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DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Gigantic Combination of Capital Announced at New York.

THE New York World announced that it regarded as an accomplished fact the biggest communications merger on record. This, it stated, was the combination of the Mackay companies, operating 5,000 Postal telegraph offices in the United States, and the International Telephone and Telegraph company.

The deal brings together companies with combined assets of \$225,000,000 and with about 125,000 miles of joined cable, telephone and telegraph wires in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Central and South America.

The merger as outlined will see the ascension of the Behn brothers—Sosthenes Behn and Herman Behn—whose family fortune was founded in Porto Rico, over the Mackays, California forty-niners.

The Mackay fortune was founded when John W. Mackay, father of the present head of the Mackay company, discovered the famous Comstock lode in 1845. The elder Mackay later started the Postal Telegraph company. His son obtained control of commercial cables and last year the Federal Telegraph system on the Pacific coast. Mr. Mackay's personal fortune is estimated at \$50,000,000.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE believes the United States can still be helpful to Nicaragua by assisting the people of that country to choose its government, despite the action of the Nicaraguan house in rejecting the McCoy bill providing for supervision of the coming election by the marine corps.

This view was reflected by an announcement from the Navy department that two additional battalions of marines had been ordered to Nicaragua to reinforce the 2,700 already on duty there.

The two additional battalions will bring the total of United States forces in Nicaragua to 3,700, the greatest number ever to operate in that country at one time. Should the marine force be unable to cope with the situation, about 1,800 blue jackets and marines on board five cruisers in Nicaraguan waters will be available for shore duty.

Secretary Wilbur said the additional marine force were to be used primarily for overseeing the coming elections and not for action against General Sandino, rebel leader, although the troops may be employed to further the general activities of the marines in Nicaragua.

The problem now confronting the Washington government, in Mr. Coolidge's opinion, is that of devising some plan under which the United States can fulfill its obligations under the Stimson agreement according to the original spirit of that pact—one of helpfulness to the Nicaraguan people in the selection of its public officials.

ADMISSION that "we may have overlooked something" by the builder of the collapsed St. Francis dam featured the first official inquiry to fix the dam blame at the coroner's inquest over the bodies of 60 of the dam victims.

William Mulholland, seventy-two, chief engineer of the Los Angeles municipal water board, who built the dam, declared: "The only ones I now envy are those that are dead."

Loss of life in the disaster is now computed at 440 persons—272 known dead and 177 missing and believed to have perished. While search for dead continued, more than 100 tractors being used to tear through big piles of debris, authorities in the stricken zone decided to confine efforts only to reclaimable land. Debris on unreclaimable area occupied by the old bed of the Santa Clara river will be burned. Authorities said it would be impossible to put a large enough force at work to recover bodies on unreclaimable land within a reasonable time.

Evidence that a dynamite explosion may have caused the collapse of the dam and released the flood of death on the Santa Clara river valley was

said to be in the hands of investigating authorities.

So much credence was placed on the findings of deputy sheriffs assigned to the flood area that every reservoir and dam in the entire Los Angeles water system was put under a heavy guard.

AN AMERICAN girl was married March 17 to one of the wealthiest of Hindu princes in a ceremony modern in manner, medieval in splendor and ancient ritual.

The wedding which united Miss Nancy Ann Miller of Seattle with Sir Tukoojirao Holkar, former maharajah of Indore, was witnessed by thousands of Hindus, dressed like true princes and princesses and wearing the costliest jewels money can buy.

After the ceremony, which ended ten days of ritual whereby Miss Miller became a Hindu, princess and a member of the Holkar family, bride and groom were hosts at a banquet to 10,000 guests.

FEDERAL supervision of the coal industry, as tentatively suggested by Senator Gooding (Rep., Idaho), was endorsed on behalf of the United Mine Workers by John L. Lewis, president.

Lewis, who has informed the senate investigating committee that his organization is ready to meet with operators to suggest legislation to stabilize the industry, declared that the union would be "practically unanimous" in supporting federal control of coal production and marketing, because the Gooding proposal is the most constructive made to date. The coal commission idea has been endorsed also by several coal operators during the inquiry, but others refused to commit themselves.

ONE of the most pitiful tragedies in the annals of the American navy was revealed in the Charlestown (Mass.) navy yard. Eight remaining bodies were taken from the submarine S-4, now in dry dock there. At the same time it was made clear what occurred inside that vessel after it was rammed and sunk by the coast guard destroyer Paulding, on rum chasing duty, near Provincetown December 27.

Conditions shown as the water was pumped out of the S-4 made it evident that every one of the 40 men in the submarine had found temporary safety in locked compartments and had died many hours later either suffocated by deadly gases or smothered by the exhaustion of the air.

Thirty-four men had lived for an undetermined number of hours in the motor and engine room compartments. Five or six men who had lived approximately three days in the forward torpedo room had died, it was indicated, sleeping peacefully in their bunks. Some of them had partly undressed to make themselves more comfortable.

COL. CHARLES A. LINDBERGH is now a congressional medal of honor man. President Coolidge pinned the coveted emblem, the highest decoration of the American government, upon the blushing trans-Atlantic hero during a brief, impressive ceremony March 21, on the White House grounds.

Vice President Dawes, Speaker Longworth (Rep., Ohio), members of the cabinet, and high officers of the army and navy witnessed the presentation.

THE Bank of the Soviet Union has engaged the New York law firm of Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett to fight the Bank of France's attempt to replevin \$5,210,000 in gold sent here by the Russian institution and is prepared to bring a counter-claim for losses it may sustain through the French action.

It is estimated that the Russian bank is losing from \$700 to \$1,000 in interest daily on the metal, which lies in the vaults of the Chase National bank and the Equitable Trust company. Had it not been for the French action the gold might have been out of the country by now or else used as the basis of credits with private American interests.

Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett are scrutinizing the French-Soviet treaty to determine whether the Bank of France's action is in accordance with its terms. Under the treaty, all claims by French nationals against the Soviet government are subject to diplomatic adjustment. A spokesman for the Bank of the Soviet Union said that,

said, to obtain metal as thin as one-thousandth of an inch and half a mile to a mile of ribbon can readily be obtained from each nozzle per minute. Ribbons of aluminum, lead, zinc, tin, copper, silver, gold, etc., have been obtained.

Mothers, Attention!

A sign appearing in a doctor's office in St. Louis reads: "I treat all diseases, including children."—The Outlook.

AROUND THE DARK CORNER

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"WHO next?" said Al Fraser as he tilted back his chair and put up his feet on the porch railing of the Palace hotel at Carter Center.

"The judge is the last one I ever thought would be a quitter!" commented Ed Strong, with an uncovered yawn. "Why, he and this here town grew up together from the time they both wore rompers."

"He ain't to blame," drawled Fatty Knight, the third member of the group on the hotel veranda. "It's his wife's doings. Caroline Simpson has the old man trained to eat out of her hand and she declares that all the folks, up and leaving has got on her nerves."

"Funny how a black little hole in the ground keeps things goin'," ruminated Strong. "Before the Jumping Frog shut down—and the drought set in—Carter Center was as prosperous a burg as they make 'em. Three movie theaters, 'leven resorts on Main street alone and clerks at the Golden Rule Bazaar fallin' over each other to wait on the throngin' customers. It was a live town, all right."

"Well, it's a dead town, all right, now," grunted Al Fraser, "and as cheerful for the survivors as sitting up with any corpse. 'Hello, doc; trunk packed?' he called in greeting to a tall, broad-shouldered but weather-beaten looking man with grizzled hair and close-clipped beard getting out of a car that had drawn up at the curb.

"How could I leave town with Knight in his present precarious condition?" answered Doc Sanderson, as with a sly wink at Fatty's direction he mounted the veranda steps.

There were guffaws of laughter, with Fatty's own plump chuckle on the outer edges; then, with the eagerness of the old-maid male gossip, Ed Strong importantly announced: "Well, the Simpsons are leavin' the first of the month, anyhow."

"You're not serious?" incredulously exclaimed the doctor.

"Sure, it's straight goods that I'm givin' you, and no sand in the sugar! Their Carrie told our Opal."

"Who next?" repeated Al Fraser. "This time Doc Sanderson made no jocular reply. Instead, he stood a moment lost in thought, then, slowly entered the hotel lobby and began to climb the stairs to his patient on the third floor, for the elevator was out of order, and as there were only seven guests, all told, in the house, the expense of having it repaired did not seem to be justified.

His visit at the Palace and two other calls made, Doc Sanderson's town cases for the day were disposed of, and in the chugging little flier he started off to see a sick woman at Pine Ridge, some fifteen miles beyond the shutdown mine.

It was a day of late autumn when the earlier glorified gold and crimson foliage had passed and the trees by the roadside rose dark and forbidding—with sear, burnt-out leaves falling to the ground like a man's dead hopes.

Isabel had been right, thought the doctor, broodingly, as he drove under the lowering sky of dull gun-metal, a cutting wind lashing in his face. He ought to have left Carter Center nine years ago when the opening at Glenbrook presented itself. Now it was too late. In his profession, a man over sixty could not begin to build up a new practice in a new place.

A sudden dynamic change shot through the sagging figure at the wheel. The drooping shoulders straightened. Head went up. In the dull eyes glowed kindled fires. Doc Sanderson was fighting mad.

Years ago when he had first come to Carter Center with his young wife and baby girl he was a comparative greenhorn in his profession. But since then he had been both general practitioner and surgeon, with all sorts of cases and emergencies to test his ability. Yet, as keen of mind as ever, as skilled of hand—with all that the years had brought him of invaluable experience—now by an irony of fate he was about to be laid on the shelf.

The road grew rougher; the wind whipped colder.

Yes, he had made the mistake of his life by not heeding Isabel's advice. As the car laboriously climbed the rough, mounting road he went over again that hour of decision nine years before.

The offer from the Glenbrook doctor about to retire had come a few weeks after a terrible disaster at the mine. A time when, modest-minded as was his habit of thought, Sanderson knew that his skill and devoted care alone had saved the lives of two of the badly hurt men, and prevented three others from being crippled for life. Came in the midst of a small-pox epidemic when Harrington, the yellow-straked doctor at Pine Ridge, had run away to save his precious skin. No doubt he had been a senti-

mental fool, but it had seemed to Sanderson then that whatever advantage a change might bring no other place needed him as much as Carter Center.

The kindled fires in Doc Sanderson's eyes smoldered low and a defeated look crept out upon his face.

Well, there was nothing to do but take his medicine, and keep a stiff upper lip. Thank heaven, he would be the only one to suffer from his mistaken judgment! Isabel's practice might not be very lucrative, for after having taken her postgraduate training as an interne at the Middletown City and County hospital from choice, his daughter had opened an office in the city's poorer district, but it gave a living, and all the work her eager, energetic nature craved.

And suddenly at the thought of Isabel's bright, vital personality, there came over Doc Sanderson so homesick a longing for his daughter's presence, for the cheer of her smile, the comfort of her loving arms about his neck, that the ache in his heart was a physical pain. For since his wife's death, when Isabel was only fourteen, his love for the girl had been little short of worship, and it seemed as though he would never get used to living without her.

From out the gun-metal sky pelted stinging needles of cold rain, and at the same instant came a sound like the sharp report of a pistol.

In the midst of the driving rain, on a stretch of road where the mud was ankle deep, Doc Sanderson got out and put on a new tire.

The early soaked darkness was settling down over Carter Center when, on his return late that afternoon, Doc Sanderson drew up before the one-story little house where he had bached ever since Isabel had gone away.

A forlorn, lonesome-looking house it was for a forlorn, lonesome man to come home to on such a night.

"And I bet a dollar," the doctor muttered to himself as he opened the creaky front gate, "that the kitchen fire's out."

But half way up the walk he gave a start—a stare in at the front window.

To his utter astonishment the living room floor was pooled with light, its walls bright and jumpy with reflected flames from blazing logs in the big open fireplace.

What happened next was like going around a dark corner and suddenly finding himself in heaven.

A heaven of brightness and warmth and Isabel's dear loving arms.

"But, child, how did you get off at this season of the year?" questioned Doc Sanderson in a voice still dazed.

"Chubby Alvord is taking care of my patients," with an amused smile on Chubby's expense. "There's really no one seriously ill, and I had to come and talk things over with you. I wasn't going to risk having you turn my letter down the way you did the Glenbrook doctor's that time. Oh, dad," she beamed up at him, "the most wonderful thing has happened! They've offered me the appointment of bacteriologist in the City and County hospital's new laboratory. Just the kind of work that I've been pining for! But I won't, I can't accept, unless you'll agree to come to the city and take over my practice."

Rip's Awakening

It is 108 years since Washington Irving's creation, Rip Van Winkle, stepped out of a 25-page story to become a citizen of the world. Rip was included in an unassuming volume called "The Sketch Book," modestly published under the pseudonym, "Geoffrey Crayon." The first printer of "The Sketch Book" in America was C. S. Van Winkle of New York City, but, says James O'Donnell Bennett, in "Much Loved Books: Best Sellers of the Ages," that is an odd, though meaningless coincidence.

Eleven years after "The Sketch Book" was published in England, Irving went to Oxford to receive the degree of doctor of laws given him by the university. One of the cries that greeted him from the students who were present at the installation, was: "Has Rip Van Winkle waked up yet?"

American Arches

What the arch was to Rome the filling station is to America. When the Via Appia was still a highway to be bragged about and the young Roman gentlemen sped from Venus to Tarentum at 15 millia an hour, arches stood along the road to mark the advancing frontiers of the Roman state. History was written there. For each arch marked a new outpost and a new foothold for Roman culture. We are not Romans, but we have marked our own highways with appropriate symbols.—From "The Great American Band Wagon," by Charles Merz.

Limited Liability

A company limited is a company in which the liability of each shareholder is limited to the amount of his stock or shares, or to the amount fixed by a guarantee. It is generally required that the word limited be the last word in the company's name, though there are occasional exceptions to this rule.

And the Chiggers

"Man is slowly winning his war on the insect world," says a noted chemist. Let's post this news where the boll weevils, corn borers, potato bugs and mosquitoes can see it.

All the Difference

Prudence should not be confounded with wisdom, which often likes to squander. Prudence is the result of fear; wisdom of courage.—Plain Talk Magazine.

NEW YORK'S VASTNESS



Croton Dam of the New York City Water System.

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

WHILE New York is a great city in many ways, conspicuous above every other phase of its greatness is its role as an international trade center. In recent years New York has been handling approximately one-third of the exports of the United States, measured in value, and about one-half of the imports.

For such operations as these, New York, perforce, must be a great metropolis. In population it outranks any one of half the nations of the earth, surpasses that of the entire continent of Australia, and almost matches the combined strength of the six westernmost states of the American Union. In annual expenditures it exceeds most of the nations on the map. Its water system could supply the whole earth with drinking water, and its storage reservoirs hold enough to slake civilization's thirst for more than a year. Its electric transportation lines carry nearly twice as many passengers in 12 months as all the steam railroads of the United States. They could give every man, woman and child living a ride every ten months—so much for the yardstick of comparison.

New York is of all cities the one where the majesty of small things is regarded as well as the greatness of large ones.

Who counts a nickel? Yet the greatest transportation system of the ages was built by nickels prospective, and lives on nickels realized. Who reckons a dime, which even the waiter in a quick-lunch room scarcely deems worth a "Thank you"? Yet the world's loftiest building, its crowning cathedral of commerce, was built out of the small margin of profit in ten-cent transactions. Who considers the dust in the street? New York has built up sixty-five acres of ground, valued at several million dollars, out of street sweepings. Who feels the dust and dirt that adhere to his shoes? However, more than seven tons of the housewife's enemy is carried by tramping feet into the subway every 24 hours.

Vast Foreign Population.

Any story of New York begins with its people, and in its vast aggregation of humanity there is a wealth of interest.

Let those who have been pessimistic about our immigration study New York. It seems unbelievable; but if every resident whose parents were born in America were to leave the city its standing as the most populous center in the world would not be affected. In other words, the number of immigrants and their children resident in New York is almost equal to the combined populations of Paris and Philadelphia and greater than the combined populations of Chicago and Berlin.

Three people out of every four in the great metropolis were born under alien flags or are the children of the foreign-born. But who that has studied the situation can gainsay New York's Americanism?

Along with many other cities, New York long since learned that a vast majority of the children who attend public schools do not go to college afterward. From this realization came the vocational schools. A day spent in visiting New York's vocational and vocational schools gives one much heart and hope. Go to the lower East side, where the tenement flourishes in all its faded glory, and visit a pre-

vocational school. Here you will see children studying the things an older generation studied in the little red schoolhouse, with touches of nature added here and there. There is a constant effort to grade the boys and girls, so that each child finds full scope for his capabilities.

Next to the education of its children for their life work and the maintenance of order, a community's most important task is to care for the public health. And here again the big city shines.

If there ever was a city on the face of the globe which to superficial judgment would seem a paradise for all the germs in the catalogue that city is New York.

One of Healthiest Cities.

But in spite of these conditions, New York is one of the healthiest cities in America. Nowhere else is there to be found a more splendid tribute to the success of preventive medicine in combating "catching" diseases than in the metropolis.

There are enough babies born in New York city every year to populate four cities like Charlotte, N. C.; Oklahoma, Wis.; Ronoke, Va.; Hamilton, Ohio, or Springfield, Mo. As many people in New York die annually as live in four cities like Elkhart, Ind.; Leavenworth, Kan.; Beverly, Mass.; or Raleigh, N. C.

In every phase of its development New York city is like an adolescent boy who is always outgrowing his clothes; the city fathers are kept on tenter hooks to meet its expansion. Its schools are always overcrowded because, rich as it is, the municipality cannot buy sites and build schools fast enough to keep up with the ever-growing child army. Its transportation lines are always choked with passengers because one subway cannot be completed before another is needed. Its bridges and tunnels are always pressed to capacity because the interval between the realization of a new need and the opening of facilities to meet it is long enough in New York's rate of expansion for a succeeding need to be born.

But at last the city has found one place where engineering construction is able to outstrip human expansion and prepare for decades ahead. It has built a water system that will take care of half a century of growth and form a unit in the bigger system that may lie beyond that period.

Water Supply Now Adequate.

For generations Gotham has had a hand-to-mouth water supply, as is the case with other municipal requirements. The gaunt specter of water famine, with all of its attendant train of gnomes—disease, uncleanness, crippled industries, beggared homes—ever lurked in the shadows of the immediate future.

The slogan became "New York must have an adequate water supply." One by one supporters were won to the idea—now the Manufacturers' association, now the Merchants' association, now the mayor, now the governor of the state, now the legislature itself.

All difficulties were overridden, and today there flows down to New York from the Catskills an underground river deep enough and wide enough to carry drinking water for the whole world. In size, in length, in the volume of water it will carry, as well as in the cost of construction and the engineering problems involved, it makes every other aqueduct of ancient and modern times look like a plummy peck.