

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

VOL. LIV.

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY MAY 31, 1928.

NO. 17.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

### NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

#### President's Veto of Farm Relief Bill Arouses Excited Comment.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

VETO of the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill was so fully expected that the only surprise was caused by the extreme vigor and strong words of the President in expressing his disapproval of the measure. "It embodies," said Mr. Coolidge, "a formidable array of perils for agriculture which are all the more menacing because of their being obscured in a maze of ponderously filed bureaucratic paraphernalia."

The six "major weaknesses and perils" of the bill the President listed as follows:

1. Its attempted price-fixing fallacy.
2. The tax characteristics of the equalization fee.
3. The widespread bureaucracy which it would set up.
4. Its encouragement to profiteering and wasteful distribution by middlemen.
5. Its stimulation of overproduction.
6. Its aid to our foreign agricultural competitors.

These features, the President said, "by no means exhaust the list of fallacious and indeed dangerous aspects of the bill, but they afford ample ground for its emphatic rejection."

Appended to the veto message was the opinion of Attorney General Sargent which concluded: "I feel bound to advise you that the act in question, if approved, would violate the Constitution of the United States, in that legislation having for its main purpose the control of the price of food in the interest of the producer is not authorized by the Constitution; in that, if congress possessed the power to do the things attempted by this act, it could not delegate it, as it is legislative in character; in that it vests in those not officers or agents of the United States the power and duty of participating in appointments to fill places in the service of the United States; in that it contravenes the provisions of the Constitution against the taking of property without due process of law."

It was agreed by all that the President's action was consistent and courageous, but there agreement ceased. Opponents of the bill were gratified with the way in which he had scotched a plan which he believed would not work; and its supporters, both in congress and among the leaders of farm organizations, were correspondingly indignant and resented what they considered his want of sympathy for the farmers and lack of knowledge of the subject.

Gov. Adam McMillen of Nebraska immediately issued a call for 100,000 farmers to march on the Republican convention in Kansas City to demand their rights. He declared the farmers could expect "no effective farm legislation from the present administration or from any candidate like Hoover, whose only claim for recognition and whose only hope of securing the Republican nomination is based on his blind adherence to the anti-agricultural attitude of the Chief Executive."

Frank O. Lowden, when he learned of the veto, said only: "I have declared my position on the bill, and that is that I am for it until something is advanced that is better for the farmer."

The opinion of some prominent supporters of the measure, that the President's action greatly endangered the Republican party's chances in the Middle West were not shared by editors from that section who were attending a convention of the Inland Daily Press association in Chicago. It was admitted, however, that the veto probably would have far-reaching political consequences, and the Democratic politicians were not noticeably displeased, though they had little to say for publication.

HERBERT HOOVER, it is now known, told his supporters among the Pennsylvania delegates to Kansas City that he agreed with Secretary

Mellon that Mr. Coolidge would be the strongest candidate the Republican party could name and ought to run again, and that if the President would accept renomination he, Hoover, would gladly withdraw from the contest and release all his delegates to vote for Coolidge. In Washington it is expected that Mr. Coolidge will make a new and definite statement as to the renomination before the Kansas City convention meets.

Texas Democrats administered a rebuff to Gov. Al Smith of New York when their convention voted that their forty delegates in the Houston convention should work and vote for a dry platform and a dry candidate. Gov. Dan Moody promoted this "harmony" program and defeated both the Smith faction and the radical dry group that wished to instruct the delegation against Smith by name. Moody was elected chairman of the delegation, and said afterward that as far as he was concerned it never should vote for the New Yorker. Smith adherents, however, believe the delegation will shift to Al on the second ballot.

The Republican convention of Texas was split into two, one faction instructing for Hoover and the other naming unstruck delegates. The controversy must be settled in Kansas City.

REDUCTION of taxes, according to the bill passed by the senate last week, will amount to \$205,875,000, which is only a little more than \$1,000,000 above the maximum reduction first set by President Coolidge and the treasury and therefore would be acceptable to the Chief Executive. But it is nearly \$85,000,000 below the total in the bill as adopted by the house. Just before the bill was passed the senate unexpectedly defeated the amendment for a graduated tax on corporations with incomes below \$15,000 which was approved in the committee of the whole. By this action the aggregate tax reduction was cut down by \$24,000,000. The vote on this was a tie and Vice President Dawes voted in the negative.

In conference, changes were agreed upon which brought the aggregate reduction up to about \$223,000,000. The conferees consented to the elimination of the senate provision for publication of tax returns, which had been objected to by the President.

Thursday evening the house adopted a resolution fixing the adjournment hour of the session at 5 p. m., Tuesday, May 29.

FOR the second time General Noble has viewed the North pole from the air. In the dirigible Italia he flew from Spitzbergen to the top of the world and, because of the difficulty in locating the pole exactly, circled several times over the region. The plan of dropping men for exploration was abandoned, but the cross given the explorer by Pope Plus was left all on the ice cap and the pope was notified of this by wireless. The flags of Italy and Milan also were dropped, and the alrship was then headed back to its base at King's Bay.

Colonel Lindbergh has been appointed chairman of the technical committee of the new Trans-Continental Air Transport, Inc., and has assumed his duties which will have much to do with the work of organizing and placing in operation the air lines of the concern. The company is to establish air and rail passenger service between New York and Los Angeles. Lindbergh said he did not contemplate giving up other aeronautical interests and that his office was still in those of the Guggenheim fund, of which he will remain a director. He will make no transoceanic flight this year.

HEAVY fighting began last week between the Nationalist armies and the forces of Marshal Chang and the forces of Peking and Tientsin, and the Southerners had the worst of several encounters, notably at Hoken, Chihli province. The main battle was expected to take place on a line between Paoingfu and Machang, nearly a hundred miles south of Peking. Chang seemed to have made up his mind to go down to defeat rather than flee to Manchuria, but it was reported in Tokyo that he was negotiating with Japan in an effort to arrange for an orderly retreat without giving battle. Japan still insists there shall be no

much later dates. Lode mining for gold began at Tangier river, Nova Scotia, in 1858.

**Old Custom Kept Up**  
The Indian mother in Waterton Lakes national park of the Canadian Rockies, just north of Glacier park, Montana, still draws her papoose over the travols when she goes for firewood. The firewood is tied onto the lower part of the travols for the return journey, leaving the papoose unharmed.

**Expert Tattooing**  
The New Zealanders trace artistic and elaborate patterns under the skin, producing the most beautiful effects known, if the word beautiful may be applied to the art.

**Banana's Food Value**  
Bananas are said to exceed nearly any other fruit or vegetable in food value. They contain 80 calories per pound, as compared with potatoes, 35; milk, 32; macaroni, cooked, 45.

### HER WAY OF PLEASING EVERYBODY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

BATRICE HALLECK at twenty had achieved without conscious effort the distinction of being the most popular girl in town. Just looking at her one understood her popularity with men, but it was rather amazing to find she was just as much sought after by girls.

At present Beatrice possessed three "best" girl friends; each firmly believed she alone held a place in Bea's heart that no one else could even look into. Beatrice, because above all things she couldn't bear to hurt people, had let them think so. The friendships had just "happened" and she hadn't the courage to tell any of them that the devotion was one sided.

This beautiful morning she sat in the living room of her home and poured her troubles into the ever-ready ears of Jim Boyd.

"What am I going to do?" she wailed. "Why couldn't I have told Ruth that Nora expects me to go to India as a missionary with her? Ruth is positively set on having me go to New York to lead a terrifically Bohemian life with her. It sounds thrilling, too. I can just see that studio in Greenwich Village and Ruth and I in very sudden varieties of boyish bobs, wearing futuristic smocks and sandals and going without stockings."

Jim whistled in mild surprise. "Go on," he said good-naturedly.

"And—both of us slithering gracefully around."

"I never heard of anyone 'slithering gracefully,'" Jim interrupted disgustedly.

"Slithering gracefully around," she insisted, "amid—"

"Amid, what?" he gasped.

"A tea table or red Chinese lacquer and black lacquer chairs, with people sitting on them—languidly graceful, interesting looking people."

"How awful!" he breathed.

"Jim Boyd, if you interrupt again I'll send you home," she said severely.

"All right, but get the agony over with quickly," was the reply.

"Well, as I said before, the people must be interesting—long-haired musicians, bow-tied artists, charleston dancers, actors and—a spring poet. Oh Jim, do you think you could get me a spring poet?"

"Gosh, this is worse than the time you ordered an alredale to be delivered before night and nobody in town owning anything but fox terriers and bulldogs."

"But I must have a spring poet," she insisted. "He'd help so much—lend atmosphere—Jim, can't you get me a spring poet?"

"Yes, yes," said Jim soothingly, "though I should think a place like the Village would supply its own. What should the old geezer look like?"

"Oh, I don't know," vaguely; "just, just a regular spring poet."

"Maybe a spring tonic would be better," said Jim wisely. "Let's forget poets and go play tennis."

"But, Jim, wouldn't it be wonderful to feel one had been called to do a great work for mankind in India?"

"What?" cried Jim in astonishment. "I said," explained the girl gently, "wouldn't it be wonderful to feel one had been called to do a great work for mankind in India?"

"Who's been called?" asked Jim suspiciously.

"I don't know—I think maybe I have."

"Applesauce! How could you be leading a Bohemian life in New York while you were teaching the heathen in India?"

"That's just it—how? Nora knows that long ago I gave up all thought of marriage, so naturally she expects me to spend my declining years with her. Ruth expects the same, and tomorrow they're both coming to make final arrangements for my future."

"Well, why the dickens don't you tell one of them that she isn't your best friend?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that, you know. They'd feel badly—really they would."

"I give up," said Jim, shaking his head. "Come on, let's play tennis."

"Jim," she said, "I don't know why you're so comforting, but you are, although you never give me any advice that's worth taking."

"Well, there's nothing like being frank, but some day I may have a really bright suggestion. Race you to the courts!"

"Jim," she gasped as they reached the courts, "can't you picture me in a dark gray dress with high collar and cuffs and my hair grown long and pulled straight off my face and done in a flat knob at the back—with about 500 little brown babies, teaching them their prayers and things?"

"No, I can't," said Jim decidedly. "I can't at all. Why, here comes Jean and Donald. We'll play doubles."

When the game was over Jean, a

tall fair-haired girl, drew Beatrice aside and whispered:

"Listen, dear; I have the most wonderful scheme. I must talk it over with you. Let's get rid of the boys. It's something we can devote our lives to."

"I'm sure it's a splendid scheme if you thought of it," said Beatrice, weakly. Silently she cursed herself for the pretty speeches which came so readily to her lips at such times.

As soon as the boys were out of hearing Jean turned to her friend excitedly:

"Bea, did you ever raise chickens?"

"N-no—never," was the answer.

"Would you love to?"

"I—I don't know," she faltered. "They're kind of cute when they are little and furry."

"Oh, they're wonderful! There is nothing to compare with them—in all stages." Jean clasped her hands and her eyes became wider and brighter as though she were picturing to herself millions of chickens of every conceivable color and breed."

Beatrice looked at her friend in mild-eyed astonishment. Much as she liked chickens on the rare occasions when she saw them, she would not have believed that any feathered creature were capable of arousing so much enthusiasm in the breast of Jean, the calm and serene. Apparently it was worth while to cultivate barnyard acquaintances.

"Where did you get to know chickens so well?" she ventured.

"Where?" Jean turned. "So well? I don't know anything about them except what I read in the Farmers' Monthly yesterday, but it made me realize that my vocation in life is to raise chickens and you, Bea, dear, are to help me. We'll buy a little place outside the city and raise really good-looking chickens—quite the best assortment."

"It does sound rather nice," said a meek voice, "but how do you suppose we'll be able to look after that? I never lived within two miles of a chicken in my life."

"Oh, that's easy," returned Jean promptly. "You don't need to know anything about them. That will come in time. We'll just buy books, a good big stock and, and—vaguely—some eggs and we'll—just start in and raise chickens."

"All right—if it's as simple as that," said Beatrice.

"And you'll promise to make your country proud of you as one of the two greatest chicken fanciers (I think that's what we'll be called) in the world?"

"I promise. Come over tomorrow and we'll make final arrangements."

As usual, upon sober reflection next day, Beatrice was filled with remorse and uneasiness. India, Bohemia and chicken farming didn't mix. About noon she phoned Jim and explained the situation.

"Isn't it awful?" she asked. "You must think; I can't."

"Awful is too mild a word," said the young man. "I'm doing some thinking all right and I'll be over at four o'clock to offer suggestions."

Promptly at four Jim arrived. Nora, Jean and Ruth were on the porch with Bea. The air seemed charged with electricity.

"May I speak with you alone a few minutes, Beatrice?" he asked.

"Why surely, if the girls will excuse me," she replied.

They walked out to the sunroom at the back of the house. They returned in ten minutes and Jim announced:

"Beatrice has something to tell you."

Then Beatrice, looking very thrilled and excited, said: "Jim and I are engaged. We won't be married for a year, but I just wanted you all to know that I'll be so busy getting ready I won't be able to do any of the lovely things we had planned."

**A New Woman**

The woman had spent an hour in the Americanization class watching the old people in the new country struggling with the reading and writing and conversation of the land of their adoption. When she was ready to leave she expressed her thanks to the teacher.

"Before you go," said the teacher, "I want you to shake hands with Mrs. Katz. She is our oldest pupil. She is seventy-two, and she has never been late or missed a class."

"Not for nothing would I miss a class," nodded the seventy-two-year-old lady as she shook hands with the woman. "Whatever happens I come. Even next week's a wedding in the family, and I'm having a dress by the dressmaker. But the dress should wait. The lesson comes first."—New York Sun.

**Old Belief Dispelled**

Experiments made at the University of California have proved that a bull's reaction to the color of red is no more than any other color. In fact, judging by the conduct of the steers tested, it seems doubtful whether it can tell red from green, white or blue. It is even possible that the animals have no realization of color at all.

## Beautiful Rio



Aerial Tramway to Summit of Sugar Loaf.

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

RIO JANEIRO, second city of South America, and fifth city of the Western hemisphere, probably deserves to rank first among all the great cities of the world in beauty of setting.

Place your hands on the table, fingers spread, wrists upraised. Each finger represents one of Rio's hills; each space between a canyon up which the city climbs. And each of the finger-hills dips into the great Bay of Guanabara, or into the Atlantic itself; while at the mouth of the canyons are crescent beaches, rimmed with avenues.

Spain is the land of paintings, Portugal of gardens. In Brazil many things Portuguese have persisted besides the mother tongue. Colorful indeed are the gardens of Rio.

There are old walled gardens surrounding houses built in the days of the empire. These houses usually stand at the head of a canyon, or on the crest of a hill. They are dignified one-story buildings with large rooms, high ceilings, and many windows.

Their vivid color is what the Brazilians call "Portuguese blue," crowned by the reddish brown of weather-beaten tiles.

In the gardens of these homes tower royal palms, great jacquera trees heavy with fruit, wide-spreading mangos, and South Brazilian Parana pines with straight betaseted branches.

These noble trees, foreign to Rio's hills, tell us that the gardens were planted long in the first Dom Pedro's day, or perhaps in the time of his father, Dom Joao the Sixth.

In 1808 Portuguese royalty fled from Napoleonic despotism in Europe to set up its court in Brazil, and the following year the prince regent, afterward Dom Joao VI, imported the royal palm of the Antilles and planted it in the botanical gardens of Rio. Here the original palm still stands.

"Our Mother Palm was sick some years ago," the visitor is told, "and we were greatly alarmed lest she should die. From this single specimen have come all the wonderful palms which beautify our parks and avenues. We treated our royal patient with care, giving her a medicinal bath, and she recovered."

Near the palm is a bust of Dom Joao, whose forethought and love of gardens greatly enriched the flora of Asia, such as the mango, jacquera, breadfruit, and tamarind, and many of the Old World flowering trees which glorify Rio's hills, then came to Brazil through Portugal's far-flung colonies in Asia and Africa; or were brought from Cayenne, in French Guiana, then known as the Isle of France, where the French maintained a botanical garden for a very early period.

**Riot of Brilliant Colors**

In the old gardens are other marks of bygone days besides the venerable trees. Here and there is a wall faced with blue and white Dutch tiles, which found their way to Brazil when Holland invaded its northern coast, in the Seventeenth century. On some of the tall gateposts stand big blue or yellow porcelain ornaments in the form of pineapples, imported from Portugal one hundred or more years ago. "They bring good luck to the household," say the older natives.

Color runs riot. The purple bougainvillea here grows to be a tree; the flaming poinsettia becomes a giant bush. There is the glowing coral vine; the hibiscus in red and in rose; the violet and lavender manaca. Brilliant variegated crotons border the paths. Most conspicuous are the gorgeous flowering trees, such as the native casia, or "golden shower," whose yellow clusters resemble the wisteria, the West Indian salmon and red frangipani of fragrant memory; and the flamboyant, or royal poinsettia of Madagascar, the joy of the garden.

To the American observer the modern architecture of the city seems too ornate. Rio de Janeiro is like a lovely woman, who needs little embellishment. Here buildings on simple lines are best. All the houses, however, have the redeeming quality of being

and vivid coloring, which, combined with terra-cotta earth and emerald foliage, forms one of the most attractive features of the city. While terra-cotta, in soil, roof, and garden walls, is the predominating tone, almost every shade is represented in this insouciant town.

Many of the new homes cling to the hillside below the street and are entered from the roof. Others of these cliff-dwellings perch high above the thoroughfare and are reached by a long flight of steps or by elevator on an inclined plane. Some bear the names of the lady of the manor over the front door—"Villa Boetta," "Villa Lucia"—and the dark-eyed lady herself is often seen leaning from the window.

Birds of Santa Theresa Hill. Butterflies and birds gladden every garden; but it is on Santa Theresa hill that the forest birds congregate in greatest numbers. The bird that plays star role all day long is the sabbia, beloved of Brazilian poets. They always have it perched high in the palm tree, but in reality it hides in the bush.

There are several varieties of the sabbia—of the forest and of the shore—birds about the size of a robin. The woody-colored one with the orange breast, *Sabbia larangeira*, is the sweetest singer.

In variety of form and coloring the birds of Brazil, like the butterflies, outclass those of other parts of the world. Recently, in London, a Brazilian butterfly sold for \$50.

Many and varied are the street vendors who sing their wares and clap their hands at the garden gate to attract attention.

The custom among the working classes of bearing burdens on the head is a survival of slavery days. Everything is carried in this fashion, from a tin pan to a piano. It takes four men to carry a piano; but one man alone balances the gigantic breadbasket, weighing close to ninety pounds, toiling with it up the steep paths, one hand steadying the basket, the other grasping a camp stool. One imagines at first that the camp stool is for the man to rest on; but no! It is for the honorable breadbasket!

To visitors who can only pause in Rio while their boats unload and land, and who wish a comprehensive view of the beautiful city, the choice of excursions lies between Corcovado and Sugar Loaf. The summits of both are easy of access, the views incomparably grand.

Corcovado (the Hunchback) is ascended by trolley to the head of a canyon; by electric cog railway two miles or more up the mountain; by a flight of steps to the covered pavilion on the summit. The altitude is only a little more than two thousand feet; yet the view is really more remarkable than many that can be obtained only after toiling to the summits of some of the world's most famous mountains. You overlook a vast circular panorama of mountain, city and sea in form and color no painter can adequately portray.

Sugar Loaf should be called "The Crouching Lion." The giant monolith is far too majestic for its present name. Its crest is reached from Vermelha beach, on the Rio shore, by aerial ropeway. The car lands you first on the summit of a lesser peak, Urca, where there is a park and restaurant, the second longer flight carrying you high above the forest, with the sensation of sailing in a balloon. On up you float, skirting the great granite cliff, landing at last on the very peak of the rock. A cyclops' task, the building of this aerial railway!

The view, while altogether different from the Corcovado panorama, is significant. You are well out in the bay, directly above the forts which guard the entrance, looking back on Rio's crescent shore. As the glowing copper sun drops behind the forested mountain tops, dusk envelops the land in a mystic reddish haze. One has seen the light of the city glow from the hills and the bay.

On a summer day the view is even more beautiful. The view, while altogether different from the Corcovado panorama, is significant. You are well out in the bay, directly above the forts which guard the entrance, looking back on Rio's crescent shore. As the glowing copper sun drops behind the forested mountain tops, dusk envelops the land in a mystic reddish haze. One has seen the light of the city glow from the hills and the bay.

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