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DOINGS OF THE WEEK

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Hoover's Good Will Message Delivered to People of Central America.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

HERBERT HOOVER began delivering his message of friendship and good will to the Latin Americans when, after plowing through a gale and rough seas, the battleship Maryland entered the Gulf of Fonseca and landed its distinguished passenger first at Ampala, Honduras. There, at the foot of an old volcano, were assembled President-Elect Vincente Colondres and his cabinet and several thousands of his countrymen, and to them Mr. Hoover extended the friendly greeting of the United States and urged a closer relationship among the republics of the Western world. Crossing the bay after luncheon, he was met in La Union by high officials of Salvador, and again told of the desire of North Americans for amicable relations and mutual understanding with their Latin American neighbors.

Corinto, Nicaragua, was the next port of call and it was reached at 11 next morning. The little city was gay with bunting and flags and thronged with people in holiday attire. President Adolfo Diaz, President-Elect Moncada and former President Chamorro all were there to welcome the visitor. The cabinet was there, too, and so were leaders of the factions that have quarreled so desperately over the rule of Nicaragua, except naturally the Sandino rebels. Everything seemed peaceful and lovely. The American marines from Managua had joined those stationed in Corinto and, commanded by Gen. Logan Feland, they made a brave parade. Incidentally, 85 of those marines were taken aboard the Maryland to serve as escort to Mr. Hoover thenceforward. In greeting Mr. Hoover as he stepped ashore, Moncada, Diaz and Chamorro all declared their confidence that he would be a real friend to their country at this time which is so critical. The visitor responded only informally, but after the colorful demonstration in the town he took the most prominent of the Nicaraguans aboard the Maryland for luncheon and then spoke more at length. Diaz and Moncada both strongly advocated the building of the Nicaraguan canal, declaring its construction would be economically advantageous and also a bulwark to the liberty of the American republics. To the correspondents General Moncada said the American marine forces in Nicaragua should be reduced gradually to about 1,000, but that it was necessary to keep that many there while the national guard was being formed and trained. Altogether, it was an auspicious day for Nicaragua.

Next day the Maryland reached Punta Arenas, Costa Rica. All ships in the harbor were dressed, the shore batteries exchanged salutes with the battleship, the bands played and the inhabitants cheered. The Hoover party left almost immediately for San Jose, the capital, where it was received by President Cleto Viquez and most of the other distinguished Costa Ricans and all the natives that could make their way to the city.

CONFIRMED pacifists will not like the annual report of Maj. Gen. C. P. Summerall, chief of staff of the army. It says that the regular army is unfit for immediate action in the event of war, because of the skeletonizing of units in past years. The general efficiency of the army, says the general, is unusually high, but he gives warning that the country must face the fact that the regular army and National Guard divisions are incomplete fighting organizations, and that considerable time must elapse, in event of a national emergency, before they can be completed and trained for satisfactory operations on the battle field.

Included in the report was the announcement that the War department has adopted a new plan designed to speed up mobilization.

Wages of Industrial Workers Now at Peak

Industrial wage earners' incomes this fall reached their highest level since 1920, a year of inflation, and employment in manufacturing was at the highest point since April, 1927, according to the monthly reports made to the National Industrial Conference board by approximately 1,500 manufacturers, employing about 800,000 workers engaged in various manufacturing concerns.

KING GEORGE'S illness, developing from a cold into inflammation of the lungs, caused grave alarm throughout the British empire and was watched with sympathetic interest by the whole world. His majesty was making a brave and cheerful fight for his life but the seriousness of his condition was not concealed by his physicians. The prince of Wales and his brother, the duke of Gloucester, were hunting in East Africa and the prince, who was in daily communication with London, decided that they should return as speedily as possible to England. Wales hastened to Dodoma with only one companion, leaving his party far behind in the bush, and took train to Dar-es-Salaam, to which port a fast cruiser was sent which to carry him home. It was said in official circles in London that the prince was not recalled but acted on his own initiative. The duke of York was at his father's bedside daily. The king's youngest son, Prince George, was in the West Indies.

Business men in London, especially department store owners and stock brokers, insured themselves heavily against the king's death, for that calamity would be serious for them, more particularly as the Christmas season was approaching. They paid rates of 21 per cent for last week and 31½ per cent for the ensuing month.

PRESIDENT AND MRS COOLIDGE spent their Thanksgiving holidays in Virginia, making their headquarters for several days at the Swannanoa Country club, a short distance from Waynesboro. On Thursday they attended Thanksgiving services in Charlottesville, afterward being the guests at luncheon of President Alderman of the University of Virginia. Their Thanksgiving dinner was at the country club. They made no social engagements for the remainder of the week, and returned to Washington Sunday.

CONGRESSMAN FRED BRITTON of Chicago pushed himself onto the front page when, in his capacity of chairman of the house committee on naval affairs, he cabled to Prime Minister Baldwin of Great Britain a suggestion that Mr. Britton's committee and a select committee of parliament meet in a conference in Canada next March to discuss the application of the 5-5-3 Washington treaty ratio to all classes of fighting vessels. The committees would then report their recommendations, if any, to their respective governments, after the fashion of the inter-parliamentary union, to which all members of the house naval committee belong. Mr. Britton said to the press that the failure of past limitations conferences had been attributed to military men and that, while he personally did not think they were responsible, he would prefer to see both committees composed of non-military men. He declared that this country's naval policy had never been competitive but had always been defensive.

FATHER NEPTUNE has been in a horrible temper of late and has stirred up terrific storms on the Atlantic and other waters. The worst effects were felt on the coasts of Europe and on the Black sea. Many vessels were sunk or driven ashore and the loss of life undoubtedly was considerable. The gales did not stop at the coasts but swept over the land, being especially severe in England and France. On the other side of the world, a great typhoon devastated part of the Philippine Islands and it was believed at least 200 lives were lost. The damage to property was up in the millions. Red Cross workers and relief supplies were sent from Manila on warships.

To be classed among minor disasters is the influenza outbreak in and about Los Angeles. Several thousand cases were reported, with about two score deaths. The motion picture colony in Hollywood was especially hard hit. The veteran actor Edward Connelly and Mrs. Sadie Miller, mother of Patay Ruth Miller, were among the dead there, and many of the stars and directors were on the sick list. Many of the public schools in the region were closed.

EXTRADITION of H. M. Blackmer, the missing Teapot Dome witness wanted on an indictment for making

false returns at Denver, has been refused by France. Blackmer's attorney made a fervent plea in the Paris court and that tribunal decided there was no reason why, under the French law, the request for extradition should be granted. The defendant was given complete liberty and the case was closed so far as France is concerned.

ONE of those odd tales of imposture that crop up in Europe every once in a while came to its climax when a dairy maid on the farm of the former crown prince of Germany was sentenced in Berlin to two years in prison. For months she had posed as "Princess Margarete of Prussia," morganatic wife of the ex-crown prince, and many gullible persons, making no investigation, loaded her with hospitality, money and other gifts. "I was forced to act the part, for I looked so distinguished when I was dressed up everybody insisted I was a princess in disguise," the forty-year-old and rather unattractive dairy maid pleaded.

SIGRID UNDSSET, the Norwegian novelist who was awarded the Nobel prize of \$42,000 for literature, announces that she will devote the entire sum to charity. Already she has given \$20,000 of it to provide for parents who are obliged to maintain mentally deficient children in their homes.

REOPENING of the question of American adherence to the World court has been practically decided on by the Coolidge administration. The President told a group of senators who breakfasted at the White House that he hoped the difference between the United States and other nations, on the reservations added by the senate in voting for adherence, could be reconciled and the reservations made acceptable. While Mr. Coolidge did not so state, the impression was gained that negotiations already were in progress. Before going to Virginia for the holiday, the President conferred with Secretary of State Kellogg on the method of procedure to be followed. Mr. Kellogg refused to state whether developments had occurred within the last few weeks which indicated that the chances of American entrance into the court were any better than they were at the time the nations rejected the senate reservations.

WILLIAM R. DAWES, Chicago financier, was elected president of the Mississippi Valley association at its tenth convention in St. Louis. He succeeds James E. Smith of St. Louis who resigned after 20 years of activity in the inland waterway movement. The association adopted a resolution asking congress for the early completion of the Mississippi valley waterway system, pointing out that \$42,270,217 already had been expended or allotted for completion of various waterway projects and calling on congress to make available annually whatever money is needed to complete the projects.

The association held that the system should be standardized as to channel depths, locks, terminals and floating equipment, and that the main trunk lines should have channels nine feet deep. The main trunk lines were specified as the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio rivers, the Illinois waterway and the Intracoastal canal in Louisiana and Texas. The right to divert water from Lake Michigan for the Illinois waterway was upheld. The association praised the Denison barge line bill, and requested congress to appropriate \$10,000,000 for added equipment and barges for the Inland Waterway corporation. The sum already has been authorized.

CHANNING Tripp of Flint, Mich., thirty-seven years old, was sentenced in that city to life imprisonment following his conviction of a fourth violation of the prohibition law. Sentence was pronounced by Circuit Judge Fred W. Brennan under the new state criminal code which makes a life sentence mandatory for a fourth felony conviction and which classifies violations of the dry law as felonies. Another opportunity for vigorous comment by the foes of the Eighteenth amendment.

Employment in September was more than 6 per cent higher than at the low point in November, 1927, and 4 per cent higher than last September. Not only was the number employed greater but the total number of hours worked by them in September was 10.8 per cent greater than that in low month of November, 1927, and 6.2 per cent greater than September last year. These figures, however, the board points out, are averages based upon the reports from individual plants in 25 industries and reflect greater improvement in some than in others. Weekly and hourly earnings per worker during September increased in 18 industries including agricultural implements, automobiles, boots and shoes, chemicals, cotton (in the North), bosery and knit goods, iron and steel, leather tanning, meat packing, paint and varnish, paper products, rubber, silk, foundry and machine shops, machines and machine tools and heavy equipment hardware and small parts.

THE LOVELY LADY

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MADGE MEREDITH called him up that morning on the telephone.

"Come over tonight for a game of bridge, Guy, and meet our guest, Miss Angell. She's perfectly lovely. You'll fall in love with her. I know. I'm simply crazy about her. Mother first met her at the Woman's Club in Delfield, and she hasn't rested till she got her here to make us a little visit. You'll come?"

"Sure, I'll come, Madge. And thank you for the chance to meet the lovely lady." Guy Holding laughed as he waited politely for Madge to hang up first. Then he went back to his desk and forgot about everything but what he was doing. He even forgot about Madge whom he had reason to think liked him a good deal and who came nearer to being his ideal of what a girl should be than any woman he had ever met or was, perhaps, likely to meet.

He lunched downtown and went home rather late to dinner, remembering as he entered his mother's house that he had made a promise to Madge.

His mother met him in the hall. She was plump, gray-haired and faded, but a nice woman for all that, as Guy often told her. He adored his mother. And she worshiped him. Her husband hadn't amounted to much, but her son was entirely satisfactory. He took after her side of the family when it came to go-getting, but for all his business acumen he was terribly ingenuous. Mrs. Holding suffered a good deal on that account. Calls waited upon them at dinner. Calla was colored and elderly, but a perfect maid. She set Guy's soup before him like a caress, and he smiled at her out of frank, boyish brown eyes.

"Going out this evening, dear?" Mrs. Holding inquired. "That's so. I am. Madge asked me." His mother smiled in a pleased way. "I'd rather planned to take you to see a play, but if you don't mind waiting till tomorrow night—"

"I'm rather glad. I've got a whole basketful of your socks to mend," Mrs. Holding said. "You best of mothers!" Guy blew her a kiss across the table and she blew him one back again. After that the roast fowl warmed up from yesterday tasted ever so delicious.

Guy walked down the moonlit street under the denuded maples to the Meredith house, which was at the extreme end. He thought about seeing Madge and wondered what she would be wearing. No matter what it was it would be sure to be the right thing. Madge met him at the door. She had on a little cocoa-colored frock trimmed with a few bands of skunk fur, very becoming to her fresh, dark coloring.

"Now prepare to be overwhelmed," she bade him as he laid aside his hat and coat. "Miss Angell is perfectly lovely."

"So are you." He laughed at her, noting the color that rose in her smooth cheeks.

Mrs. Meredith was in the living room with the guest who sat in a deep winged chair by the fireside. At a word there rose out of that winged chair the most beautiful woman Guy had ever seen. She was tall, slender, yet exquisitely rounded, with no suggestion of bone or muscle in her white arms and shoulders. Her hair had the ashen gleam of white gold, her face was a flower, her eyes dark, wonderful. She wore a gown like a bit of dawn—rose and lavender and silver, and when she spoke her voice was like the call of a bird to its mate.

Guy tried not to stare, but he could think of nothing nicer than just to look his fill at her. And when Madge brought out the card table and they sat down to play he was glad to be nearer to her. Before the evening was over he had fallen victim to that glamour which attacks a man once only perhaps in his whole life. And all night he lay awake, his head whirling with dreams of Miss Angell and plans to see her again.

He was not himself next day. That afternoon he got leave from his boss and took Miss Angell for a ride in his roadster, and that evening he made a theater party and invited the Merediths and his mother—and her.

The following day he sent her a sheaf of tea roses to carry with her when she went away. He had on more glimpses of her as she took the train and then the pall descended.

How was he going to live without her? No, rather how could he keep on seeing her, wooing her until he could break down every barrier and make her his? He moved as one in a dream, and when he ate his Lady's Delight—the marvelous dessert which it took both his mother and Calla to

achieve—as if it were sawdust he could no longer conceal the state of his feelings.

"What's gone wrong with Madge?" Mrs. Holding asked. "She looks so wan. Are you going over there as much as usual, dear?"

"I haven't seen Madge in two weeks," Guy replied unthinkingly. "She was here today," Mrs. Holding ventured. "I thought maybe you'd ask her and me to go somewhere tonight?"

"Oh, all right." Guy accepted the proposal patiently.

Between acts he tried to find out from Madge something about Miss Angell.

"She wrote the nicest bread-and-butter letter! She has asked me to visit her," Madge said.

Madge was going to visit her! That made Madge interesting, and he turned his attention to her. Another week passed. He had sent flowers to Miss Angell and had received a creamy-tinted note from her—cool and sweet as paraffin. It wasn't much, but—it was something. Then he did a bold thing. He went to see her—but she was not at home, and he came away uncomfortable save for a sight of the old pillared house and the sharp-eyed servant who had answered his ring.

Now the awful desire for sympathy so controlled him that he sought his mother. He got out of bed, put on his lounging robe and slippers and went into her room in the dead of night. There by the faint, gold-tinged light he told her all that was in his heart.

Mrs. Holding sat up in bed with the extra blanket about her shoulders. She had been awakened from a peaceful sleep and she looked old, frumpish with cold cream on her face and her gray hair skewed on curlers.

"I'm so glad you told me this, dear," she said. "I've known, of course, what was going on, but I had to wait until you were ready to give me your confidence. Guy, you believe what I tell you, don't you? You have never found me lying to you or using the slightest subterfuge."

"Never, mother."

"Then, my dear, painful as it is I shall give you the truth. Miss Angell—"

"She's not going to be married!" Guy leaped from his chair.

"Oh, dear, no. If she was ever going to marry she would have done so years ago. She has had lovers enough. Why, I remember when I was first engaged to your father meeting her at a party—you see I've always known about her. She was all ways pretty as a picture, but since she inherited all that money and took that course at a beauty institute—"

"Mother! What are you saying?"

"I'm trying to tell you, my dear son, that Lavenia Angell is exactly one year and nine weeks older than I am."

She had produced a cataclysm, but because he had always believed her he managed to do so now. Wasn't she his own mother and hadn't she always told him the truth? Besides, as he looked at her, the conviction seeped in.

Madge could have told you, but she wouldn't," ended Mrs. Holding.

Six weeks later Madge Meredith showed Mrs. Holding a diamond and platinum ring.

"You don't mind," she whispered.

"Dear!" Mrs. Holding kissed her.

"You know I think Guy has always liked me—except once—for a little while," Madge said.

Mrs. Holding smiled joyously.

"Well, I shouldn't let that worry me," she replied.

Ad old farmer, who was attending a church convention, chuckled to himself as he read the subjects on the program. "See here, parson," he said to his pastor, "you've had papers and discussions all day on how to get people to attend church. I've never heard a single address, at a farmers' convention, on how to get cattle to come to the rack. We put all our time on the best kind of feed. I sort of have a notion that if you put more time on discussing what to put in the rack, you wouldn't have to spend all that time discussing how to get your folk to attend church."—Montreal Family Herald.

Ancient Superstitions

Coins worn as pendants or amulets were common in the ancient world, because of their likeness to the moon; and it is probable that medallions, and hence medals, were originally circular for the purpose of introducing the lunar element and thereby counteracting the blighting effects of admiration or envy. Spitting is mentioned by many ancient authors as a protection against the evil eye, and this explains the custom of spitting on a coin, which is still widely practiced.

Causes of Discord

Five great enemies of peace inhabit with us—avarice, ambition, envy, anger and pride; if these were to be banished, we should invariably enjoy perpetual peace.—Petraich.

In Poland



Little Village Girls of Poland.

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

THE passage of ten years as a newly independent nation was celebrated by Poland on Armistice day, November 11. Poland had a long history of independence before modern times, but the country's identity was snuffed out by Russia, Germany, and Austria more than a century ago, when those three powers divided Polish territory among themselves. The armistice brought back together the fragments of the old kingdom, and it has since functioned as a republic.

On the tenth anniversary of the new birth of Poland one might consider the statistics of this new-old nation—statistics which would show the mighty strides that have been taken to make up for the years of division. But let us take this for granted, and gain instead a few glimpses of the picturesque places and people of Poland's interior.

The nation offers no spectacle more colorful than the Sunday procession in Lowicz. In rude farm wagons and on foot, the peasants come from humble villages in the widespread plain whence Poland gets its name.

The abbey church, walled into a grassy inclosure, backs up to a great cobbled square. On fine Sundays, each of the three entrances is a hovering place for a rainbow whose colors, intensified by fixing them in stiff, sturdy homespun, bell out in broad skirts and bright aprons, below which even a peasant foot, if confined in a shiny high shoe with laces matching some color of the costume, has a pleasing grace.

The men, wearing long frogged coats and orange trousers stuffed into well-black boots, stand in sober groups, from which the eye is lured away by gleaming masses of creamy silken head-shawls, long of fringe and worn without a wrinkle.

Gdynia Is Its Seaport.

Gdynia is Poland's patriotic hope as a seaport. At the end of the World War Poland was denied the ownership of Danzig, through which its seaborne commerce has ever come. The city was made free, under the League of Nations, however, to facilitate Polish commerce. At the same time Poland was given a narrow strip of a dreary, sandy stretch of the Baltic coast. On this coast, at Gdynia, Poland has been feverishly building a port, which it is hoped will become the main doorway between the republic and the sea trade of other nations.

Gdynia now consists of several piers, many incongruous villas, an ambitious band-shell, a bulky Pharos, and a fishing strand cobwebbed with nets. There are a casino and a hotel called the Polish Riviera. It is decreed that Gdynia is to be a pleasure resort, the rival of Zobbot as well as of Danzig.

Poznan is the most thoroughly Polish and the most modern city in the republic. One should see this cradle of the Polish race in a half fog which gives grace to the bulky palace of the kaiser, adds just the proper note of northern softness to the classic facade of the Raczynski library, and banishes the ugly from the buildings overhanging the Warta.

Along Poland's only natural boundary, the Carpathians, two salients project southward, one into the jumble of mountains called the Tatras, whose further slopes are in Czechoslovakia; the other to the bank of the Czere-

mosz, over against Bukovina. In these two salients are to be found two of the most interesting peoples in the Polish complex.

Mountain Resort and Salt Mines.

In the Tatras lies Zakopane, Poland's chief mountain resort, with a beautiful situation, several large sanitariums for weak-lunged patients, and the most charming group of villas in Poland. Many of them, though larger and finer, are built in the same "Zakopane" style as the modest wooden houses, which were there before Doctor Chalubinski "discovered" the place, in 1873, and the railway came, in 1896.

There are attractive promenades, plenty of mountains to climb, an active Tatras society serving those who don't do all their exploring by automobile, and up in the mountains a gem of a lake called the "Eye of the Sea." Either it is absolutely without bottom or the tradition that it is connected with the ocean is without foundation. But it is a very charming lake.

Near Wieliczka are the great salt mines of which all the world has heard—salt beds from which have been carved chapels, corridors, chambers and ballrooms. There is a huge chapel with rock-salt saints, well preserved in spite of their age. The rock-salt chandeliers have almost as much glitter as glass.

The prize city of Poland is Krakow. Jagiello came all the way from Lithuania to be baptized and made a Pole—in-law on the Wawel—Hill of Kings—after Casimir the Great, "who found a Poland of wood and left behind him a Poland of stone," had carried Krakow to such heights of glory as no other Polish city ever reached. It was rather Krakow's usefulness as a trade mart which won it continental favor and support.

The grain of Hungary, the silks of Italy, the amber of Danzig, and the spices of the East passed through Krakow. Men trusted their lives to yew bows from Galicia and her onks furnished the framework for many a ship.

The City of Lions.

In Krakow there are other things more interesting than markets, but in Lwow there aren't. Lwow, Leopold, Lemberg, Leopolia, The City of Lions. The Nest of Heroes—the city has as many aliases as a confidence man. On the station is the inscription "Leopold Semjor Fidella." Considering the frequent changes of ownership and government, either the "always" or the "faithful" must be poetic license.

Here and there in its wide area there is an outcropping of hills whose steep slopes are given over to beautiful parks heavily wooded with splendid trees. Barracks are everywhere. Lwow has never recovered from the role of fortress, which it has played ever since the Ruthenians built it as a defense against the Tartars.

Lwow's place as capital of a new and then autonomous Galicia won it many imposing buildings, upon which Italian architects and German sculptors lavished much skill. The old university, dating from 1690, has taken on new life with the coming of liberty. There is to be another, solely for Ruthenian students from East Galicia, where this "racial minority," separated by nothing but an imaginary line from 25,000,000 racial and religious brothers in the Ukraine, outnumber the Poles two to one.