



# The Vale Of Aragon

By Fred McLaughlin  
Author of 'The Blade of Picardy' W.N.U. SERVICE  
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### THE STORY

At nightfall, in the city of New Orleans, in 1821, Loren Garde, recently an officer under General Jackson, is surprised by the appearance of three figures, in ancient Spanish costume, two men and a woman whose beauty enchants him. Recalling the arrogance of the elder of the two men, Garde fights a duel with him with swords, and wounds him. He learns his opponent is Adolfo de Fuentes, colonel in the Spanish army in Venezuela. Garde, fleeing from gens d'armes, overhears a plot to overthrow Spanish rule in Venezuela. Discovers and threatened, he fights, but is overpowered. Garde finds himself a prisoner on the Santa Lucrecia, a ship bearing contraband arms and ammunition for the Venezuelans. On board are the conspirators, the lady of his love, her brother Polito, and De Fuentes. An attempt to seize the ship fails. From the girl, Garde learns her name is Dulce Lamartina. He loves her, but does not reveal his love. The vessel is wrecked and Garde reaches the Venezuelan shore, alone. Making his way inland, he encounters a stranger awaiting the arrival of the Santa Lucrecia. He tells him of the wreck, and sees Dulce, with De Fuentes and Polito.

### CHAPTER III—Continued

He pulled at his pipe, his broad shoulders shaking with laughter. "I am Monahan," he said at length. "Captain in the British legion under Gen. Simon Bolivar. The Liberator will be deeply interested when I tell him about the American Senor Garde, who loves the intended of Colonel de Fuentes and who rides the wings of the storm alone when his ship comes to grief. Bolivar can use such men, my friend."

There was a frank friendliness about this transplanted patriot, something that called for confidence, so I began with the Cabildo and completed my account with Tucayan, skipping only those portions which dealt with the Senorita Lamartina, and failing utterly in my deletions, for, when I had done, he said: "So the blond Loren will lie himself to Caracas, whither the dark beauty, his lady-love, is bound, and he will find there all the power of Spain in Venezuela against him."

"It is worth a try, at least," I said. "Of course, but you go, not to a love tryst, but to fight a battle with death."

"I have fought such battles before, as you have also, no doubt; I have been too close to death in the past to fear it now."

He chuckled. "That yellow thatch of yours will sink you, for it cries your identity to all and sundry."

I touched my chin, which bore about a week's growth of corn-colored whisker. "I fear you are right; if you might suggest—?"

He picked up a stone and hurled it into the foliage of a near-by tree, and half a dozen objects resembling our huge green walnuts thudded to the ground. He crushed one under the heavy sole of a grenadier boot. "The juice of this pulp is an excellent dye," he explained; "it will make your hair and beard a very dark brown, and it will give to your too fair skin the deep bronze of a man who has spent his life with ships. As the pigment will last some weeks, you need have no fear of it fading before the Spaniards are prepared to hang you."

So, using a broad flat rock as a mortar, we crushed from the thick pulpy covering of a number of the half-ripe nuts a quantity of pale liquid, which, on drying, left my skin a reddish brown and my hair and beard nearly black.

"You have funds?" he questioned. "None; the leather wallet containing a small quantity of money and a few papers of purely personal value was taken from the pocket of my jacket while I lay unconscious on board the Santa Lucrecia. The good Francisco probably did it."

"Then," said Monahan, laughing, "as a friend of Francisco I would offer such financial aid as you may require."

He placed ten silver pieces the size of our American dollar into my hand. "This will buy you a hat and clothes that shall be less identifying, and pay for food and quarters in Caracas for at least a fortnight," he sighed. "I think your need of food and quarters will hardly last so long." Then abruptly: "I—I cannot disguise you from this mad mission?"

I shook my head, and he went on: "If Caracas is your goal I might tell you that, in the humble home of Senor Tomas Carrasco, which lies less than two hundred meters south of San Jacinto plaza, you will find safe lodgment, and in the Cantina Merida, presided over by the faithful Carrizal, a few patriots sometimes gather. I am sure that when you have had further opportunity to study the methods of

Spain in Venezuela you will come to us, though you will need a vast amount of luck to get into Caracas and safely out again."

"And these few patriots who sometimes gather in the menage of Carrizal—how shall I know them?"

He extended his right hand, third finger folded into the palm. "That, in shaking hands, is the sign used by members of the Sociedad Patriotico, an organization founded by Simon Bolivar and Miranda nearly ten years ago."

He pressed my hand in a warm firm grip. "I think I shall not see you again. Too many forces are against you."

But he erred, for I was destined to fight, side by side, with Captain Monahan through a bitter campaign against the Spanish. I was yet to meet the moving spirits of that famous and miscalled British legion, which did so much to win from Ferdinand VII independence for Venezuela and half of South America as well; hardy souls, veterans, most of them, of the Napoleonic wars, who, after the fall of the Corsican, could not go back to the peaceful pursuits of man, but, chained to the chariot of Mars, must needs follow the lure of the sword.

### CHAPTER IV

A Wedding Disarranged  
As I set out that morning on the road to Caracas, and on the road to adventures beyond my wildest dreams, the cool blue dome of the sky was unmarked by a cloud. The sun swung overhead and went swiftly down the western path as I trod the smooth stones that formed the road. The



"I'll Take Some Cumana Rum," I Said to Carrizal.

short twilight came and went, and a golden moon pushed above the timbered range that lay beyond Caracas. In the moonlight, I bent my steps toward the city, where I hoped to find the lady in white, the gracious lady who had come into my arms to find protection from the storm.

The city of Caracas, stronghold of Spain in Venezuela, and the key to its control, lies in a vast, fertile basin called the Vale of Aragon, the north rim of which forms a barrier between the city and the sea. As I came in sight of the city a morning sun, emerging from the mists of the east, touched the red-tiled roofs with gold. It was a city of beauty, a city of dreams; it held, for me, the present as well as the future. My mad worship would not permit me to consider the dangers that might beset me; I saw only the face of her whose life, I hoped, was to be bound up with mine for ever.

I had reached a tiny roadside store on the outskirts of the city before I realized that no plan had been made, no thought of what I might do after I had entered this, the headquarters

of the Spanish forces in Venezuela. I went into the store, traded five silver pieces for clothes and the privacy of a room where I might change, and came out again garbed in the coarse, brown, two-piece suit and the blue, turban-like cap affected by many of the French sailors of the islands.

The road I had taken led to the Plaza San Jacinto, where I turned south and asked my way to the home of Tomas Carrasco, which proved to be a red and brown, rock and adobe structure of considerable size.

Tomas was non-committal; his dark eyes surveyed me with grave concern, and after assuring himself of my "strangeness," he announced sorrowfully but with unmistakable firmness that he had no quarters that might be offered to travelers. Expressing my disappointment in halting Spanish, I offered my hand in parting salute. As he grasped it, vastly relieved, I folded my third finger into the palm.

He gasped, his swarthy face went an ashen gray, and his sharp eyes searched my face. He turned my hand and studied it.

"There is a comfortable room for you, Senor, and food. A chiva, lately baked, frijoles, golden-brown tortillas, the sauce of papaya; fruit—luscious peaches from my own garden, oranges and melons from Coro, wine from Madeira, and rum from Cumana . . . and a house of safety, Senor. If there is anything you might require—"

"You are very kind, Tomas," I said. A dozen listless loiterers sat at tables or leaned against the bar as I entered and made my way toward Carrizal, who stood behind the bar.

He considered me with the calculating eye of a man who anticipates a sale. I gave the subject of my order careful thought. I did not dare to ask for American whiskey, and wine was still considered a European drink. While I pondered thus a familiar voice came to me: "There is no rum in all the world, Senor, like rum from Cumana."

"I'll take some Cumana rum," I said to Carrizal, as another voice agreed with the connoisseur of rum. The connoisseur, whose back was turned to me, turned at the sound of my voice, turned swiftly, the mug of rum poised between the bar and his face.

He opened a wide mouth that still showed traces of the bruises from my fist and let out a great laugh that fairly rattled the windows. "Senor Loco," he cried, "the sea has given up its dead!"

I stared, aghast, for Manuel stood before me; Manuel, who twice had stopped my fist with parts of his face, and who could, therefore, have had no love for me. My thoughts were racing wildly. Manuel belonged to Bolivar, yet the Spanish Captain Alvarez, according to the Senorita Dulce, had called him a good sailor . . . and Dulce had said he was stupid. Name of G—d! And here was Manuel in Caracas, drinking and visiting boldly in a saloon less than a square from the plaza; free in the city, as unconcerned as though he were strolling along the levee in the safe city of New Orleans.

"Are you not mistaken, Senor?" I ventured. "Is there anything about me that should make you call me crazy?"

Now he went off into another convulsion of merriment. "Did the sea water dye thy whiskers," he roared, "and that yellow thatch of thine? Speak up, Senor Loco, and tell us how you came here—and why?"

I had made an unpropitious entry into the stronghold of Spain, I had failed ere I had begun, and I had failed—by a grotesque twist of fate—because of the misplaced enmity of those who should have been my friends. Ah, well . . . I could, at least, show them the American indifference toward death.

"It is Manuel," I said, "no? Manuel, the sailor, who does not like the flavor of my fist." I smiled, extending my hand.

He, too, found my third finger folded into the palm. His mug of rum clattered to the floor, the grin disappeared from his face, and the evil light that had been in his eyes faded; he drew in a harsh, hissing breath and spat out a Spanish oath.

"Manuel," I cried, "has this fine Cumana rum touched your brain, or do you merely jest with a poor French sailor stranded at La Guaira, and seeking employment in Caracas?"

Manuel's left eyelid dropped, and raised quickly again, and his face was blank. "I think I should offer apology to you, Senor; I must have been in error, for you cannot be the Senor Loco whom I saw fall from the deck of the Santa Lucrecia. No man could have lived in that raging sea. Yet I have seen you somewhere, or perhaps the rum has put a fancy in my head."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Explaining Origin of American Dollar Sign

In l'Animateur des Temps Nouveaux, Charles Prince explains for French readers the origin of the American dollar sign. He relates that Spain, in the Fifteenth century, when practically all the world's gold was carried to the Iberian peninsula from the mines of South America, designed a coin of eight reals' value which bore on one of its faces a representation of two columns (the columns of Hercules) intertwined by a ribbon in the form of a letter S bearing the inscription, "Plus Ultra." Englishmen called these coins "pillar dollars," taking the word dollar from the German coin known as a "thaler." When the United States congress in 1787 decided to strike a coin known as a dollar, with the same value as the Spanish "pillar dollar," accountants naturally

used as the sign, for this new coin the old device of pillars intertwined with a garland which is so well known today in the form of an S with a double bar.—Exchange.

### "Jazz" and "Ragtime"

Ragtime seems to have originated in New Orleans. This was about the year 1895. Ragtime had the spirit of jazz, but it was quite a different thing from the pianist's standpoint. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" wasn't a jazz song when it was written in 1911. It was ragtime, as the name implied. Distinguishing between ragtime and jazz, Paul Whiteman, in his book "Jazz," says: "To rag a melody, one threw the rhythm out of joint making syncopation; jazz goes further, 'marking' the broken rhythm unmistakably."

# News Review of Current Events the World Over

## Revolutionary Movement Threatens Machado's Regime in Cuba—German Reich Saved by Defeat of Radicals.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD



Pres. Machado

GERARDO MACHADO, president of Cuba, not long ago scoffed at the danger of revolution in his tight little island. But the threat has materialized in a way to make him sit up and take notice. Rebels in various regions staged outbreaks that alarmed the government and martial law was declared in the effort to stave off civil war. Machado and his cabinet ministers conferred with military and civil advisers, and the martial resources of the republic were hastily mobilized. Troops were sent to the troubled areas and an effort was made to improvise a navy by commandeering private yachts and arming them with eighteen pound guns.

Meanwhile the authorities were gathering up all the known and suspected rebels they could catch and putting them in jail. Hundreds were arrested and charged with treason. Former President Menocal and Colonel Mendieta were credited with the leadership of the revolt and special efforts were made to get them, but at this writing they are still at large. The most active of the rebels were in the province of Pinar del Rio, and it was reported to President Machado that they, with Gen. Balderno Acosta, mayor of Mariano, as leader, were preparing an invasion of Havana province. Indeed, there were several sanguinary skirmishes only a few miles from the capital, which was isolated by the cutting of communications.

Col. Julio Sanguly, chief of the army flying corps, ordered every available plane to keep on constant patrol along the north coast, especially in Pinar del Rio, and for several miles out at sea, in search of both Cuban and foreign organized filibustering expeditions. Several craft that attempted to escape the navy patrol ships were bombed by the flyers.

Late reports said Menocal, Mendieta and others were on a yacht making their way to Chaparra, Oriente province, where Menocal has a large number of followers. He was at one time manager of the Chaparra sugar mill, the largest in the world.

FOR the time being, at least, the German republic is safe, for the latest attempt to wreck it has failed. This was the move to dissolve the Prussian diet through a plebiscite, which, if it had succeeded, would have imperilled the Reich. The scheme was devised by the Hitlerites or Nationalists, and that other set of radicals, the Communists, joined with them, although their ultimate aims are utterly diverse. But even with the aid of the National Socialists the combination fell some 3,500,000 votes short of accomplishing its purpose.

The French government was almost as pleased by the result of the German plebiscite as was that in Berlin. For it meant that the growing accord between the two nations would not be broken, and it was said in Paris that the proposed visit of Premier Laval to Berlin was now a certainty.

INTERNATIONAL experts charged with the task of dovetailing the Hoover moratorium plan and the Young plan announced in London that they had reached a complete agreement, which was signed at the treasury office. Their communique said: "Complete agreement was reached, as regards the detailed measures required to give effect to President Hoover's proposal in case of payments by Germany under the Hague agreement of January 20, 1930."

Recommendation of the experts in regard to suspension of these payments have been approved by the governments of Australia, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Greece, India, New Zealand, Portugal, Rumania and South Africa.

Agreement also was reached in regard to detailed measures for suspension of interrelated war debts to the United Kingdom, France and Italy of payments under agreement with Czechoslovakia.

Agreement also was reached on the principle that payments due by Hungary under the Paris agreement of April 28, 1930, and payments by Bulgaria under the Hague agreement of January 20, 1930, should be suspended during the year ending June 30, 1932.

But in this case certain adjustments must be made, as complete suspension of these payments might result in suspension of certain classes of payments to individuals. Accordingly, the committee agreed in principle that all payments to funds 'A' and 'B' under the agreement signed at Paris on April 20, 1930, should be continued during the Hoover year.

Negotiations are continuing in regard to adjustments required in the case of Bulgaria.

PLANTERS of the fourteen cotton states of the South are asked by the farm board to plow under one-third of their crop immediately, in order to enhance the price of the other

two-thirds. The board sent telegrams to the governors of the states urging that this course be adopted. In return, said the board, the cotton stabilization corporation will agree to hold off the market its 1,500,000 bales until July 31, 1932, and will urge the cotton co-operatives financed by the board to do likewise.

EDWARD A. O'NEAL, president of the American Farm Bureau federation, announced at a meeting of state farm bureau leaders in Milwaukee that the federation "must renew its demand for an equalization fee" and that the present marketing act was inadequate to cope with agriculture's "most acute problem—control of its surplus crops." The announcement was said to be unexpected by the farm board officials and the administration in Washington.

"The federation has always stood for the principle of the equalization fee, as expressed in the old McNary-Haugen bill, which provides that each unit of a commodity produced shall bear its fair share of the cost of disposal of surplus," O'Neal said.

"Desiring to see the marketing act fully tried out, the organization for two years has not insisted upon enactment of the fee principle. It now appears all too plain that the present act does not adequately provide for the needed surplus control."



M. A. Traylor

PROBABLY to his own surprise, quite a vigorous though small boom has developed for Melvin A. Traylor, Chicago banker, as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1931. It was started in Malone and Hillsboro, Texas, where Mr. Traylor formerly lived and where he is most popular. Then, a few days later, Daniel Upthegrove, president of the St. Louis Southwestern railroad, announced that he would support the banker for the nomination, and that a committee was being formed to further Traylor's candidacy. It is not likely that Mr. Traylor takes the matter seriously except as a compliment, but those who know him and his abilities feel that the Democratic party might go further and fare worse. He is president of the First National bank of Chicago and has been prominent in national and international financial affairs.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM E. HULL of Illinois is another of the members of congress who has been studying things abroad, and he has just been heard from. The special object of Mr. Hull's investigation has been the Bratt system of liquor control in force in Sweden, and his conclusion is that Sweden has solved the problem with which this and other countries are struggling. In a word, he finds the Bratt system works well.

"Very careful to be sure I was getting the correct information," Mr. Hull writes, "I can truthfully say that I haven't seen a single drunken person in Sweden since I have been here. The restaurants are all well patronized, the drinking is light and the drunkenness is nil. The system is well organized and a success."

SENATOR FELIX Hebert of Rhode Island, chairman of the senate committee on unemployment, spent the week end at the Rapidan camp and then gave out, apparently as President Hoover's spokesman, an attack on the ideas of a government dole and federal unemployment insurance. He asserted that the latter would inevitably lead to the dole as it operates in England. Mr. Hebert based his conclusions upon a study of the dole abroad made during a trip from which he recently returned. He visited most of the countries of western Europe for the special purpose of investigating unemployment insurance, and he predicts now that there will be little clamor in congress for the establishment of such a system. He said of the dole: "The main difficulty with the dole system, as it operates throughout Europe, with the possible exception of Italy, is that it is intertwined with politics."



Senator Hebert

ORGANIZED labor in certain parts of this country is not doing much to help solve the question of unemployment. Quite the reverse. Take the Hoover dam, for instance. The workers on that big project made wage demands that construction company holding the contract considered extortionate, so 125 men quit work. The superintendent immediately shut down operations and about 1,000 men were thrown out of work. The company, he said was six months ahead of schedule and could afford to renege

concessions that would cost \$2,000 daily or \$3,000,000 during the seven years allowed for completion of the dam. Living conditions for the workers on this desert job are admittedly rigorous.

In Chicago thousands of men and women were thrown out of employment when more than one hundred small movie theaters closed rather than submit longer to the demand of the motion picture operators' union that two operators be employed at each house. The managers said this was unnecessary and that they could not afford it.

Extensive highway construction operations in Illinois are delayed and may not get under way before next spring, because labor organizations objected to the rulings of a state board as to the "prevailing wage" in various districts, which must be paid for the work according to the law authorizing it.

These are only a few instances of the many that might be cited. It would seem to the ordinary citizen that organized labor might well strain a point or two in such a time of stress. The executive council of the American Federation of Labor adopted a declaration to the effect that there must be no reduction of wages.



Mary Anderson

MISS MARY ANDERSON, head of the women's bureau of the Department of Labor, is a woman of ideas and the ability to express them. Having returned from Europe, she gives out an address urging a modern era for cooks and maids, a higher status for domestic service in keeping with modern industrialism. Her program includes the establishment of training schools to fit the worker to the position through the federal employment service, and an employee life independent of the employer's household. She thinks modern apartment living means not the eventual extinction of the worker in the home but added advantages for her.

Miss Anderson also points out that apartment living must necessarily give opportunity for much part-time work.

PRESIDENT HOOVER'S fifty-seventh birthday came on August 10, but he entirely disregarded the anniversary. Returning from the Rapidan camp, he spent the remainder of the day in work as usual, and though Mrs. Hoover had hurried back from Akron, there were no guests for dinner.

COL. LUKE LEA, Nashville publisher, his son, Luke Lea, Jr., and four others were indicted by the grand jury in Nashville on charges of conspiracy in connection with the affairs of the defunct Liberty Bank and Trust company.

SHARPLY criticizing "third degree" methods in police force administration, which it found to be widespread in both cities and rural communities, the Wickersham commission reported to President Hoover that "it remains beyond doubt that the practice is shocking in its character and extent, violative of American traditions and institutions, and not to be tolerated."

Citing many instances of police brutality and unfair tactics by officers, the commission declared that the trend toward "lawlessness in law enforcement" has resulted in "a deplorable prostration of the processes of justice," and urged that congress enact a code of federal criminal procedure which might serve as a model for the states.

DELEGATES from nearly all nations were present when the press congress of the world opened in Mexico City. Men and women from North and South America, Europe and the Orient were welcomed at a reception given by Senator Don Lambert Hernandez, head of the federal district. The inaugural meeting was directed by Frank L. Martin, acting dean of the school of journalism of the University of Missouri, and the guests were addressed by Dr. Don Jose Manuel Puig Casaurano, secretary of public education. The newspaper men of Mexico then gave the delegates a theater party, and next afternoon they were received at Chapultepec castle by President Ortiz Rubio. On Wednesday there was an excursion to the archaeological excavations at San Juan Teotihuacan, and on Friday, the closing day of the congress, a great fiesta was held in the stadium.

Of course between these festive affairs the delegates transacted considerable business, much of it through their committees, and at the three general sessions some serious and thoughtful addresses were delivered.

PARKER CRAMER, the aviator who was mapping out a northern air mail route to Europe, got as far as Lerswick in the Shetland Islands safely on his way to Copenhagen and then ran into trouble that, it is feared at this writing, results in his death. Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh were held up at Point Barrow for three days by adverse weather conditions, and they took off for Nome. However, dense fogs compelled them to come down on the north coast of the Seward peninsula, about 75 miles from Nome, which is on the south coast of that peninsula. When the fog lifted they went on to Safety bay, near Nome.