction, bearing an American name which has become historical," he said.

The next morning when Abdullah appeared, his eyes were sunken, for he had passed a sleepless night. During the dark hours his audience of clamoring women was ever before him, and although he had a thousand times successfully interpreted the laws of the Koran, now he had failed; his wits had deserted him, and no revelation came; his reputation as an Imam would be ruined, and all the wisdom displayed in the past would be in vain.

Thus tortured, he slept none and ate little. Half a dozen times daily Hanifa urged him to impart to her the cause of his sorrows, and as often did he deny that he was afflicted, yet before the week was half ended, Abdullah had become so feeble that he even neglected the book which was to perpetuate his name; he remained in the corner, silent and thoughtful.

Hanifa was too solicitous of the old man's health to be silent. Long she stood over him, stroking his head, yet finally when the abundance of sighs and groans seemed to be well exhausted, he explained in a feeble voice how the women of Mecca had demanded a special, impossible revelation. Concluding his explanations in utter despair, he covered his face with his hands and wept.

Hanifa laughed. "Poor Baba," she said, still stroking his bald head. "Your troubles are slight."

"They are very slight," she repeated. "Leave them to me and they will disappear."

Abdullah's look of reproach turned to one of keen attention. "Yes, Baba, if you will write my name just once in your great book, I will bring your troubles to an end."

Abdullah, with the eagerness of the sinking man who grasped at the straw, promised. While Hanifa was explaining the special revelation which on the appointed day he should communicate to the women in the mosque, the tears suddenly disappeared from his eyes. Fortified with a new hope and courage, he arose and shouted to his slaves to immediately bring a large tray of pilaf.

It was early Friday morning, earlier than usual, when Abdullah seated himself upon the platform of the mosque. On all previous occasions, since he could remember, his audiences had gathered and were awaiting him. That Friday morning, when he said his prayers, his voice rang with an unusual clearness, and during his prostrations his old bones seemed to have renewed their youth. His face was beaming with happiness, and his eye had never been more bright, for he had an important communication from Allah to reveal to the wives of the Faithful. At his side upon the platform stood an immense copper kettle which his waiting slave had brought him. One by one the rebelling women came and squatted about, anxious to hear the special revelation promised by the beaming expression upon Abdullah's face.

Finally, when they had all congregated, Abdullah, in a voice deep with mystery and awe, commanded that each woman present should go at once to her home and immediately return with a jug of milk. The women demurred. They had come, they said, to hear the revelation. Abdullah explained that no revelation was possible until his command had been obeyed, and in a few moments two score women, each with a jug of milk balanced upon her head, stood before him.

"Pour the milk into this kettle," said Abdullah, with a voice suggestive of still greater mystery, yet in his eye was a twinkle of delight which he could not conceal.

"Now, Oh wives of the Faithful," he said, in concluding his long discourse, "I shall impart the revelation which Allah has sent to you through me, his faithful servant. Allah bids that each of you approach this kettle of milk; he bids that each of you take from the kettle the milk which you poured into it but a moment ago. When you shall have done this, he bids that each of you who will, take four husbands, as a man may take four wives. But," he continued, as the sparkling of his eyes increased, "Allah bids me say that if one of you shall take the thousandth part of a drop of the milk which another has poured into the kettle, it shall be accounted unto you a theft, and you shall be delivered to Allah for eternal punishment."

The old man chuckled. The contented expressions upon the faces of the women suddenly turned to amazement.

"Oh great Abdullah," finally suggested an innocent one in the audience, "we do not know which our milk is—it is all alike—it is all white and foamy."

Abdullah sprang to his feet and with his arms wildly and supernaturally waving above his head, shouted with a monstrous, prophetic voice, which thundered throughout the mosque, the special revelation from Allah:

"As it is with the milk, so would it be with your children," were the few intelligible words amid the resounding echoes. "As you cannot distinguish which drop of milk you poured into the kettle, so you could not distinguish the fathers of your children. Trouble me and Allah no more with your idle words."

The women were vanquished; by one they left the mosque. As the last one disappeared the chuckling Abdullah looked fondly at the white foam, smacked his lips in anticipation of many days with frequent and prolonged drafts of curdled milk, and clasped his hands to summon the waiting slave to carry the proceeds of his revelation home.

Although Hanifa could not distinguish a leaf from yod, that Friday afternoon she was peering over her father's shoulder while he dilated in his great theological book upon the various sects of the Moslem world. One of them, the largest, he described as the Hanifa. As her father pointed out the word, and read it aloud, she again stroked his old, bald head, and then hurried away to bring him a bowl of curdled milk.

Abdullah's revelation must have met with Allah's favor, for the Hanifa sect has increased in number and in all things worldly. Prominent among its members is Abdul Hamid, the sultan, who, with millions of others, speak reverently of the "good old Saint Hanifa."

STORIES From Here and There

"Joke" Brought Victim Close to Death

DENVER.—A "joke" that nearly cost the life of a man has just come to light in this city. J. C. Taylor, an employee on the ranch of M. C. James, near Parker, was the victim, and only after he had been buried for 47 days under a stack of hay, without food or water, was he finally rescued, half dead from cold and exposure, with one foot frozen, and too weak to speak or move. His clothing had been eaten from his body by field mice.

Taylor had been working in a road gang near Parker, and, being from the East, he was made the victim of many "practical jokes" by other members of the gang.

The "joke" that ended disastrously started when Taylor's fellow workers told him he answered the description of a fugitive from justice for whom the police were searching.

Taking his fellow workers seriously, Taylor went to the James ranch that evening, found that Mr. and Mrs. James had gone to Colorado Springs, surmised they had gone to find the sheriff, then disappeared. When he failed to appear that night a search was instituted, and the aid of the police of the city of Denver was enlisted.

Once or twice Taylor left his hiding place at night for water, and somehow overheard that the police were looking for him. After that he dared not venture forth, having been told he answered the description perfectly of the man "wanted."

As long as he was able he chewed straw, but at last became so weak he was unable even to do that. When he decided to give himself up, rather than starve to death under the haystack, he was unable to move. Several times, he said, he heard voices near the stack, but he was too weak to attract attention. A small army of field mice added to his misery, but he could not fight them off.

When the hay was being carried to the barn, one of James' sons uncovered a man's foot. As the hay was removed, Taylor's arms, which had been folded across his breast, slid off. His eyes were open, but he could not utter a sound.

For weeks Taylor lay near death. He was fed soup and broths and gradually he improved sufficient to tell his story. He is now able to walk some, and, according to doctors, will recover.

"Meanest Man in World" Had Her Love

ST. PAUL.—Out of the frame of her picture, given to the man who killed her, Miss Carlos Egge has spoken, declaring her love for him although he was "the meanest man in the world."

The girl was slain in an apartment here and the police hold "Butch" Carling, who gave himself up to the police and who is held on first-degree murder charges.

On the back of a photograph found in the girl's room a letter to Carlos was discovered.

The shooting of the girl occurred at a party during which there was much quarreling, which led George Savage, proprietor of the apartment house, to call the police.

Following is the girl's letter: "Lest you forget me, Pete. "To my first and only sweetheart. "I am giving you this picture to keep whether we are together or apart. "Butch, always remember, no matter what you do there will always be a place in my heart for you, for you have taught me the meaning of love and life. I hope I will never regret the learning. I hope you may never forget me, for I'll never forget you, although you are the meanest man in the world."

"If, in the years to come, there may be another come into my life, he will never or can never take your place in my heart. Oh, my 'Butch,' I don't want anybody else to come into my life, and if some time you may cease to care, and if somebody else takes my place, you will some times remember me in the by and by. "You know, my 'Butch,' you can never have your sweet without your bitter and you can never have your joys without your sorrows. That's all in life. There is a long life ahead of me, but I'll never forget my sweetheart 'Butch.' There can never be anybody that can ever turn me against you, for you are you. "Memo—Age eighteen, birthday October 14, 1906. "When I first met you, December 24, 1923."

Hungry Rat Made Many Late to Work

NEW YORK.—A rat was hungry. In the Interborough Rapid Transit company power house at Fifty-ninth street and the Hudson river, food was not plentiful. So the rodent investigated the insulation on a 30,000-kilowatt generator, quite possibly in the belief that it hid something choice in the way of food.

The instant the rat's teeth went through the protective covering there was a blue flash and through the dirty gray body went 120,000 kilowatts—the full load the station was carrying at the time—of electricity. In the twinkling of an eye that rat was cremated and then a mere puff of steam. Consequently it passed out of the picture. The resulting short circuit turned the thousands of feet of copper mass and the generators into a fused mass and blew out the switches controlling the other generators, necessitating a shutdown of the entire plant.

The rat breakfasted a trifle late, 6:50 a. m., to be exact. That is the hour when the great morning rush hour of New York begins—the time when the thousands who have walked to the subway and elevated stations fight to find trains that will take them to their work. And because a rat was hungry every subway and elevated line and, in fact, all transportation except that of the Third Avenue Railroad company came to a standstill, and the worst traffic tie-up—though not the longest—in the city occurred. In all, more than a half a million persons were late to work.

Twelve minutes after the rat departed in that little puff of steam, one of the generators was working and an hour and eight minutes after the rat's unfortunate breakfast the entire battery, with the exception of the one damaged generator, was in operation. But even a brief stoppage means a cumulative effect that exists long after the cause is removed.

So those who usually spend a half an hour underground were in the long tunnel for an hour and a quarter, the trains crawling from station to station, with dim lights. In fact, during the time the power was off, the only lights were the ones supplied for emergencies, which draw their current from storage batteries. The elevated passengers, of course, had the benefit of daylight, while the surface lines, which require less power, were not so seriously handicapped.

Priceless Papers Are Periled by Neglect

PHILADELPHIA.—One of the greatest collections of Americana in existence, a priceless library of historical documents, original manuscripts, autographs and drawings bound up with the infancy of the United States, lie in comparative obscurity here, an easy prey to fire, thieves and moths.

Last Member of A. E. F. Arrives Home

HOBOKEN, N. J.—A casual visitor at the docks a few days ago would have observed an event of the utmost historical importance—the return to the United States of the last, the ultimate contingent of the A. E. F., in the person of Master-Sergeant John J. Loftus of the Quartermaster corps.

Sergeant Loftus was all smiles, as he stepped off the steamship President Harding, although there were no strens, no bells and no committees of prominent citizens to greet him as he landed. He can claim the longest European service in the United States army, for he had been in France and Germany since July, 1917.

During the latter part of his foreign sojourn he was handling transportation matters and had seen hundreds of men start for home, knowing that he himself could not hope to join them until they had all left Europe.

The United States has seen the election of two Presidents since he left, not to mention the advent of woman's suffrage and the Eighteenth amendment. But even the latter was unable to dampen his enthusiasm at seeing his native land once more. The greeting of the Statue of Liberty warmed the heart of this near-exile as no amount of alcoholic stimulant could have done.

When asked what his immediate plans were, he replied that he is going to stay in the army, go home (which is just two blocks from the dock where he landed) and find an American wife, for the French and German girls were unable to charm this young man.

"All the time that I've been over there," he said, "I've been thinking of the U. S. A. and the girls I left behind me, much too much to pay any attention to the foreign flappers. Anyhow, I think the American girls are a lot better looking, not to say nicer." So the American military invasion of Europe has come to a close. The last man has returned. The books are closed, and Sergeant Loftus will, after a furlough at his Hoboken home, report at Camp Holabird, Md., to "carry on."

Phonograph Hands Down Voices of the Famous

One of the uses to which the phonograph is frequently adapted is the preservation of the voices and the perpetuation of the messages of the world's great ones. Gladstone's voice has been preserved on a record taken in 1890. In this same year a number of other people had their voices taken. Among them Florence Nightingale, P. among them Florence Nightingale, P. among them Florence Nightingale, P. among them Florence Nightingale, P.

Careless Friend

Investigation into the theory that a friend might have lopped off the youth's limbs and head is being made. —From a News Item in the Washington Times.

"Big Ben" Heard by Radio

London's famous clock, "Big Ben," has been heard by radio in Borneo, at a distance of 10,000 miles.