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Prison Ends Toll of Amazing Fraud

Seven Years Meted Out to \$20,000,000 Swindler of Toronto Bankers.

Toronto, Ont.—Found guilty on 15 counts of forgery, Percy D. Ham, one of the socially elect of Toronto, was sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. So closes one of the most amazing frauds in the history of finance in Canada.

Ham, a quiet, unassuming young gentleman of artistic tastes, was a junior clerk in a government office. With this modest background and with no financial capital, he launched a scheme of operations of staggering proportions. In a period of about two years he negotiated sales and purchases of bonds amounting, according to the court records, to more than \$20,000,000.

Ham, according to his counsel, came out of the maze of purchases and sales without a 5-cent piece for himself, although losses sustained by brokers and friends as far as they were traced, amounted to \$648,000.

Ham had been a precocious child. To satisfy an adventurous longing, counsel said, the young clerk had launched out in the hope of demonstrating that he was not the insignificant clerk he in reality was.

Credulity of Victims Amazing.

The credulity with which his campaign was accepted by a hard-headed financial world was one of the most amazing features of the case. Bond purchases, running as they did into millions a month, must inevitably attract attention in a market as small as this one. Instead of being regarded with suspicion, Ham commanded respect. Pop-eyed fictions sprang up, crediting him with being the agent of governments and of financial syndicates planning far-reaching coups.

Ham began his operations on a small and evidently experimental basis. His first purchase was of only a few thousand dollars of government bonds—practically all his transactions were in government bonds. His capital did not exceed a few thousand cents, but he negotiated the purchase this way: Ham said he was acting for an out-of-town friend, and gave his personal check, to be held by the brokers until the bonds were delivered to his friend, who would immediately advance payment. Though bonds are sold "cash on delivery," Ham's proposal was accepted. The credit of his check for the few days requested was accepted by brokers who knew him, or his father, or his friends. Ham covered the transaction within the time specified by reselling the bonds through another firm.

Financial Pyramid Erected.

The operation was repeated over and over again on an ever-increasing scale.

After each transaction Ham came to be regarded as an even more desirable client. But there was never any profit for Ham. Every transaction showed a loss of at least the two commissions for buying and selling, and often a fractional loss in addition in the market price, the weight of the offerings being sufficient to depress the price on a narrow market.

There is no evidence that Ham at any time attempted to use his credit or the securities which were temporarily in his possession for speculative purposes. Playing the market for an advance or a decline did not seem to fall within his scheme of things. Neither is there any evidence that he planned at any time to abscond, although in the later phases of his adventure he must have been in possession at times of enormous quantities of negotiable securities.

Difficulties developed for Ham as his operations pyramided and the total of his losses mounted. The credit of his personal checks was no longer sufficient to finance his hare-brained strategy.

Resorts to Forgery.

These difficulties he met by forgery, selecting two prominent citizens—one John Gleeson, an Ottawa capitalist, and Rev. William Beattie, a London clergyman with wealthy relatives—and attaching their names to a series of notes, which he used as collateral. He stated that these gentlemen had selected him as their confidential agent. Beattie, he said, was under special obligation to him for having saved his young son from drowning. He insisted that the nature of their plans was such that the men must remain in the background and that they would not be communicated with directly. In one case, under pressure, he produced a letter, with Gleeson's name forged, to substantiate the note. Five notes, totaling \$500,000, purporting to have been signed by Gleeson and Beattie, were produced and used by Ham. These he used in two

ways. He deposited them with brokers as collateral. But the cruelest feature of his operations was when he used these notes to secure advances of cash and securities from private individuals. The individuals were friends of his or of his family. In case of one lady, a widow, he secured advances amounting to \$200,000, which represented most of her capital.

Exposure of the Fraud.

Exposure came when one broker communicated directly with Gleeson, the supposed backer of huge transactions. Like a bombshell it developed that Gleeson knew nothing of Ham and had signed no note.

Ham was summoned to the office of one of the largest bond houses in Toronto and given the third degree. He still insisted that he could make good his commitments and was given a few hours to do so. That afternoon he was discovered in the kitchen of his home, with the gas turned on and suffering from asphyxiation, which a short sojourn in the hospital cleared up.

Where the \$648,000 that was lost went to was not satisfactorily divulged by the trial. A substantial sum went to brokers as commissions.

800-Year-Old Gate Serves Oxford Again

London.—An ancient gate of oak, which was set up nearly 800 years ago and swung for 500 years at the entrance to Balliol college, Oxford, before it changed its location, has been found and returned to its old place.

The gate was made and hung in 1288 and it was already a venerable antique when in 1551 Ridley and Latimer were burned at the stake only a few yards in front of it, after they had been convicted as Protestant heretics. Toward the end of the Eighteenth century, when the front quadrangle of the college was demolished and rebuilt, the gate was taken down.

Dr. Harding Newman, a fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, acquired it and hung it at the entrance of his private garden at Nelmis, in Essex. Ivy grew over it and after Doctor Newman's death the gate was forgotten. But eighteen months ago J. R. Rochelle Thomas of the Georgian gallery, St. James, London, discovered the ancient gate and bought it.

More than 100 coats of paint were scraped away and the old oak planks and struts found in a perfect state of preservation.

382 New Rural Mail Routes Serving 635,000

Washington.—More than 635,000 persons in rural districts received their mail at their front doors for the first time during the last year. They were served, the Post-Office department announced, by the 382 new rural mail routes established during 1926. The department reported that 45,318 rural routes, supplying 6,616,000 families, estimated at 30,435,500 persons, and covering 1,249,978 miles, were in operation during the year. The rural carriers covered 377,045,703 miles in their deliveries.

John D. on Florida Links Again



John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has returned to his winter home at Ormond Beach, Fla., and is here seen about to make his first drive on his private golf course. He still shoots a good game.

Girl, 3, Tries Suicide to Join Grandfather

Vienna.—Even children have been affected by the suicide epidemic in Austria.

Three-year-old Hellie Hamp was found behind the cupboard the other day choking. She had wrapped a rope around her neck and was seemingly about to die when discovered. Revived, her explanation was that she wanted to go to heaven to "dear grandfather."

"Dear grandfather" had committed suicide a few weeks previously, distressed because he could not aid little Hellie's poverty-stricken parents.

Hunter Uses Bow and Arrow After Big Game

Corvallis, Ore.—Prof. B. G. Thompson of the Oregon Agricultural college started his archery hunting on squirrels, rabbits and other small game, but now he is looking for the largest game to be found in the state, and if there were lions and tigers here he would probably set out to get one of them.

This year's bag includes a bear and a deer. He wanted to get a deer last year, he said, but was afraid he would fall, so he took along a rifle. He used the rifle and brought in two bucks. This year, however, he left his gun at home, determined to bag a buck with an arrow.

He shot at two, then brought down his third at 85 yards with his six-foot English longbow. The arrow, 28 inches long, feathered with turkey feathers and tipped with a two-inch steel blade, struck the deer's knee and glanced into its stomach, penetrating several inches. The big buck ran about 50 feet and dropped dead. The bow requires about 75 pounds pull.

The bear was even easier to bag than the deer, Thompson said, because he was so active.

Thompson declares that if everybody used arrows in their hunting there would be plenty of game in the state.

Girl Must Go to High Court to Get Diploma

Eureka, Kans.—Kathleen Ryan, who fought and won a case against the Eureka school board for her high school diploma, will have to fight the case to the highest court in Kansas. The board, at a special meeting here, decided to appeal to the state Supreme court, after losing the case in the District court.

Miss Ryan, a high school student, was charged with "cheating" in a high school examination in history and refused credit for her work. She was not allowed to graduate with her class. She denied the charges and was given another and more strict examination. This she passed with flying honors. Still the school authorities refused to give her the coveted honor.

Through her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Ryan, the girl appealed to the District court. Judge Benson, before whom the case was tried, heard testimony and decided that in view of the fact that the girl passed the second examination, she was entitled to credit and her diploma.

Now the school board has voted to file an appeal.

THE HAPPY HOME

By MARGARET BRUCE

WNU Service

A Bird-Cage Pedestal

Little Fellow had been quite ill. For many days he hadn't been interested in much of anything. Toys, picture books, games, all palled upon him, and life seemed very dull and unendurable to him during the weeks of convalescence until Aunt Marjorie brought him a bird—a merry, bubbling, hopping songster who became the idol of



Little Fellow's heart.

During the morning, while Little Fellow lay in bed, the bird hung in his bedroom window, but in the afternoon when Little Fellow was tucked up in a big wingchair in the living room, the cage was moved in there, too. It was then mother noticed that Little Fellow's eyes seemed to blink, and she realized it was because they were so steadily fixed on the bird cage outlined against the strong light of the windows. The bird cage was hung away from the window—and then the bird stopped singing so constantly.

The entire family consulted and tried different positions and schemes for hanging the cage. But that night, when Little Fellow's father came home he brought a great high package, which turned out to be a tall pedestal, with a fixture on top for holding the base of the cage. These were made, he said, by the same firm that designed the electric fan pedestals.

So Little Fellow's chair was turned with its back to the window and right in front of him, full in the sunshine, was the pedestal with the bird cage on top. It could be moved anywhere about the house or placed in any position without having to have a book from which to hang the cage. It could be near the window and yet Little Fellow's eyes could be spared.

In addition, the pedestal was a beautiful thing. Its ivory-white standard matched his ivory-white bed and little bureau, and there was soft, pretty color here and there on it—blue and rose and violet. Little Fellow was entranced, and apparently the bird was also, for it sang until its tiny throat almost burst.

A Canopy for the Four-Poster

In Willa Cather's book, "My Antonia," there is a description of the rough pioneer shack of two bachelor brothers, living alone. It was all very crude but somehow it was cheerful, and the bed was covered with sheets and pillows of blue gingham. Not a bad idea for any bed, I thought to myself as I read it. And not long afterward, I saw the most charming blue gingham treatment of an old four-poster bed.

The four-poster in question had a curved canopy over it which the owner told me had been made for her by a local carpenter. A simple framework of light wood, bent to the necessary shape, was stretched from head to foot down each side and made firm by two straight pieces across the top and foot of the bed. Over this canopy was stretched very smoothly a piece of plain-blue gingham brought over the edge of the framework and tacked invisibly. Fastened to the edge was a full valance of bright chintz flowers



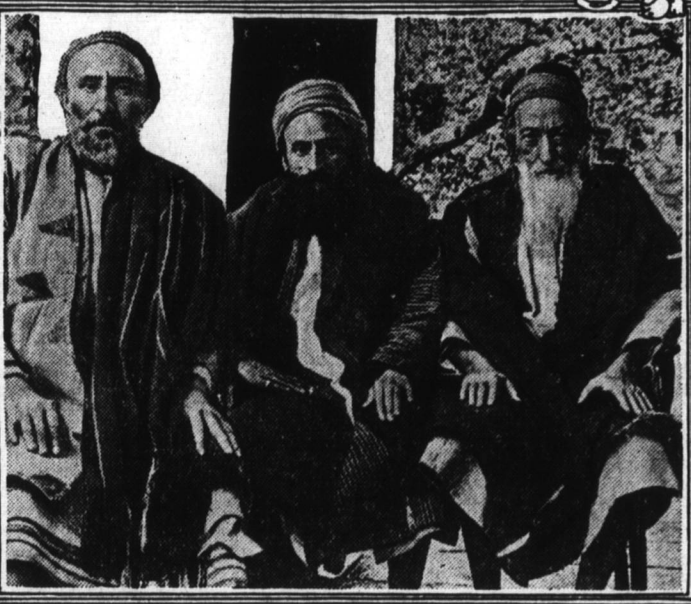
on a black ground, blue predominating in the pattern, which showed also some yellow, lavender, a touch of rose and some rich spots of green.

A full flounce of the flowered chintz falling to the floor, was sewed to a lining cover, and over this was a coverlet of the plain-blue gingham, scalloped and seamed with black. At the head of the bed a straight curtain of blue gingham hung, and draped at each of the head-posts was a drapey of the chintz.

The blue gingham was used in other places about the room as well. The curtains at the casement windows were made of it, dresser covers, wicker chair cushions and a pad for the chaise longue were also fashioned of it, combined with cushions of the chintz. It was not expensive blue gingham either, the owner told me, and it was washed as satisfactorily as a child's frock. Simple materials often make a fresher looking, more inviting room than the more ornate silks, satins, and similar de luxe fabrics.

(Copyright.)

Yemen and Its Khat



Three Wise Men of Yemen.

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

YEMEN, an independent country of Arabia, across the lower end of the narrow Red sea from the Italian colony of Eritrea, is the latest land to enter into treaty relations with Italy. As a result the likelihood is seen of the peaceful penetration of southwestern Arabia by Italian influence.

This reign, like all other parts of Arabia, was under at least nominal Turkish control before the great war; but since it has constituted an Imamate, under the rule of the Arab Imam Yahya ben Muhammad ben Hamid al Din, who rules from Sanaa. Yemen has the distinction and the good fortune to be one of the few parts of Arabia that are of agricultural importance. Under a stable government it would have an important commercial future. The British protectorate of Aden is one of the chief outlets for its produce.

Yemen's American fame rests principally upon the familiar name of an almost deserted city, Mocha, through which coffee no longer comes, where debris clutters the streets, where only mosques remain intact.

Coffee still is a major crop of Yemen, but it is exported largely through Hodeida, and in even greater quantity via Aden, port of the British protectorate to the south, which today is the commercial neck of the Red sea bottle.

Order coffee in Yemen, however, and you will not repeat the experiment. For the Arabians of coffee-land prefer the husks to the berries, and the brew therefrom has been compared to hot barley water. To the accidental mind this concoction affords neither flavor or stimulus. The Yemenite looks elsewhere for a stimulant—to khat.

The world knows almost nothing about khat. Our scientific books are nearly silent on the subject. Travelers who ought to have observed its uses write from hearsay and usually with the most amazing ignorance. There are even Europeans in the Yemen, whose servants have chewed khat every day of their lives, with so little knowledge of native life and customs that after years of residence they ask: "Why, what is khat? We never heard of it." Yet no Yemen event is complete without its presence, and no Yemen Arab—man, woman or child—passes a day if he can help it without the aid of at least a few leaves of the precious khat.

Khat is Their Stimulant.

When the European is weary he calls for alcohol to revive him; when he is joyful he takes wine, that he may have more joy. In like manner the Chinese woos his "white lady," the poppy flower, the Indian chews bhang, and the West African seeks surcense in kola. Khat is more to the Yemen Arab than any of these to its devotees. It is no narcotic, wooing sleep, but a stimulant, like alcohol. Unlike alcohol, it conceals no demon, but a fairy. The khat eater will tell you that when he follows this fairy it takes him into regions overlooking paradise. He calls the plant the "flower of paradise."

Catula edulis, as the plant is known botanically, grows to some extent in Abyssinia, but it is cultivated chiefly in the mountains of the Yemen interior behind Aden. The word khat is said to be derived from another Arabic word, kut, meaning sustenance or reviving principle, and refers to the most salient property of the plant, that of exalting the spirits and supporting the bodily strength, under extraordinary conditions, of one who eats its leaves. The researches of

Albert Beitter of the University of Strassburg, seem to show that its active principle is an alkaloid in the form of crystals, very bitter and odorless.

Along the steep, terraced slopes of the mountains between Taiz and Yerin you will find the small plantations of the khat farmer. Not till you have climbed nearly 4,000 feet will you see the first one, and when you reach 6,000 feet you will have passed the last.

Varieties and Cultivation.

Bokhari is the sweetest of all khat and by far the most expensive. The supply is so limited that it is never seen except among the richest merchants of Zeibde, Tbb, Taiz and Sanaa. The commonest kind is Moguari, which grows in the district of Makatra, about four days' camel ride from Aden, and most of the 2,500 camel loads of khat which reach Aden in the course of a year is of this variety.

Khat cultivation is simple. The plant bears neither flowers nor seeds, but is grown from cuttings. After the farmer has flooded his field till the soil has absorbed its utmost of water, he covers it with goat droppings and allows it to "ripen" for a few days. Then he buries the cuttings in shallow holes from 4 to 6 feet apart, with space enough between the rows for pickers to pass. But the Yemen cow and the gad-eyed camel, whose maw is never filled, have a nice taste in khat cuttings, and to discourage these marauders the farmer covers each hill with thorn twigs and spiny cactus leaves.

At the end of a year the young shrubs are two feet high with a thickly spread green foliage 18 inches in diameter. Behold now the farmer going out into the dawn of each morning to gaze at his field and the sky in the hope of seeing the portents of harvest time. On a morning the air is thick with bubbling, sparrows, weaver birds, shrilly clamoring. They rise and fall upon his plants, picking at the tender leaves. "Allah be praised!" cries the simple farmer, "the leaves are sweet and ripe for the market."

And now he calls his women and the wives of his neighbors to the crop-picking. Under a bower of jasmine vines, with plumes of the sweet-smelling rehan in their turbans, the farmer and his cronies gather to drink kishar from tiny cups and smoke the hubbuk, while the womenfolk bring them armfuls of the freshly cut khat leaves. What a joyous time it is for all the village; for always the farmer distributes the whole of his first crop among his neighbors.

Marketing in Aden.

In Aden the arrival of the khat is looked forward to as the chief daily event. When they arrive, about noon, the market is filled with a restless, yelling mob. Bedlam has broken loose, but it is a merry, good-natured bedlam.

After the khat is weighed on the government scales and duly taxed, it is divided into bundles the thickness of a man's forearm. Then the sellers mount tables and auction it off.

In an hour the place is all but deserted and the foot-marked, earthen floor littered with debris. Now come the vendors of firewood and all the despised castes, like scavengers, to buy the refuse for a few pice. But out in the streets may be seen huddles happily wending homeward, a bundle of the precious leaves under each arm, their jaws working and their eyes full of a delicious content. It is close on to noon, and you will not see them again until after two o'clock.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Love comes to us from God. We cannot kindle it in our own hearts as we kindle a flame at the altar.

It is the suddenness of love that catches us. We may seek for it in vain; it never comes to us unawares.

NICE DESSERTS

All rich desserts are unsuitable for the children, but simple custards, junkets, gelatin jellies and rice in various ways are all good.

Vanilla Rice Pudding.—Cook one-half cupful of rice in two cupfuls of boiling water and one-half teaspoonful of salt until the rice is tender.

Scald one and one-half cupfuls of milk in a double boiler, stir into the hot milk one-half teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonsful of cornstarch and one-half cupful of milk, all well mixed together. Cook until thick, cover and cook ten minutes. Beat the yolks of two eggs, add one-half cupful of sugar and beat again, stir into the hot mixture, add the cooked rice and flavor with vanilla. When cold garnish with whipped cream and spoonfuls of jam or jelly.

Apricot Whip.—Press through a sieve enough apricots to fill a cup; add one-half cupful of sugar and the juice of half a lemon; mix well. Fold in the whites of four eggs, beat until light and turn into a buttered dish. Bake in a pan of hot water until the pudding is firm in the center. Serve hot with cream sauce.

Foamy Cream Sauce.—Soften a scant half teaspoonful of gelatin in two tablespoonsful of water; when dissolved add one cupful of cream, two tablespoonsful of sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla; mix thoroughly and when cold beat until frothy.

Graham Gems.—Take one cupful of sifted graham flour, one cupful of sour milk, one egg, one-third of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonsful of sugar, three tablespoonsful of shortening. Mix and beat well; bake in gem pans.

Prune Pudding.—Beat the whites of five eggs until light, add with one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of sugar, one-fourth of a pound of prunes which have been cooked and chopped fine. Put into a mold and boil steadily for twenty-two minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

A Few Ways With Meat.

A foreign pie which will be found most savory is the following:

French Meat Pie.—Cut up fresh pork into small pieces, and the same amount of veal. Brown in a little hot fat and turn into a lined pastry shell.

Cover as for ordinary pie and bake slowly in a moderate oven. The seasonings used are added while the meat is browning.

Roast Veal au Jus.—Season a fillet of veal with salt and pepper and put into a pan with pieces of butter, a carrot, bay leaf and a clove. Put into a double roaster and bake two and one-half hours. Remove the meat to a hot platter. Put water into the pan and simmer for five minutes. Strain and pour the sauce (thickened) around the meat.

Liver Sausage and Watercress Sandwiches.—Pick over and finely chop one bunch of watercress—drain if necessary. Add mayonnaise. Spread thinly sliced rye bread with mustard butter and an equal number with mayonnaise. Cover those spread with mustard butter with thin slices of liver sausage, the remaining slices with the watercress mixture. Put together in pairs. Press together and trim off crusts. Serve with dill pickles and coffee. The pickles may be sliced into very thin fan-shaped pieces as a garnish for each sandwich.

Chestnut Apple Amber.—Boil one cupful of milk with the thinly shaved rind of half a lemon. Pour it over two tablespoonsful of bread crumbs. Remove the rind. Beat to a cream the yolks of two eggs with one-fourth cupful of sugar and three tablespoonsful of butter; to this add a quarter of a cupful each of chestnut puree and apple puree. Mix well, add the strained juice of half a lemon and pour into a well buttered baking dish the edges of which have been lined with pastry. Bake until firm in a moderate oven. Allow to cool, then cover with a meringue, using the two whites. Dredge with sugar, decorate with candied cherries and return to the oven to brown.

Nellie Maxwell