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Plan Highway of 2,275 Miles

Concrete Roadway From Chicago to Los Angeles Is Contemplated.

Chicago.—A concrete highway from Chicago to Los Angeles will link the corn fields of the Middle West with the oil regions and fruit lands of the Pacific. This is the plan of the recently formed United States Highway 66 association, which visualizes a "Main Street of America," that will serve both as a commercial and a military highway. Travel time between the two points will be reduced by several days, it is expected. This pavement will be about 2,275 miles long and the width in heavily traveled sections will be as much as 40 feet. The mapped-out route is 200 miles shorter than any other highway or railroad between Chicago and Los Angeles.

ing any dangerous passes, welcome news for prospective tourists from the Great Plains. The roadway then drops down to San Bernardino, Calif., and Los Angeles is but a short journey away.

Permanent Organization.

The United States Highway 66 association is a permanent organization formed by chambers of commerce and automobile clubs, representatives and state officials from the Middle West to the Pacific coast. John T. Woodruff of Springfield, Mo., president of the association, has been engaged in both railroad and highway development work as an attorney and an engineer. Mr. Woodruff assisted in revolutionizing highway building in his state.

"A great highway," declares Mr. Woodruff, "cannot be worth its purpose unless, like a trunk-line railway,

ing 16 wounded comrades; a second Croix de Guerre for capturing 65 Germans, five of them officers, during the battle of the Argonne; the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Medaille Militaire; the Italian War Cross; the War Cross of Montenegro, and life memberships in the American Legion and the Disabled Veterans of the World War. He also received the "Hero" medal of the Breakfast club recently.

South Sea Flappers Taking to Clothes

San Francisco.—Too many clothes are ruination of the South Sea Isles.

Not only for romance's sake—although Joseph Darnard, bishop of Samoa and the Union Islands, devoutly believes in romance—but for reasons of health, clothing is undesirable in the tropics.

The bishop, interviewed here on his way to Rome after 22 years in the Islands, is a proponent of the theory that aborigines are best off when left alone.

He is definitely opposed to allowing South Sea Islanders to wear trousers, shirts or collars.

Nor, he says, should tropic maidens

THE COUPLE IN THE YELLOW CAR

(By D. J. Walsh.)

LIBBIE PRENTICE closed the door of the little white school and, turning the key in the lock, hurried down the path to where it joined the main highway at the foot of the hill. Libbie had taught for three years in that very same little schoolhouse and so far as she knew she would go on teaching there for another three years, provided, of course, she could keep on the right side of the school board and the parents of her pupils. Today had been a particularly trying one for both teacher and pupils. The school board had decided that it was time to introduce a new method of writing and Libbie had tried patiently to undo all she had tried to teach and stimulate an interest in the newer way of handling the pen and pencil. But the children had not taken readily to the lesson and Libbie felt that her effort had been wasted. Tomorrow would be no better, and the day after—why go on? Libbie was only undergoing an experience all too common in the life of a person who is trying to instruct youngsters who have no desire to receive instruction.

Gaining the highway, Libbie walked rapidly toward the village, where she boarded. According to her usual routine she would, upon reaching the village, go first to the postoffice to see if she had any mail and then to her boarding house, where she would spend the time until dinner looking over school papers. This task always left her depressed, because it was the barometer by which she knew just how much of her carefully given instruction had sunk in, and all too often she would find very little, indeed, had taken root.

The blowing of a motor horn caused her to step quickly to one side of the road just in time to avoid a big yellow car. Glancing up, she caught a fleeting glimpse of a child's face looking out of the window of the car and the impression was left with Libbie that never before had she seen such a distressing little face.

Libbie kept on her way and on arriving at the village went to the post-office. As she reached the building the big yellow car drew up and a man in livery stepped out, entered the post-office and went up to the window, and as Libbie entered she heard him questioning the postmaster about directions and nearby towns. Evidently the answers did not please him, for he frowned and went back to the car. Soon he came back and asked if there was a good place in the town where they could put up for the night, and upon receiving an answer again left the building and drove away in the yellow car.

"What was the trouble, Mr. Curtis?" Libbie asked the good-natured postmaster.

"Well," said Mr. Curtis, "that fellow said he was taking a party to Keyville and the child got sick and the woman doesn't dare go any farther. I sent the man over to Mrs. Winn's—why, that's where you board, isn't it, Miss Prentice? Well, no doubt you will see 'em there."

Arriving at Mrs. Winn's, who had a big, roomy house and besides her regular boarders often accommodated tourists, Libbie went straight up to her room and started at once on her task of correcting school papers. She had only nicely settled down to work when her attention was called to the fact that there was a child in the next room and it was sobbing. Children were rather unusual in Mrs. Winn's select boarding house and Libbie hoped the little thing would not cry at night, because the walls were thin and sounds carried easily.

At the dinner table that night only the usual boarders appeared with the exception of the man Libbie had seen driving the yellow car, but as he did not seem inclined to talk she learned nothing concerning the child she had seen in the passing car.

At midnight Libbie was awakened from a deep sleep by the sharp, piercing cries of the child, who occupied the room next to her own. The cries continued for moments and then a woman's voice harshly commanded silence. The child cried on and soon there was another sound which fairly brought Libbie to her feet. It was as if the woman had given the little one a sharp slap. This of course only made him cry the harder and the woman continued to slap and admonish him to keep quiet. "Surely," thought Libbie, "that woman must know that a child that cries like that is ill or in pain at least." So, hastily donning a kimono and slippers, she slipped out of her room and a moment later knocked at the adjoining door. Falling to get an answer she turned the knob of the door and entered. Sitting bolt upright in the middle of the big bed was the most pathetic lit-

tle figure Libbie had ever seen in all her life. It was a boy of perhaps seven years of age. He had a mass of yellow, curly hair which was rumpled in a perfect tangle, and even though he had cried until his little face was fairly purple, one could see that he was ill. His little body was racked with sobs and he was fairly smothered in his attempt to suppress his tears.

"Whatever is the matter?" demanded Libbie of the woman who was bending over the bed and talking in a high, excited voice to the little fellow.

"I don't know, miss. I only know he has cried until I am distracted and I think I shall go wild," and the woman wrung her hands in despair. "Stop! Bobby, stop, I say! Here is a lady come to see you." But Bobby cried on.

"Then Bobby, as you call him, isn't your child?" queried Libbie.

"Oh, no, Miss, I am only his nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Bobby's father and mother, have been away months for the madam's health. Bobby and his teacher, Miss French—he has a tutor, you know—and I have been at the Grahams' camp, but Miss French was taken ill and had to go to the hospital. Bobby has missed her so much and as it is about time for his parents to return I was taking him back to town. The Grahams are very rich people and have a big house in town. Master Bobby is a very fortunate boy, but quite spoiled, miss."

At the time the woman had been talking Libbie had been looking at the child and, finally going up to the bedside, she lifted the little fellow up in her arms and cuddled his head against her shoulder. He snuggled gratefully up in her arms and put his little head down in her neck and as his face touched her cheek Libbie found that he was literally burning up with fever.

"I am afraid Bobby is really ill," she said gently to the woman, who still stood wringing her hands, "and if you will go down to the foot of the front stairs you will find a telephone. Please call 152. I am sure a doctor is needed at once."

The woman left the room and soon a doctor came and it was true, Bobby was very ill. The doctor pronounced it scarlet fever, and that complicated matters as far as Libbie was concerned, because she could not go on with her teaching, and as a nurse was not to be had for love or money in that town, she was obliged to help take care of Bobby. By the time Bobby was well enough to be removed to his own home he had become so attached to Libbie that he absolutely refused to be separated from her.

When Bobby's parents came to take the little fellow home they were quite as much taken with Libbie as Bobby had been and offered her the position of tutor to their son. And as another teacher had been secured to teach in Libbie's place she was only too glad to accept, especially as the salary was nearly double what she had been receiving, and anyway she really loved little Bobby so dearly she was glad that she did not have to lose sight of him.

Straggling Capital

In many respects Angora, the new Turkish capital, resembles a Western boom town in the United States passing through a period of prosperity. New buildings are springing up on every side; more automobiles and motor trucks are entering every day; additional hotels and restaurants are being opened and there is a continual trek of new arrivals from Constantinople.

Unfortunately, the original architects and town planners did not draw up careful designs for Angora, so that the town is already assuming a straggling and far from symmetrical appearance.

Old "Best Seller"

Not all of the books that rank as "best sellers" are fresh from the pens of the authors, as evidenced by the ninth reprinting in the past 20 years of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," by one publishing house. This classic, now 252 years old, has run through thousands of previous editions.

Many claim that, next to the Bible, it is the most widely read book in the English language. However that may be, the characters of Greatheart, Valiant and Standfast and the scenes of the Land of Beulah and Crossing of the River will be memorable in the minds of many generations yet to come.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

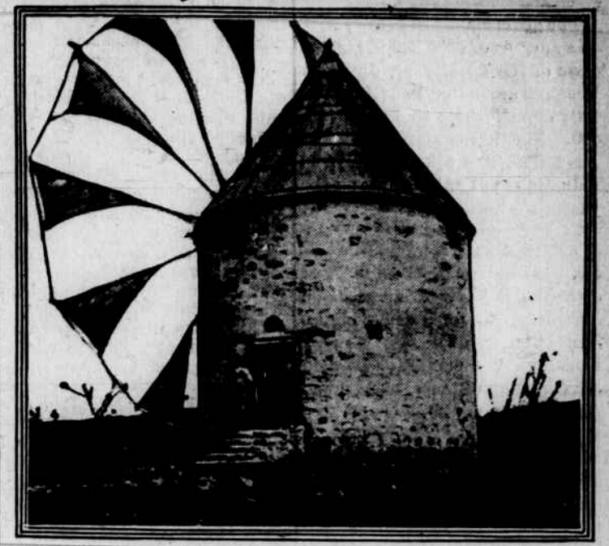
"Piccadilly"

There is some difference of opinion concerning the derivation of the name "piccadilly." It is believed to be from "piccadills," the small stiff collars affected by men of fashion of the time of James I. The street was named for the house of entertainment known as "Piccadilly house."

Reason for Bathing

I've often wondered, observed Cash Miller, cigar store philosopher, if the person that first said necessity is the mother of invention was trying to get sarcastic with the old bozo that invented the bathtub.—Thrift Magazine.

Sea of Marmora



Windmill on Shore of Sea of Marmora.

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

THE Sea of Marmora—or the Propontis, if one wishes to be classical—and its shores, have probably been the scene of more stirring events in history than any body of water of similar size. It is little more than 100 miles long and some forty miles across at its broadest point. Thus it is about the same size as Lake Champlain. The Marmora is a sort of vestibule between the outer and inner doors of the Black sea—the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The Marmora and the Black seas are at no more than twenty miles apart at their nearest point, but it is astonishing what a difference in aspect twenty miles may make. The Marmora has much of the softness of air, vividness of color, and beauty of scenery that we associate with the Aegean and Ionian seas. Threading the narrow slit of the Bosphorus, however, and you pass into an entirely different world—sterner, barer, rockier, colder. It is partly perhaps that the Black sea is very much larger.

While its two historic gateways—the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus—are strategically the most important features of the Marmora, that picturesque little sea has a character of its own, and one not to be caught from the deck of a Mediterranean liner or from the windows of the Orient express. Such impressions as the passing tourist takes away are chiefly of the flat and treeless Thracian shore. The long-er Asiatic coast, however, is much more indented, and rises on the southeast to the white peak of the Bithynian Olympus. A high, green headland divides the eastern end of the Marmora into the two romantic gulfs of Nicomedia and Moudania. The south shore again is broken by the mountainous peninsula of Cyzicus.

Off its windy western corner lies a group of islands, of which the largest is the one that gives the Marmora its name—a mass of marble ten miles long, famous from antiquity for its quarries. Another considerable island is the long, white sandspit of Kalolimnos, just outside the Gulf of Moudania; but best known are the Princes isles, a little archipelago of rock and pine that is a favorite summer resort of Constantinople.

Cities on Its Shores.

In any other part of the world this inland sea would long ago have become a place of sojourn for yachtsmen and summerers, so happily is it treated by sun and wind, so amply provided with bays, capes, islands, mountains, forests, and all other accidents of nature that make glad the heart of the amateur explorer. As it is, the Marmora remains strangely wild for a sea that has known so much of life; yet its shores are by no means uninhabited and between them piles many an unburied sail.

The focus of this quaint navigation is, of course, Constantinople, standing high and pinnacled on either side of the crooked blue crack that opens into the Black sea.

The busiest town in the Marmora after Constantinople is Panderma, on the south shore, joined to Smyrna by a railway that taps one of the most fertile districts of Asia Minor. In its vicinity exists one of the few borax mines in the world. Another little railway climbs through the olive yards of the Gulf of Moudania to Bursa, on the lower slopes of Mount Olympus. This delightful town, the first capital of the Turks and their most picturesque city, is the Hamburg of the Levant, enjoying a renown of many centuries for its hot mineral springs. It is also the center of an ancient silk industry, first introduced from China in the Sixth century by Emperor Justinian. Its cocoons are considered to rank in quality above those of northern Italy and are much

exported to this country and to France.

Another ancient watering place of the Marmora is Yalova, in the wooded hills above the Gulf of Nicomedia, whose baths were visited of old by Emperor Constantine, and there are many less frequented hot springs in this region.

More numerous than the settlements of today, however, are the ruins of yesterday. Every harbor, every headland, has some fragment of ancient masonry, and the workmen in the vineyards are constantly turning up coins, pieces of broken pottery, bits of sculptured marble, that have come down from who knows when or where. About no body of water in the world, of equal size, have stood so many stately cities.

Question of the Straits Centuries Old.

The true question of the straits arose as early as the Fifth century, B. C., when Alcibiades of Athens counseled the people of Chrysepolis, the modern Scutari, at the southeastern extremity of the Bosphorus, to take toll of passing ships. Yet another aspect of the question of the straits had already risen earlier in the century, when the Persian expeditions against Scythia and Greece crossed the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. What success they had we know, and how a counter-invasion under Alexander crossed the Dardanelles in 344 B. C., crushing the Persians at the battle of the Granicus.

It was in the period following the death of Alexander, when the kingdoms of Bithynia, Pergamos and Pontus flourished in northern Asia Minor, that the cities of the Marmora began to take on their greatest importance.

Chief among them was Cyzicus, on the southeastern side of the peninsula of that name. Founded earlier than Rome or Byzantium, possessed at different times by Athens and Sparta, by the Persians and Alexander, by the king of Pergamos and the republic of Rome, Cyzicus was long celebrated as one of the most splendid cities of the ancient world. Its gold staters were the standard of their time.

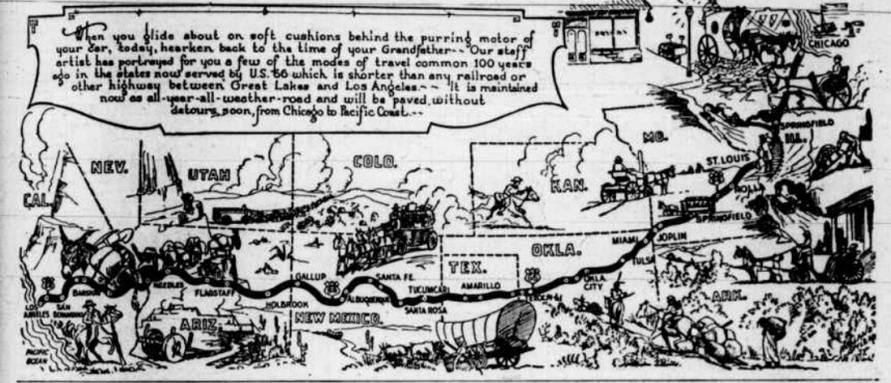
With the rise of Byzantium, however, its glory passed away. Goths and earthquake ravaged it; Constantinople and the Turks found it an inexhaustible quarry for the public buildings of Constantinople. Today there is almost no trace of its marble among the vines and olive trees of the peninsula.

Nicomedia and Nicaea, in Bithynia, were also accounted no mean cities in their day. Indeed, Nicomedia, bequeathed to Rome with the rest of his kingdom by Nicomedes III, in 74 B. C., became for a moment, under Emperor Diocletian, the capital of the world. As for Nicaea, it has three times been a capital.

Nicaea, now Isnik, is not in all strictness a city of the Marmora, but the lake on which it lies is geologically a continuation of the Gulf of Moudania. A place of importance long after the Bithynian period, it is chiefly remembered today for the two councils of the church which took place there in 325 and 787.

A third Bithynian city, which we have already mentioned—Brusa—has more than one title to celebrity, not least among which is that its foundation was ascribed to the advice of no less a personage than Hannibal. At any rate, the great Carthaginian fled after the Punic wars to the court of King Prusias of Bithynia and committed suicide there, in 183 B. C., to escape falling into the hands of the Romans.

The history of the greatest city of them all, Constantinople, has for nearly 2,000 years been largely the history of the little sea that lies before it. It was founded, a little later than Rome, by seamen from Megara.



Los Angeles and when finished the trip may be made comfortably in eight or nine days.

United States Highway 66, its official name, follows established main roadways as much as possible. In Illinois, for instance, the route follows the 275-mile paved highway from Chicago to St. Louis. However, in the interest of shortened travel United States Highway 66 breaks to the southwest from the Billionairea to Springfield and Joplin, even though a 250-mile stretch of concrete now extends westward from St. Louis to Kansas City. About half of the highway is paved from St. Louis to Joplin.

Expect Co-operation.

From Joplin on there is very little paving, but through the centralized organization highway authorities are certain that the co-operation between county, state and federal government road builders will bring about an early completion of this concrete ribbon.

The route extends to Tulsa, Oklahoma City and Texola from Joplin and then touches an oil region of upper Texas. The roadway then passes on to mysterious Santa Fe, N. M., and from there to Albuquerque, which hardly anybody can spell, and on to Gallup, made famous by eastern scenario and magazine writers who have been there.

Holbrook, Flagstaff and Needles are high spots on the thoroughfare through the tombstone and cactus state of Arizona. The Rocky mountains are crossed without encounter-

Million Miles Flown for Each Fatality in U. S.

Newark, N. J.—One can now fly more than 1,000,000 miles to the risk of a single fatality. This is the present situation in this country as established by the air-mail service and which is welcomed by those interested in commercial aviation enterprises. In the army and navy the distance flown to a fatality is about one-half that rate due to the greater inherent hazard called for by military requirements.

Hazards in commercial flying are rapidly diminishing in proportion to the distance traveled, as the area of operations expands, is the preliminary conclusion of Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, consulting statistician, Prudential Insurance company, who has for several years been investigating the situation. Doctor Hoffman last year made 14 flights himself, covering more than 2,500 miles of air distance. He is most enthusiastic in his anticipation for the future of flying, believing that in a few years flying will be as common on this side of the Atlantic as it is in Europe at the present time.

Doctor Hoffman is also of the opinion that recent legislation providing for the federal supervision of flying lands strongly in the direction of greater safety by providing for thorough inspection of all aircraft and medical examination of pilots.

It connects our centers of population, taps our rich agricultural and mining regions and presages expansion for millions of young citizens in undeveloped territories. United States Highway 66, in my opinion, does all of that and more; it will, by every token, become America's "Main Street" in reality as well as name.

Moslem Piety Keeps Iraq Officials Busy

London, England.—Corpses smuggling at the frontiers of Iraq keeps European health officials busy enforcing quarantine rules, according to reports received here by the editors of the Lancet. The desire of all devout Mohammedans to make pilgrimages to the cities visited by the prophet, as well as the blessings that accrue to the faithful when they make one of the holy cities their final resting place, makes plenty of work for the quarantine officers.

New laws have been put into effect calling for the examination of all local corpses as well as those in transit from other countries. Now no corpse can be buried in one of the holy places without a pass. Examinations and health permits are also issued to the thousands of pilgrims that throng into Arabia from the East, thus enabling health officers to check up on the most fruitful sources of the spread of epidemics in the Orient.

Poem Parties Revived by Japanese Emperor

Tokyo.—The imperial monthly poem party, one of the features of Japanese court life, is to be resumed after having been suspended several months because of the death of Emperor Taisho.

A subject for each poem party is always provided by his majesty. For the remainder of this year, Emperor Hirohito announced the following subjects upon which the versifying guests might try their hands: June, "The Thread"; July, "The Duckweed"; August, "The Cool Wind"; September, "Moonlight in the Garden"; October, "A Chrysanthemum by a Mountain Road"; November, "Ice in the Dale," and December, "An Icy Night."

The poem party is held on the fifth day of each month.

War Hero With Many Medals Asks for Job

Los Angeles, Calif.—An appeal to City Engineer Shaw to find in his department a position for Louis Van Iersel, said to have received more decorations than any man who served in the World War, was made by Dr. A. D. Boughton of the state committee of the hospital department, American Legion, whose health was undermined during the war, formerly worked in the city survey department of the engineer's office.

Iersel has received medals from the king of England for life-saving at sea; the French Croix de Guerre for rescu-

adopt even the flimsy lingerie of their civilized sisters.

The tappa or cotton cloth, worn from neck to knees by the women and about the loins by the men, is a sufficient garment for all uses in the South Seas, the bishop declares.

"These people were constituted, born healthy; clothing reduces their vitality and contributes to the ills which have nearly exterminated some races of islanders," he says.

"The islanders can be civilized without clothing. Their condition should be improved, but it is wrong to revolutionize the ways that nature has taught them to live."

Bang! Playful Seal's Life Ended by Bullet

Lynn, Mass.—A motorist on the North Shore motor road the other day noticed a seal swimming and diving by the roadside. He stopped and watched it. Other motorists stopped and watched it. Dozens deserted their cars and stood around the bank applauding the antics of the seal.

There was a hopeless traffic jam. Irrate patrolmen threatened, pleaded, but the throng of nature lovers took no heed. Meanwhile the road became more thoroughly blocked.

A riot call brought an extra detail and Sergeant Lyons, crack rifle shot, and his rifle. Bang! A few bubbles appeared where the seal had been. Nature lovers returned to their cars; traffic went on.

About Chamberlin

Plainfield, N. J.—Jersey folks reading "about the potential wealth of Clarence D. Chamberlin recall when he seemed to be having a hard time to make a living. He used to take folks up in the air for \$5 a flight or less if business was dull, but once he carried milk in his plane to a sick child for nothing.

How Rude!

North Bergen, N. J.—Fellow in court for sending a girl mash notes said he thought the girl was in love with him. "Don't think any woman is ever in love with a man," said Recorder Alfred Miles. "They only love themselves."

Village Is Abandoned When Factory Closes

Plymouth, Conn.—The deserted village of Oliver Goldsmith finds a parallel in the village of Graystone not far from here. Shutters are falling from the windows and gardens are growing up with weeds. Trains no longer stop at the station.

The village was once called Hoadleyville, after Silas Hoadley, pioneer clockmaker of America. When the clock factory went out of existence the place was abandoned.