

POOR DOCUMENT

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MAY BECOME A NEW NATION

Honduras, Guatemala and Salvador are Already Committed to Federation, With Costa Rica and Nicaragua Favorably Disposed.

(Marian Storm in N. Y. Evening Post)
"It is only a hope, but a hope well founded," said Dr. Policarpo Bonilla, President of Honduras from 1894 to 1899, who leaves New York tomorrow for his own country, "that when we celebrate the centenary of the independence of Central America on September 15 we may celebrate also the formation of a new republic of Central America. Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador are already members of the federation. Costa Rica joined them in signing the pact last January, and two-thirds of the Costa Rican Senate voted in favor of ratification. Popular sentiment in both Costa Rica and Nicaragua supports it, but the tendency of the conservative political parties in power is still to hold aloof. Until a little while ago, Nicaragua, too, felt bound not to join because of the Bryan-Chamorro treaty obligations to the United States, but at a luncheon given in honor of the Minister of Foreign Relations of Nicaragua, early in June, Secretary Hughes declared that this country would look with nothing but approval upon a Central American Federation."

"So a new nation, or one new to our time, counting 5,000,000 people, may soon be marked upon the map of the American continent. Central America, then, will no longer be a group of small republics, weakened by jealousies, dissensions, and unstable governments, but a country under firm, centralized control, able to dispense with the police aid of our marines, and boasting rich and undeveloped lands and numerous fine seaports. It will possess two interoceanic railroads. El Salvador has prosperous iron mines, and it was only in May that the discovery of oil and of natural gas in Costa Rica was recorded. Coffee and banana plantations are vast and profitable."

Honduras's Rich Forests.
"It is indeed the Rich Coast," said Dr. Bonilla. "There is hardly a kind of fruit that you can't raise in Central America. The forests of my own country, especially, are full of precious woods—mahogany, cedar, and such pines as you never saw."

"But we do not wish to be simply one of the major sources of the world's supply of food, lumber, and minerals. We intend to have our share in its enlightenment as well. Our universities have made good progress in educating the great population of illiterate natives—that, of course, is our baffling problem—but we have not



made the mistake of considering them entirely ignorant because they are illiterate. "When I was President of Honduras I travelled—on mule-back, by canoe, or afoot—over almost all of my country, but there are still great tracts where no white man has ever set foot. Strangely enough, the natives along the coast are less civilized than those in the interior, where perfect Spanish is spoken, instead of dialects, and where some of the old pre-Conquest culture is preserved. I find that most people in the United States suppose that the 'Mosquito Coast,' which has figured in so many of our inter-republican disagreements, is named from the number of mosquitoes that reside there. The mosquito is the product of a mixture of negro and Indian blood. He is much darker skinned than the negro, and he got his nickname in Spanish times. It is a sort of contemptuous diminutive for mosquito, the Spanish word for 'fellow.'"

Industries, Not Armies.
The Constitution of the nation whose birth Dr. Bonilla hopes to proclaim on September 15 is admirable, guaranteeing, as far as document can, freedom and protection for all citizens. Says one of the clauses under Article 1: "The Federation guarantees to every inhabitant freedom of thought and conscience. . . . It cannot enact laws concerning religious matters." It will recognize the principle of the inviolability of human life for political offences. It makes most explicit a determination to insure freedom of suffrage. And more advanced still: "The states recognize, as a necessary and a benefit, that the Federation may reduce armaments and armies to the needful in order to provide the means for agriculture and the industries—to promote the common progress by spending with benefit the sums before spent for armies."

The constitutional assembly of the three signatory republics will open on July 20 in Tegucigalpa, capital of Honduras, to which city Dr. Bonilla is going direct. Each country has sent fifteen representatives, and Dr. Bonilla is one of the representatives of Honduras. He has been in Washington as Em-

bajador Extraordinario and Minister Plenipotentiary on a special diplomatic mission for his country, applying for Paris, where he attended the Versailles Conference as the representative of Honduras. He has lived for six years, altogether, in the United States, and his children are being educated in New York. Dr. Bonilla has written three books on historical-political subjects, and some months ago he gave a lecture at Columbia University on the Central American Union, in which he reminded his hearers that the kingdom of Guatemala once stretched from isthmus to isthmus—Panama to Tehuantepec—including, up to 1821, the present Mexican state of Chiapas. He is one of a committee which has been working zealously in this city for the reconstruction of the antique patria grande.

MODERN PIED PIPER

How Storekeeper and Seaman Cleaned Up on Ship's Rats at New York Pier—Police Given Scare.

(New York Evening Post)
Thomas McGoldrick, the husky guard of Pier 23, North River, twirled his stick carelessly and cast a contented glance along the hull of the Italian steamer Dante Alighieri that lay warped to the pier. All was silent and serene, nor did the rattle of a single which disturb the peace of Thomas McGoldrick's soul, expansive beneath of pour of warm June sunlight.

"Rats," said Thomas to himself, "but it's quiet today." Bang! Thomas whirled around. Bang! Bang! Bang! With prodigious swiftness the astonished pier guard spun down the wharf, dived over the gangway, and reeled down an alleyway to the after starboard side of the ship, whence came a fusillade of shots mingled with blood-thirsty cries.

McGoldrick stopped suddenly, faced by a heavy iron door that led into the ship's after storeroom. The shouts and popping of shots were going on behind the door, and that was enough for McGoldrick. He found Charles Harms, a traffic policeman in West street. Harms warbled his whistle, and two more patrolmen came on the run, and the four men raced for the scene of massacre aboard the vessel.

The bombardment continued as lively as ever, but the iron door was deaf to the heavy persuasions of the guard and the three police. At last there issued forth Domben Corigliano, a seaman, known to his shipmates as "Piccolo," and Antonio Passano, ship's storekeeper. Piccolo carried a rifle and Passano bore a flute. The store room inside was a scene of carnage and bloodshed. One port light was broken and glass was strewn about. Bottles of rare liquor lay shattered. Fine old Italian cheeses were so

riddled with bullets that they were Swiss in everything but the smell. And in the centre of the deck lay three corpses. "Rats," exclaimed Thomas McGoldrick for the second time, as he pointed in bewilderment at the three bodies. "Rats," said Harms. "Rats," said the two policemen. And Piccolo, looking again to make sure, echoed softly, "Rats." "Yes, mister," said Passano. "I have try for free voyage to kill him, but they will never be kill. They bite my be-autiful cheeses. Piccolo read story by Signor Browning how Pi-eyed Piper of Hamelin draw rats with pipe. Passano play his flute. Piccolo shoot with gun. We have kill the rats."

Small Boy (at dock)—"Papa, those are not real sailors, are they?" Papa (a theatrical manager)—"Why, yes, my son. They have just sailed that big ship across the ocean and in about a week they will sail back." "Well I suppose they must know something about sailing, but they ain't really and truly sailors, are they?" "Indeed they are. Why do you think they are not?" "Why, I've been watching them 'most an hour, an' I haven't seen one of them hitch his trousers an' stand on one leg and say 'Yo-ho, my hearties' once!"—Pearson's Weekly.

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MUTT AND JEFF—MERELY ONE GUY'S OPINION OF ANOTHER

By "BUD" FISHER

