

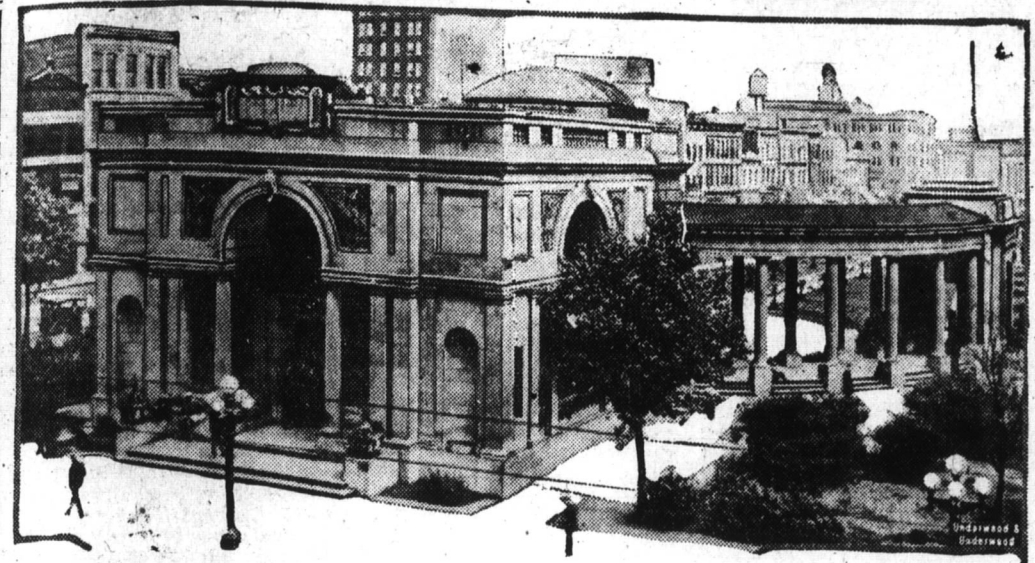
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Beautiful Gateway to the Northwestern States



Minneapolis claims to be the gateway to the northern tier of states and the great Northwest, and the pride of the city is the symbolical gateway and plaza of imposing architecture in a public park in the business district, which opens to the northwest.

Romance of Sea Rivals Fiction

Canadian Fireman Who Saved Titanic Babe Becomes Heir to Millions.

Toronto, Ont.—Heir to \$2,000,000 and guardian of a girl of fourteen whom as an infant he saved when the Titanic went down in 1912 is the happy fate which, according to his own story, has befallen John James, a fireman employed in one of Toronto's pumping stations. A few days ago James left for England for the purpose, he said, of concluding legal formalities.

Among John James' associates his story is accepted at its face value, for they have known him for many years as a trustworthy workman and a man of his word. Among others there is skepticism pending his return from England with his millions and his ward.

John James' story in any case stands unrivaled among romances of the sea. Here it is in his own words:

"I had shipped on the Titanic as a seaman under the name of John Jones. I did not use my own name because of a previous disagreement at the company's employment office.

"When the vessel struck the 'growler' I took my station beside No. 8 boat.

Receives Charge of Baby.

"It was as the passengers were getting into the boat that I received charge of the baby, who has been responsible for the events which have happened recently.

"A number of women had got into the boat. I remember they included Mrs. J. J. Astor and Lady Rothe, when a woman carrying a baby in her arms came forward. Her husband and two other little children were with her. She first handed me the child and then, on learning that her husband could not accompany her, refused to go herself. The other two children stayed with their mother, and I was handed a sum of money and an address in London, with instructions that should anything happen I was to deliver the child to that address. I was told I was keeping the baby for extra precaution. None of us dreamed for a moment the Titanic would sink.

"We lowered away and pulled off from the doomed vessel.

"Each hour I made each passenger take a teaspoonful of rum and I took some myself. It kept us alive, for the cold, following the proximity of the iceberg, was intense and I was dressed only in canvas breeches and jersey. I had not even shoes on. I had stowed the baby, wrapped up in my oilskins, in the boat's locker. Now and again it would cry and I moistened its lips with a little rum and water. That, in my opinion, kept it alive.

Picked Up by the Carpathia.

"It was terrible when the passengers in the boat realized the giant vessel was gone. The tragedy has been sufficiently written about, and it is enough for me to say that the next morning we were picked up by the Carpathia and that the baby was still safe and sound.

"On the Carpathia they tried to take the child from me, but I had given my word to deliver it to its grandparents and I meant to keep it. The child was well cared for, of course, and after we reached New York I took it ashore with me and then back to England, where I was met by the grandparents at Liverpool and handed her over to them. At the time I was well compensated financially, and after the Washington and Southampton inquiries, at both of which I gave evi-

dence, I returned to my calling on the sea.

"The grandparents would write me and send me money on the Titanic's anniversary, but it was not until the war that I saw them again. It was about six years after the Titanic's sinking that I was in hospital wounded. When I was discharged I was given a fortnight's leave and I went to spend it in London in the Union Jack club. I had nothing to do there so I thought I would call for the first time on the baby's grandparents, for I had been often invited when in London to do so.

"I went down by bus and, of course, I was wearing my sailor's uniform. When I arrived at the address I was surprised at the size and imposing front of the house I had come to visit. Mustering up my courage I rang the bell and when the door was opened by a butler asked to see the lady of the house. He viewed me with apparent doubt and then remarked that the lady of the house was not at home.

"Take her my name," I said, "I know she will see me."

"He was taken to close the door when a little girl walked from a room to the left of the great hall across it. She was dressed in white, and as she crossed she saw me. She stopped and looked at me for a long moment.

"What is your name?" she asked me, and I told her.

"Martin," she said, "kindly let the gentleman in. I know him and grandmother will see him."

"I was taken inside, where an old lady was sitting reading. I introduced myself and to my consternation she kissed me.

"Send for Mrs. Martin," she ordered the butler. "Mr. James will stay with me."

"I demurred, but she insisted and the whole of my fortnight's leave was

spent in that wonderful house. Each day we would drive to the theater or some entertainment or other, while I met many people at her home. You can guess I was not entirely comfortable, but I gradually got used to the new luxury, and my leave expired almost before it had begun, so to speak. Then I went back to the sea again. After the war, with £500 the old lady gave me, I came to Canada and started my new life here."

Now, according to James, the grandmother is dead and he has been notified that he must assume guardianship of the child and is heir to an estate that is valued at \$2,000,000.

An embarrassing change in his mode of life is entailed but James thinks he can best bridge the gulf by becoming a gentleman farmer, an old ambition with him.

In any case, he says, he will not abandon Canada or his friends at the city hall and elsewhere in Toronto.

Baby War Refugee Is Made Heiress

London.—Fourteen-year-old Marie Suzette Stevenson, a tiny Belgian refugee from the war-torn fields of Europe 12 years ago, is a British heiress as a result of that same war which spread misery and ruin across half of Europe.

Suzette was born in Belgium, where her father was an artisan. When the nations leaped at one another's throats, she was two years old. Her father went to the front and along with thousands of other refugees, Suzette was brought to England.

A fairly wand waved over the humdrum refugees' camp one day. Suzette was scarcely old enough to see it. Lord and Lady Stevenson stepped out of their limousine in search of a child to gladden their home. The wand pointed to flaxen-haired Suzette and she became their adopted daughter.

For three years Suzette had filled the Stevenson home with laughter. Lady Stevenson died in 1917. But at her deathbed, Lord Stevenson promised Suzette would never want for anything. The second Lady Stevenson, too, loved Suzette. A few months ago there came the death of Lord Stevenson, and his will, just made public, brings to Suzette a legacy of \$125,000 which is all her very own.

Sticks to Job

London.—David Lewis has been a farmhand on one British estate for 65 years and has been awarded the Banbury Agricultural association's long service medal.

Shooes Pigeons Out of Church After 50 Years

Millwaukee, Wis.—The age-old problem of ousting tenants without hurting their feelings is facing Rev. Arthur H. Lord and the vestrymen of St. James' Episcopal church, because the time has arrived, they believe, to ask pigeons to move from the steeple of the church where they and their ancestors have lived for 50 years.

Two months ago a steeple-cleaning expedition was carried on by Otto Gehrke, sexton, and three men. They took 108 bags or nearly three tons of debris from the floor of the tower. It was seven years since a similar job had been performed, according to Gehrke and the debris included skele-

Diamond "Kings" Fear Diggers' Price Cut

London.—Diamonds soon will be as common as artificial pearls if the present unrestricted output from alluvial diggings continues, in the opinion of the South African diamond magnates, says a dispatch to the Daily Express from Capetown.

The correspondent says the diamond mine-owners are perturbed over the increasing output of stones from the alluvial diggings, where individual seekers are finding plenty of diamonds and putting them on the market at prices below those charged by the De Beers syndicate.

Solomon B. Joel, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer and Sir Abe Bailey, mine owners, have arrived in Capetown from England with the hope of inducing the South African government to limit the alluvial output. Mr. Joel is a director of the De Beers Consolidated mines. He is a nephew of the late Barney Barnato, a poor Jewish peddler who went to South Africa in the early '70's, and made a large fortune in diamond and gold mines.

Salted Whales' Tails

Tacoma, Wash.—Over in Japan there is no worry over the shortage of turkeys for the holiday season for during the last week 170,000 pounds of salted whales' tails have been exported to that country. The whale tails, in great demand there, came from the various whaling stations on the north Pacific Alaskan coast and represent a value of over \$41,000, whereas a few years ago they were discarded or worked over into low grade fertilizer.

Salts to Job

London.—David Lewis has been a farmhand on one British estate for 65 years and has been awarded the Banbury Agricultural association's long service medal.

LIFE FOR LIVING, NOT DREAMING

By EZRA H. YORK

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

GERALD HOLMES was what the world called a successful man. At fifty he had won a place in the estimation of his community. He was rich, a widower of several years' standing, and the father of grownup children. And, like many successful men, he knew that life had been for him a failure.

His marriage had been happy enough. Hardly any one knew, and none of his own children knew, the story of his early love affair with Lillian Huntley. They had been classmates at college, they had loved each other since they first saw each other. They were engaged to be married as soon as Holmes had established himself in his profession as a scientific engineer. Often in afterdays, when he was called from end to end of the great continent to achieve success at this profession where other men had failed, Holmes would recall how he and Lillian had fought over those problems together in her little room, where she, with her trained mind, was able to aid even him, the first in the class at the university.

Their lives had had such prospects of rich fruit; they were so perfectly satisfied with each other, that Holmes had always felt their joy was to be snatched from them. Lillian fought for five days against pneumonia.

"Tomorrow will be the crisis," said the doctor.

But when the crisis came Lillian could not withstand it.

He was called to her bedside in her last hours. The struggle for life had ceased, and her beauty, her strength, her faculties were going out swiftly on the ebb-tide.

"I want you to be happy, Gerald," she whispered. And, seeing the look on his face, she added, with a faith that amazed him:

"I know all good comes to those who wait. I know that some day the perfect life will unfold for us. I want you to marry and be happy in this life, Gerald, and, some day, I—I will come to you again."

Then her eyes closed and she began to pass into that place from which none return, so far as we positively know, though we all hope that we may meet there.

For days after her death Gerald shut himself up in his room and refused to see anyone. Then, all of a sudden, just when his friends had begun to despair of him, he changed. Something had been at work to change the nature of the man. It seemed as if he had resolved to forget all his memories of the past. He worked hard and he played hard. He was now called callous. He married, in due course, and sons and daughters were born to him. Then his wife died, and he lived with his children in his fine house in a suburban district, undertaking only occasional work of a highly remunerative and national character. At fifty his life's interests had closed. He did not know what to do with himself. His eldest daughter wanted him to marry again. She brought suitable ladies to the house; but she soon saw that her father did not look upon her scheme with approval.

II

Among Holmes' civic interests was that of the Girls' home. He was sitting in his capacity as chairman of the board when one of the inmates was brought to him. She was a girl of about eighteen, and apparently incorrigible. He listened to the matron's story as the girl stood sullenly, with downcast eyes, before him.

She was not bad, but wayward. Her parents, poor laboring people, had never been able to control her. She had a passion for finery, and had been caught pilfering from one of the department stores. She had been committed to the home, and she refused to obey any of the rules, and had defied the authorities.

The matron requested permission to have her sent back to the court for sentence for the theft.

"A prison sentence will stamp her irredeemably as an outcast," suggested Holmes.

"She's that now, sir," said the matron angrily. "There's no way to discipline her."

"What is the trouble?" Holmes asked the girl.

She began to speak without raising her eyes. "They haven't treated me fair," she blurted out. "I don't belong to them."

"Belong to whom?" inquired Holmes.

"That lot down to the East side. I'm a lady. I ain't goin' to mix with that crowd of loafers and shop girls. I want my chance. For God's sake, give me my chance to go to a decent school, instead of shutting me up here."

"Why don't you look at the chair-

man when you speak to him, you insolent girl?" demanded the matron.

The girl raised her sullen eyes to his, and Holmes saw—Lillian! He saw the soul of Lillian looking at him directly out of the eyes of this wayward girl of the slums. He saw the appealing gaze of Lillian, and it seemed to say:

"She is not I. She is the product of her environment, but I am I, and we know each other across the bridge of death."

The chairman spoke presently, in a singularly self-contained and quiet voice.

"Matron, I will be responsible for this girl. I will have her educated, and see what I can make of her."

The matron thought that the heat had affected him. So did the secretary and the stenographer. But Holmes and the girl left the home together.

III

Amazement, mingled with scandal, greeted this action on Holmes' part. His new ward excited the bitter animosity of his own children. They guessed that he was infatuated with Laura Dean. When he spoke of sending her to school, they imagined it was to fit her to take her place at the head of the household.

For a month he kept her in his home, but then the mutual recriminations became too strong, and he sent her to a boarding establishment for young ladies. During that month, however, Holmes had satisfied himself that Laura was by no means bad. She was naturally a woman entitled to the good things of life. The pinched and tawdry environment of her home had been impossible for a girl of her type.

Her temper was violent, yet sometimes, when they were alone together, Holmes would see the old look of Lillian in her eyes. And it seemed to him that this girl was Lillian re-born on earth. Once he questioned her.

"Do you know the name Lillian Huntley?" he asked.

The girl looked amazed, almost stupefied. The look of Lillian, the love of Lillian shone in her eyes and was reflected in every feature.

"I seem to remember it," she murmured, passing her hand across her forehead.

Holmes was sure then. But would she remember? If he gave her the advantages that Lillian had had, would she come to know him as her destined lover, destined through all the ages? He resolved to try the experiment.

The school to which he sent her was a special one, guaranteed to inculcate refinement among the children of parents who had suddenly risen in the world. When Laura came home at the end of the first year, with excellent reports, although she was considered a little headstrong, Holmes found that she was as well bred as his own daughters.

This only increased the ill feeling. They thought their father was going to marry her at once. But Holmes had other plans. He meant to send Laura to the same university that Lillian had attended, that her dormant soul might be awakened there.

And it seemed unnecessary to speak of love, because the calm and steadfast eyes of Lillian seemed always in Laura's face, and their love was too real to require utterance.

IV

Holmes was counting the days until Laura's return. He meant to ask her to become his wife. He had no anticipation of a refusal. His children, after protracted quarreling, had talked of leaving him. Holmes did not care. He felt that he had resumed that early life which Lillian's death had broken off. Only two weeks remained till her return.

He read her letters. Affectionate they were, such as a daughter might write to a father; yet Holmes read something deeper into them. In his infatuation he could hardly wait for the time to expire.

That evening a telegram was put into his hand. He tore it open, while the messenger waited; and, as he did so, he felt a sudden chill foreboding.

It read as follows:

"Professor Murray and I were married this afternoon. Dear father, will you send us your blessing?"

The man, retaining full self-control in that moment of stunning shock, pencilled: "God bless you as I do," upon the form. Then he turned away.

And it came to him then that life is for living and not for dreaming. Lillian, if she had ever come back to him, required his strength, his cognition, to make her know herself. He saw that she was lost to him in life forever.

But afterwards he saw, with a great gladness, that love was never lost, and that what part of Laura's personality had been his would remain his forever.

Bowing to the Inevitable

When slow teams block the road we're on we wait until the teams are gone. We have a reason for it, too. There's nothing else we can do.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

KENYA and ITS PEOPLE



One of the Natives of Kenya.

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

THE first link of the proposed British air service from Cairo to the Cape of Good Hope in Africa will soon be established with the beginning of an airplane line from Khartum in the Sudan to Kisumu in Kenya colony. Kisumu is on Lake Victoria, the "Lake Superior" of Africa.

Kenya, which will thus be brought into much closer touch with England, is one of the most fascinating regions of Africa, geographically speaking. It presents a relatively new name to world maps, for before the World War it was known as British East Africa.

At the southeast corner of Kenya is Lake Victoria, second largest freshwater lake in the world. Along its shores dwell a people whose nudity is a symbol of their modesty, and whose men are as beautifully formed specimens of their sex as are the Marquesas women of theirs.

Just across Kenya's southern border is Kilimanjaro, highest mountain in Africa, and near its center is Kenya peak, also volcanic, which o'erlooks Mount Whitney by some 3,000 feet.

Cutting across the colony is the famous Rift valley, here from 20 to 40 miles wide, and generally several thousand feet below the plateau's general level.

However, it is as a zoo and a luxuriant botanical garden that Kenya makes its chief appeal to the nature-loving visitor. Perhaps its most amazing single spectacle is the flamingo colony on the northern shores of Lake Hannington.

Hippopotami swim in the shallow waters of this bay; antelope and gnu infest its shores. Its port, Kisumu, is the terminus of the Uganda steamship line, which lands rubber, ivory and hides here for railway shipment to the coast.

Government of the Colony.

A few years ago Great Britain had an uncomfortable racial problem on her hands in Kenya, but the matter has now apparently been smoothed over. The native population numbers about 3,000,000 and there are in addition whites of European origin, East Indians and Arabs.

From the time when British influence made itself felt in East Africa, during the last quarter of the Nineteenth century, until 1920, the then British East Africa was a protectorate, a form of government which the British empire generally makes use of when there is practically no white population other than the administrative officials. Under this system there was scarcely any popular phase to the government, affairs were administered for the most part as the officials thought best. A start toward popular institutions was made in 1906 when executive and legislative councils were established.

By 1919 the white population had grown to the point (nearly 10,000) felt to demand greater governmental participation. Provision was made for the white settlers to elect 11 members to the legislative council. Two were appointed to represent the East Indian population, and one to represent the Arabs. A sufficient number of official members was then appointed to give the government a majority. The final step of creating the newest British crown colony from the old protectorate was made July 23, 1920, when Kenya colony came into existence.

The emigrants from India and their descendants, who outnumber the Europeans two to one, were dissatisfied with their small representation on

the legislative council and demanded equal suffrage. There also existed in the background the question of what part if any the 3,000,000 black native residents of the colony should take eventually in the management of affairs. The whites of Kenya and of the much more important Union of South Africa asserted that if Great Britain abandoned the principle that her people have the obligation to maintain her institutions among the less advanced peoples of her colonies, it would mean the death of the British empire and of the civilization which she has developed in Asia and Africa.

People of Many Races.

The land which is now Kenya colony has had its mixture of races for a long time. Phenicians, Arabs, Indians, even Chinese, skirted its coasts in very early times and traded with its natives. Later the Arabs came in numbers; and now there is a population of about 10,000 of them in addition to a large number of people of mixed Arab and black blood. The Indians began to go to this region before British influence began, and now number some 25,000.

Of the blacks there are numerous tribes. The Sukus belong to the Nilotic race group. The Swahilis are the hybrid people formed by the union of Arabs with the Somalis and Gallas. There is also the Bantu-speaking population, many of whom dwell in the regions around Mount Kenya, which was for a time believed to lie in the fabled regions of the "Mountains of the Moon," as well as more of the Nilotic group, consisting of the Masai, the Nandi and others.

Though Kenya calls itself the newest of the British colonies, it is one of the oldest lands of the earth. Colonel Roosevelt, in speaking of his African hunting trip, said that the Masai often reminded him of the pictures of the soldiers of Thothmes and Rameses made by the ancient Egyptian sculptors, in that their faces were resolute and had clear-cut features. The same noted traveler said of this tribe that though the women were scrupulously clothed, "the husbands brothers very ostentatiously wear no clothing for purposes of decency."

Women Who Wear Tails.

Though unclothed the Kavirondos are much bedecked, every circumference the human form affords, from chest and stomach to ankle and wrist, is wire-wrapped. The women add one other decoration, a tail-like tuft suspended from the waistline in the rear.

Sparse population of a region where the altitude offsets the equatorial heat and the fertility invites farming is due largely to these warrior Masai whose former livelihood was gained principally by raids on their neighbors. Many of them have settled down to tilling the soil.

Another native tribe, the Andorabos, formerly lived largely upon flesh of the Colobus monkey. The skin has a market value because of its silky black and white hair and the tail with an immense bushy plume at the end. They, too, turned to the soil as the British imposed restrictions on monkey killing to save the animals from extinction.

The Gallas, though they are now of little importance either politically or economically, take great pride in their past. They say that they once had a sacred book, like the Bible or the Koran, but a cow ate it, and not being certain about the particular animal, in their search they are still opening the stomach of every cow that dies.