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In Abyssinia



A Noble of Abyssinia and His Wife.

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THE status of Abyssinia, supposedly settled a score of years ago when England, France, and Italy guaranteed her independence, is up for consideration again among the guarantors. The country is practically the last bit of Africa unappropriated by European powers, and some of the powers are wondering whether it would not be better after all to bring western civilization—and control—into this corner of the Dark Continent.

Although the people of Abyssinia may be immersed in medievalism, their rulers have managed to keep pretty well up with the times.

One of the most famous women rulers in the history of the world sat upon the throne of Abyssinia nearly 3,000 years ago, but the present empress of that country, a daughter of Menelik II, is not allowed to govern her people. Walzeru Zauditu is merely the nominal head of this country, which was noted as the home of the Queen of Sheba in the days of Solomon. The actual ruler of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, as its natives prefer to call it, is Ras Tafari, the regent and heir apparent, son of Ras Makonnen of Harar, and cousin to the empress.

Unfortunately, the United States has no resident agent in Ethiopia. Although the ruler is very favorably disposed toward Americans, and is willing to extend unusual courtesies to them, he first makes very sure of their mission and satisfies himself that they are as they represent themselves. A would-be traveler may have to cool his heels in Addis Ababa, the capital, for many weeks before he receives permission to go about the country.

What Addis Ababa is Like.

Addis Ababa is a straggling city. The principal streets are "paved" with round, waterworn boulders from the 6 to 10 inches in diameter, and the two main suburban roads along the base of the hill are surfaced with a thin macadam. Wheeled traffic is uncommon, most residents going from place to place on horseback. It is a journey of an hour and a half from the American mission, on one edge of town, to the British legation, on the other.

A fairly good road runs from the residence of Ras Tafari to that of the empress, and several streets are passable to the half-dozen automobiles, which are limited to the city and to one road which is improved for some distance westward. Over the country as a whole there is no possibility of wheeled traffic of any kind.

To ride in an automobile in the city is more or less of an adventure. The streets are always filled with pedestrians, each one of whom is obsessed with the idea that he must discover how long he can keep in front of the machine by running. The native pack ponies coming to market are unused to autos and gallop wildly along the road, causing their packs, which are loaded with hay, to slip sideways and finally beneath them.

The store buildings are one or two-story adobe and stone structures covered with galvanized-iron roofing. The stocks of goods are small and inferior, although at one store, run by a Parsee, a considerable assortment of articles is for sale. Besides the stores, there are the thousands of grass-roofed huts scattered about the hills, where the native population lives.

There is no electricity, no gas, no water or sewerage system, but there is a "movie."

All the town goes to the station in the evening when the train arrives from Jibuti. The coaches of the train are filled with all kinds and classes of people, who arrive weary and dirty.

It is only 500 miles from the coast, but the toy train has labored heavily

for three days to accomplish the journey. It runs only in daylight hours—a practice due in part to danger from the Somalis and Danakils, nomadic peoples of the semidesert, for it would not be difficult to remove a rail, plunder the wreck, and disappear in the darkness.

Needs of Travelers.

When traveling in Abyssinia there are a few details of organization to which particular attention should be paid. The first is to be well supplied with interpreters. There should be at least two, preferably men who do not like each other, for there are several hazards in having but one interpreter. In the first place, you are at his mercy, and are told only the things that he is willing that you should know. If he wishes to go a certain route, he tells you that there is but one road. Again, he may fall ill and thus leave you without means of communication.

A second end to be secured in organization is dissension in camp. There can be no concerted action and little individual sabotage in the way of delaying the marches, if there are factions among the servants. To this end it is wise to hire both Mohammedans and Christians. The Mohammedans prove especially useful in tying up the Christians when the latter get drunk.

The plateau of western Abyssinia slopes upward from the low plains of the Sudan. It rises gradually higher and higher until the extreme eastern edge is reached.

Here it breaks abruptly into a great escarpment, the first drop being one of 5,000 feet. Its surface is cut by streams, the larger of which have eroded canyons of great extent and of forbidding depths. The aspect of the country is extremely mountainous, but for the most part this appearance is due to erosion.

The canyons interpose great difficulties in traveling. They necessitate either very hazardous descents and climbs or time-taking detours of many miles. The trails, as far as possible, follow the high ground.

Seventy-five miles northeast of Addis Ababa (but six days by horseback) lies Ankober, situated on a peak in the breaks of the eastern escarpment. The traveler sights it hours before his arrival, but he is compelled first to drop down thousands of feet to cross a stream and then reclimb to an almost equal elevation. The sides of the canyon are very precipitous and, although the trail zigzags back and forth, it is extremely steep.

Ankober on Its Peak.

Ankober was founded by Amada Yesus about 1750. It consists of a needlelike peak surmounted by a citadel which includes an inclosure and a couple of houses, one of which belongs to the ruler. There are several lines of defenses of a type perfected as a barrier to spearmen. There are also three or four guard-houses on the path which leads to the crest. About the hill lie a few scattered huts and on either side is a church.

The view from the peak at the corner of the plateau is magnificent. To the north and west are lines of crags, rocky pinnacles and forbidding chasms eroded from the escarpment. To the northwest the escarpment rises like a wall. From the southwest to northeast the plain of the Hawash river sweeps in a great curve—miles and miles of blue-black acacia grasslands that fade away in the lower levels to intangible streaks of white.

The Amharas belong to the Coptic church, a branch of the Christian faith. In their services the priests often encircle the church dancing, or dance before it, as was the custom of the Jews in Biblical times.

THE EAST AND THE WEST

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"I T'S never Will Thorpe!"

"That you, Jimmy?"

The two men gazed at each other in half incredulity. Then:

"How you've changed, Will!" exclaimed the Easterner.

"I guess I'm wearing clothes that I wouldn't have cared to be seen in at Harvard or in Boston," said Will Thorpe, smiling at his friend.

"I don't mean that," answered Jimmy Tremont. "It's—it's—well, I don't know just what it is!"

Will Thorpe thought about his friend's words that evening when he was alone in his cabin on the mountain. Had he changed during his three years in the West, beyond the mere physical appearance? He was inclined to think he had. Certainly his tastes seemed to have altered in many ways.

Will Thorpe had been sent West three years before. He had been an idler and extravagant; at last his father, who had always dealt with the boy rather harshly, refused to assist him further unless he entered his iron foundry and settled down. Angry words had arisen, and in the end Will had packed his suitcase and gone West with a hundred dollars in his pockets.

His sweetheart, Marion Vansittart, had scolded him for his decision. She had reminded him, petulantly, that she could neither marry a poor man nor wait forever. He had kissed her and told her that he would return with his fortune made. And for a few months she had written. Then her letters became shorter and less frequent; finally they ceased altogether.

It was more than two years since he had heard from her. And gradually the new life had woven itself about him, and he ceased to care.

Then he had received a mysterious, unsigned message asking him to be at the railway depot at a certain hour, to meet the train. And he had gone, to find Jim Tremont waiting there. Jim was passing through on his way to California, he told him, and he had heard he was in that part of the country. Did Will know that his father was dead and he was the sole heir of five million dollars? He had better write home quickly, because every one was searching for him, and he had only heard of his address by chance.

"I suppose you'll be back East in a week, and holding out at the club," said Jimmy casually, as he shook hands and said good-by.

It was that that made Will think he had really changed. How could he associate those elusive memories which he had almost forgotten with this life that had taken possession of him?

He thought of Norma Gale, the daughter of the old homesteader down the valley. How was he to tell her? The girl, educated and refined (as were all the people of the district, was utterly unrepresentative in the sort of society in which he had moved. She had never worn a gown with a low neck in her life. She would be helpless among a crowd of people such as—Marion Vansittart!

Yet it never occurred to Will that he could do anything but go. It had never entered his mind that he was to stay permanently in the West.

A man on horseback was riding up to his cabin. Will watched him as he approached. Visitors were something of an event in the settlement, and Will knew the rider as the telegrapher in the cluster of houses that had grown up around the depot and was called a city.

"Wire for you, Thorpe!" he announced briefly.

Will took the message and opened it. He stared at it as if he did not understand. It was from Marion. She had learned his address, she said—probably every one could discover the address of a millionaire—and she was passing through on her way East from the San Francisco exposition. She would stay an hour while they changed engines. Would he meet her?

"Thanks," said Will to the telegrapher, and watched him ride down the hill.

Yes, he was going East, and going back to Marion. For a moment the old life came rushing over him, with its memories, its thousand allurements. And the new life meant nothing.

He mounted his horse and rode slowly down the valley. He had no destination in mind, but suddenly he realized that he was approaching the homesteader's house. And at the door stood Norma, in her sunbonnet.

that his lips were trembling. How had she known he was going East? Did the news fly as fast in this settlement as in the great world? And what did it matter to her?

"Yes, I am going East, Norma," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"I—I congratulate you," she answered quietly. But he saw the tears in her eyes.

"You have meant so much to me," he said impulsively. "I hate the thought of going. And yet—it is my duty, I suppose."

"Then you must go," said the girl softly. She was smiling very bravely at him. "Won't you come in?"

"No—I can't now," he said crudely.

"Norma, I shall—I shall see you again before I go."

She nodded, and he knew the meaning of her silence. The girl cared for him, and in her unsophisticated way was incapable of concealment. He saw her walk back quietly into the cabin.

Marion's train was to arrive the following morning. Will rode down to the depot with a heavy heart. The old and the new were tugging at it, and he did not know which pulled him the harder. There were so many memories here—yet the thought of Marion came to him like a flood of sunlight. How he had loved Marion! She had tacitly released him by her silence, and yet doubtless she would explain that. He would follow her soon. He saw the old life vividly, their marriage, the quiet home in Boston.

The train was pulling in. He had stood on the platform in a sort of daze. Now he awakened suddenly, and he felt his heart beating hard in anticipation. The men about the platform were watching him curiously. He looked into the carriages of the train as it came to a halt. He walked its length. Marion was not there. Had she missed her train?

"Still dreaming, Will?" asked a hard voice over his shoulder.

He started round, to see Marion, with a party of girl friends, dressed in the height of fashion, looking at him with a smile.

"Dear me, I must be very hard to find," she said. "Well! When are you coming home?"

The hardness of her tones struck him like a blow. Surely he had changed out of all recognition if he had ever thought Marion's voice beautiful. The girl whom he had loved to the point of infatuation stood revealed to him as an artificial, hard young woman, without the slightest charm.

"I think it was very wrong of you not to write to me for so long," she continued. "But I forgive you, Will. We can forgive a man with millions anything, can't we Dora?"

The girl addressed as Dora murmured something. The whole party was taken aback, not to say shocked, at the sight of this man in the cowboy clothes. And he was a millionaire! He was Will Thorpe of Harvard and Boston!

Perhaps Marion shrewdly divined the change that had occurred in him, for she drew him aside.

"Will, I know I ought to have been more serious," she said, "but you can't think how startling and ridiculous you look, dressed like one of these natives. Listen, Will, and let me explain. I have always cared for you just as much, but I couldn't be engaged to a beggar. You see that for yourself, don't you? And everybody understood that your father was going to cut you out of his will, instead of leaving you the sole heir. I am just as fond of you, Will."

Will Thorpe looked at her with slowly rising anger. She did not realize what she was saying. Had he ever been like that? Was that the kind of man that he had been, that she so confidently imagined he was still?

"So when are you coming home, Will?" she continued. "When are you coming home to me?" she added softly.

The engineer blew the whistle. Will looked her full in the face. "Never!" he answered roughly.

The party was moving toward the train. Will saw the look of amazed indignation upon Marion's face. He broke from her. He mounted the horse that was tethered to a post outside the depot. The train was starting. But Will was riding for the mountain slopes, and his "never" rang in his ears like the sound of a chanted chorus.

He flung himself from his horse at the cabin door which hid at that moment all that life held most precious for him.

"Norma!" he shouted, hammering with his knuckles.

He heard her footsteps; he saw her stand before him; he caught her in his arms.

"Norma! I have come home—to you," he cried.

Nature's Gallery

The artist's bride went marketing for the first time. "What have you in the way of vegetables?" she inquired. "Beans, peas, squash, lentils—!" The dealer rattled off a long list. "Dear me. Have you a catalogue?"

Japanese Coeds Taking Military Training



Coeds of the Tokyo Shuyo-Dan taking military training under the direction of the officers of the First regiment of the Japanese national army.

Canadian Dollar Jolts U. S. Visitors

Dominion Money's Advantage Over Ours Due Partly to Trade Balance.

Toronto, Ont.—United States visitors to Canada are chagrined when they find the American dollar is now at a discount here.

In a monetary way the amount of the discount is insignificant. For all ordinary transactions United States currency is accepted as par by everyone everywhere in Canada. But on large banking transactions the technical discount becomes a reality and the American eagle has a little bit clipped off its wings.

The prosaic rates of exchange tables on the financial pages tell the story. Day after day the Canadian dollar is quoted in New York at a slight premium. Some days it is only three thirty-seconds of 1 per cent premium; more frequently it is five thirty-seconds or more.

What is the explanation? The subject of rates of exchange is so complicated and so contentious that it would be foolish to be dogmatic, but there are certain explanatory conditions that are obvious.

Production One Reason.

In the first place Canada is producing wealth at a rate which, having regard for her small population and scale of expenditure, is enormous. Hundreds of millions of dollars a year from her wheatfields, more hundreds of millions of dollars a year from her pulp-wood forests and mines, to say nothing of the output of factories, grazing lands, hardwood forests, fisheries and other sources of wealth, are building up substantial surpluses.

For the year ending July 31, 1926, Canada's excess of exports over imports amounted to \$388,000,000—more than \$40 for every man, woman and child in the dominion. A proportionate favorable trade balance for the United States would be around \$5,000,000,000.

A favorable trade balance first made its appearance in Canada during the war in the era of high prices and munitions business. It was predicted it would disappear when abnormal conditions passed. So it did—almost. In 1920 it was only \$11,000,000. But since then year by year it has grown. Last year the increase was \$100,000,000 and there is no sign now of its diminution.

Another factor in the Canadian dollar premium is the continued influx of outside capital. Every year for 11 years there has been a stream of United States capital flowing into Canada at the rate of \$200,000,000 a year. It finds investment either in government bonds or in industrial enterprises. Before 1914 the flow was from Great Britain.

Some economists, particularly high protectionists, who are dissatisfied with the present conditions of trade, claim that it is this stream of United States capital into Canada that is the decisive factor in putting the Canadian dollar at a premium. They say the favorable trade balance is illusory and disappears when invisible exports and imports are taken into account.

But the chief invisible item is interest on foreign investments in Canada. These are estimated at around \$5,000,000,000, on which the interest would be, say \$300,000,000. Substantial reductions must be made from this amount. Some of this interest remains in Canada for fresh investment, the balance or tourist traffic will account for another huge sum. Canadians also have investments abroad on which they collect interest.

Demonstrably Canada's real favorable trade balance is large even if some deduction has to be made from the \$388,000,000 which the government figures show. It represents a real increase in wealth in the country. When

these two varieties of birds to talk and sing for the last twenty years. And, so successful has been, that customers flock from all parts of Europe to visit her cottage, and to buy her birds.

She believes that the ability to sing and talk is strengthened through inheritance. Consequently she breeds her birds with the greatest care and has developed strains of nutcrackers and starlings which are not equaled as singers and talkers in all Europe.

The starlings and nutcrackers go to school each morning, not just hit or miss, but in classes. The birds sit on her head, on her shoulders, in her lap and as she trills and talks to them, it spurs them on to imitative effort.

And her method? Patience, an endless amount of it.

ONLY BLIND ICEMAN



James Galviah, sixty years old, of New York, is perhaps the only blind iceman in the world. He caters to quite a large clientele, in wood, coal and ice, and makes all his deliveries alone and unaided.

Insomnia Cure

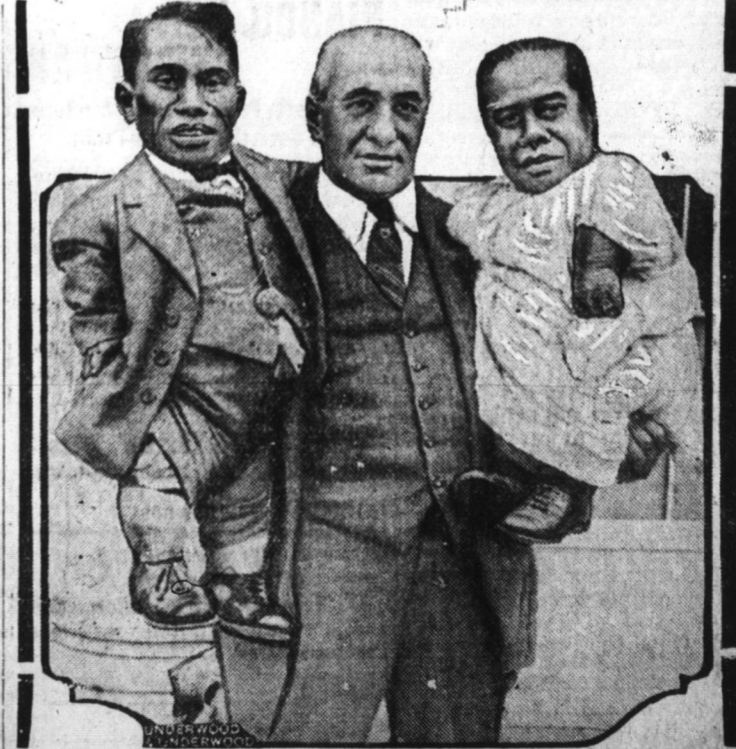
London.—If you can't sleep try painting the walls of your bedroom a dainty mauve. It works fine in St. John's hospital, as do other colors in place of the usual white.

Austrian Trains Field Birds to Talk and Sing

Bayersdorf, Austria.—In Austria the starlings and nutcrackers talk and sing, that is, all those who go to school to Mitzi Hofer.

Fraulein Hofer, has been teaching

Two Dwarfs From Philippines



All sorts of people are among the visitors to the White House. Here are two of the strangest, Martini and Jean de la Cruz, dwarfs from the Philippine islands. With them is Morris Miller of New York.