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WHAT'S GOING ON

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Smith's Trip Through Border States and to Chicago—Hoover at Boston.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

POLITICALLY speaking, the news of the week centered in Al Smith's tour of the border states, which carried him as far as Sedalia, Mo., whence he passed up through northern Illinois to Chicago for a stop of several days. The trip demonstrated the personal popularity of the Democratic candidate, for everywhere he was greeted by wildly cheering throngs. In Louisville he spoke mainly on the tariff, and the Republicans asserted that he "ditched" the traditional dogma therein in that speech. Next day the governor paid a reverent visit to the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln at Hodgenville, Ky., and from there passed on to St. Louis, which city gave him what was described as the biggest and loudest ovation he had received since his nomination. He made no set speech there, but moved onward to Sedalia and there delivered an address on the topic of "Coolidge Economy." He declared the Coolidge administration was actually guilty of willful waste, giving facts and figures supposed to support this assertion, and attacking the statements made by Director of the Budget Lord and Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

Chicago came next on the itinerary, though when Smith's train passed through Springfield he was induced to talk when a loud speaker on wheels was brought alongside the rear platform on which he was displaying himself. A tremendous and noisy crowd welcomed him to Chicago, and after a day of rest and work on his address he made a tour of the city, appeared at banquets and, Friday night, spoke to an enthusiastic crowd that filled the One Hundred and Thirty-first Infantry armory to bursting.

HERBERT Hoover's personal contribution of the week to the campaign was his address in Boston, where before 9,000 friendly listeners in the city arena he told of the country's economic prosperity for which the Republican party claims the credit. Continuance of the protective tariff, he argued, is necessary for the continuance of this prosperity, and he sought to refute Smith's assertions in that connection. In replying to the Democratic attempt to show that changes in tariff would be made by them that would hurt business or labor, Hoover said that eight months ago every Democrat in the senate voted for a resolution designed to reduce the tariff. In Springfield and other Massachusetts cities through which he passed Hoover made earnest pleas that every citizen should take an active interest in the Presidential campaign and that every Republican should loyally support his party.

Senator Borah, big gun of the Republican-speaking battery, invaded the South last week and delivered two rousing speeches at Salisbury and Charlotte, N. C. In the former he appealed especially to the women voters to help defeat Smith and so prevent the overthrow of prohibition. In Charlotte the senator defended at length the record of Hoover as food administrator during the war, asserting that he always showed himself to be the friend of the farmer and was ever vigilant to do the very best for the protection of the American producer. Reviewing the agricultural situation after the armistice, the senator declared that Hoover opposed the proposal of the agricultural advisory committee in 1918 to fix a minimum price for wheat of \$2.85 a bushel because it would "be just to the consumers." From North Carolina Senator Borah moved into Tennessee, speaking at Chattanooga.

EXCEPT for the stupid and boorish behavior of the customs official detailed to Lakehurst, the arrival of the German dirigible Graf Zeppelin and the reception accorded its commander, crew and passengers, were all

that could be asked. Before going to the hangars in New Jersey the huge airship spent an hour circling over New York city, and next day Dr. Hugo Eckener and his men were received formally by the metropolis with the usual accompaniments of parade through streets filled with confetti and ticker tape, speeches at the city hall and a banquet. On Friday Doctor Eckener was the guest of President Coolidge at breakfast in the White House.

Meanwhile the injuries sustained by the Zeppelin just before reaching America were being repaired and the airship was being made ready for a two days' tour of the Midwest which would take it over Chicago, Cleveland, Akron, Cincinnati and Detroit with probable stop at the last named city, which has a mooring mast.

While in New York Doctor Eckener announced tentative plans for the formation of a trans-Atlantic Zeppelin mail and passenger service to be capitalized for \$14,000,000 and discussed the details with several financiers. He said to interviewers that he wanted American capitalists to entrust the \$14,000,000 to him and his German confederates. The sum would be used to build four new Zeppelins, each bigger than the Graf Zeppelin, and to use them on regular all-year-round voyages between Germany and an American airport near Washington or Baltimore. If the money can be obtained Doctor Eckener said \$8,000,000 would be spent on the four new gas bags and \$6,000,000 would be paid out for new hangars in Germany and the United States. Two of the dirigibles would be built in Germany and two in America.

Dispatches from Buenos Aires said the Argentine post-office officials had signed a contract with a Spanish Transatlantic company for the carrying of mail monthly between Spain and the Argentine, and the company named is reported to have leased the Graf Zeppelin for two years.

Several delegates to the convention of the Investment Bankers' association at Atlantic City started for an airplane ride Thursday. The plane went into a nose dive and crashed and W. O. Chanute, a banker of Denver and grandson of Octave Chanute, "the father of aviation," was killed. Seven other men were injured.

Baron von Huenefeld, who was flying from Germany to Tokyo, made a forced landing in a suburb of the latter city and his plane was badly smashed. The baron and his two companions escaped unhurt. They had lost their way in a rainstorm.

NEW YORK'S big sewer scandal reached its climax with the conviction of Maurice E. Connolly, who resigned under fire as borough president of Queens last April, and Frederick Seely, who was design engineer in the Queens sewer bureau. They were found guilty by a jury of conspiring with the late John M. Phillips, sewer pipe manufacturer, to defraud the city in contracts for \$29,000,000 public sewers. Connolly was given the maximum sentence of one year in prison and \$500 fine. The evidence in the trial indicated that Phillips grafted more than \$10,000,000 in ten years. It is expected a taxpayers' suit will be started to recover from Connolly and the Phillips estate the money illegally expended.

ANOTHER interesting instance of fundamentalism in the southern border states has arisen. Charles Smith of New York, president of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, went down to Arkansas to work against a proposed anti-evolution law to be voted on in the general election next month. He was arrested in Little Rock on a charge of distributing printed material "calculated to provoke a breach of the peace" and was fined \$25 and costs, not being permitted to testify in his own behalf because he refused to take the customary oath. Smith decided to serve out his fine in prison as a protest, he said, against the state laws that prohibit atheists from testifying in courts or holding public office.

ATTORNEY GENERAL SARGENT ruled that the contract of December 20, between the United States government and the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing company, for the sale

of the government's royalty oil in the Salt Creek field in Wyoming was invalid. Mr. Sargent based his decision on two circumstances: First, that the contract was not let in a manner required by law, and second, that the secretary of the interior did not have legal power to sign a contract containing an option provision in favor of the Sinclair Oil Purchasing company.

The original award to the Sinclair concern granted a lease for five years with option of renewal for another five years. The option was renewed February 20, 1928, by Hubert Work, secretary of the interior, after consulting departmental counsel. Doctor Work says this renewal was required by the contract and that criticism of his action "is entirely of campaign origin."

COMMERCIAL and municipal activities in the city of Lodz, Poland, were brought to a standstill by a general strike enforced in behalf of striking textile workers. City employees were forced to quit work, street cars and taxis were stopped, theaters were closed, and even the members of the municipal council, most of them Socialists, closed their desks. Printers were out only a few hours, and soldiers kept the telephone exchanges open. Street riots provoked by Communist agitators were numerous, and later the strike spread to other cities.

PREMIER MUSSOLINI of Italy in a radio address informed the farmers of the country that he intended henceforth to devote the major reconstruction efforts of Fascism to agriculture and that the government would place billions of lire at their disposal. Thousands of acres that have lain idle since the days of the old Romans are to be brought under cultivation, and irrigation and reforestation are to receive much attention. The dues then distributed about \$85,000 in prizes to grain growers. Already Italy is growing almost enough wheat to support its population.

For the first time since the Italian kingdom was established in 1870 a death sentence for murder was passed and executed the other day in Rome. Capital punishment for certain degrees of murder was introduced in the new Fascist code, and Michele Maggiora, who murdered two Fascists for political reasons only, was the first victim.

STEPHEN BETHLEN, premier of Hungary, has announced that the people of that country will soon be called on to vote for the selection of a king to sit on the throne that has been vacant since the abdication of King Charles in 1918. Bethlen said he was opposed to the choice of Archduke Otto, the sixteen-year-old son of Charles, and it appears that Archduke Albert, son of the Hapsburg Archduke Frederick, is the leading contender. Premier Mussolini of Italy has let it be known that he will oppose the selection of any Hapsburg for the Hungarian throne.

WILLIAM EDWARD HICKMAN, the youth who kidnaped and murdered twelve-year-old Marion Parker, daughter of a Los Angeles banker, paid for his crime with his life on Friday. He was hanged at San Quentin prison, all efforts to save him from the gallows having failed. Hickman confessed to many other crimes "to ease his conscience," and after embracing the Roman Catholic religion said that he was assured of salvation.

DEATHS of the week included those of Doyager Empress Marie of Russia, mother of the last czar; William J. Flynn, former chief of the United States secret service, and Benjamin Strong, governor of the New York Federal Reserve bank.

DID you know that there were any royalists in the United States? Well, there are, for a meeting of the "Royalist League of America" was called for Sunday in the city hall auditorium of Dallas, Texas. Richard Potts, secretary-general, who issued the call, said "the time has come to begin active propaganda for the conversion by orderly processes of the United States government into a monarchy."

Commercial planes were utilized and fitted with pontoons to alight on a mountain lake, to take them into the mapping laboratory. Not until August 20, when a plane from Anchorage alighted on the lake near the camp, did the government mappers know who had been nominated for the Presidency. Pack trains had to be used on the trip out, as no provision had been made for financing the plane trips, after the season's work, due to lack of appropriation for this purpose.

Airplanes Great Aid to Alaska Map Makers
The work of mapping the blind spots in Alaska has been aided materially in the recent season by airplanes, which the government workers used for transporting men and supplies into the unknown regions. This was made known the other day at the interior department by S. B. Capps, geologist, and Gerald Fitzgerald, topographic engineer, both members of the staff of the geological survey, who

HOW SHE PLAYED CUPID

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"BETTY, I'm going to spend the money Uncle Hal sent me for those ducky pumps in Holloway's window. I don't believe there will be any prettier on the campus, do you?"

Betty looked up swiftly from the cake she was stirring, her eyes bewildered: "The campus," she repeated. "What campus? Oh, May, surely you're not counting on going—"

"Not counting? Indeed, I've been thinking of the reunion for months. You know, Betty Marshall, you said you'd take me."

Betty stared at the flushed, indignant face beneath the mop of glossy curls. "That was back in the winter before dad broke his arm and before Will got pneumonia. I don't see quite how it can be managed now, May. I shouldn't like to go unless our clothes look right."

"I have my sports suit. I've been keeping it nice for this. With those plain, expensive pumps and my little felt hat, I'll look fine."

The younger sister, just graduated from high school, did, indeed, look pretty, even in her somewhat tumbled pink apron. Youth and health and a gay defiance toward trouble in any form beamed in her saucy eyes and her mouth curved upward delightfully. Betty looked much the same before she had taken the brunt of the family reverses on her shoulders, and now, when the financial situation was easing up, she was looking brighter, for the winter had been a long pull. Teaching all day and being the family angel at odd hours had left her thin.

"It will mean a lot to me," murmured May, coaxingly, "I shan't feel so strange when I enter in the fall and I may meet some of the instructors. You'll surely take me to the dean of women, won't you?"

"It will do you good, Betty," chimed in Mrs. Marshall comfortably, a woman who had learned to take inevitable bumps of life with composure. "I know you haven't much to wear, but look nice in most anything, and it isn't as though you were going with a beau."

May giggled at the old-fashioned term for boy friend, but Betty colored. It sounded as though she had been definitely placed upon the old maid's shelf, and it hurt. Of course, she'd been too busy looking after the family to have any time for frivolity, but it struck her with an uncomfortable thought. Who had asked her to go to any of the various small-town amusements? No one.

"You wouldn't disappoint your little sister, would you, Betty? I've told all the girls that we're going to your university reunion. It won't matter so much what you wear, because you are through. I'm just beginning."

May had no intention of being cruel when making this statement. She merely spoke as she thought.

They went to the nearby university city in the runabout that had been purchased second-hand. Betty would have preferred the train, but they could drive in for the cost of one railroad fare, and that decided the question.

As they approached the stately gray buildings and saw the shining cars parked in solid rows, May stirred restively. "Our car does look funny, just as you said it would. Suppose we stop around the corner."

The sisters strolled across the well-kept turf towards the huge umbrella which sheltered Betty's class, the year above it in large figures. Betty dreaded any chance encounters and scorned herself for so doing. It was extremely silly to care about her old suit. She'd more than done her part in the world in the year that had intervened, but at twenty-four one cares more about a smart hat than what lies under it—at such moments, at least.

And most of the class were right there, greeting her with a casual cordiality.

"Living near here, Betty?" asked Madge, turning to wave to a new arrival and scarcely listening to Betty's low answer.

"Ho, Betty, where shall you go this summer? We're going across for a month in Switzerland." Anne linked arms in the old fashion, then turned to reply to a dark young man who demanded her attention.

May looked about eagerly dimpling saucily when her sister presented her to classmates, apparently enjoying every moment.

Then across some benches, Betty saw Frank Moore. Her heart skipped a beat, then thumped riotously. They had sat together in English four years and the girl had worn some youthful dreams about the silent man who had been her escort at many campus activities. He looked a trifle older and had improved greatly. He looked straight

into Betty's eyes, smiled and lifted his cap.

She forgot the well-worn suit she wore—forgot the shabby car parked around the corner—and stood dreaming the old dream. There was something in the expression of his face that told her what she wished to know—Frank cared.

"What a good-looking man, Betty, see, in the white flannels. He is smiling at me," cried May, flushing adorably.

"I used to know him," answered the other evenly. Frank had turned and was walking in the opposite direction with a gray-haired woman on his arm.

Betty never remembered just how she got through that afternoon and she vetoed May's request that they stay for the sing.

"We've a long drive ahead of us," she insisted; "we'd better start now." Betty, thinking of the welcome that she felt sure had been in her betraying eyes for the man who had not cared enough to walk a few yards to greet her, was warm with shame. Why had she not nodded coolly as she'd seen those well-dressed, perfectly poised girls do?

"Oh, driving?" an acquaintance of the previous year caught the words and regarded Betty with a faint show of interest. "You might drop me at my house if you like. What car do you drive?"

May laughed and named the make. "It's only a runabout; you'd crush your dress," she observed. "Oh, what a shrill whistle," she ended.

"Oh," said the beautifully gowned one, "how quaint. Frank Moore has a speedy eight Sun, all silver fittings and fawn velvet. I love to ride in that. I fancy he's looking for me."

In complete silence the sisters found the little car and climbed in, then May said: "I expect you know the man she named. Her eyes had that canny look, I've noticed, when girls want to hurt you."

"Yes, I know him. He was that man you mentioned."

At the moment when the reluctant starter had been choked into activity Betty glanced up to scan the traffic and met the radiant smile of Frank, who had just hurried up. He paused long enough to drop a bill into the eager hand of a small boy, then held out his hand to Betty.

"I wasn't going to take any chances of losing you in this jam. My Aunt Cordelia felt faint from the heat and I had to take her back to her friends, who parked a block from here, so I caught that boy and told him to keep you in sight. Did you hear that ear-splitting whistle he gave to attract my attention?"

When Betty had presented him to her attentive sister, he said: "You are both going to dine with me and we'll take in the sing. I've some cousins here and we'll get a table for the six of us."

"I've thought of you almost constantly, Betty," he whispered later as they strolled behind the others. "I went abroad last year and have not been back long. Aren't you going to invite me out to your home?"

"Some boy friend, that Frank," said May sleepily as they drove into the quiet town. "Think you'll ever see him again?"

"Yes, he's driving out Sunday." "Why didn't you tell me you knew a rich man?"

"I didn't know it myself. I—I didn't really think of that."

"Betty, I could shake you for being so impractical," said the disgruntled May. "Didn't he have a car at college?"

"Yes," Betty spoke dreamily. "I wonder if he remembered this old suit."

"No, I think he was as bemused as you are. You're a fine pair of babes in the wood. Suppose I hadn't made you go today? You might never have met again. I really think you ought to get me a large box of nut-center chocolates for playing Cupid so successfully."

When Books Mildew

The Library of Congress says that if the mildew on books is still damp sponge it off with vinegar or with water containing some vinegar. If the mildew is dry, it can be wiped off with a dry cloth. If stains are left, alcohol will probably remove them. The books should then be placed in a strong sunlight, in a current of dry air.

Important Ocean Fish

A sand dab is a reddish brown tar bot (Hippoglossoides platessoides) of the deep waters of the North Atlantic, closely related to the halibut. It is useful for food, and is taken commonly on the coasts of Great Britain and Scandinavia and from Maine to Greenland. Two other species live in the North Pacific.

Scottish Amethysts

Amethyst, a variety of rock crystal, occurs in many parts of the highlands of Scotland. Fine specimens have been taken from Benyarrackie, near Pitlochry. The amethyst is a violet-colored stone, but a rare variety which is a delicate rose-pink is sometimes found.

Charms of Cornwall



On the Cornish Coast.

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

HE WHO has traveled the roads through Cornwall, England's southernmost county, recalls the vast moors, dull, dun, and bare, on which the only interruption to the eye's range is an occasional ruined pithouse, through the gaps in which one glimpses the blue sky; or a tumbled heap of earth where once Phoenician tin miners, perhaps, sought the metal which a Cornish historian once declared "near as slyver."

At long intervals a cottage is encountered of four gray granite, roofed with granite, breastplated against the driving rains with slate, in a granite-walled inclosure, with never a shrub or tree to vary the cold monotony.

But Cornwall has charm and it is a charm of enchantment. Its moors are broken by hidden valleys, the existence of which one does not suspect until their lips are reached, filled with the greenest grass, from which great trees tower. The hedges that rim in the roads, worn down by centuries of traffic, glow with the purple of foxglove and the yellow of the furze. In an hour's drive one passes from cliffs of a savage, sheer hostility, at whose feet break the most dangerous seas in England, to smiling estuaries amid rolling hills on which the green of English oak alternate with glowing fields.

History and tradition play their parts in creating Cornwall's charm. It was on Cornish shores that galleys landed in search of tin long before the Roman rule in England. Local tradition holds that Jewish traders gave its name to the little village of Marazion—Bitter Zion—which is at least as often called Market Jew by the country people as by its own name. It is a pity that archeologists laugh at this fanciful etymology.

Offshore the Land of Lyonesse lies sunken with its 140 parish churches, whose bells, the fishermen say, may still be heard on days of onshore storms.

Wreckers and Smugglers. It is not many years since wrecking was an established industry there, and the parson's lame mare, with a ship's lantern tied under her neck, was set to hobble on an evening along the sands, to toll bewildered shipmen on the rocks. Cottagers drop pins in the holy wells and read their fortunes in the bubbling of the disturbed waters.

The county names are an ever-changing delight. Can there be a more charming title for a church than St. Just in Roseland? One crosses by Slaughter bridge straight into a remote and furious past.

Almost every little seacoast town has its smugglers' cave with a well authenticated history. From the Lizard the Spanish Armada was sighted and alarm fires were lighted. During Cornwall's all too intermittent spells of prosperity, miners emerge from workings beneath the sea and climb ladders pinned to gigantic cliffs, signaling as they mount. Oranges and lemons and exotic palms grow in the balmy air.

It was on the border of Cornwall that girl Jan Ridd rode against the Doones, and John Ridd is still a warden in the very church in which Lorna Doone was shot down at the altar. Clovelly is just across the line in Devon, and Clovelly is one of the loveliest villages in England.

Cornwall furnished and still furnishes the best hard-rock miners in the world. They despise coal mining, do these men whose ancestors have for generations searched for tin and copper in mines that are at once among the deepest and the most meagerly equipped in the industry. Where gold or silver or copper is to be burrowed for under mountains, they are to be found as leaders in their craft.

Cornish People a Noble Apart. Formed of a union of the primitive tribes and the Brythonic race which gave its name to Britain, and only slightly modified, according to students of the race history, by succeeding in-

vasions of Romans, Saxons and Normans, they kept their own language until well in the Eighteenth century. They still speak of "going to England," as if it were a foreign country.

Cornwall is the southwesternmost county of England. It is a great promontory, 75 miles in length, armored against the sea with granite, slate, and serpentine, and 45 miles wide at its greatest, where the River Tamar bars it from Devon. It contains approximately 1,356 square miles and 300,000 people.

Thanks to the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf stream on one flank of its triangle, and to the sheltered waters of the English channel on the other, its climate is in great part so extraordinarily warm and equable that enthusiasts refer to its coast as the Cornish Riviera.

It is true that snow seldom lies, and it is also a fact that in a comparison of average mean temperatures the advantage would be altogether in favor of certain Cornish watering places as against the winter climate of the Mediterranean coast.

Yet one should not take these assurances altogether at their face value. The winds of Cornwall are so rough that in the uplands the few small bushes one sees are dwarfed and twisted, and about Lands End the windpanes are ground to opacity by the blowing sand.

Cornwall is an unchanging land. No doubt Diodorus, who wrote of his visit to Cornwall in the time of Julius Caesar, found Lands End just as it is today, save for a few excrescences of inns and lighthouses and lifeboat stations. The very name has not been disturbed, for Lands End is the Celtic Pen-von-Las, which literally means "the end of the earth." What is the name of the Longships lighthouse, battered by waves on a rock nearby, but a translation of naves longae—"long ships"? And does not the rock on which it stands suggest a Roman galley to one of but a little imagination?

He who doubts should not come to Cornwall. Yesterday seems very near at hand.

Mines Mostly Abandoned. The great central plateau of Cornwall is of chief interest to the business man and to the archeologist. There are found the many small towns which depend on the copper and tin mining industries, on farming, or on the great pits from which clay is taken, some of which is sent to China for the manufacture of porcelain. For the most part, the copper and tin mines have gone too deep to be profitable, until some new invention comes to the rescue or prices rise out of all reason. To this cause is due the poverty and depression which may be seen in so many places on the moors.

The Cornishman is a born gambler in hard rock. When it became difficult to attract outside capital, he organized his own local concerns to work mines. Many companies of adventurous miners, too, were formed to work leases on the share plan, just as Cornish fishermen go share and share alike in their boats.

The failure of the mines not only bankrupted their owners, but drove them into other lands. One now sees a plentiful succession of empty houses on the moors—fine, square, granite-built houses that will endure the weather for centuries—and, come to think of it, almost every Cornishman one meets away from home is a miner by trade.

So part of England is as rich in prehistoric antiquities as Cornwall, and nowhere, one may guess, is the study less satisfying to an archeologist. Of the numerous Cornish crosses, about all that can be said is that they date from somewhere between the Fifth and Twelfth centuries, when Cornwall was Christianized by saints from Ireland, many of whom, according to tradition, floated across the narrow seas in stone coffins. But one Cornish cross is particularly like all other Cornish crosses.

Formed of a union of the primitive tribes and the Brythonic race which gave its name to Britain, and only slightly modified, according to students of the race history, by succeeding in-